

Alpha's Blind Luna Online Free

Chapter 61

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Turning into Auri's office, I could see Ezekiel had been working out of it but I turned to one of the bookshelves and pulled out the drawers that were beneath them. Auri had a complicated, yet brilliant filing system that spanned over a ridiculous amount of time. Everything was meticulously ordered and filed. Bryan walked in while I was working through drawer number . hree.

"Hector, what...?"

"I know Auri kept records of everything. Where were the lists?"

Bryan came closer. "What lists, Hector? There are thousands of them in here."

"The... the ones with the individuals we went after. The BloodHunter coven. When we took down the High Council." I slammed the third drawer shut, opening the fourth.

"I don't think it's on that side. It's older." Bryan turned and opened up two of the drawers near the door. "Why?"

I growled, moving onto the next. "To prove a theory wrong." Ezekiel came into the doorway next. "Everything okay?"

"Apparently, Ryder e has a theory that Hector is trying to prove wrong with decades old paperwork."

I slammed the drawer shut. "Pipsqueak would have it."

"No one has been able to get ahold of her. What was it?" Ezekiel came in and opened up the drawers by the window. "Decades old... it might be in the miscellaneous and not filed directly in her system."

"When we took down the old High Council it wasn't just them. We split into groups and each of us took on individuals that were known leaders of the BloodHunter Coven. Auri made a list of each leader and each individual we targeted." I explained as I rummaged through the information.

The room was quiet except for the sounds of papers being pushed around. It was a solid five minutes before Ezekiel pulled a folder out.

“Was it this?”

I came over, adjusting my path to where I was in his line of sight the whole time. Gently, I reached out and took the folder from him. He flashed me a thankful smile and I nodded. Setting it on the desk, I pulled out the chair, sat down and opened it up. Sure enough, each page had an individual leader, their team, and then their targets. I flipped through Auri, Bryan, Mine and then Logan's name. Ryder e was nearly as present in my body as I was. My eyes scanned the page.

“What does the X and O mean?”

“X was BloodHunter, O was High Council. Some behind the scenes in the High Council we also decided we're too corrupt to continue. They were added to the list. Most of these guys were small time though.” Bryan explained to him.

Bryan was right. The list was full of inconsequential people, small fries low on the ladder of both the High Council and the coven. My finger stopped on the last name though. It had an X and an O next to it. It was the oldest name on this list. Rydere shrunk back.

“Who is... Oran Fellow?” Ezekiel was leaning over my shoulder.

Bryan looked down at the paper and then at me. “You don't think...”

“High Councilor Oran. We heard rumors he was the leader of the BloodHunter Coven but could never prove it. Logan, after all Oran had done to his family, wanted to personally take care of him. Auri allowed it.” I stared down at the name. “He would have known, Bryan. Not many people would know who she really was. You know you took care of yours, Auri took care of hers, Simon ... all of us can be accounted for. Logan is the only one.”

“No, Hector! I won't hear of this! Logan, our Alpha, said he was dead! He might be a shithead but this? This would be beyond treachery.” Bryan stormed out of the room and I sighed.

“You think Alpha Logan lied about killing this Oran?” Ezekiel looked at me and I realized he was speaking to me as Alpha.

Ryder stepped forward to answer though. "I do, Alpha. Hector has his doubts but it fits. If we can confirm it's Oran, it's going to be easier to track him. However, Gamma Bryan is right. If Alpha Logan did this... it would be..."

"He would be brought to the Alpha King for crimes against his own kind. Ushering in this hell we've found ourselves fighting against."

I nodded. "More than that, Oran is unpredictable. He's old. He's been on the High Council for so many centuries that some forget how old he really is. While he is predictably out for himself most of the time, his methods run the long term, never the short. And for him, short term can be centuries. Which makes his moves, to us, seem unpredictable."

Ezekiel leaned against the bookshelf, his arms crossing over his chest. "As leader of the BloodHunter Coven he would have access to the Nova information, I'm assuming. The information about Auri as well." He paused, chewing on the information. "Let's see if we can't reach out to Pipsqueak. Maybe you should try. She knows your relationship with Auri. In the mean time, let's keep this theory between us. Bryan is right. There are a lot of 'ifs' and only one person who can answer them. The issue is answering truthfully without getting Vale involved might be an issue. Try to see if we can find any information on him without doing that."

"Yes, Alpha. I have a request as well."

"What is it?"

