

Kidnapped And Rejected

Chapter 81 - 100

Chapter 81

Chapter 81

Everyone followed the direction of Janet's finger. And they see the person that Janet was pointing at.

Glen.

There was a blank look on everyone's face. After a short pause, Steven broke into laughter first.

"Are you f**king out of your mind, Janet?" he sneered in disbelief, "This is Glen for f**k's sake! Silver Claw's Gamma! If you said that he is the mole, I seriously don't know whom we can trust!"

Even Maxie frowned with disapproval, "Gamma Janet, I don't want to doubt you and the Alpha...but I don't feel very comfortable with pointing fingers at our own fellows randomly. It hurts the army's spirit."

"I completely understand your feelings, Maxie," Janet said softly. "I won't accuse anyone without any proof. So don't worry."

Then Janet directed her gaze at Glen, "But first...Gamma Glen, do you have anything to say about this?"

Everyone in the room fixed their gaze upon Glen.

Glen had been sitting in his seat in silence. He slightly widened his eyes when Janet pointed her finger at him. Then his face went back to being deadpan.

"What do you want me to say, Janet?"

Glen let out a light snort, his voice full of sarcasm.

"I fought side by side with you. I even injured myself in the last battle. I risked my life and my soldiers' lives to defend this city, even if this is not our hometown...If that is still not enough for you to trust me, I don't know what will."

His speech carried a lot of weight and heavy emotions.

It had a strong effect on people, especially those people who traveled a long way to be here, like Steven and Jeff.

Jeff clenched his fists with infuriation and snapped, "Alpha Daran and Gamma Janet, I demand you to present your proofs now! Or all soldiers from Black Water Pack will be retrieved from this alliance immediately! I will not stand here as you slander an innocent man!"

"Hear, hear!" Steven cried.

"Fair enough," Daran nodded. "I will show you our proofs."

He looked around the room, "Do you still have the battle plan that I gave you before this fight?"

"Yes," Maxie said. "You said that we should keep this information to ourselves."

"The fight is over. The battle plan is not a secret anymore. So why don't we go around the room and read it out loud?" Daran asked.

Still perplexed, Maxie pulled her phone out and read from the screen, "Stand by till 3 o'clock and attack the South Gate."

The next person up was Jeff.

And he read, "Stand by till 3 o'clock and attack the West **Gate**."

Daran gave him a brief nod and looked towards Steven.

Steven rolled his eyes, "Mine is basically the same, except that I am supposed to cover the East Gate. Seriously, how does this prove anything?"

Daran ignored his attitude and looked at Glen at last, "How about you, Glen?"

"...I was supposed to attack the North Gate," Glen answered lowly.

"Good."

Daran stood up, his eyes gleaming coldly.

"So have you ever wondered why the rest of you received very little resistance from the West, East, and South Gate of the Crimson **Fort**?"

There was a moment of silence.

Maxie blinked, "Because all rogue's forces were gathered at the North Gate, which was Glen's target."

She inhaled sharply.

"Oh...I think I got it!"

"Wait, what?" Jeff still, looked confused, "You just got what? I still don't have a damn clue about anything!"

"It is a thinker. But try and imagine this," Maxie explained to him. "If the rogues didn't know about our battle plan, how would they distribute their forces?"

"They would distribute their man forces evenly at all four gates."

"Right."

Maxie said with a nod.

"But that was not how things turned out. All rogue forces were gathered at the North Gate, leaving the other three gates wide open. It sounds illogical...Unless the mole had told them first that the North Gate was our main target and not the other three gates. And then everything makes sense!"

Steven and Jeff's jaws dropped.

Glen's face gradually turned pale.

Janet spoke up at this moment, "This is a simple test that Alpha Daran developed to find out who the mole is. Wherever the rogue's forces were gathered, that person must be the mole!"

"But...But...Hold on a second!"

Steven stuttered.

"What if this is purely a coincidence? What if the Rogue King rolled a dice and decided which gate they would guard? I know it sounds a little far-fetched...but we really need to be a hundred percent sure about this!!"

"I knew that one of you might have a question like this. So I managed to find a testimony."

Daran raised his voice and called out to the soldiers standing outside:

Bring in the rogue!”

The tent opened up and two soldiers brought in a rogue.

The rogue was forced to kneel on the ground, facing Daran.

“Answer my question honestly, and you might get a chance *to* live,”

Daran said icily.

“What was the order that Sterning or the Rogue King gave you before the battle?” The rogue shivered in fear.

Then he answered in a shaky voice, “Sterning told us that you would attack the Crimson Fort tonight...we didn’t know why he was so sure about this...but he just knew. And he also said that we should guard the North Gate only, because that was your only target...”

He gulped. And his voice gradually grew louder.

“That f**king Sterning! He was f**king stupid to trust whoever fed him this information! And we were f**king stupid to follow his dumb orders! If it weren’t for him, we would definitely win! That goddamn Sterning-”

Daran raised a hand, “OK. That is enough.”

Soldiers cloaked the rogue’s mouth and dragged him out of the tent.

Daran looked around the room, “You all heard it. The rogue’s decision was not a coincidence. Someone fed them the information.”

“And we all know who that person is,” Janet added.

Slowly, everyone turned their heads to look at Glen. There was anger and grief in everyone’s eyes.

Glen leaned back in his seat.

He remained in silence for a few more seconds before saying, “One of my soldiers might have stolen the battle plan from me—”

Janet cut him off sharply, “You admitted to me yourself that you told no one about this plan. Remember?”

Glen snapped his head up.

The muscle under his left eye twitched slightly.

“We can’t rule out you, can’t we Janet?” he hissed, “You knew about this plan as well. It is possible that you—or those rogue bastard soldiers of your Kass—leaked this battle plan-”

Janet shook her head, “I know about the general plan, but not about the details, like which one of you was attacking which gate. So sorry. You can’t dump this on me.”

Glen gritted his teeth.

After another long pause, he slowly breathed out a long sigh.

“Well...what can I say?”

Glen curved his lips into a sarcastic smile,

“You have managed to pin me on the crucifix. Good job.”

He admitted to it.

They dug out the mole!

Janet let out a small sigh of relief and joy.

Yet before she could finally relax, Steven jumped up abruptly and jumped on Glen!

“Why the f**k did you do it!”

Steven roared and threw a hard punch at Glen.

“I thought we were friends! I trusted you! You son of a bitch...WHY!!!”

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 82

Chapter **82**

Steven shouted out the question that everyone had at heart.

Why?

Why did Glen betray them and choose the rogue's side?

Glen stood on his spot and let Steven punch him. He groaned lowly after the first punch but didn't choose to move away from the upcoming attack.

Steven grabbed Glen's collar and kept hitting his former friend.

His knuckles were white with anger.

A storm of emotions brewed in his eyes.

Steven thought that they used to be friends. If not friends, at least they were on the same side.

Yet their bond was now shattered with betrayal.

Steven felt stupid for defending Glen fiercely in front of everyone before!

"You...f**king bastard! Why!"

Steven growled, throwing another punch directly at Glen's nose, knocking him to the ground.

"Just f**king give me a reason! Are you a rogue? How did you manage to become a Gamma if you are a rogue!"

Glen knelt on the ground and coughed. The corners of his mouth were ripped with blood.

"No, I am not a rogue."

He wiped away the blood and answered coolly.

"As for my reasons...Well, it doesn't matter now, does it? I lost and you caught me. And that's it. I am ready for whatever punishment that you have in mind."

Glen raised his head and looked at Daran. There was no fear nor regret on his face. "You can execute me right now, Alpha Daran. I have nothing else to say," he said calmly.

Glen's attitude rendered everyone speechless.

They just got betrayed by one of their closest friends!

How could they let this slide?

‘At least give us an excuse or make one up for f**k’s sake!’ Jeff cried loudly, ‘I don’t believe that you would choose the rogue’s side without a reason! You saw clearly how they slaughtered those civilians! So what is it? Did they blackmail you? Did they threaten you?’

Glen shrugged.

‘Maybe there is no reason,’ he said with an indifferent tone. ‘Maybe I am just purely evil.’

Jeff let out a frustrated growl. Apparently, he found this hard to accept.

‘I think I know about his reasons,’ Janet said abruptly.

Glen frowned at her.

His eyes gleamed with suspicion.

Janet walked to the tent entrance and talked briefly to the soldiers outside, ‘The girl that you caught last night....Yes, bring her here.’

Moments later, a slim figure appeared by the tent entrance.

It was a pretty girl in her early twenties.

She looked tired and messy. Her hair was all tangled, and her eyes were red and puffy from the tears. Her clothes were dirty and worn out from running.

Yet even though she looked rough, you could still see in her eyes that she was determined to keep going despite everything.

‘Veronica!’

Glen swooped up and rushed towards the girl. She burst into tears and rushed towards him as well.

They hugged each other tightly, like holding on to the most precious thing in their lives.

‘Veronica...what are you doing here?’ Glen gasped, ‘I told you to head south and never come back. Why didn’t you listen to me!’

The girl named Veronica sobbed, "How can I leave by myself knowing that you are risking your life for me? I...I have to check on you...and make sure that you are OK..."

"We caught her in the woods last night. She was sneaking and poking around. My men thought that she looked suspicious and brought her back," Janet said.

Glen held Veronica in his arms and stroked her messy hair, whispering some comforting words into her ears.

Steven, Jeff, and Maxie exchanged a look of perplexation.

"Umm... what is going on here?" Jeff stashed his head and asked, "Who is this girl again?"

"She is a rogue. And Glen's lover. I think that she is also the reason that Glen brought us," Janet said.

"Is that true, Glen?" Maxie asked.

Glen's face was pale.

Veronica wiped her tears on Glen's shoulder and turned around to face everyone.

"It is true. Glen did everything...all because of me.

She was quivering with strong emotions.

"We met each other at the border when Glen came to fight back rogues... It was love at first sight. Glen wanted to take me away to his pack...but I can't go. Not with my family still in the Rogue King's hand."

She took in a deep breath before continuing:

"So I went to see the Rogue King and ask for his mercy to set my families free-

"Wait!"

Janet gasped.

"You have met the Rogue King?"

Veronica shook her head, "No....not in person. The Rogue King was giving orders behind a curtain. But I can tell from his voice that he is a man."

A man.

Janet and the others exchanged a look of frustration.

Well, at least now they knew about the Rogue King's gender.

But that didn't help to narrow it down.

"So what did the Rogue King say?" Janet pursued, "I bet that he didn't let you go without a cost."

"You are right."

Veronica let out a bitter laugh.

"He heard that I was in love with a Gamma, and he was thrilled...He made me an offer. He promised to set my entire family free if Glen agreed to be his source of information during the war."

Glen dropped his eyes.

It was the first time that a look of shame appeared on his face.

Veronica continued in a low voice, "So with my family still in the Rogue King's hand,

I traveled to Riverside Pack and became a waitress at a local strip club. Glen would come to my club and pass on the information, and I would send it back to the Rogue King..."

Janet suddenly remembered something.

Before the war broke out, the 5 Gammas had many long meetings in Riverside Pack. They were all exhausted after those meetings.

Yet somehow, Glen could always find the time and energy to go to the bars after the meetings.

They thought that Glen was just a hyper guy.

But the truth was, he went to see Veronica at those times.

"So that's it?"

Steven cried out abruptly,

"That is your big reason? You betrayed all of us for a woman?!"

"Steven..."

Maxie tried to calm Steven down. But he shook her hand off roughly.

“We lost lives in this war! Countless lives! Have you f**king thought about that?! And what about your Alpha? Your own soldiers? They trusted you! And what did you do in return? You were f**king leading them to hell! Your piece of shit!”

Steven was losing his temper again.

Steven was losing his temper again.

He raised a leg and kicked Glen’s stomach fiercely, Glen groaned and staggered back. Veronica shrieked covering her mouth. She wanted to come forward and help Glen. Yet Janet stopped her.

“You will make it worse by going in there,” Janet said to her. “Now, Calm down. It is OK now. Can you tell me more about the Rogue King?”

They found out about the mole.

But that was so not enough.

If the Rogue King could implant the first mole among them, he could very well do it again.

He was cunning and calculating beyond imagination.

To win this war, they needed to gather more information about this man.

Janet could tell that Veronica knew more about the Rogue King besides his gender.

“Tell me, Veronica. This is important,” Janet demanded. “We will help you rescue your families back. As long as you give me the truth.”

Veronica’s lips trembled.

“The Rogue King is...cruel, powerful...almost charismatic. He has a certain quality that can make you obey his order automatically...And he is also a man of his own words...”

Veronica stared deep into Janet’s eyes, with tears welling up.

“He told me that if we failed, he would skin my family alive...He meant it...So I am sorry...I can’t fail him...” she sobbed desperately.

Janet took a small step back.

A sudden thrill of foreboding hit her.

But it was too late.

A dagger appeared in Veronica's hand. The blade shone with a greenish light, indicating that it was poisoned.

With a sharp cry, Veronica raised the dagger and stabbed Janet!

In a split second, someone shoved Janet aside.

Janet stumbled sideward and jerked around in panic.

Her eyes fixed upon the dagger.

It had sunk deep into Daran's chest.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 83

Chapter 83

"Daran—!!!!

Janet cried desperately.

Her voice trembled as she rushed towards Daran,

She wished that everything was just a bad dream, that Veronica hadn't tried to attack her, and Daran didn't shove her aside and take the hit for her.

Yet it was true.

The dagger was still deep in Daran's flesh.

And the blood was pouring out from his wound, painting his white shirt into red.

Daran held the dagger and swayed on his spot. He had to put all of his weight on Janet's shoulder to stop falling.

His face was quickly turning grey.

Everyone in the room was shocked by this sudden turn of events.

Maxie acted first. She pulled over a chair and helped Daran sit down.

Then she examined his wound.

"His blood is changing color!" she said in an urgent voice, "This dagger is poisoned!"

Janet looked closely at the wound.

Maxie was right.

The blood oozing out was turning into a deeper shade of red, which almost seemed black. And the flesh around his wound was rotting at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Janet's hands trembled violently.

She considered herself a calm person, capable of handling any urgent crisis.

Yet at this moment, her mind was a complete blank.

She didn't know what to do.

Without thinking too much about it, Janet held the dagger and tried to pull it out.

But Daran stopped her by holding her hand.

"Hey, don't do that."

His voice was feeble but still steady.

"If you pull the dagger now, I might bleed to death," he said softly.

"Then what are we supposed to do? Let it stay there?!"

Janet's voice was so high and shrill that it didn't sound like her normal voice.

Daran tightened his grip on Janet's wrist.

Longingness gleamed in his
eyes.

"Are you worried about me?" he asked with a faint smile.

Janet couldn't believe his nerve.

Does he still have time to make jokes? Was he f**king serious?!

She jerked around to the others and snapped, "Someone gets a doctor!"

Jeff was finally snapped back to reality, and he said urgently, "O—On **it!**"

He rushed out of the tent.

Steven let out a deafening roar and rushed at Veronica, "Where is the cure you f**king b*tch!"

He seized Veronica's throat. One move and her neck would be snapped.

Yet oddly, Veronica didn't look afraid.

She looked beyond Steven's shoulder and stared at Daran. A frantic look appeared in her eyes.

"You are Alpha Daran...the person that the Rogue King feared the most... Yet you are willing to sacrifice your life for her."

Veronica gasped, half-crying, half-laughing.

"Did you all see that? That is the power of love! Now how can you still blame Glen for betraying his own men for me?!"

Steven ground his teeth, "Quit yammering and hand in the cure!"

Yet Veronica ignored him.

She rolled her eyes and stared at the sky, whispering in a low voice, "Rogue King...I took down Alpha Daran for you...so please forgive my mistakes and give my family mercy..."

Her voice faded out.

Then she bit something hidden inside of her mouth.

Glen had been watching her closely. Now seeing her do that, he roared desperately and rushed over, grabbing Veronica's jaw to force her mouth open.

"Don't be silly!" Glen cried in tears, "Spill it out, Veronica! Spill it!"

"What is happening!" Steven growled.

“Rogues hid poison in their teeth so that they could commit suicide in emergent times! Now help me, hurry!”

Together, they forced Veronica to open her mouth. Glen reached his two fingers under her tongue and took out half of a white pill.

She had swollen down the other half.

Painful tears streamed down Glen’s face as he held his lover.

She had passed out already, her face and lips losing all color.

“What do we do now?!” Steven stomped his feet anxiously, “Where should we get cure?”

Just then, Jeff was back with the doctor.

The doctor rushed to examine Daran’s wound. Moments later, he wiped the sweat away from his forehead. “It is poison...I need to operate on him right away.”

“And then he will be fine?” Janet asked worriedly.

“If the person being stabbed was a regular werewolf, they would be dead by now. But Alpha Daran had a strong wolf. I think he will be fine after the operation...But we still need to wait and see.”

Janet breathed out shakily.

Daran smiled and gently squeezed Janet’s hand, “Told you that I will be fine.”

“Don’t get cocky,” Janet warned him lowly and then turned to the doctor. “Shall we do something about the dagger? Can’t let it stay there like that.”

“Of course. Let’s lay Alpha Daran down. I will operate right now. I will also scrape off the rotten flesh. It might hurt a bit.”

Janet immediately helped Daran stand up. The doctor hastily laid a plastic wrap on the table and instructed Daran to lie down on the table.

Jeff was pacing back and forth anxiously outside of the crowd, “Are you seriously going to operate here? Can’t you at least find an aseptic room?”

“There is no time for that.” The doctor opened his surgical kit.

“Well then, give the poor man some painkiller! You said it f**king hurts!”

“There is no need,” Daran said abruptly.

He reached over and interlocked his fingers with Janet’s.

“I will be fine as long as Janet is by my side,” Daran smiled.

Janet replied with a smile.

The doctor took his scalpel and started the operation.

Janet could feel Daran’s muscles tense up immediately after the doctor made the first cut. His face was white as a piece of paper, and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Janet felt her heartache.

14

If it weren’t for Daran, she would be the one lying on this table. No. She probably wouldn’t last long enough for the doctor to arrive. She would be dead already.

It was at this very moment that she realized that Daran really cared about her.

So much so that he was willing to take a bullet for her.

Some strong emotions surged up in her chest.

Janet couldn’t help but plant a soft kiss on the back of Daran’s hand.

Daran’s body suddenly jerked as he looked up at Janet slowly. His eyes were lit up by joy.

“You made this stab seem so worth it,” he said in a husky voice,

The doctor pulled out the dagger and clogged the wound with some cotton balls.

He wanted to go ahead and wrap the wound with lines, but Daran stopped him.

“Gamma Janet can do it,” he gave a small nod at Janet.

The doctor hesitated and then handed Janet the lien resignedly.

“Please keep an eye on the Alpha tonight,” the doctor said to Janet. “We don’t know much about the rogue’s poison. It looks like Alpha Daran is getting better. But there might be some post–syndromes.”

“Like what?”

“I am not sure,” the doctor shook his head.

Now that Daran’s wound had been treated, the others wanted to give him and Janet some space.

Maxie asked soldiers to escort Glen and Veronica out and lock them up. They would be sentenced after Daran got better.

While the Gammas were leaving the tent, Kass appeared by the entrance.

He gave one quick glance at Daran and his pale face, and then called out to Janet, “Gamma Janet, can I see you for a second?”

Janet nodded. She placed the lien on the table and was about to head out.

Yet her hand fell into an iron grip the next second.

“I need you to stay here,” Daran said icily.

His lips were pressed into a thin line. He still looked very intimidating even with the wound.

“I will be back very soon,” Janet comforted him.

“Stay,” Daran strengthened. It was basically an order.

Yet Janet simply smiled and broke free from his grip and then walked out of the tent.

Kass was standing outside. He seemed very tense.

“I heard that Alpha Daran was poisoned by a rogue?” he asked hastily.

“Yes. Do you know anything about that poison?”

Kass choked.

An awkward look appeared on his face.

After a long pause, he put his hand on Janet’s shoulder and said urgently, “Don’t...stay by his side tonight.”

Janet frowned, “Why?”

“Just listen to me!”

“I won’t unless you give me a reason.

“Because-” Kass hissed, gritting his teeth. “-The poison will make him go in heat!”

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 84

Chapter 84

Janet froze on her spot.

“No. You are joking,” she said stiffly after a while. “That was poison. Not aphrodisiac.”

“Listen to me.”

Kass placed both of his hands on her shoulder, his face very anxious.

“I know something about the rogue’s poison. It can kill regular werewolves for sure, but not the Alpha kind. His alpha bloodline will rise up and fight with the toxin. His wolf will get horny, longing to have s*x with its mate in order to get more power. You have to get away from him before it is too late!”

Janet pondered in silence for a little while.

“Thanks for letting me know,” she gave Kass a faint smile.

Kass looked stunned.

“That’s it?!” Kass gasped, sounding infuriated. “Are you even listening to me? He will want to have s*x with you tonight! He will even force himself upon you! You can’t give him that chance. I won’t allow it—”

“You won’t allow it?”

Janet narrowed her eyes. Her voice turned cold.

“Who gave you the right to say something like that?”

Kass looked mortified.

He lurched back a bit and lowered his head.

“Sorry...” he murmured, “I–We both knew he was horrible to you before...I just didn’t want you to go through that again...you deserve better...”

“I will be the one to decide what I want or deserve.”

Janet looked at Kass coldly.

“I appreciate you letting me know. And I know now that you are not the mole. You will always be my most trusted subordinate, friend, and brother. But that is it.”

“Janet...”

Kass reached out to grab Janet’s hand. But he missed her. She had already turned around and went back into the tent.

Daran was still lying on the carpet when she came back.

Janet noticed that there was an unusual flush on his white cheek.

“What did he want?”

He asked forcefully as Janet sat down by his side.

Janet smiled and didn’t answer his question. Taking the lien, she started wrapping his wound.

Daran leaned toward her. His breathing was getting rougher and heavier.

“I don’t want you to talk **to** him ” he breathed his eyes bloodshot

Janet raised an eyebrow. She wrapped the lien around his muscular chest and then finished up with a nice bowknot.

When that was done, she raised her head and stared deep into his eyes.

“Are you getting some unusual feelings, Daran?” she asked quietly.

His body tensed.

Her fingertips were touching his bare skin, where goosebumps were starting to appear.

He suddenly grabbed her hand and brought it to his lips.

“I...I feel...”

He gulped, closing his eyes. A vein popped on his forehead. His jaw was clenched.

He was trying hard to control some strong emotions. Yet the beast inside of him was about to be unleashed.

Janet leaned in and whispered into his ears, “Do you want to know what Kass told me?”

“...What?”

“He told me that the poison will make you go into heat.”

Daran froze.

He moved back a little, putting some distance between them. His eyes searched across her face hungrily, eager for an answer.

“You know that, yet you are still here,” he groaned huskily, clenching her wrist.

“Janet...I—I can’t control myself—”

“Then don’t.”

Janet kissed him on his lips.

11

Daran let out a groan. He held the back of her neck and kissed her back hungrily, like a wild beast.

He pushed her down to the floor, trailing his hand across her body.

His hot body temperature made her quiver slightly.

“This isn’t going to be nice and gentle,” he warned her, his breathing ragged.

Janet let out a moan and wrapped her legs around his firm waist.

It had been years since they last had s*x.

Daran pulled down her pants in one move and pushed her panties aside.

Both of them were still covered in the rusty smell of blood that they got from the battlefield.

But that only made things hotter.

He poked the head of his cock at her folds, searching for an entrance. She was drenching wet already.

When he thrust himself into the hole, both of them let out a pleasurable long groan.

“Oh f**k!” he cursed.

Janet threaded her fingers into his hair and rolled her eyes backward.

It had been so long since she felt his hard cock inside of her. The sensation was mind-blowing.

She bet that he must be feeling the same way too. His cock was throbbing excitedly inside of her.

“F**k me,” she whispered into his ears. And he let loose.

He started pounding her, pulling out a bit and slamming back in deeper.

He grabbed her hip with both of his hands and separated her legs even wider. She was wide open for him.

“Oh f**k...you are so wet for me...Janet...” he groaned beside her ears, “I miss this so much...”

His movement was so rough. Her butt kept moving backward under his attack. He grabbed her ankles and dragged her right back, pinning her on the spot.

Janet’s head was a complete blank. She couldn’t think or feel anything else, except for him. And the extreme pleasure that he granted her.

“Oh Daran-” she couldn’t help but call out his name.

Her inner walls were snatching his cock, hungry for more.

“Yes, say it. Say my name.”

He rocked his crotch back and forth, hammering into her mercilessly.

“Say that you like this! Do you like this babe?”

“Yes, I like it!” she cried, tugging his hair subconsciously.

He filled her pussy again and again, working like a machinery. She could feel something rising within. An orgasm was pumping.

He felt the change in her body. So he picked up the pace.

“Are you coming babe?” he breathed heavily.

“Yes...Yes, I am coming...F**k me, Daran!” she cried.

His hips slammed into her, easily throwing her over the edge. Her juice gushed out from her pussy, wetting his entire cock.

This was the strongest orgasm that she ever experienced. And Daran was still lengthening it by continuing f**king her. Her body was thrumming with pleasure. She came again when she felt something warm and wet filled her pussy.

It was him. His cum.

She got chills knowing that his body fluid had filled her body fully.

They dropped down to the floor, their chests rising and falling rapidly. Together, they lay there, enjoying the beautiful aftershock.

Daran buried his head in the hollow of her neck and nibbled her skin. He slightly sank his wolf fangs into her flesh and then licked it.

It was the wolf's instinct.

He wanted to mark her as his own. Completely.

Janet pushed his head away from her neck and rolled over onto his body. She was sitting on top of him now.

Daran's eyes raked across her naked body, her delicate cheekbones, her plummy breasts, her tits.

Love and passion gleamed in his eyes.

His cock was hard again.

Janet smiled. She trailed her fingertips across his chest, circling his nipples.

“Your wolf is still longing for me,” she said softly.

He pulled her down and caught her lips passionately.

“And so am I,” he groaned.

The night was long.

And they still had plenty of time.

The next morning, Janet woke up and found herself lying in Daran’s arms.

His naked chest was next to her back, his arms tightly wrapped around her waist, his lips on her bare shoulder.

She could even hear his steady heartbeat from this proximity.

Janet turned around and met with his eyes. He had been awake for a while.

“Are you feeling better now?” Janet asked.

Daran nodded. He wanted to kiss her, but Janet moved aside.

“We better get dressed. Plenty of things to do today.”

A hint of disappointment flickered across his eyes. Janet pretended that she didn’t see that left his arms and started to get dressed.

She was putting on her pants with her back facing him when he hugged her again from behind.

“Janet,” he called her name hoarsely.

He lowered his head and kissed her shoulder, then her neck, then her cheek.

Then he murmured into her ears, full of longingness:

“Come back and be my Luna.”

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 85

Chapter 85

Janet stayed in silence for a long moment.

Then she turned around to face Daran with a far-away expression.

“What do you think last night was?” she asked.

The muscle under Daran’s right eye twitched.

He sensed her aloofness.

Joy was quickly fading away from his face.

After a small pause, he tossed the question right back at her, “What do you think last night was then?”

“S*x,” she answered in a straightforward manner.

“And nothing else?”

“No.” She shrugged, “Maybe a little bit of worry. I was told that mating is a part of this healing process. So-”

Her chin fell into Daran’s iron grip.

“You were having s*x with me out of pity?!” he snapped, looking down at her with dark eyes.

Janet was not intimidated by him. She looked back at him calmly.

“Your wolf needed me. And you enjoyed the s*x. Why can’t we just leave it like that?” she said.

“Because I want more!”

Daran growled, sounding enraged and frustrated.

“I want you to come back and be my Luna. I want to claim you as mine, righteously! Seriously, Janet, we were wonderful last night. I can tell that you desire me, just like I desire you. So why can’t you come back?”

Janet breathed out a small sigh.

“Like I said, it was just s*x. I won’t deny that I enjoyed the s*x. But it doesn’t mean that I will be coming back to your side. I can enjoy that amazing s*x even with others-”

Daran clenched her jaw abruptly.

“DON’T,” he warned her dangerously.

Janet tilted her head and broke free from him.

“You get the drill,” she said.

Daran stood on his spot stiffly. Blood was oozing from the bandage on his chest. His hair was messy, and his eyes were bloodshot.

He looked like a defeated beast.

“I don’t get it.”

He said hoarsely after a long pause.

“You have feelings for me, clearly. So why are you pushing me away? Why make me fall for you and then become cold again? Is it because of another man?”

“This is not about any other people.”

“Then-”

“I am tired of being your Luna, Daran.” she said lowly, “Staying in that empty room alone and wondering when you might show up... It was like hell. When I left Riverside Pack, I kissed my past goodbye. I can forgive you for the pain you caused me. But we can’t go back.”

Daran stared at her deeply.

There was a mixed expression on his face: anger, frustration, agony, pain... Those emotions were so heavy that even Janet started to feel hard to breathe.

Eventually, he asked, “Yet you are fine with us having s*x?”

Janet bit her lower lip.

Then she nodded slightly.

Daran took a hand to stroke her long hair. His hand came to her gently rubbing her earlobe.

ear,

his thumb

“Like we are s*x partners,” he said.

Janet didn’t know where he was going with this. She could only nod again reluctantly, “...if that is what you want to call it.”

“Fine.”

Daran turned away from her abruptly.

“You should leave my tent now, Gamma Janet,” he said with his back facing her. “Like you said, we have plenty of things to do today.”

His tone was cold and distant.

Janet looked at his blood–tainted bandage, “at least let me change the bandage for you-”

“Get the doctor. You can go now.

11

He picked up his shirt and pulled it over his head. Then seeing that she was still standing there, he asked ironically, “What are you still doing here? Looking for a second round?”

“...I will get the doctor for you.”

Janet turned around and walked out of the tent.

Janet wandered down the street absent–minded.

After a brutal war, Crimson Fortress’s once bustling street was now scarred and broken. There was blood, weapons, and burned–down houses everywhere she looked.

Yet soldiers were all helping to get local residents’s lives back on track.

Temporary shelters had been set up. And there were makeshift markets that offered essentials for survival. Street vendors served hot meals, filling the air with the smell of chicken soup that wafted through the streets.

Janet knew that she should be looking for Balvina and other Gammas. And they should discuss their next moves.

But her mind was still on Daran.

Her rationality told her that she made the right choice by rejecting Daran.

But her heart was not as determined.

The hurtful look on Daran's face played over and over again in her head... "Gamma Janet!"

Janet jerked around and saw a man running down the street towards her.

It was that smith she saved from the rogue. Lance Alder.

"Gamma Janet how are you doing?" he shook her hand enthusiastically, a bright smile on his face. "I just want to thank you again for saving my family. If there is anything you need, just let me know."

Janet forced out a smile, "You are welcome. How's your wife and child? Do you have a place to stay?"

"Oh yes. The rogues burned down our house, but soldiers built a tent for us on the ruins. Now I am working as a volunteer to help rebuild the city."

"That is nice."

Janet could feel his gratitude. But she was tired and had a lot on her mind and was in no mood for small talk.

"Listen, Lance, I probably need to talk to my-"

Lance suddenly leaned in, his face all serious.

"Gamma Janet, I want to volunteer myself to serve in your army. I hate the rogues more than anything. And luckily, I have some handy skills that can be useful in your army. I build weapons and am good with the mechanism."

Janet frowned.

She appreciated his enthusiasm. But it was against the rule to enlist civilians.

She was searching for a nice way to turn him down when another person called her behind her back:

“Janet!”

It was Balvina, and Kass. Both of them looked worried.

Balvina ran up to Janet and said urgently, “There is something you need to know—

She paused and gave a quick glance at Lance.

Lance took the hint.

“Please think about it, Gamma Janet,” he said and walked

away.

Balvina waited for Lance to disappear before saying to Janet in a low voice, “The rogues that fled last night were seen moving toward the same direction. Our men followed them and saw them gathered at the Grand Canyon.”

Grand Canyon?

11

It was 200 miles from here, deep into the rogue’s territory.

“Maybe that is their headquarters,” Janet said.

“And there is something else...”

Kass gulped.

“Our men said that they heard some loud cheering and howling in the canyon. All the rogues were roaring with the same name... the ‘Rogue King.’ Their passion ran so high that it sounded like they just lost a battle.”

Janet widened her eyes, “So the Rogue King is in the Grand Canyon now?”

“He probably never left their headquarters,” Balvina said.

This Rogue King was truly a mystery.

First, they thought that he was in Crimson Fortress; yet now they knew that he was hundreds of miles away.

They thought they had defeated him by taking down Crimson Fortress.

But as it turned out, they were not even close.

“We need to let the others know,” Janet said.

She turned to leave. Yet Kass grabbed her wrist.

“Did you do it last night?” he asked, looking lost.