I looked down at the paper in front of me. "I would like to be the one to search for her."

"Of course. I wouldn't think of..."

I put up my hand, cutting him off. "It would not allow me to do my duty to you as Beta. I think it's time anyways that you and Vale step up as Alpha and choose your own leadership."

Ezekiel frowned. "You're knowledge and understanding though..." ①

Chuckling, I flashed him a smile. "I will be here if you need me, Alpha. Auri may not be able to help you right now but I will do my best in her place. It's just... I can't... I can't not go after her. If I don't... I don't know how long we will survive if I'm being honest with you." Tears filled my eyes and I looked at our

new Alpha. "I love her. With every fiber of my being and she will always be my mate, even if it's not fated. Losing her will do nothing short of kill us and if I'm not out there looking for her myself, I don't know if I can continue to hold onto this shred of hope that she will still be alive."

His eyes had filled with tears. "I'm sorry, Hector. I just... I wish..."

Shaking my head, I dashed the tears from my eyes. "She chose to save you. She knows what she's up against. This isn't the first time. She saved you from it. That's what Auri wanted. Now, we have to save her and you need to be what she wanted you to become; our Alpha."

Ezekiel nodded, standing up straight. "I will do my best and I will take your request into consideration. Try to get ahold of Pipsqueak but I want you to say for a couple days before you go back out again. You just got home. Plus, I know Vale might need some help." ①

I sighed. "Vale and I aren't in a good place right now."

"I could tell. But that doesn't mean you can't help. We have worked on instating a patrol and a group of warriors with our influx of members. I need your help with them. You're good with a routine for them. I've done the border patrol already."

My eyes narrowed and I looked at Ezekiel. "Are you okay though?"

"I'm not. I don't know if I ever will be after that. I'm glad to have my mate back but at the same time... how can I face him? After everything..." His voice trailed off.

"Auri managed to pull herself out for Logan. She loved him and wanted him to be okay. You are the same way, I think. He loves you and you just have to let him help you. No matter what happened. It's not going to make him think any less of you, Ezekiel."

He nodded but I could see the gears turning in his head. "Give him time, Ezekiel. Let him adjust. He will get there. You both will."

"Even though I basically killed his mom?"

I winced. "You haven't. Auri made a choice knowing what would happen. That's on her, not on you." Standing up, I closed the folder and headed out of the office.

"I'm sorry, Hector, I shouldn't have..."

"It's fine. You might be right but I will have to prove that myself."

Turning down the hall, I closed the bedroom quietly behind me. Peeling off my clothes, I stepped into the warm shower. I was exhausted. As much as I wanted to know, I was already too tired to handle all the information. Now, every nerve felt fried and my emotions were all over the place.

Setting my forehead against the cool shower tile, I closed my eyes. My mind fell to the last time I saw Auri in person. It was months ago. I had gone on the mission with Morgan, then Vale... months ago. She was wearing a blue shirt with some logo on it, dark jeans, and of course, barefoot. Her body perched on the kitchen stool as she leaned over a book. 'I should have kissed her. Should have told her I loved her. Should have held her close and made her promise not to leave.'

Ryder e whined. 'She wouldn't have listened anyways. Not after everything. No matter what, our love will never regret this decision. No matter what they put her through, she would never allow herself to come to regret it.'

I lifted my head into the water stream. 'You're right. If anything, that makes me madder. The moment we find her, we are talking some sense into her. She isn't doing this shit again. Not to us.'

Laughing, Ryder e nodded. 'We'll tell her alright. Then we can bring handcuffs our wrists together so she can't get away again.'

This time, he made me laugh. I finished my shower and pulled on some boxers before sinking into my bed. It felt big and lonely but at this point, I was too tired to care. Auri, sitting on that stool, looking up at me as I walked down the stairs. The smile on her face that brought a blush to my face. The squeeze of her hand in mine as we said goodbye for the short time it was supposed to be. Her scent, the forest that always followed her no matter where she went. She filled every one of my senses as I fell asleep.



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Ezekiel's POV

I brought the two wooden swords down against Morgan's block. The sound reverberated in the backyard only to be overshadowed by the waves crashing against the rocks. My body was covered in sweat and I already had discarded my drenched shirt a while ago. Morgan, however, looked completely unperturbed. His button up shirt was just rolled up to his elbows and not even a hair was out of place.

Growling, I spun into a kick and then followed up with two strikes, trying to overpower him. Of course though, he blocked my kick with his arm, his one sword blocking both of my hits. Jumping back, I straightened and took a deep breath.