“Do what?” Balvina asked curiously.

Janet’s jaw tensed. She shook him off forcefully and snapped, “You are crossing the line here, Kass!”

She hurried away in fume.

Janet was so eager to get away from Kass’s interrogation that she didn’t look for her surroundings.

If she were a bit more cautious, she would notice that Lance had been hiding in a corner, listening to their conversation attentively.

He never walked away too far.

Seeing the three of them walk away, a mysterious smile slowly appeared on his lips.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 86

Chapter 86

30 minutes later, all Gammas were gathered in the same tent where they had the meeting yesterday.

Janet was the last one to arrive. She wasn’t ready to face Daran after their quarrel. When she stepped into the tent, she saw Daran talking to a man.

That man looked familiar.

“Janet!”

The man strode over with his arms spread wide open and pulled Janet in for a big hug

“My gosh. It was so nice to see you again! You look radiating.”

Janet was slightly taken aback.

It took her a minute to realize that this man was Silver Claw Pack’s Alpha Jared, AKA Glen’s Alpha.

11

...Alpha Jared, it has been quite a while.” Janet smiled and hugged him back. “How have you been?”

“I am doing just fine. Thanks for asking,” Jared replied briskly, still holding Janet’s hands. “I heard what Glen did. I am terribly sorry for that. So I traveled from Silver Claw Pack overnight just to be here to-”

Daran cleared his throat deliberately, cutting Jared off.

He cast a dark look at Jared and Janet’s holding hands before saying coldly, “Alpha Jared, one apology is not enough.”

“Yes, I know. And that is why I came over myself to make up for all of your loss. And to make sure that Glen is sentenced justly...”

“Make up for our loss?”

Daran walked up to him step by step, his voice echoing booming across the tent, drawing everyone’s attention.

“That is an easy way to say. Thanks to your Gamma, we lost thousands of people’s lives, soldiers and civilians. You can’t put a number on our loss! And let’s not forget about one thing-”

Daran narrowed his eyes into slits.

-We haven’t ruled out your suspicion yet.”

There was a ringing silence among them.

Jared’s face turned cold, “What do you mean?”

The two men stood face to face, both of them tall and sturdy, glaring at each other with sharp eyes.

Tension was quickly building up between them.

“Well.”

Daran sneered.

“Maybe Glen was working for the Rogue King with your connivance. And that makes the entire Silver Claw Pack—including you—a traitor...”

“Daran!”

Janet snapped, clenching her fists.

She felt that Daran was being unnecessarily aggressive here.

They all heard Glen and Veronica’s testimony, Glen betrayed them for personal reasons. It was most likely that Jared had no idea of this.

And even if Jared was indeed aware of it, they couldn’t confront him until they had concrete proof.

Jared was an Alpha. There was no way to talk to an Alpha like that.

The others were also astonished by Daran’s bluntness.

Jeff let out an awkward laugh, “Alpha Daran, I really don’t think Alpha Jared is at fault here. And seriously, I am tired of pointing fingers at this group. We should really be working together right now.”

Steven nodded to that hastily.

“That is what I think,” Jared said calmly.

He looked at Daran with a candid expression.

“I understand your doubt, Alpha Daran. But I swear to the moon goddess, I didn’t know what he was up to. And not to defend my men or anything, us Silver Claw men are all very emotional and crazily romantic. We fell in love easily. And would do crazy shit for love. But that doesn’t make us traitors... We are just very dedicated to our partners.”

He winked at Janet.

Janet replied to him with a dry smile.

Daran saw their little interactions. His face darkened.

"I am sure that most men in this room are dedicated to their partners," Daran hissed.
"But your point being?"

"Let me talk to Glen and that girl Veronica," Jared said. "Our top priority is to locate the Rogue King, right? They must know something. So let me persuade them to work for us."

Daran frowned with an expressionless face, pondering.

"I agree with Alpha Jared," Janet said. "Balvina just told me that the fled rogues were gathered at the Great Canyon 200 miles away. They were cheering for the Rogue King. From what we know, they might be working on their next strike. We need to be proactive."

Daran breathed out a sigh.

"Fine."

He said sullenly.

"Let's go to Glen and Veronica. And see what Alpha Jared can do."

The group of them filed out of the tent.

Janet fell a few steps behind to walk with Daran.

"What was that about?" Janet whispered.

Daran kept his eyes straight forward with a deadpan face.

"What was what?" Daran said icily.

"You. Going after Jared!" Janet said in fume, "You knew at heart that he was innocent. So why did you attack him? It makes no sense."

"Do I need to explain all my decisions to you?" Daran's jaw tightened. "As you have constantly reminded me, you are not a member of my pack."

'Don't be a baby, Daran. You were clearly going after him for personal issues

She paused.

And then something hit her.

“Wait...”

She slowly began, while thinking about her seemingly absurd theory.

“Daran...are you—jealous of Jared?”

Daran halted abruptly. Janet almost collided with his back.

“Jealous of him?” he snapped, his voice getting louder. “Why do I need to be jealous of him? The only thing he can brag about himself is how much of a crazy romantic he is!”

Daran WAS jealous. For sure.

And he was acting like a baby.

A jealous little baby.

Janet felt an urge to laugh at him to his face. But that would infuriate him even further.

“Why are you grinning like an idiot?” Daran snapped.

Janet tried not to laugh as she said, “You can’t deny that romance is a very important part of a relationship.”

Daran glared at her, “So that is what you see in him? That is why you turned me down and chose him over me?”

“Well...”

Janet shrugged, keeping her tone light.

“First, this is not a mating ritual. I am not choosing between you two. And second, picking a partner isn’t like picking a leader. The standards are drastically different. Being a strong Alpha doesn’t necessarily make you a great lover. Personally speaking, I don’t hate my lover being romantic once in a while.”

They looked at each other, staring deep into each other’s eyes.

“Why are you telling me this, Janet?” he asked hoarsely after a pause.

“You started this conversation.”

Janet let out a light sneer.

“And what I think doesn’t really matter, right? Since...you know....we are just s*x partners.”

Daran grabbed her hand forcefully, looking irritated, “You just like to remind me of that, don’t you? Why can’t you just be a normal she–wolf? Why can’t you be a little more submissive?”

Janet freed herself from his grip, “Maybe because you have a type, Alpha Daran. Maybe you just love to be challenged.”

She ignored the horrible look on his face and smiled:

“Now let’s go. We still need to talk to Glen and Veronica.”

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 87

Chapter 87

Glen and Veronica were kept in a severely guarded house that they temporally used as a prison cell.

When Daran and Janet walked in, a doctor was examining Veronica’s condition. She was awake already but looked very tired and wan.

“How is she, doctor?” Janet asked.

“If she swallowed the whole pill, she would be dead by now. The good news is that half of that pill isn’t enough to kill her. But the bad news is that it damaged her throat, permanently.”

Everyone rounded their eyes in shock.

“Are you saying that she can’t talk again? That she lost her voice?” Glen asked urgently.

The doctor sighed, “I am afraid so.”

Glen held Veronica's hand at a loss. The couple looked at each other with tears gleaming in their eyes.

Jared stepped out of the crowd, "Glen."

Glen quickly cast a glance at him and then looked down. There was a shameful look on his face.

"Alpha Jared..." he said in a quivering voice, "I don't know what to say...I am sorry...for everything..."

"You should be."

Jared crossed his arms, looking grim and serious.

"Us Silver Claw men are all very proud of how dedicated we are to our partners. But that is no excuse for you to betray your own men! Alpha Daran was right about one thing: You can't make up for what you did with a simple apology. You have to take responsibility."

Glen's shoulders slumped.

He looked down-hearted.

"You can kill me and toss my body to the wildness to feed the wild animals. I am fine with that," he said in a defeated tone. "But please set Veronica free. It was my idea to take the Rogue King's offer. Not hers."

Tears rushed down Veronica's face.

She shook her head hastily, trying to say something in tears. But her throat was destroyed. She could only make a few muffled sounds that nobody could make sense of.

"Or maybe there is an alternative way," Janet said.

She walked up to Veronica and placed her hand on top of Veronica's, "You were trying to save your loved ones. I get it. Now you can do the same thing by giving us information about the Rogue King."

Veronica looked at her.

Suspicion flickered across her eyes.

“With such information, we will conquer the Rogue King and rescue your family out of his hands. I can’t promise that you won’t be punished after that. But at least in the meantime, you get to spend more time with Glen.”

Jared echoed, “Janet is right. So what do you say, Glen? Do you prefer to be executed tomorrow? Or enjoy some quality time with her while correcting your own mistake?”

Glen looked hesitated.

Then he turned to look at Veronica.

“I love you, Veronica, no matter what,” he said in a low voice. “This is your decision to make.”

Veronica cried in silence. Shakily, she planted a kiss on Glen’s lips.

Then she turned to face the crowd and made a hand gesture, asking for something to write with.

“Get her a piece of paper and pen!” Janet cried.

A soldier rushed over and handed Veronica a pad and a pen.

Then she started writing.

Rogue *King*. Man.

She underlined the word “man.”

“You believe that the Rogue King is a man. We get it,” Daran said deeply. “Anything else? Have you heard about the Great Canyon?”

Veronica nodded.

She drew a pair of high mountains with steep cliffs and a gap in between. She marked the gap as Great Canyon.

And then from the Great Canyon, she drew a road winding off to the North.

At the end of this road, she drew a large city and a castle in the middle.

She wrote down three words beside that city:

The Grace Ruin.

“The Grace Ruin?”

Janet looked closely at her hand-drawn map, “Is it the rogue’s headquarters? Where does the Rogue King live?”

Veronica nodded.

She pointed at that winding road to the North and then wrote down *Only Way* next to

1. it.

Daran and Janet exchanged a look of apprehension.

“No wonder those fled rogues were all gathered by the Great Canyon,” Janet said in a low voice. “Because that is their only **way** back to their homeland, the Grace Ruin.”

“Grace Ruin is not their homeland.”

“Grace Ruin is not their nomeland,”

Daran shook his head with a dark face.

“I have heard about this place. It was once called the Graceland, a beautiful and fertile highland. Until the rogues took it and turned the whole city into ruins.”

“So what do we do know?” Steven asked cagerly, “Shall we take our best men and go snatch the city back from that son of a bitch?”

Janet frowned with worry.

She wasn’t hot on the idea of sending the army out so soon.

Their soldiers were still tired from the latest battle. They needed time to catch their breath.

And most importantly, they still knew too little about the Rogue King.

She had a feeling that they would fall right into his trap again if they acted too recklessly.

She was thinking about how to voice out her concerns when Daran spoke up.

“Let’s hold our horses here.”

Daran said deeply while glancing around the room.

“We have chased the rogues away, which is great. But I have a feeling that he will come back very soon. Let them come to us this time. And we will take the chance to learn more about them. Until then, I don’t want to send any more men deep into the Rogue King’s territory. It is too dangerous.”

Janet let out a small sigh of relief and smiled.

This was exactly what she thought.

It was amazing how Daran and she could connect to each other so naturally.

She couldn’t even do this with Casper.

The others didn’t have a question about this. So they all left and went back to their own business.

Jared stopped Janet by the door before she left.

“Hey Janet, I was wondering if I could ask you out for dinner tonight?” he smiled.

Janet was caught off guard by his proposal. And Daran was walking right behind Janet. He heard what Jared said and his face darkened instantly.

“Where to?”

Daran said in an ironic tone.

“Shall I remind you that the whole city was burned to the ground? And there was not a single open restaurant.”

Jared fixed his gaze on Janet, ignoring Daran’s irony.

“Well, I was thinking of a picnic on the mountaintop?” Jared smiled, “We can enjoy the skylight and the beautiful night view. It will be romantic, don’t you think?”

The word “romantic” clearly struck Daran’s nerve.

He let out a cold snort.

Janet hesitated and gave a quick glance at Daran.

“Why are you looking at me?” Daran said icily, “Asking for my approval?”

Janet felt a flare of anger.

"You are right. I don't need your approval," she said defiantly. "Alpha Jared, it would be my honor. See you tonight."

"Awesome!" Jared beamed.

Daran walked past them and left the room with a slam of the door.

Janet marched out behind him, puffing out her chest.

She was so tired **of** Daran's juvenile behavior.

If he really cared about her and wanted her back, he should act like it. At least he should find ways to impress her, like Jared did.

Or maybe he didn't care that much about her at all.

Maybe he was just interested in her body.

What a dick.

Janet went back to her own tent and started preparing for tonight's date.

Probably because she was just trying to annoy Daran, she wanted to look good for the date.

Yet sadly, she packed only combat uniforms and sportswear. There weren't enough options for clothing.

Janet sat down in front of the mirror and let her hair down. She started to work on a delicate braid. It was the least she could do.

She was struggling with her hair when she heard somebody coming into her tent. She saw through the mirror that it was Daran again.

"You are really trying for this date."

He walked up to her back, staring darkly at her through the mirror.

"Why shouldn't I?"

Janet sneered in a provoking manner.

"As you can see, Jared and I like each other a lot. If things go well tonight, we might actually-"

She didn't get to finish.

Because Daran had spun her around forcefully and caught her lips.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 88

Chapter 88

A chill was sent down Janet's spine when their lips touched.

She could feel her wolf howling inside of her, craving for the touch of her mate.

Daran was apparently as turned on as she was.

Holding her waist with both hands, he lifted her up to the top of the desk and squeezed in between her separated legs, while keep kissing her.

His breathing grew heavier. Janet could already feel his erection under his pants. And his hands are traveling down to Janet's upper thighs...

Janet grabbed his wrist and stopped him.

"What are you doing?" she breathed.

Daran's eyes were slits. The fire of lust was burning in them.

"You said that we are sex partners," he said honestly. "I am doing exactly what we are supposed to do."

Janet let out a sarcastic laugh.

"Really? And this isn't a way for you to stop me from going on that date with Jared?"

She shoved him aside and jumped off the desk.

Her heart was thumping with rage.

She felt offended and even more so, humiliated.

Daran was treating her like a sex toy! Hopping in on her like a lost controlled animal.

Was this the kind of respect that he planned to give his intended Luna?

She made the right decision by turning down his offer.

He was only interested in her body!

Janet tidied her clothes and glared at Daran, "We are sex partners. PARTNERS! So mutual consent was involved! You can't force me into something when I clearly don't want to!"

"You don't want to?"

Daran repeated after her with a wicked grin.

"Your body said the opposite."

Janet bit her lips in frustration.

He was right. She was indeed turned on. Even her panties were wet right now.

She hated her body for being so honest.

And she hated it the most when Daran was right.

"So what?"

Janet chined up, looking at Daran defiantly.

"You turn me on easily. And I give you credit for that. But you can never get to my heart."

Daran gritted, "So Jared can get to your heart?"

"That is what I am planning on finding out tonight. Now if you will excuse me!"

She gave up on the braid that she was working on before Daran walked in and headed straight to the door.

Her long, silky hair flung in the air. Daran caught a fleeting wisp of her scent when she walked past him.

But a second later, she was gone. Along with her enticing scent.

When Janet arrived at the top of the mountain outside of Crimson Fortress, Jared was already there waiting for her.

It was night. A canvas of a thousand stars was above their heads. The night air was crisp, carrying a hint of pine and the distant rush of a babbling stream.

A plush blanket was spread over the ground with a basket of food sitting on top of it. The flickering candles in ornate lanterns created a beautiful glow.

“I am so glad that you came.”

Jared took her hand and invited her to sit with him on the blanket. His eyes were gleaming softly against the candlelight.

Janet forced a smile, “It’s a date. Why wouldn’t I come?”

Jared handed her a glass of champagne, “Well, let’s just say that I am lucky to have you here tonight.”

They clung to their glasses and Janet took a small sip.

This was what she liked about Jared.

He knew how to avoid the sensitive subject and say some nice things. It was easy and pleasant being around Jared.

Unlike Daran. Nothing good ever came out of Daran’s mouth.

Janet shook her head.

Why was she thinking about Daran again?

She had got to stop.

They drank their wine in silence. And after a while, Jared spoke up first, “I’m sorry for what Glen did.”

Janet shook her head, “Don’t be. It is not your fault...And I am sorry as well. I know that you two are really close.”

“Yeah, we are. Like brothers.”

Jared gazed into the distance with a nostalgic look.

"You know...things were really rough when I became the Alpha of Silver Claw Pack. Most of the elders believed that I was too young for the job. If it weren't for my Alpha bloodline, they would have expelled me a long time ago..."

He took in a deep breath.

"And Glen was the only one to root for me. For years, we stood by each other's side, facing all difficulties together. It wasn't easy. But we made it. And it was all because we had each other's back when something came up. It was hard to imagine a Silver

Claw Pack without its G amma Glen."

Jared's voice faded out gradually.

Then he turned to look at Janet.

"Do you think Daran will sentence Glen to death after everything?" he asked.

Janet felt bad for him, especially when she saw the devastated look on his face.

"I...I don't know, Jared."

She shook her head.

"And it is not Daran's decision to make. You are Glen's Alpha. I guess that in the end, you will have to decide what to do with Glen."

Jared let out a bitter laugh, "But Glen hurt the alliance and Daran is the alliance's leader...Honestly, if we have a King of the Alphas, I think it would be Daran. So of course his opinion matters here."

Janet didn't know how to respond to this.

They receded into an awkward silence.

After a long pause, Jared heaved out a heavy sigh, "Sorry. I didn't mean to bring up these kinds of stuff...This is not what I wanted to say to you at all tonight."

Janet smiled, "Then what did you want to say to me?"

They were sitting on the blanket with a lit lantern between them.

Jared suddenly moved closer toward her.

Now his face was only a few inches away from her own.

Janet could see his long eyelashes flutter like butterflies.

Her mouth turned dry.

Then she heard Jared's husky voice whispering into her ear:

"I have a whole speech prepared...but I will just go ahead and say it now..."

Janet clenched her hand on the blanket.

She suddenly felt very nervous.

"W-What?" she muttered.

Jared reached into his pocket and took something out. He put his fist out in front of her and slowly spread his palm.

There was a ring in his palm, made of straws and wildflowers.

Janet held her breath.

PI hea

"Will you be my Luna, Janet?" he asked softly.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 89

Chapter 89

Janet was utterly shocked.

She stared at the grass ring in his palm for a long time before uttering a single word:

"...What?"

"I know that this is sudden. And you are probably scared-"

“No, not scared. Shocked!”

Janet waved her hands hastily.

“I am just...God! What were you thinking? This is our first date and the very second time that we see each other...And you just proposed?”

She thought that they were just hanging out.

If she knew that he was going to propose, she wouldn't come to this date in the first place.

She liked Jared, but not in that way.

And they barely knew each other.

Jared starched his head with a wry smile.

“I probably came on too strong with that, didn't I?” he sighed, “Dam n...I knew I should have said my speech first. I bet it will help.”

Janet shook her head.

She didn't think any speech would make this proposal look better.

“Just...tell me what you were thinking,” Janet said. “You are not seriously in love with me, aren't you?”

“I like you a lot,” Jared answered right away.

But the hint of reluctance in his eyes still gave him away.

“Yeah, ‘Like’ but not ‘Love.’ And I like you, Jared. But that is not enough for me to marry you. So what is the real reason that you asked me to be your Luna?”

Jared sighed.

He looked frustrated.

“OK...you caught me there. You are a really perceptive person, Janet,” he murmured.

“...Thanks.”

“And you were right. Asking you to be my Luna...this was a desperate idea. I guess I was running out of options and came to you as my last resort.”

He looked down at his own palm, staring at that grass ring.

“Remember what I told you a moment before? That Glen is the best help I can get in my pack? Not that he committed such a serious crime, I will become completely isolated in Silver Claw Pack. The elders will take this opportunity and come at me. They will find another person with the Alpha bloodline and replace me...

“So you want my help,” Janet said.

“Yeah. You are Blood Moon Pack’s Alpha’s only sister, a true princess. You are also a

P

Gamma yourself, a brilliant warrior. If you become my Luna, I will receive far less resistance from the elders.’

11

He paused.

And looked at Janet with a bitter smile.

“You must hate me now, don’t you?” he sighed, “Using you and asking for your help like that...it is pathetic.’

“...No.”

11

Janet slowly shook her head.

“Everyone wants help when they are in difficulties. I did too...Once. But I was not lucky enough to have a shoulder to lean on.’

When she was still living in the Diaz household, every single day was like hell. And she would pray the Moon Goddess day and night to be blessed with some help.

So she knew what it felt like to be completely isolated. And helpless.

So she didn’t blame Jared.

Janet reached for his hand and softened her tone, “I understand the difficult situation you are in. It must be hard.”

Jared looked at her, with a twinkle in his eyes.

He squeezed her hand back.

“I didn’t want to make this into a bargain, but this marriage can benefit you as well,” he said lowly. “If I can get total control of Silver Claw after our marriage, I will propose a long-lasting alliance with your pack. Silver Claw will forever be Blood Moon’s brother, in peace and in war. And a brilliant woman like you doesn’t deserve to be confined in a household. I will give you enough power in court so that you can put your wisdom and strength to good use.

Janet listened to him at a loss.

At first, she found his proposal utterly absurd.

Yet now...

She had to admit that some parts of his speech spoke to what she truly wanted.

One thing she hated the most about her marriage with Daran-besides his neglect-was how powerless she was. She didn’t have a say in anything as Daran’s

Luna.

Standing next to Daran, she was always invisible.

Yet Jared was proposing the opposite to her.

And Blood Moon Pack did need a long-lasting alliance. She would be helping Casper if she married Jared.

But...

“I can’t agree to this, Jared. At least not now. I am sorry,” she said slowly.

She already had one failed marriage.

She hoped that the next time she mated with someone would be because they loved

1

each other so much.

She couldn’t make her marriage into a deal.

The disappointment on Jared’s face was obvious.

“Well, I didn’t expect you to say yes at once. Nevertheless...I was basically proposing with a candy ring,” he waved the grass ring, laughing to himself.

Janet smiled, “That was indeed a reckless move.”

“But at least you will think about it?”

Janet hesitated.

After a long pause, under Jared’s nervous gaze, she slowly nodded.

“Yes, I will,” she promised.

His eyes lit up immediately, “And don’t forget that I really like you. It’s not Love yet.

But I can already see myself being crazy for you in the future.”

Janet laughed, “Sure. I will keep that in mind.’

She picked up the grass ring from his palm and put it on her finger.

“And I will accept this as a gift,” she said.

Jared grinned, “I promise that the next time I propose it will be a ring with a real diamond.”

They looked at each other and laughed at the same time.

They sat on the blanket and finished their meal. The night sky was so beautiful. So after dinner, they lay down facing the sky and looked at the stars.

Jared knew a lot about the star-chat.

He pointed at the stars and told Janet which one was the Ursa Major, and which one was the Ursa Minor.

1

With his help, Janet even found her own star sign, the Hunter.

Jared also told Janet a lot about his childhood, and how he managed to survive in those vicious elders’ hands. Just like Janet, he didn’t have a loving family to grow up with.

There was no love between them.

But they could relate to each other, deeply.

They stayed on the mountaintop all night, drinking wine, looking at the stars, and talking.

It was the most peaceful and relaxed night that Janet had in a long time.

They waited for the sun to rise up from the horizon before packing up stuff and leaving the mountain.

Jared offered to walk her back to her tent. And Janet said yes.

Yet outside of her tent, they encountered an unexpected person.

Daran.

all night

It looked like that he had been standing here for a long time, probably all night.

There were stubbles on his chin. His dark hair was now matted and silvered with frost. Dark circles were under his eyes and his eyes were heavy with exhaustion.

He slowly raised his head to look at Janet and Jared.

“...You were with him all night,” he said, his voice dark and hoarse.

Janet was stunned.

“You have been waiting for me all night?!” she gasped.

Daran said nothing. He simply narrowed his eyes at Jared, like a predator fixated upon its prey.

Jared sensed the danger. So she put a hand on Jared’s shoulder and whispered urgently, “You should leave. I will talk to you later-”

Before she could finish, Daran strode over in one step.

He grabbed Janet’s right hand and brought it to his face, fury pumping through his eyes.

He looked at the grass ring on Janet’s finger.

“What the f uck—”

He hissed darkly.

“-IS THIS?!”

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 90

Chapter 90

Janet wanted to pull her wrist back from Daran.

But she couldn't.

Her wrist was tightly clamped in Daran's hand.

"What are you doing? Let go!" Janet gritted.

"What the hell is that? Answer me!"

Janet felt a sudden flash of anger.

"What do you think this is?" she snapped, "It is a ring, obviously!"

Daran looked furious, as though he was about to break Janet's wrist.

"It's a ring...So he proposed to you? He fucking asked you to be his Luna?"

He tightened his grip, his knuckles turning white.

"And you said YES?!"

Jared was standing behind their back and saw everything. He was astonished by the raging look on Daran's face.

He stepped up to break Daran and Janet apart, "Hey you are hurting her. Let her go-"

Daran snapped his head around and let out a roaring howl!

His face was changing. His pupils were turning gold and his wolf fangs were stuck out. The howl he made sounded more like the voice of a wolf instead human.

He was shifting!

But they never shifted in front of their own men!

Janet let out a horrified cry and rushed forward. She shoved Jared to her back and stood in front of Daran.

Yet her protecting gesture infuriated Daran even more.

“You said yes to him right after you rejected me-”

He clenched his fists and growled, his whole body quivering in fury.

“-WHY! Do you really love him that much?!”

“I didn’t!” Janet cried, “Just calm the f uck down Daran-”

But he was tired of listening

With one swift move, he launched forward, shifting into a giant black wolf in midair, and went after Jared directly!

Jared took a step back in panic. He knew that he probably didn’t stand a chance against Daran. But if Daran attacked him, he had no choice but to shift as well.

Yet Janet acted first.

With a long wolf howl, she shifted into her wolf and stood in Daran’s way.

Her silver-white wolf collided harshly with giant the black wolf with a huge noise.

They both rolled to the ground, getting back on their feet, and glared at each other with hot breaths coming out of their noses.

13

You are willing to fight me for him?!” Daran roared.

“No one is fighting with anybody, Daran!”

Janet cried.

“It’s you! You are f ucking insane! Just f ucking stop this nonsense!”

Their quarrel caused the other’s attention. A group of people rushed over.

Angelina was running at the very front. She came to Janet's side and gasped, "What is going on here? Somebody stops them!"

She looked around for help. A few soldiers followed her over but none of brave enough to come up to Daran.

This was Alpha Daran for god's sake!

And most importantly, in his wolf form!

Seeing that no one dared to step out, Angelina looked back at Daran and pleaded, "Please calm down Alpha. This is Gamma Janet! You know her. Right? What could possibly happen to make you want to fight her?"

Daran froze on his spot.

Everyone present held their breaths, waiting anxiously for his reaction.

After a long pause, Daran shifted back to human. His face was stone-cold, and he looked defeated.

"I was not my best self today," he said hoarsely. "Sorry, you have to say that."

Janet shifted back too.

"Daran..."

She took a step forward and wanted to talk to him.

But he cut her off.

"I will leave the Crimson Fortress to clear out some wondering rogues nearby. Take care of the city in the meantime."

He said that without looking at Janet,

Then he turned on his heels and left in long strides.

Janet stared at his back. And slowly, she breathed out a long sigh of frustration.

"Janet..."

Jared looked at her in worry.

"I am sorry for that. I feel that it was all because of me."

Janet shook her head with a bitter smile, "Don't worry about it. It has nothing to do with you. Daran was just being a jerk."

Daran reacted so strongly because his ego was hurt.

He couldn't accept the fact Janet would agree to marry Jared instead of him.

What an asshole.

"Hey."

Angelina tugged at her sleeve.

"I was working at the makeshift market. We could really use some help right now. If you have nothing else to do, why not come over and give me a hand?"

Janet hesitated. And then nodded.

She would just keep wondering about Daran and get all anxious if she was alone in her tent.

It was better to stay occupied.

After saying goodbye to Jared, Janet followed Angelina to the makeshift market.

"How have you been?"

She asked Angelina on their way to the market.

"I like your new hands."

She noticed that Angelina had a new pair of artificial hands made of iron.

"Oh, thanks. I ran into a local smith the other day and he helped me make this. It is way better than my old, wooden ones."

"You mean Lance?"

"Yeah, very nice young fellow. Do you know him?"

Janet nodded.

Lance volunteered to serve in their army. She hadn't got a chance to tell him that they didn't recruit civilians.

They arrived at the makeshift market soon, which was located on the main avenue. Stalls cobbled together from salvaged materials, line narrow alleyways and empty lots. The air was alive with the symphony of haggling and laughter.

Janet was astonished to find Harper among the group of hustling vendors and customers.

She was lifting bags of food from a trolley and stacked them onto the shelves.

It was heavy labor. But Harper didn't look irritated or unwilling.

Instead, she was being fast and productive.

"Harper looked...different," Janet whispered to Angelina.

"She really is. She was still that whiny little bitch before we left Riverside Pack. Even put up with a huge fight when I asked her to come along. But she totally changed when we got to the battlefield. Believe it or not, she is quite docile and helpful right now."

Janet frowned, looking at Harper in the distance.

"Do you believe that she really changed?" she asked.

Angelina shrugged, "Who knows? Maybe after seeing the cruelty of the war, she finally realizes how ridiculous she was in the past. I like to think on positive terms. So I will say. yeah, she has changed a lot "

"Can I talk to her?"

"Sure."

Angelina called out to Harper and beckoned her to come over.

Harper put down her work and walked over.

"Angelina...Gamma Janet."

Harper said in a low voice and slightly bowed to them.

Even Harper's tone had changed.

She no longer sounded like a spoiled princess like she was in the past.

Now, she was like a nice, ordinary teenage girl.

"How are you doing, Harper?" Janet asked, looking closely at her face.

"I am doing well. Thanks for asking."

Harper smiled sheepishly.

"This place really helped me to calm down and repurpose my life. My life is fulfilled right now. Thank you, Gamma Janet, for giving me a second chance."

"I am glad. Hope that you mean it this time...by saying that you want to help the people in need."

Harper nodded hastily, "Of course I mean it! My new life is so much better than my old life! Money, title, power...all those things that I once held so dearly in life now seem so vain."

She sounded sincere.

But was Harper telling the truth?

Could a person really change?

Janet couldn't find an answer to that from Harper's face.

Just then, a voice came from behind their backs:

"Gamma Janet, Angelina, what a nice coincidence!"

They all turned around and found Lance walking toward them down the street.

Harper's eyes darted towards Lance. And her expression changed abruptly.

She widened her eyes in shock as though she had just seen a ghost.

And so was Lance.

The pleasant smile froze on his lips after he saw Harper. He halted sharply in his track.

Janet noticed their strange reactions. She frowned, "What is the matter? Do you two know each other?"

"No...no."

Harper looked down quickly, sounding rattled.

Janet looked back at Lance, who was smiling again now.

"I have never met with this pretty lady before " he said briskly "Anyway. I just want

to come over and say I. Allgemid, if you need help with your dia dius, you can find me in the smith shop.”

He hurried away. Almost like he was intentionally avoiding someone.

Harper lowered her head and hastily went back to her work again.

“Have they met each other before?” Janet asked Angelina.

Angelina shook her head, “Not that I know of. I first met Lance on the street. Harper wasn’t around.”

Janet frowned.

There was an unsettling feeling at heart.

Something didn’t look right.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 91

Chapter 91

Janet stayed at the makeshift market and helped out.

They were short of some medicines. So Angelina sent Harper to the warehouse to fetch it.

The warehouse was not very far away. Yet Harper was gone longer than necessary.

And Janet noticed it.

She quietly stood up and left the makeshift market, going for Harper outside.

Her gut told her that Harper was hiding something.

Given Harper's record, Janet felt it necessary to keep an extra eye on her, until she was a hundred percent sure that Harper had changed.

Janet headed down the street.

She wanted to check if Harper was at the warehouse. Yet before she got there, she saw a familiar figure disappearing around the corner.

She immediately followed that figure around the corner. But Harper was gone from her sight again. And there was only one shop on this street.

The Smith shop.

Janet walked up to the door and knocked.

Moments later, a woman came to answer it. It was Lance's wife, Layla.

"Gamma Janet!" she looked pleasantly surprised, "Do you need help with anything?"

Janet smiled, "Is Lance here?"

"Of course. Come in, please," Layla stepped aside and invited her in.

It was a small, dingy room, with rows of tools, each with a unique purpose, adorned the soot-stained wall. The fiery heart of the forge roars, its orange glow

illuminating the dark workshop, making this place extra hot.

Layla wiped her hands on the apron and fetched a stool for Janet.

"Please have a seat. Lance will be out in just a second," she said.

Janet looked at her.

Her fingers were covered in flour.

"Did I come at a bad time?" Janet asked, "Are you cooking for lunch?"