"You're doing much better." Morgan nodded to me and reached over, throwing me one of the water bottles on the table.

Cracking it open, I downed half of it. "I still can't even get a hit in."

"Don't worry. It took Auri a long time to even get close. You're starting to build back up the muscle you lost. You can't expect to be better right away. It's going to take time." I sighed and looked down at the water bottle in my hand. He was right. It had been four months since I was saved. Four months and I still felt the effects of what happened. Morgan had been helping me every step of the way. He understood and there were times I wanted to ask how he knew but as soon as he said he had done it for me, I stopped asking. It had something to do with Auri and I didn't want to bring it up.

Hector had left about a week after he came back from the Crescent River pack. I had only seen him come back once. He showered, slept the night, did some laundry and was gone the next day. Most of the time, he would answer the phone if I had a question. If he didn't answer right away, it was always a call back within a few hours. Him and Pipsqueak had connected and the two of them were completely consumed with finding her. Whenever I would ask how it was going he would just say frustrating and nothing more.

In the meantime, I had decided on my Beta or Betas. It seemed ridiculous to break up the Bloodblades. It took Jax a week to agree but he finally did. He was still struggling with feeling like he had failed his Alpha. I told him this would be his chance to redeem himself. The two of them worked with Vale and I. It worked out well actually. Jax stayed with me most of the time, helping me with pack business while AJ was helping Vale with his work. I still kept Bryan as Gamma but I knew he was slowing down. Without Auri and Hector, Lucy was his only connection and once in a while I saw him slipping into a shell. A wolf who had lost his loved mate and was struggling to grasp onto something to stay with us. So, I did my best to keep him busy with things within the pack I knew he would be better at than I would be.

All in all we fell into a comfortable routine. The air still felt heavy. The feeling of loss still weighed on everyone. It didn't help when I would wake up in the middle of the night screaming, I'm sure. A constant reminder to everyone. Vale and I were still struggling a bit. We had been getting better but Vale was impatient. It took a couple weeks but I finally was more comfortable with him sleeping in the same bed but we couldn't touch. It would send me into a panic attack. I wasn't ready and that set him off sometimes. ①

"Why don't we take a break?" Morgan placed a hand on my shoulder and I nodded.

"I don't understand how not even a hair is out of place. It's seriously disconcerting." Morgan laughed but we both turned when the door opened. Hector walked through, his duffle bag still on his shoulder. He dropped it on the ground and rolled his shoulders.

"How about a go at me, old man?"

Rolling his eyes, Morgan picked up his one sword. "Raring to go just when you get home?"

Hector shrugged and grabbed one of the swords I was using. He discarded his shirt and I almost spit my mouthful of water out. I may be mated but I could admire the beast that was Hector Mendez. He was taller than I was and maybe as tall as Vale. His shoulders alone made me feel tiny. Not an ounce of fat was on his body and his muscles were chiseled into his body. Shaking my head, I sat on the chair in the shade to watch.

Morgan was the first to attack which surprised me. Hector deftly avoided it and moved for his own attack. Their dance started and the beat of their wood

swords clashing filled the air. I was stunned about how well Hector held up against Morgan. At times, it looked like Hector had the upper hand. Auri could beat Morgan and I had seen it myself but I hadn't seen Hector fight anyone other than Auri before. He would lose every one of those spars.

Jax, Lucy and AJ joined me under the umbrella as we all watched their fight. Hector was glistening in sweat but he didn't look tired. Morgan had pulled back his hair into a tiny pony tail and had shed his shirt that Hector ripped a while ago. The two of them were so evenly matched the fight was impressive to watch. Lucy whistled when Hector got a good hit on Morgan's ribs and I looked behind me as I saw money exchanging on the table. I rolled my eyes. These guys and their bets.

The front door slammed open and all of us turned to look. Hector and Morgan stopped immediately and I heard a growl out of Hector. Standing up, I walked into the house, taking in the wolf who barged into the pack house. My brow furrowed as I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Can I help you?"

"Where is she?"

The man was an Alpha but his presence seemed diluted somehow. He was taller than anyone in the pack house, including Vale but he was stout. His face was filled in with a defined double chin. Not to mention the weight around his middle. I wondered if he was older than Hector and Bryan. The two of them kept in shape but this wolf apparently didn't see the point. Honestly, I hadn't seen a werewolf like him in all my years.