"Oh, it is nothing. I was just baking some rye bread. It is my little pup's favorite. He can't go for a day without having a piece of my rye bread."

Janet sensed something wrong with it.

"Your child..." she frowned, "...is only a few months old right? You feed him bread already? Does he have teeth?"

Layla froze.

Light from the fiery forge danced on her face.

Layla froze.

Light from the fiery forge danced on her face.

Janet caught a hint of panic fleeting across her eyes.

“As a mom, you should at least know about this stuff, right?” Janet pursued.

“I..”

Layla licked her dry bottom lip nervously, searching for an answer.

Just then, the door to the back room opened up. Lance walked out.

“Oh hey, Gamma Janet. I thought I heard your voice outside,” he nodded at Janet with a smile. “To what do I owe the pleasure? Do you need to fix a weapon or something?”

“Oh, I was just chatting with Layla.”

Janet glanced at Layla, who looked very uneasy right now.

“About how your son can eat bread at a few months old?”

Lance grinned, “Oh well, that pup is an early bloomer. Got a full set of teeth when he was barely 2 months old. Even I was surprised. Layla still got a bite mark on her arm when she tried to give a bath to my son. Don’t you, Layla?”

Layla nodded hastily, “Yes, I do. A feisty little biter, that pup.”

Janet studied Lance’s expression closely.

She couldn’t find anything that looked suspicious on his face.

Lance was either telling the truth.

Or he was a hell of a brilliant liar.

5

“So, are you here to discuss our parenting skills? Or are you here to buy a piece of weaponry? I have quite a wide range of selections for you. I bet that I can help you to find something you like,” Lance said.

Janet shook her head, "Thank you. But not today. I just saw Harper going into your shop earlier. So I was wondering if she is here."

"Harper?" Lance raised an eyebrow.

"That girl you met at the makeshift market."

"Oh, right. Sorry, but she didn't come by. It is just me and Layla here."

"You are our first customer today, Gamma Janet," Layla added. "Did you see her walking in here? Was it possible that you saw it wrong?"

The furrow between Janet's brows grew deeper.

She did see Harper going into this street.

But she didn't see her walking into this house.

'Are you sure that she is not here?' Janet asked again.

"A hundred percent sure. Unless she has a magical invisible cloak or something,"

Lance smiled. "And you are welcome to search this place, Gamma Janet. Just be careful when you go into that back room. My pup is sleeping in there."

Janet shook her head.

It was not appropriate to search a civilian's house without a warrant.

"There is no need for that. Anyway, let me know if you see her again," she said. Janet walked toward the door.

Lance hurried to get the door for her, "And please remember what I said before about wanting to be a part of your army. I really meant that."

"Normally, we don't recruit civilians. But I will see what I can do," Janet gave him a polite smile. "Good day."

Lance stood on the doorstep and watched Janet walk away. He waited for her to disappear into the distance before finally closing the door.

The daylight was shut out. And the room was dark again.

So was the look on Lance's face.

He cast a dark glance at Layla, who had lowered her head nervously.

“Feeding an infant breed? What were you thinking?”

His cold voice echoed in the room, sending a chill down Layla’s spine.

She gulped, “S-Sorry...master. Won’t happen again.”

“Better not. If you are to fake as a mom, at least try a little harder.”

“Yes, master.”

Lance walked past by her and headed toward the back room.

There was a closet in the back room. Lance went straight at it and wrenched the door open.

Harper was hiding inside. Her face was pale and there was cold sweat on her forehead.

“Is she gone?” Harper breathed.

“Yes.”

Lance crossed his arms in front of his chest with a playful smile on his lips.

“So why did you come into my home and demand to talk to me? If I recall correctly, we just met today,” he said with a raised eyebrow.

Harper clenched her jaw. She looked furious.

“You should f ucking know why I want to see you!” she growled lowly.

“Do I?” Lance smiled idly.

His offhand attitude infuriated Harper. Her eyes flared with rage.

“You want me to f ucking say it? Fine! I come to see you because...at the market earlier...the moment that I saw you...I sensed that-”

She gritted frustratedly.

—

-We are f ucking mates!!”

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 92

Chapter 92

In that strange moment that Janet noticed at the makeshift market, something did happen.

Harper smelt an enticing scent in the air. And her wolf started howling inside of her, calling out to her mate.

And she saw the same astonished expression on Lance's face as well. So he must have felt the same thing.

Yet in a split second, Harper decided not to say anything at the moment. Because she didn't want Janet to know who her mate was. And she wanted to find out more about this man first.

So after she left Janet and Angelina, she went to ask vendors about this man named Lance.

And she was furious to learn that this man was simply a lowborn blacksmith!

Most importantly, he was already married with a child!

Harper felt rage pumping through her veins.

Her destined mate was only a fucking commoner! And there was not a single drop of noble blood inside of his body.

How was this even possible?

Harper used to be so convinced that she would eventually end up with somebody with money and power. It was what she deserved.

Even after she was ripped away from her lady title and became a slave, that conviction never wavered.

She even played nice and laid low in front of Angelina and Harper to ease off their guards. Because she firmly believed that her destined mate would come and rescue her from all this shame one day.

Yet all that was shattered now!!

How can a f ucking blacksmith help her redeem her title and freedom?

And what would people say if they found out that the once-known “Lady Harper” ended up with a nauseous commoner?

No.

She couldn't let anyone find out about this!

So she went straight to the smith shop to confront Lance with it.

“You listen to me, you filthy little blacksmith.”

Harper clenched her teeth and poked at Lance's chest with her finger.

“I am a lady. And a guy like you does not deserve me! Your face, your job, the unbearable heat, and the disgusting smell of your house...Everything about you repels me! If you don't want any trouble, you better stand here and let me reject you. And shut your mouth about this FOREVER!”

Lance looked down at her coolly.

Then he curved his lips into a mysterious smile.

Harper frowned, looking back at him.

She had to admit that this man was actually good-looking. And he had a certain kind of elegance that was normally possessed only by nobles.

Too bad that he was only a filthy blacksmith.

“What are you laughing about?” she asked.

“A lady, huh?”

Lance snickered.

He took a hand and brushed Harper's forehead with his thumb.

"You wear a lot of concealers. Yet even that is not enough to cover that disgusting tattoo on your forehead. And what does it say?...Oh right. SLAVE."

He leaned closer to her, whispering in a malicious voice.

"I bet that is what you really are. A slave. Not lady."

Harper widened her eyes in rage, "You-You f ucking commoner!"

She roared and rushed to grab Lance's collar.

Lance caught her arms in one swift move and slammed her body against the closet door roughly.

He was strikingly strong!

Harper's face was pressed against the door panel. And she was utterly embarrassed.

"You f ucking let me go-"

She shrieked while struggling with her whole night.

"Your wife is out there! I can scream!"

She heard Lance's chuckles from her back.

"Go ahead. Scream and see if she dares to come in," he said idly. "Yet before you do that. Let me ask you one question."

Harper's chest rose and fell rapidly in anger, "What!"

"Don't you want to teach those people a lesson? Don't you want to get back to those people? Janet, Daran, Angelina...Don't you want to see them crawl under your feet and beg for your mercy?"

A chill was sent down Harper's spine.

Amidst shock, she muttered a single word, "...What?"

"I can help you with that if you promise to be good," Lance whispered into her ears, his voice low and seductive.

"Who...who are you!" Harper gasped in shock.

She was intimidated by this man behind her back. Maybe she was wrong about him...because this man seemed nothing like a normal blacksmith!

Lance chuckled again.

He suddenly buried his head down to Harper's neck and sank his teeth into her flesh! Harper let out a horrified scream.

She felt herself dominated by a strong, enticing scent. And that scent was nothing like those regular scents that she had smelt from the other werewolves before. It was darker, more aggressive, and carried a rusty smell of blood...

Harper's body twitched in shock.

She abruptly shoved Lance away and jerked around roaring at him:

"You-You are a f u c k i n g ROGUE!!!"

She had been on battlefields as well. She had smelt the rogue's scent from their blood before.

And it smelt just like Lance's.

Lance grinned at her. He casually wiped her blood away from his mouth and shrugged, "Yeah. So?"

Harper couldn't believe how calm he was.

He was a goddamn rogue, living in a city taken by the werewolf's alliance. He was just out there talking to Janet, Blood Moon Pack's Gamma.

Wasn't he afraid that he might get exposed?

And what did he want by hiding among them and pretending to be a regular blacksmith?

This man...he was so scary!

Harper pointed a finger at him, her whole body shaking, "You...I-I am going to tell on you!"

"Really? You are going to do that to your own mate? How sad."

Lance raised an eyebrow.

"And what will they do to you if they find out that you are a rogue's mate? They brutally tattooed you when you were a lady. Surely, they will be a thousand times. crueller to you when they find out about us. Did that cross your mind?"

Harper stood stiffly on her spot. Her lips trembled.

“Or...Alternative... You can work with me.’

Lance approached her. He took a lock of her hair and wrapped it around his finger, smiling seductively.

“You hate Janet. I hate Daran. We have something in common. Don’t let those moral codes and wordy ideas control you. Think about the bigger picture....We can accomplish so much more if we are together.”

His voice was like melting honey or the whisper of a demon. It had a strange power that could lead people into the darkness.

Harper’s eyelashes fluttered. She was tempted by his voice.

“W-What do you want? What do you need from me?”

She couldn’t help but ask.

“And most importantly...who are you?”

He didn’t seem like a regular rogue.

Lance smiled mysteriously, “You already knew my name. My name is Lance. As for what I want... Well, it is too soon to tell you that now. Find a chance to prove yourself valuable to me. Then I will share my secrets with you.”

He picked up Harper’s hand and gently kissed her fingers.

“It is nice to meet you, my mate,” he chuckled.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 93

Chapter 93

Harper left the smith shop in a trance and wandered back to her own tent.

She didn’t even go back to the makeshift market as she should.

She needed time to think about Lance's proposal.

Working with a rogue.

That sounded...outrageous!

Harper knew that she was not the nicest person in the world. Yet the worst thing that she had ever done was expelling a maid or framing somebody behind their backs.

Those were minor deals.

But this....this was treason.

She spent her whole life in the Riverside Pack, listening to all kinds of horrible stories about the rogues growing up. She never questioned for a single second that those barbarians were her enemy.

Until today.

Until she found out that her destined mate was her enemy.

Harper felt that her whole world just crashed down around her.

And that Lance...

He said that he would help her. But how? He could hardly protect himself from the soldiers. How could he help her regain her former glory?

And most importantly, could Lance be trusted?

Harper spent the rest of the day and a whole night pondering on those questions. When the light broke out from the horizon, she still hadn't reached a conclusion. And she knew that she couldn't skip another day of work. Or Angelina would get suspicious.

After freshening up, Harper went to the makeshift market with a heavy heart. She didn't want to face Angelina today, afraid that Angelina might interrogate her about her absence yesterday.

Yet she bumped into someone that she was even more afraid of at first.

Janet.

Janet was helping a vendor stack the shelves when she walked in. Harper immediately turned her back to Janet and walked hastily down another path. But Janet called to her before she could get away, "Hey Harper!"

Harper froze on her spot.

Slowly, she turned around to face Janet in a stiff movement.

“Do

you need me for something, Gamma Janet?” Harper forced out a dry smile. “Where were you yesterday?” Janet asked, giving her a searching look.

“I was here. In the market.”

“But where have you been after Angelina sent you to the warehouse?” Janet pursued. “We waited for you for a long time. But you never came back.”

Harper clenched her fists behind her back.

She hated to be questioned by Janet like that. If she could, she wanted to jump on Janet, pulled her f u c k i n g hair, scratched her condescending face, and ripped her f u c k i n g mouth apart.

But she couldn't.

She could only pretend to be humble and come up with a lie.

“I-I wasn't feeling so well,” Harper said weakly. “So I went back to my tent and laid down.”

Janet narrowed her eyes, “Is that so? But how come I saw you outside of the smith shop? Lance is not a doctor. Why did you go to him?”

Harper blinked with an innocent face, “I didn't go to the blacksmith. I simply took a detour and walked past his shop on my way back. Is there anything wrong with it?” They stared at each other for a long moment.

Harper's back was covered in cold sweat.

“I hope that you are not up to anything bad, Harper,” Janet said eventually. “Of course not. Why would you say that?”

“No reason. Just a simple head up. You are doing great work so far. Angelina was convinced that you had changed. So don't give me a reason to think otherwise, OK?”

Harper's heart was filled with humiliation at that moment.

This

f ucking woman used to be her puppet, her punch bag, her slave. When they were little, Janet didn't dare to make a f ucking sound when she slapped her across. her face.

Yet here Janet stood, all mighty and condescending, giving her a hard time.

In that split of a second, Harper made a decision.

She would work with Lance.

F uck the alliance. And f uck the enemy!

Her only enemy was Janet and Janet only! She would give anything to take Janet down. Even if it meant that she would have to work with the devil!

"You can count on me, Gamma Janet."

Harper looked at Janet with a sweet smile, hiding all her dark thoughts behind that smile.

"I promise. I will be on my best behavior."

Janet's eyes were in slits. There was still a hint of suspicion on her face.

Yet just then, a horn broke out from the distance.

"Alpha Daran is back!" somebody shouted.

Janet jerked around and looked outside. Her eyes were suddenly gleaming with joy.

"Alpha Daran is back!" somebody shouted.

Janet jerked around and looked outside. Her eyes were suddenly gleaming with joy.

"Talk to you later," Janet said to Harper and left the market in a hurry.

Harper gazed at Janet's back coldly as she walked away.

Good. Janet didn't notice anything.

Now, she just needed to find a way to prove herself valuable to Lance.

When Janet arrived at the North Gate, there was already a crowd gathered to welcome the Alpha back.

And Daran just got out of his car.

Dust and dirt clung to his hair and face. There was even dark blood on his clothes, which meant that he had just been through a brutal battle.

Despite his resolute posture, there was a hint of weariness in his eyes.

Their eyes found each other across the hectic crowd. Daran's face was immediately lit up with joy.

Janet's heart swelled.

They were fighting about some nonsense before Daran left. But all that nonsense seemed stupid now.

All that mattered now was that he had returned, safe and sound.

Janet wanted to walk up to Daran and talk to him, telling him that she had missed him. Yet before she could make a move, a jacket landed on her shoulders.

Janet turned around and found Jared standing by her side.

Jared gave her a smile and said, "It is windy. You should put on more clothes."

"Umm...thanks."

Janet grabbed his jacket and was reluctant about whether she should accept his kind gesture. She didn't want to give anyone the wrong impression, especially Daran. "That is very nice of you, Alpha Jared," said a grim voice from behind them. "But Gamma Janet won't be needing your clothes."

Daran walked up to them. He ripped Jared's jacket off Janet's shoulder and tossed it to the ground.

"Daran!" Janet hissed.

That was rude. She didn't want to see them fight anymore.

Daran gave her a dark look. There was a warning in his eyes.

Then he took off his own coat and wrapped it around Janet's body.

"There," Daran said in an arrogant voice. "Much better."

His coat still carried the smell of dust and blood. Yet Janet found herself loving it. Besides the dust and blood, she could also smell Daran's scent.

“Was that really necessary, Alpha Daran?” Jared asked coldly with his arms crossed in front of his chest. “I was just trying to be nice.”

“Was that really necessary, Alpha Daran?” Jared asked coldly with his arms crossed in front of his chest. “I was just trying to be nice.”

Daran gave him a grim look.

“Janet is not a member of your pack. And certainly not your mate. So I don’t need you to be the good guy here. And speaking of which...I have something to ask you.”

“What?” Jared huffed.

“I encountered with the Rogue King yesterday,” Daran said.

An astonished gasp could be heard from the crowd. Everyone was astonished, including Janet.

“What? How?” she asked urgently, “I thought the Rogue King was still in the Great Canyon.”

‘I went after those fled rogues and bumped right into the Rogue King. He was coming to rescue his own men back...Or should I say ‘She.’”

Janet widened her eyes in shock.

She?

...The Rogue King was a woman?

But Veronica clearly said the opposite!

“Even with a mask and a cloak, I can still tell from her figure that the Rogue King is a woman.”

Daran narrowed his eyes at Jared with danger looming within them.

“I only pardoned Glen and Veronica because they offered to help us. So Alpha Jared, would you care to explain why your pack member just plainly lied to our face?”

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 94

Chapter 94

There was a deep furrow between Jared's brows.

"Veronica didn't lie," he said in a firm voice.

"How can you be so sure?" Daran snorted, "Were you with her when she met the Rogue King?"

"No. But I can tell from her face that she was telling the truth!"

"Either you are terrible at reading people's facial expressions, or you are in this with them together."

Daran took a step further, staring Jared straight in the eye.

"Your pack member committed treason. That was strike one. And now I caught you lying with them together. Strike two. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't kick you out of this alliance right now."

Jared's eyes were slits of rage, "How about you double-check what you saw first before launching an attack against me? You said that the Rogue King is a woman. But how can you be so sure with all the mask and cloak? Maybe the Rogue King is just a lankier, slimmer guy!"

"I heard her voice."

Daran said icily.

"I heard her calling out to the rogues, asking them to retreat. And I heard the rogues call her Rogue King. Your men were lying."

"Bullshit!" Jared snapped. "Daran, I thought that you were a wise Alpha. And you would never blame an innocent person. But maybe I was wrong. Look at you now! You are petty and jealous-"

"Jealous?!" Daran raised his voice.

"Hell yes! You and I both know that this is entirely personal! You were going after me simply because of me and Janet-"

"Enough!" Janet snarled, cutting off their quarrel.

Daran and Jared didn't try to keep their voices down, which meant that the entire crowd just heard their conversation. And everyone around was studying Janet with curious eyes.

Janet was embarrassed.

Great. Now that entire Crimson Fortress knew that the two Alphas were fighting about her.

"This nonsense has got to stop! Do you hear me?" Janet hissed to them in a low voice, "Do you want the others to think that there is a riot? That we are fighting among this group?"

"Daran started it," Jared said sternly.

"Yes, he started it. But simply because he had doubts. So instead of standing here and giving each other shits, why don't we go talk to Veronica and verify things with her?"

Jared's jaw clenched.

"I have nothing to hide," he said grumpily. "So sure. Let's talk to Veronica. And find out who is lying."

He picked up his jacket from the ground and walked away in long strides.

Daran darted an angry look at his back before turning to Janet, "I am glad that you were on my side-"

"You DID start it," Janet said.

Daran's face turned dark at once

"You want to start with me now?"

"And you are jealous and petty," Janet said ruthlessly. "I can hang with whoever I want and that is none of your business. So stop acting like you have a say in my life."

There was a storm looming in Daran's eyes. It was such a terrifying gaze that it could easily bring a normal person down to their knees.

But not Janet. She was no normal person.

She simply gave Daran an icy look before turning on her heels and walking away.

A few moments later, they were all gathered in Veronica's cell.

Glen was in her cell as well.

They were both shocked to see Daran, Jared, and Janet walk in together.

“What is the matter?”

Glen looked around at the three of them. He seemed on edge.

“Did something happen? Did you change your mind about me and Veronica?”

Janet softened her tone and said, “Relax. We didn’t change our mind. And how is Veronica doing? Did she get her voice back?”

“No...the doctor said that the damage might be permanent. So what is it that you want today?”

Jared looked at Veronica, “Alpha Daran encountered with the Rogue King today. And he said that...the Rogue King seems to be a woman.

Veronica rounded her eyes.

“If you lied to us, better come clean before it is too late,” Daran said freezingly. Veronica frowned and waved her hands in the air hastily. She still couldn’t talk, only making strange and ugly noises.

Janet handed her a pad and a pen, “Slow down. Write down what you want to say on the paper.”

Veronica grabbed the pen and wrote down one word hastily in caps:

MAN

And as though that was still not enough to prove her point, she quickly wrote down another sentence underneath that word:

He was sitting behind a curtain, only a few feet away from me. I heard HIS voice. Loud and clear.

He was sitting behind a curtain, only a few feet away from me. I heard HIS voice. Loud and clear.

Janet sighed.

Then she turned to look at Glen, “Have you met the Rogue King in person?”

Glen gulped nervously, "No. I received his orders through Veronica. And I swear that Veronica was telling the truth! She is counting on you to get her family back. She has got no reason to lie!"

Janet shook her head helplessly.

Now it seemed that it was Veronica's words against Daran's.

One was a rogue. And the other was an Alpha.

It was pretty easy to decide whom they should trust.

Yet Janet's gut told her that Veronica was also telling the truth.

"Can you tell us anything about the man you met? Anything will do," she asked Veronica.

Veronica frowned and thought hard about that. Then slowly, she began to write: I remember telling the Rogue King that Glen is a Gamma and he e started to laugh...Very joyfully... Then he told me in a brisk voice that I was a good girl and I fell in love with a great guy.

After a little pause, Veronica continued:

Before I met him, I thought the Rogue King was a cold and grim person...But he wasn't. He sounded like a nice person...even with a pleasant personality...

"He was nice to you because he knew that he could use your boyfriend to get to us," Daran said coldly. "If you have nothing else to say about the Rogue King besides complementing his pleasant personality, I think I am done here."

He turned and walked out of the room.

"Janet."

Jared stopped Janet and said to her in a worried voice, "Can you talk to Daran? I really don't want what happened between us to affect his judgment."

"I will try my best."

Janet gave him a firm nod and left the room behind Daran.

Daran was heading back to his tent. Janet followed him behind his back. They didn't say a single word to each other on the whole.

way.

When they were finally back at his tent alone, Daran turned to face Janet with an expressionless face.

“Do you have anything else to say to me?” he asked, deadpan.

Janet took his coat off and placed it on the table.

“I am here to give you your coat back,” she said.

Daran’s jaw clenched, “Why? Do you prefer his coat instead?”

“No. You two might have forgotten that I am a strong warrior myself. I can stand in the wind without an extra coat and still won’t catch a cold.”

She walked up to him and brushed the dust from his front.

“You must be exhausted,” she whispered.

Daran lowered his gaze and stared at the bare skin behind her neck. He remembered the impulse of wanting to sink his fangs into her neck while they were having sex.

And that impulse was coming back to him now.

His wolf was howling inside of his chest, urging him to mark the woman that he loved as his own.

“So what have you been doing while I was gone?” he asked in a strained voice, “Did you spend the night with Jared again?”

Janet chuckled lightly, “For your information, we simply had dinner and talked. Nothing else happened that night.”

“Really?” Daran asked hoarsely.

Jealousy was eating him alive.

He couldn’t stop thinking about them even when he was on the battlefield facing the Rogue King.

“Really,” Janet confirmed.

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him on his lips.

“And I certainly didn’t do this with him...” she murmured. “So did you miss me?”

His hot breath was on her face and his hands went around her roughly, under her clothes, against her bare skin.

“I miss you,” he said in a husky voice. “Like crazy.”

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 95

Chapter 95

Daran dipped his head down and kissed her back hungrily.

His arms tightly wrapped around her and pressed her against his chest. His body temperature was abnormally high. Janet felt as though she was melting in his arms. “W–What is the matter with you...” she groaned as he kissed her neck. “Are you having a fever?”

“No.”

He murmured, nibbling her bare skin.

“I am just turned on...by you.”

He was not lying.

Janet could already feel his hard, throbbing cock against her thigh.

The next thing she knew, her back was laid flat against the floor, on the carpet. Daran’s whole body covered hers. His hands lifted her legs and spread them apart. “Don’t...not now!” she said urgently, “We have more important things to do...Ahh!”

A gasp escaped her parted lips.

She was taken aback when Daran suddenly buried his head down to her legs and kissed her down there.

“We have time for this,” said him in a husky voice.

Her legs instinctively clamped around his head as he pressed his lips against her folds, licking her, giving her an oral.

One of his hands was placed on her upper thigh, keeping her legs spread wide so that he had room to explore her pussy. And another hand was gently rubbing her clit, adding another layer of sensation to this.

Janet panted and stared at the ceiling. Her mind was blank. She had completely forgotten why she came into this tent and what she wanted to say to him.

She was completely caught up in this moment. With him.

His tongue dipped into her pussy, mimicking the movement of sex. Janet's body jerked in pleasure. It felt like the fireworks were exploding in her body.

"Daran...God don't stop..."

She panted and pulled his hair, harshly and involuntarily. The extreme pleasure was overwhelming. She couldn't help but coil her legs around his neck even tighter. But he was strong enough to keep them apart while he licked and sucked her juice.

His tongue found her clit and circled on it. Then he gently bit her clit with his teeth, throwing her over the edge.

She came, hard and fast. Her body twitched. Juice gushed out from her spilled on his chin.

pussy and

She lay on the carpet with her mind completely blank. Orgasm filled her body with exhaustion and bliss.

He laid down next to her and kissed her hair.

She lay on the carpet with her mind completely blank. Orgasm filled her body with exhaustion and bliss.

He laid down next to her and kissed her hair.

"That is how much I missed you," he whispered into her ears.

Janet rested her head on his chest, listening to his strong, steady heartbeat, "Now I feel bad for not returning the favor."

"Don't be," he chuckled. "I will make sure to get it back from you sometimes. So what was it that you wanted to say to me?"

“...I forgot,” she answered honestly.

She was completely caught off-guard by everything that just happened.

Daran buried his head in the hollow of her neck and chuckled.

“Something about Veronica or Jared?” he reminded her.

“Right.”

Janet gave him a searching look, “It is OK for me to talk about them now, right? You promise me that you won’t snap?”

“I won’t,” he promised.

“That was not how you behaved earlier today.”

He let out a sigh, “I was just jealous. I spent the whole day out there thinking about you and Jared, and what you might be doing while I was away. And the first thing I saw after coming back was you standing there with him, with his jacket on your shoulders. Just imagine how that makes me feel-”

“I didn’t ask him to stand there. And he volunteered to give me that jacket,” she protested.

“I know. Like I said, I reacted a little too strongly. And it won’t happen again.”

He planted a kiss on her forehead.

“You have my word.”

Janet lifted her upper body from the carpet and looked at Daran in his eyes.

“I don’t think Veronica was lying,” she said.

He raised an eyebrow, “So you would rather believe in their version of the story.”

“You just said that you wouldn’t mind!” Janet cried.

Daran chuckled. There was an amused look on his face.

“Relax. I was just messing with you. You seemed too tense.”

He placed one hand on the back of her neck and started giving her a massage, which felt kind of nice.

“And truth be told, I don’t think Veronica was lying either,” he said.

‘Great, you think so too! I paid extra attention to her facial expression when she told us about everything. She looked honest.’

“And it made no sense for her to lie.” Daran added. “She and Glen had already failed

“You have my word.”

Janet lifted her upper body from the carpet and looked at Daran in his eyes.

“I don’t think Veronica was lying,” she said.

He raised an eyebrow, “So you would rather believe in their version of the story.”

“You just said that you wouldn’t mind!” Janet cried.

Daran chuckled. There was an amused look on his face.

“Relax. I was just messing with you. You seemed too tense.”

He placed one hand on the back of her neck and started giving her a massage, which felt kind of nice..

“And truth be told, I don’t think Veronica was lying either,” he said.

“Great, you think so too! I paid extra attention to her facial expression when she told us about everything. She looked honest.’

“And it made no sense for her to lie,” Daran added. “She and Glen had already failed the task that the Rogue King gave them. If the Rogue King was really that ruthless person as they said, Veronica’s family would already be in danger. We are the only hope that she got to get her family back. She had to be truthful to us to gain our trust.”

Janet nodded.

Yet that puts them in a dilemma.

The two parties were giving two completely different stories.

And they believed that both of them were telling the truth.

“What the hell is happening here?” Janet rubbed her temple, frustrated. “Can that Rogue King really change their gender whenever they felt like it?”

Daran pondered on this for a few moments before saying, "Maybe I saw it all wrong on the battlefield."

"Daran, we both know that you have perfect vision. No need to doubt yourself." "No, I am not doubting what I saw. What I meant was...the woman that I saw-the one being called the Rogue King-may not be the real deal. She might just be another puppet, like Sterning."

Janet rounded her eyes.

Right, why hadn't she thought about that?

She did mistake Sterning for the Rogue King when she first saw him in the woods. So one of those two people might only be a puppet.

"And the puppet might also be the man that Veronica met. We don't know for sure now," she said eagerly.

Daran nodded, "That is exactly what I think. And it is also why I want to go to that Great Canyon myself, to confirm our theory."

"WHAT?"

Janet gasped and sat up straight, staring at him in horror.

"No, you can't do that!" she cried. "It is too dangerous! The Great Canyon leads directly to their headquarters, the Grace Ruin. You saw the map yourself. That place will be surrounded by the Rogue King's men. Even a great warrior like you won't be able to get out of there safe."

"I know, I know, I haven't made a decision yet. So relax."

Daran sat up as well and pulled her into his arms again. He stroked her long hair gently and said in a deep voice:

"But we have been on the defense for too long. All the information that we received so far is the ones that the Rogue King fed us. I don't like this. I know that going out there is dangerous. But it is also the right thing to do."

Janet rested her head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat. That steady rhythm calmed her down.

She spoke up again after a while, "If you decide to go, I will go with you."

"Janet, you don't need to—"

She interrupted him firmly, "Don't turn me down just because it is dangerous. And I am not just there for you. I am doing this for the whole alliance."

A

Daran lapsed into silence.

"We will talk about this again when the time comes," he said after a while.

Janet breathed out a sigh of relief. That wasn't a firm No. And that was all that she needed.

"Janet."

Daran murmured her name, kissing her on the lips gently.

"After we end this...can you consider my proposal again? You know...coming back and being my Luna..."

Janet held her breath involuntarily.

"You don't need to give me an answer now. Just say that you will think about it. So that I can have some hope to live with," he whispered.

Janet held his hand and entwined her fingers with his.

"Sure."

She said lowly.

"And I will give you my answer when we end this."

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 96

Chapter 96

The following day, Daran left the Crimson Fortress again.

The rogues

had done great damage to this area when they occupied the city. There were many small towns and villages nearby, all suffered from the rogue's tyrannies.

Now that they had taken the Crimson Fortress, it was time to clear out this place and bring the whole area back into order.

Chapter 96.

The following day, Daran left the Crimson Fortress again.

The rogues had done great damage to this area when they occupied the city. There were many small towns and villages nearby, all suffered from the rogue's tyrannies.

Now that they had taken the Crimson Fortress, it was time to clear out this place and bring the whole area back into order.

It was also a necessary step if they planned on heading out to the Great Canyon one day.

And Janet's heart was filled with worries and concerns.

She couldn't say why...but she just felt a gruesome foreboding about them going to the Great Canyon.

Probably because the Rogue King had been hiding in the darkness for too long. They knew so little about their enemy, yet their enemy knew so much about them.

Janet's gut told her that something bad would happen if they went.

But she couldn't stop Daran either.

Like he said, it was the right thing to do. And it was also his responsibility as the leader of this alliance.

The only thing she could do was to stand by his side and face everything with him together.

While Daran was gone, Janet went to the makeshift market again.

She needed to find a way to keep herself occupied so that she wouldn't get eaten alive by anxiety.

And she knew that Angelina had spent some time in the rogue's territory. So she wanted to ask Angelina and see if she could learn more about the Great Canyon and the Grace Ruin.

"The Great Canyon? Yeah, I have been there before."

Angelina answered right away when Janet asked her about it.

They were sitting on the stools outside of the market, picking out straws from the grains. The afternoon sun was warm on their backs.

"What is that place like?" Janet pursued.

"It is called the Great Canyon, but it is a black market, exclusive to the rogues. You can get all kinds of quirky, kinky stuff there, beyond your imagination. It is hell for people like us, but heaven for the rogues. A nice guy won't last a single day in a place

like that."

Janet frowned.

"But can people like us blend into the crowd and sneak into the Great Canyon?" she asked.

"It is a bad idea. Those barbarians will skin you alive if they spot you among the crowd. But in theory, yeah, you can do that. Yet as for the Grace Ruin...well, that is a totally different story."

"How so?"

"They don't allow normal rogues into the Grace Ruin."

Angelina said with a sullen face.

"You have to pass some sort of a test, to prove that you are a true Rogue, a pure blood, before you are allowed into the Rogue King's imperial city. So you can say that the Grace Ruin is filled with the Rogue King's most trusted men. You wouldn't be able to get in there. Even if you can, it would be impossible to get out.

Janet stared at the grains in her palm with a sick feeling in her stomach.

"Do you know anything about that test?" she asked Angelina.

Angelina shook her head, "Nah. I never bothered to take it when I was there. But I heard that it was brutal. You will be a changed person after the test."

Janet breathed out a heavy sigh.

“Don’t think too much into it, OK?”

Angelina patted her shoulder with a smile.

“It is not like that you will be going to that place any time

Janet replied with a bitter smile.

e soon.”