"You'll need to be more specific. We have a lot of she-wolves in this pack." I growled.

He looked at me, giving me a once over. His eyes roamed behind me and I knew everyone outside had filled in behind me. I didn't know who he was but it seemed everyone else did.

"Auri. Where is Auri? I know she's fucking here."

My eyes widened and I looked back at Hector and Morgan. Morgan was standing in front of Hector, visibly holding him back. Looking at his eyes, I knew Ryder was in control and I looked back at the man standing in our living room.

"Hector, get it together." I called out in my Alpha tone and I watched him take a deep breath. Morgan let him go but turned sharply to the wolf.

"You don't fucking belong here, Logan. You are not welcome."

My eyes widened and I took a second look at the Alpha. This was Auri's mate. The past Alpha King and the man who Ryder suspected brought on this war. My chest got tight. This man also was...

"Dad?" I looked up at Vale, who was walking down the stairs. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"I'm looking for your mother. I know you've got her hidden somewhere in here. I need to talk to her. This has gotten ridiculous."

Morgan stood up straighter. "We already told you what happened to Auri. Not that you gave a shit then."

"It's been four months! I know she's back. I know she spoke to Vale."

"Dad, we haven't found her yet. Hector has been searching but..."

Logan turned to Vale, his face turning red. "Don't lie to me, son! I know she is here! You are the only one who can remove bonds. I know she probably asked you to remove it but I won't have it!"

Vale's eyes met mine. I had told him that I felt Auri's pack link break three days ago. It meant she was still alive but now I wouldn't feel anything as Alpha. He was thinking the same thing. Coming down the stairs, he stood to my right, also blocking Hector from a straight shot to him.

"We haven't found her yet, Dad. I'm not the only one with that ability. Other wolves can also be born with the ability to break bonds, even if they are few and far between."

Logan unbuttoned the first two buttons and pulled his shirt to show his shoulder. There was an audible gasp from multiple people.

"Her mark is gone. No one else can just cut a bond like that. We are fated."

A booming laugh echoed in the room and I turned, seeing Hector wipe his eyes as he laughed unabashedly. Logan started to shake and I stepped into Vale's side. He wrapped his arm around me, holding my waist.

"Goddess, you're such a dick. We tell you that Auri is in the hands of the Bloodhunter Coven again and you don't bat two fucking eyelashes but suddenly she's been removed as your mate and you care? What were you planning on doing if she was here? Mark her again? After she went through the process of finally getting rid of your sorry ass?"

"Hector..." Vale warned him but Hector just laughed.

He pushed past Vale and walked past them to the stairs, shoulder-checking Logan as he passed. "It wasn't any of us. Auri loved you, no matter how much you didn't care about her. You scorned her, fought her, kicked her out of the pack, and she still continued to love you. Not a single one of us could talk shit about you while she was around. Auri was too damn good for you. Always." Hector put his hand on the railing before turning to Logan. "She took on every role as Luna, Huntress, Mother, Queen, King, and Alpha with a grace and dignity that you will never understand. Instead you became this..." He gestured to Logan before continuing.

"At least now, since she isn't here, we can talk shit about you. It might not have been her choice, since her bond with the pack got removed as well but damn am I glad she finally is free of your sorry ass."

"That's enough, Hector." Bryan stood at the top of the stairs. "Auri may not be here but she wouldn't want you to act like this."

Hector laughed and shook his head. "She isn't here to get mad or chastise me, Bryan. Hell, he might be responsible for it all. We never know." He shot a look down at me before pushing past Bryan and slamming the door to his room shut.

Bryan walked down the stairs slowly and sighed. "You are incorrigible, Logan. What are you even doing here?"

"I want my mate back."

Lucy, AJ and Jax moved away and dispersed into the house, not feeling like this was a conversation they needed to be apart of. Part of stay, both as Alpha and as Vale's mate. This was his father and I hadn't actually met him before. Vale let his arm slip out from me and took my hand. He pulled me to the couch and we sat down.

“That was the first time you've initiated contact with me.” He whispered in my ear.

I gave him a small smile. “I told you, I just needed some time.” I squeezed his hand.

Logan sat down on the chair and Bryan sat in the chair next to him. Morgan stood behind the couch, leaning his arms on the back of it. Vale was visibly on edge as he watched his father.

Logan leaned forward, his head in his hands. “So she really isn't here?”