She didn’t plan on telling Angelina about Daran’s plan. Not that she didn’t trust Angelina, it was simply because she didn’t want Angelina to worry.

They sat on the stools and carried on with their work.

Moments later, Glen and Veronica stopped by.

They were newly allowed out of the cell. Since Glen was no longer a Gamma and Veronica had no other things to do, they offered to help out at the market.

“Great. We can use as much help as we can get!”

Angelina set the bag of grains aside and stood up from the stool.

“Glen, can you report to the warehouse? They are doing some heavy work there and we just don’t have enough men.’

Glen hesitated and then looked at Veronica.

“Are you alright on your own?” he asked.

Veronica nodded with a smile.

“Don’t push yourself too hard. And call me if you need anything,” he said in a slightly concerned voice.

“Don’t worry, Glen, we will take good care of her.”

Janet smiled looking at them.

“If Veronica wants to make a home here, she has to find a way to fit in at some point. You can’t protect her forever.”

"Yeah...I know...you are right," Glen gulped. "Just look after her, alright? She just lost her voice. It might take her a while to adapt to this new life."

Angelina laughed, "Your girlfriend is safe with us. Now just go. Duty awaits."

GULI LI

Janet smiled looking at them.

"If Veronica wants to make a home here, she has to find a way to fit in at some point. You can't protect her forever."

"Yeah...I know...you are right," Glen gulped. "Just look after her, alright? She just lost her voice. It might take her a while to adapt to this new life."

Angelina laughed, "Your girlfriend is safe with us. Now just go. Duty awaits."

After Glen left, Angelina held Veronica's hand and led her to their office.

"Are you good with bookkeeping work? Have you learned any math before?" Angelina asked.

Veronica gave her a small nod. She looked tense.

"Relax, there is no need to be nervous." Angelina grinned. "I will start you off with something easy today."

She pushed open the office door.

Harper was in there behind the table, working with a pile of receipts and an account book

"Veronica, meet Harper. And Harper, this is Veronica. She will be helping you out today."

Angelina introduced them to each other and soon left the room.

Harper had a big smile on her face, which made her seem very nice and welcoming.

"It is nice to meet you, Veronica. I have always wanted an accompany in this room," Harper pulled out a chair. "Come and sit. I will show you how this works."

Harper's smiling face eased Veronica's guard off. She slowly walked over and sat down by Harper's side.

Harper placed a pile of receipts in front of Veronica and said, "OK. So this is what you need to do..."

Yet just then, a series of conversations came from outside of the window. "Lance, what are you doing here?" Janet asked.

"I am here dropping off some armor that Angelina asked me to fix. And see if you need my help with anything."

Veronica rounded her eyes abruptly in shock and snapped her head up to outside of the window.

Janet was standing there with a man. They were talking.

And Veronica had recognized that man's voice.

gaze

She had heard that voice before, in the Grace Ruin, behind a curtain, when she went to beg the Rogue King to release her family.

She could never forget that voice. The voice of a demon.

The Rogue King was here!

Everyone was looking for him, but he had been hiding right here under their nose the whole time!!!

Yet just then, a series of conversations came from outside of the window.

"Lance, what are you doing here?" Janet asked.

"I am here dropping off some armor that Angelina asked me to fix. And see if you need my help with anything."

Veronica rounded her eyes abruptly in shock and snapped her head up to gaze outside of the window.

Janet was standing there with a man. They were talking.

And Veronica had recognized that man's voice.

She had heard that voice before, in the Grace Ruin, behind a curtain, when she went to beg the Rogue King to release her family.

She could never forget that voice. The voice of a demon.

The Rogue King was here!

Everyone was looking for him, but he had been hiding right here under their nose the whole time!!!

Veronica's whole body was quivering with fear and horror.

She needed to tell Janet about this...NOW!!

"What is the matter, Veronica?"

Harper was startled by Veronica's sudden movement, and she asked, "Do you need anything?"

Veronica jumped from her seat and darted toward the door. Harper shot up as well, following Veronica to the door and stopped her before she could get out.

"Hey, hey. Easy. What happened? Why do you look like you just saw a ghost?" Harper placed her hand on Veronica's shoulder and said softly, "It is OK. You can tell me."

Veronica's chest was rising and falling rapidly. She seemed mortified.

Harper gently steered her back to the table and put a pen and a piece of paper in front of her.

"Why are you so horrified to see Lance? Do you know him?"

Harper bent down till she met Veronica's eye level. A comforting smile was on her lips.

"Write it down, Veronica. It is OK. You can trust me."

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 97

Chapter 97

Veronica grabbed the pen. Hastily, she wrote down:

Something wrong with the man out there. We have to tell Gamma Janet!

Harper looked at her writings.

"You mean Lance? He is the local blacksmith. What can possibly be wrong with him?" she said in a drawling voice.

Veronica bit her lips in anxiety. She waved her hands and wrote down another line:

He is not a blacksmith! I know him!

"Oh?" Harper smiled. "If he is not a blacksmith, then who is he?"

He is-

Veronica paused, giving Harper a suspicious look.

"You can trust me," Harper softened her tone. "Angelina introduced us. I am her friend. In fact, you probably didn't know this, but Gamma Janet grew up in my house. We are practically sisters. So you can trust me with anything that you want to

tell her."

Veronica still looked reluctant. And Harper added:

"I just want to make sure that you are not bothering Gamma Janet with trifles. Nevertheless, she is a very busy person."

That dispelled all her doubts. Veronica picked up the pen again and started writing:

That man is the Rogue King!

Harper slightly widened her eyes. After a small pause, she asked with a deadpan face, "How can you be so sure?"

Veronica scribbled:

I heard his voice before. I swear it with my soul! Hurry and pass my note to Gamma Janet. I am afraid that he will do her harm!!

Harper picked up that piece of paper and paced to the door.

Veronica's gaze followed Harper, her eyes full of anxious anticipation.

Yet the next second, Harper tore that piece of paper into pieces.

Veronica's jaw dropped. Glaring at Harper, she made a furious noise, her mouth moving rapidly without a sound.

"Can't say a single word, can you? Poor thing."

Harper giggled maliciously.

"And there is something else you need to know about me and Janet. Yes, we used to be sisters. But I hate her to the gut. I would do anything to make her disappear from this world."

Veronica turned abruptly and searched for another piece of paper on the table. Her throat was seized by a pair of hands from the back.

Harper strangled Veronica with her whole might. She was slightly taller and stronger than Veronica, which gave her the upper hand.

Veronica groaned lowly in agony, her body twitching. She wanted to break free from Harper's grasp, but she didn't have the strength.

After one painful minute, Veronica's eyes rolled to the back, and she crushed to the ground.

Harper panted roughly. This took her a lot of her energy as well.

She put a finger under Veronica's nose to make sure that she was still passed out, not dead.

Just then, a series of footsteps came from outside of the door and was approaching this office.

Panic flickered across Harper's face.

She hastily grabbed Veronica by the ankle and dragged her body into the closet. The minute she slammed the closet door shut, someone pushed the office door open from the outside.

It was Angelina.

"Where is Veronica?" Angelina asked with a frown, her eyes scanning across the room.

“Oh. She went to the restroom,” Harper put on a forced smile. “What do you need, Angelina?”

“Gamma Janet and I need to go to the shelters to check on injured soldiers. Can you finish the bookkeeping work with Veronica and then send those sorted grains to the warehouse?”

Harper clenched her fists behind her back. Her nails dug deep into her flesh.

Yet the smile on her face was as sweet as ever.

“Sure thing,” she said. “You can count on me with those, Angelina.”

Angelina nodded at her with a smile and then closed the office door again.

The sweet smile vanished from Harper’s face as soon as Angelina left.

She was actually furious inside.

Errands. Angelina was always giving her errands! She was practically a slave in everyone’s eyes! Nobody still remembered that she was a lady!

Fortunately, now she had a way out.

She had Lance, a great help.

And to make things even better, she just found out that Lance was the Rogue King! She felt as though her heart was going to explode with joy.

Lance, her mate, was a’king!

She knew that someone like her would end up with a great man. So what if Lance was a rogue? He was a man with actual, concrete power. That was all that mattered!

And Veronica just offered her a way to prove herself valuable to Lance.

Everything worked out perfectly.

Harper left the office room and returned shortly after with a trolley full of sorted grains and an empty sack.

She opened the closet door and shoved Veronica’s body into that sack. Then she lifted that sack onto the trolley.

Harper pushed the trolley out of the office and walked out to the street.

She ran into a lot of people on the way. But nobody suspected a thing. The stuff on Harper's trolley seemed like nothing but a few bags of grains.

Eventually, she arrived at the smith shop.

Harper gently knocked on the door. A few minutes later, Layla came to answer it.

"Is he here?" Harper asked in a low voice.

Layla nodded hastily and let her in.

Lance was in there forging a weapon.

The fire from the forge roared, casting a fiery glow on Lance's body. His strong arm was swinging a heavy hammer with rhythmic precision, sending sparks flying.

A red-hot bar of iron rested on the anvil, its malleable core ready for transformation.

Harper gasped looking at him.

She had always found Lance a bit too lanky for her taste.

She didn't know that he possessed such a muscular body of strength.

Now it seemed that Lance was not only good-looking but also had the power and a great body.

He was really the whole package.

Harper could already feel herself falling in love with him.

Seeing Harper walk in, Lance dropped his hammer and paced over.

"Why are you here?" he asked with a raised eyebrow. "Aren't you afraid that somebody might get suspicious?"

"You said that I need to find a way to prove myself valuable...And I have."

She untied the sack sitting on the top of her trolley and revealed Veronica's unconscious face.

Lance held his breath looking down at Veronica. His eyes gleamed with joy.

"Well, well...see who this is. The little traitor," he chuckled. "I was wondering where she had been hiding. Didn't see her in the city recently."

“That is because Daran had her and Glen locked up in a cell. They were just released today.”

Lance rubbed his chin, “Let me guess. She saw me somewhere and recognized my voice.”

“Yes. And she was going to tell Janet about you. But I stopped her and brought her here”

here.”

Lance smiled and petted Harper’s head, “Good job. I am impressed.”

He treated her as though she was his lap dog. But Harper still couldn’t help but beamed.

“Take her inside,” Lance said to Layla.

Layla nodded and dragged Veronica from the trolley and dragged her into the back room.

Veronica’s head bumped against the door frame, and she slowly woke up from her slumber.

She groaned in pain and struggled her eyes open. When she saw clearly who was standing in front of her, she let out a horrified gasp.

“Surprised to see me?”

Lance crouched down and stared at Veronica with an intrigued smile.

“You didn’t honestly believe that I would let you off the hook that easily, did you? Betraying me has consequences. I thought that we made that clear.”

Veronica shivered in horror. Her eyes glanced around the room, desperately searching for somebody to help her.

Lance seized her chin and forced her to meet his eyes, “Who are you looking at? Nobody will help you. You were already doomed when you chose the wrong side... Now it is time for me to collect my debt.”

“What should we do with her?” Harper asked. “We have to do something. Or she will definitely tell someone about you.”

Lance smiled, enjoying the horrified look on Veronica's face, "What do you think we should do, mate?"

"Maybe...maybe we can cut her hands off?"

Harper suggested.

"She can't talk. And without her hands, she can't write either. It stops her from telling."

Lance laughed, amused by Harper's suggestion, "Cut her hands off? That is cute. But sorry little mate. This isn't a childish high school drama."

He stood up with a bloodthirsty gleam in his eyes.

"Let me teach you a lesson to the real world...Only the dead won't tell."

Quick as thunder, he dug his wolf claw into Veronica's chest and seized her heart. Blood gushed out, spilling onto Lance's entire body.

Veronica parted her lips.

Yet she couldn't even make a sound before crashing down to the ground.

Dead.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 98

Chapter 98

Harper clamped her mouth shut to stifle a scream.

Veronica's dead body was lying on the ground, right in front of her eyes. Blood was pooling. Harper stepped back urgently to avoid her shoes being tainted.

And she was shaking violently in fear. It took her almost a minute to utter, "Y-You killed her..."

“Yeah so?”

Lance shrugged. He took a towel that Layla just handed him and wiped Veronica’s blood on it.

Neither of them seemed to find this a big deal. They reacted as though Lance just killed a fly and not a human being.

Lance turned around to look at Harper and smiled, “Don’t tell me that this is the first time that you ever see a dead body.”

“I...I saw dead bodies on the battlefield before... But never this close...” Harper stuttered.

“Well then, you must be one lucky little princess.” Lance chuckled, “But if you want to be my mate, as the Rogue Queen, you have to get used to this kind of thing fast.”

The Rogue Queen.

Harper was dazzled by that title.

She was going to be Queen one day...And how awesome was that!

Her fear at heart was quickly replaced by excitement and thrill.

“You are right. I over-reacted.” Harper took a deep breath and said, “Sorry. It won’t happen again.”

“There is my girl.”

Lance applauded her with a smile.

“You handled this very neatly. So, is there anything else that you want to tell me?”

“Yeah, there is one more thing.” Harper said, “Today I overheard Janet asking Angelina about the Great Canyon and if they can access it without the rogues. noticing. So do you think they will-”

“-try to sneak in there? Yes, they definitely will. Daran is desperate to find out more about me. Sneaking into my kingdom is the exact thing he will do.’

Lance paced back and forth in the room with his eyes blazing with crazy enthusiasm. “And this is great...you know? Having them there in my territory...It works out perfectly. Isn’t this great, Layla?”

Layla bowed humbly, "It is great, my King."

Harper didn't understand why they were both so excited. From her perspective, the alliance was already at the front door of Lance's headquarters. It would only be days before the alliance took down the Grace Ruin.

So Lance should be anxious right now, not happy.

"I don't understand. Why is this great again? You already lost the Crimson Fortress to Daran. If he attacked the Great Canyon-"

"No. He won't attack the Great Canyon."

Lance shook his head with a mysterious smile.

"The alliance has just been through a brutal war. Daran is too nice an Alpha to force his soldiers to go to another war soon. The thing that he most likely will do is to sneak into the Great Canyon himself with Janet and try to dig out more dirt about me."

Lance spread his arms and laughed, "We can't compete with Daran on the battlefield. But we can-and WE WILL-overpower him in my territory."

Harper nodded hastily.

Now she was excited as well.

She couldn't wait for the day when Daran was overpowered when he was brought down onto his knees and begged for her and Lance's mercy.

A chill of excitement was sent through her whole body just picturing that.

"So what now? We will just wait for them to go to the Great Canyon?" Harper asked eagerly. "And what about Veronica's body? We have to bury it."

"We never wait for anything. We MAKE that happen," Lance smiled.

Harper wanted to ask more.

Yet Lance waved his hands at her dismissively.

"You should go. You are gone for too long already. Let me worry about Veronica's body."

"But-"

"GO."

Lances strengthened, in a final sort of way.

“Make yourself seen. You will need an alibi for what happens next.”

Janet and Angelina spent the entire day in the shelter checking on those injured soldiers and civilians.

When it was almost dusk, Harper came over to the shelter to help them out.

“Where is Veronica?” Janet asked when she saw Harper come by herself.

“She was still in the office doing the bookkeeping work,” Harper replied with a sweet smile. “She is a bit slow with the math. So she asked me to give her some time alone. to finish the rest of the work.”

“Has she been helpful? Do you like having her around?” Angelina asked.

“Oh yes. Very helpful. And I like her a lot!” Harper nodded. “She told me how hard it was to live with the rogues. Poor girl, she has been through a lot. I am really glad that she is starting a new life right now.”

Janet and Angelina exchanged a look of delight.

Both of them were pleased to see Harper make new friends.

“That is wonderful,” Janet softened her tone and said to Harper. “Veronica was on the wrong path, and she made some mistakes. But she corrected it in time, just like you. I am happy to see you two connect to each other.”

“A new life, a new chapter, for the both of you,” Angelina added.

Harper smiled sheepishly.

“Thank you so much for your nice words,” she said. “In fact, I have a little suggestion. Why don’t we throw a party and celebrate everything? We did just win a battle. And everyone is recovering. I think we deserve a night to have some fun.”

“It is actually not a bad idea,” Janet pondered. “We were so caught up in everything that we never really had time to celebrate our triumph.”

Angelina agreed, “And Alpha Daran will be back soon. He can join the party later on.”

“Great. It is settled then. Let’s have the party in the City Hall. I think they have a large enough banquet hall to fit all of us. I will let everyone know. Angelina, can you and Harper prepare the food?”

“Sure thing!”

Janet went outside to call everyone about the party. Harper followed her and said, “Janet, congratulations.”

Janet was bemused, “What for?”

“I heard someone talking about it...They said that Alpha Daran wants you back as his Luna. I am so happy for you,” Harper smiled.

Janet felt a bit awkward. Daran’s proposal was supposed to be a secret. She didn’t know how Harper found out about this, probably from Jared, or one of the Gammas.

“I...haven’t made up my mind about it yet.” Janet paused, “But it is nice to hear you say that...especially given our history.”

“Oh, you meant my old crush on Daran? Please, it is ancient history already. I don’t have any feelings for him anymore.”

“You will find the love of your life one day, Harper. And I bet he is just as great as Daran.”

“Oh, I certainly will. And I know that I will be so happy with him...So much happier than when I was with Daran.”

There was something weird about Harper’s tone. But Janet couldn’t quite put a finger on it.

Harper gave Janet a meaningful smile and waved her goodbye, “I need to help Angelina with the food. See you at the party, Janet!”

Janet made a few calls to let everyone know that there was going to be a party at the City Hall. Then she joined Angelina and Harper in the kitchen. Together, they made stews, grilled ribs, stakes, and pies. It would be a feast.

When they brought all the prepared foods to the City Hall, there was already a crowd gathered outside.

All the Gammas, soldiers, Balvina, Kass, Glen...Everyone was here.

1 Clan arkead as soon as Tapet arrived.

“Hey, where is Veronica? I didn’t see her,” Glen asked as soon as Janet arrived.

“Harper said that she was still in the market’s office. Don’t worry. I will go and get her later myself.”

“Let’s set the food in the dining hall first. And I will go with you,” Angelina said.

They entered the City Hall together as one large group. When they reached the dining hall, Harper stepped up and pushed the door open.

The dining hall was spacious, and its decoration was exquisite. Towering, vaulted ceilings adorned with chandeliers cast a warm, ambient glow over one large oak table.

It wouldn’t be hard to imagine how hectic this place used to be before the war.

Harper was the first to step into this room.

She suddenly let out a sharp cry the next second. Staggering back, her back bumped with Janet.

“What happened?” Janet asked with a frown.

She followed Harper’s horrified gaze and saw what Harper was staring at.

There was a dead body lying on that oak table.

It was Veronica, with her chest ripped apart and her eyes wide open even after death. And there was something written on the linen tablecloth, in Veronica’s blood:

A gift from the Rogue King.

Search the [website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 99

Chapter 99

There was a long, deadly silence.

People all held their breaths in horror. Nobody could believe what they were seeing right now.

Until a piercing cry broke the silence.

Glen pushed through the crowd and darted towards the oak table. He held Veronica's body in his arms, trying desperately to call her back to life but in vain.

"No, no, Veronica...This can't be happening! No, you can't be dead...NOOO!!!"

He buried his face to Veronica's broken chest and uttered a heart-rending shriek. His face was already covered in hot tears.

Janet found everything in front of her surreal.

How could this happen? Veronica was just alive this morning, safe and sound. Janet could still remember the way she smiled and the happy look on her face when she kissed Glen goodbye.

And now...she was gone?

How could this be?

Still, in a trance, Janet staggered forward and got to the oak table.

She looked down at Veronica's dead body.

There was a hole in this poor girl's chest and her heart was brutally gouged out. A horrified look froze on her face. She must be aghast at the last minute of her life. Janet felt her heartache. Sorrow, anger, confusion...all those feelings clogged her throat, making it hard to breathe.

"Janet..." Angelina came to hold her shoulder. "Are you alright?"

"I don't understand...Why? HOW?!" Janet grabbed Angelina's hand and hissed, "You saw her-WE saw her! She was alright this morning. Who killed her? Why would anyone do this?!"

"You saw those words."

Angelina gave a quick nod at those scarlet words on the tablecloth. Her voice was full of hatred:

"It was the Rogue King. He killed Veronica and left her body as a demonstration...That f ucking son of a bitch wanted us to see how he handled the traitors!"

“But how!” Janet cried, her mind racing fast. “As far as we know, the Rogue King is in the Great Canyon right now. And how did she manage to kill Veronica in the plain daylight?!”

And then she suddenly realized something.

She and Daran discussed this. The Rogue King that showed up in the Great Canyon was probably just a puppet like Sterning, which meant that the real deal could be anywhere right now.

He was probably right here, in this city.

Blended into the crowd. Watching her from the darkness.

A chill was sent down her spine as she raised her head and looked around. The large group of people was still standing by the door, looking frightened and horrified.

Yet Janet felt that none of them could be trusted.

“YOU-It is your fault!!!

Glen jerked up. He was still holding Veronica’s dead body and was now glaring at Janet with a look of despair.

“You promised that you would look after her! You promised! And you said that she would be safe and sound when I came back to her!”

Glen roared with tears streaming down his cheek.

“Look at her now! You failed at your own words! Why did I trust you-Why did I agree to help you in the first place!!!”

Janet stood stiffly on her spot, feeling cold inside.

She couldn’t dispute with Glen. And frankly speaking, she felt that she was indeed responsible.

If they didn’t send Glen away to the warehouse if they didn’t leave Veronica by herself, if she checked on Veronica once...This probably wouldn’t happen.

“I was wrong...So wrong! I should know that the Rogue King would come back for us... We should never help you!”

Glen approached Janet step by step, still wailing. His hand was still covered in Veronica’s blood. And he reached out to grab Janet’s collar with that hand.

Just then, a large figure dashed into the dining hall and stopped Glen before he could get to Janet.

It was Daran.

“Alpha Daran!” Angelina gasped, “You are back-”

Daran looked freshly off the battlefield with dust on his coat and hair.

Holding Janet in his arms, Daran looked Glen straight in the eye.

“Glen, I know that you are sad. And this is truly tragic.”

Daran said in a deep voice.

“But none of these is Janet’s fault.”

Glen rounded his eyes with a furious face, “Not her fault?! What the f uck are you talking about! Veronica is dead under her watch! I want to gouge her f ucking heart out if I can-”

“But don’t you want to know who killed Veronica?” Daran snapped, raising his voice.

“Don’t you forget that the murderer is still out there!”

Glen’s jaw clenched.

After a small pause, he said abruptly, “I know who did it.

Everyone was stunned.

Does Glen know who killed Veronica?

Does Glen know who killed Veronica?

Glen jerked around and gazed at the large crowd by the door. He spotted one person among the group and pointed a finger at her:

“YOU!”

Everyone followed his finger and looked at the person he was pointing at.

It was Harper.

“What...ME?!” Harper shrieked in panic. “Are you crazy? Why would I kill Veronica?”

"You were with her all day! And you were the last person being seen with her! And we all knew what a vicious person you truly are!" Glen roared.

"That is your big reason? You have lost your goddamn mind!"

Harper cried, her high-pitched voice echoing across the large hall.

"I have changed, alright? I am a changed person! Plus, I barely know Veronica. I just met her today. Why would I murder a total stranger?"

"People never changed! That is it. I am killing you-I am avenging Veronica right now!!"

He was about to jump at Harper.

But Angelina rushed forward and stood in his way.

"MOVE ASIDE!" Glen growled.

"Listen. Harper was with us all afternoon, alright? Her alibi checks out!" Angelia said urgently, "Plus...Look at the size of that wound. No she-wolf has that huge of a claw. Veronica was killed by a man."

Glen stood on the spot stiffly.

There was a hopeless look in his dull eyes.

Angelina approached him and carefully put a hand on his shoulder, "I know that this is traumatic for you...But Harper is not the murderer."

Glen covered his face with both hands.

After a long pause, he emitted a hoarse low sob.

The party was definitely not going to happen.

Balvina and Kass brought in a few soldiers and together they put a white sheet over Veronica's body.

Janet sat in the corner at a loss. She was gazing at Glen, who had sunk onto the floor with silent tears streaming down his face.

He looked as though he had lost his entire soul and all that left was a corpse.

"Hey."

Daran sat down by Janet's side, "Don't be too hard on yourself. This is not—"

"My fault?" Janet shook her head. "No. This is exactly my fault. So just don't say anything nice and try to make me feel better... It will only make me feel worse."

She promised Glen that Veronica was safe with her.

She promised Glen that Veronica was safe with her.

Yet she was too careless.

Her carelessness put Veronica in danger and caused her death.

"I know you feel responsible, and I am not saying this to make you sure better but..." Daran paused before saying deeply. "This is war. We lost people during the war. It might be cruel, but it is the reality. You are the Gamma. You should know this better than anyone else does."

"Yeah...you are right," Janet murmured.

She took a deep breath and looked Daran straight in the eyes.

"I think our last triumph has made me forget how much danger we are still in," she said in a shaky voice. "I was so immersed in this temporary phase of peace that I forgot about how close our enemy is. You are right. We need to take action before it is too late."

"Are you saying that—"

"Yes. We should go to the Great Canyon as soon as possible. Together," Janet said firmly.

They looked deep into each other's eyes.

"Even if it is dangerous?" Daran asked hoarsely. "If the Rogue King can somehow manage to have Veronica killed under our watch, he probably already knows that we will be coming into his territory."

"Yes. Even so, it is still worth it."

Janet nodded.

"With the higher stake comes the bigger reward. The Rogue King is not as strong as we are. He is only capable of manipulating people and stabbing us in the back. So it is time for us to attack head-on and force him to face us. And if the best case happens, we can even end this war and reclaim our territory one thing for all."

Daran smiled and held Janet's hand.

"With you by my side, that is what will happen," he said.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 100

Chapter 100

Daran and Janet made the decision to leave for the Great Canyon tomorrow at midnight.

Their main target for this trip was to find out more information about the Rogue King. So that they could be better prepared when they met this mysterious figure again on the battlefield.

And if they saw the Rogue King, they would also take the chance and act on it. Killing that son of a bitch was the best way to end this war.

In order to be more discrete, Daran only planned on telling a small group of people that they were leaving.

On the following day of Veronica's death, Daran called the Gammas, Jared, Angelina, Kass, Balvina, and Glen into his tent.

Then Janet informed them about her and Daran's plan.

Steven was the one to voice out his objection.

"Are you guys both crazy?" he cried, "Veronica just died. Right here in this city. Which means that the Rogue King's man is right by our side! Now we should be focusing on finding the murderer, instead of sending our best Alpha and best warrior straight to hell!"

The others didn't say anything. But Janet could tell from their facial expression that they all agreed with Steven.

“Daran, you are always a calm and wise person.” Jeff frowned looking at Daran, “This can’t be your idea.”

“In fact, this is exactly my idea.” Daran said deeply, “Even if we can locate the murderer this time, the Rogue King can still send more people here and keep stirring

the water. This is what he is good at-stabbing us in the back. And we don’t even know who he really is. We need to find a way to force him to come out.”

“And don’t worry about our safety.”

Janet added to that..

“The Rogue King had never dared to come at us directly. He always hides in the darkness and lets his puppets do the dirty work. This further proves our theory that the Rogue King himself is not a good warrior nor a person with a strong physique. Daran and I won’t be in any life-threatening danger.”

Everyone in this room lapsed into silence.

Janet was right.

Both she and Daran were strong werewolves. Even if they couldn’t kill the Rogue King, they still wouldn’t be risking their own lives.

“But...but what about the murderer?”

Maxie asked after a long pause.

“If

you and Alpha go to the Great Canyon, who will leave behind and lead the search. work? We still need a leader in this city.”

“You guys.”

“You guys.”

Daran looked around the room and said, “You are my most trusted fellows, which is why I called you into this room today and let you know about my plan. After we leave, you will stay here and keep this city safe.”

“But not me,” Glen said abruptly. “I will come with you.”

He clenched his fists and looked at Daran. His eyes glittered in anger and hatred.

"That bastard killed Veronica. I fucking want to rip his throat apart! So please, give me a chance to avenge my love! I will prove myself useful to you!" he hissed.

Janet and Daran exchanged a brief look.

They already knew that Glen would say this before they called this meeting. They couldn't stop a man from avenging his lover.

"Sure. If you insist," Daran nodded.

"I will come with you if Glen is going," Jared chimed in and said, "I am Glen's Alpha. This is my war as well."

Glen jerked around to look at him, "You don't need to do this for me, Alpha Jared...'

"Oh please."

Jared wrapped an arm around his shoulder and smiled.

"You were always there by my side helping me with everything when we were little. Just let me help you out this time, OK?"

He then looked towards Daran, "Permission to get on board, Alpha Daran?"

"We can use your help but..." Daran pondered. "If you come with us, there will be no Alpha left in this city."

"I can call Alpha Casper and invite him over later. It won't be an issue," Balvina suggested.

Right, Casper.

Janet rubbed her temple and let out a sigh internally.

She hadn't got a chance to tell her brother about this plan yet.

She could already imagine his anger when he heard about this later. Casper was a very protective person. He would never agree to this if he were here.

The good thing was that she would already be gone by the time he got here.

"Alright. So that is settled," Janet clapped her hands. "Jared, Glen, Daran, and I will be leaving today around midnight-"

"Count me in," Kass said abruptly.

He was standing in the back of this crowd. No one paid any attention to him before he spoke up.

Now he pushed through the crowd and walked up to Daran and Janet.

"I am coming with you," he said firmly.

"You?"

Daran narrowed his eyes.

"The people going are either Alpha or Gamma. What makes you think that you are qualified?"

"I was a Rogue," Kass said in a steady voice. "I know about stuff. If you are going into the rogue's territory, don't you think you should include someone from the inside?"

Daran frowned slightly. He still didn't trust Kass with his full heart.

"This is your call," he said to Janet.

Janet smiled and offered Kass her hand, "Of course. And I am glad that you are here with me."

"Always," Kass held her hand and said solemnly.

So a small group of 5 was formed with Janet, Daran, Jared, Glen, and Kass. This group was just the right size. They got enough help but also wouldn't have to worry about attracting other's attention.

After the meeting, Janet led Angelina to the side and warned her about Harper.

"I think she has something to do with Veronica's death," Janet said in a low voice. Angelina widened her eyes, "You do? Do you have any proof?"

"I don't."

Janet shook her head.

"And I know that her alibi checks out and the wound size doesn't make sense. But my gut is telling me this-Harper is off."

Angelina murmured, "I thought she had changed..." Yet even she sounded less sure at this moment.

"Yes, people change, but not that quickly. And I kept thinking back to that day when she was gone all afternoon. She claimed that she was not feeling so well and was resting in her tent. But I clearly saw her around that Smith Shop. Now that I think back to it, I should never let it slide."

Janet looked at Angelina and said in a serious voice, "I am probably just paranoid...but do keep an eye on her. Plus that Lance and his wife from the Smith Shop."

"Will do," Angelina nodded.

After a day of preparation, the group of them gathered at the North Gate and was ready to leave the city under the cover of darkness.

The rest who decided to stay all come to see them off.

Janet hugged her dear friends one by one. When she got to Balvina, she sighed and said, "Don't let Casper get too mad at me, alright?"

"Well, I can't control that." Balvina chuckled, "You can tell him to calm down yourself when you come back safe. Oh and Kass, try your best to protect our Gamma, alright?"

Kass nodded, "You have my word."

anot a bow of snacks "I parked you

"Yes, people change, but not that quickly. And I kept thinking back to that day when she was gone all afternoon. She claimed that she was not feeling so well and was resting in her tent. But I clearly saw her around that Smith Shop. Now that I think back to it, I should never let it slide."

Janet looked at Angelina and said in a serious voice, "I am probably just

paranoid...but do keep an eye on her. Plus that Lance and his wife from the Smith Shop."

"Will do," Angelina nodded.

After a day of preparation, the group of them gathered at the North Gate and was ready to leave the city under the cover of darkness.

The rest who decided to stay all come to see them off.

Janet hugged her dear friends one by one. When she got to Balvina, she sighed and said, "Don't let Casper get too mad at me, alright?"

“Well, I can’t control that.” Balvina chuckled, “You can tell him to calm down yourself when you come back safe. Oh and Kass, try your best to protect our Gamma, alright?”

Kass nodded, “You have my word.”

Angelina stepped up at this moment and handed Janet a box of snacks, “I packed you some food. Good luck with everything.”

“Thank you,” Janet smiled.

She looked around her side, “Ready to leave?”

Members of her group nodded together.

They all shifted into their wolves and dashed out of the Crimson Fortress. They were heading north.

Soon they would leave the borderline and set foot into the rogue’s territory, a mysterious land full of unknown danger.

This time they would finally get to meet their biggest rival, the Rogue King.

Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.