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“No Dad, she isn't. Hector and Pipsqueak have been working nearly non-stop trying to find her but they aren't able to grasp much. We don't have a lead or anything. The first time Zeke felt anything was three days ago, and she was removed from the pack. It does mean she is still alive but now we don't have a connection to her.”

Logan sighed. “Neither do I.”

“Well, maybe you could have helped four months ago when we told you she was missing in the first fucking place.” Morgan grumbled.

“Auri goes ‘missing’ all the time. I didn't think...”

Vale balked and his mouth dropped open. “Are you kidding me? We told you, explicitly, that the BloodHunter Coven somehow has been rebuilt. That they were the ones who had her and you thought she was on a fucking vacation? She traded her life for my mates. The least you could have done was come and help!” ②

Logan looked up at Vale. “You found your mate? Did you make her Luna?”

I winced but Vale held my hand tighter. "Alpha Ezekiel is my mate, Dad. He currently is Alpha of the Golden Moon pack. I'm still working through High Council stuff right now and I know the pack is in good hands."

Looking up at Vale, he was smiling down at me. He gave me a peck on my forehead and I smiled. His smile widened when he realized I didn't flinch away.

"An Alpha? You're mated to an Alpha?" You could hear the disbelief in Logan's voice.

"Yes, Dad. I am. Now, normally, I would say you are welcome to stay in the pack house, but you're not. We can show you to one of the bed and breakfasts in town where you can stay but I don't want you causing issues."

Logan looked appalled. "I am your father and an Alpha. You would just send me to the town?"

"I would if you're just going to create problems in my pack house. Mom isn't here and we don't know when we are going to be able to find her. You obviously aren't here to help and therefore there is no reason for you to be here." Vale stood up, pulling me with him. "Bryan, if you wouldn't mind escorting him to town, if you two want to talk, you're welcome to."

Vale started to pull me away from the couch but I stopped him. Turning to Logan, I gave him a small smile. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Alpha Logan. I apologize for the greeting in my pack house. We have been on edge recently and have received some information that a certain leader of the Blood Hunter coven who we recently believed was dead... isn't. So everyone is a bit wary."

Vale's confusion came over the bond and I could see Bryan visibly stiffen. But I was watching Logan's face, for anything that might give him away. Apparently, he wasn't good at keeping a poker face because the color drained from his face. It was all the confirmation I needed. Vale started to tug again and I let him lead me away.

"Again, nice meeting you! The winery is especially nice this time of year!" I called back as Vale pulled me up the stairs and into our room.

Quietly, he shut the door behind him and his eyes narrowed. "What was that?" ①

"Confirmation." I took a breath, opening up the mind link. 'Hector?'

'Yes, Alpha?'

'Let's just say I got as much as a confirmation as I think we are going to get for your theory. Please move forward with the understanding of who it is we are dealing with.' There was a growl when the mind link cut off. I winced as there were multiple crashes happening down the hall. Vale looked from me to the door with a raised eyebrow.

"Everything okay?"

I sighed. "No, but it might be. We will have to see how it goes."

"You know, I haven't been this close to you in months." He wasn't kidding. Our chests were almost touching and I looked up at him. Vale's hand trailed my skin, slowly, his eyes locked with mine. My chest was heaving, his lust rolling over me in waves through our bond. Both his hands took hold of my hips.

"I've never been so jealous of my Grandpa getting to spend with you like that. It's enough to drive me crazy." Vale purred in my ear.

I took a deep breath. "Vale, I..."

Vale hushed me. "I know. You tell me when to stop. When it hurts. When it's too much. I just... I need you. You've been so close and yet so far."

His lips brushed my shoulder and he kissed my mark. My heart sped up and I took hold of his hips, holding on for dear life. As though it would keep my knees from buckling or my hold on my sanity. I missed him just as much but it was always too much. This was the first time I hadn't had flashbacks. That I hadn't flinched away from him.

I shivered as his tongue brushed my collarbone. His teeth grazed the bone before nipping at the skin. A moan tore from me and I felt my back arch.

"Vale, I need to shower. I'm..."

"You taste divine. You make me want to bury myself into you."

I gulped and moved my hands to his hair. It had grown so long but one of the things we had done together was thread different colors around some strands

hair like I did. It was bright compared to his white hair but it looked good on him. He said he wanted to see if he could outgrow his mom's hair. I wondered if they would shear her hair off like they had mine. The last time I had my hair this short was when I was little but Vale would ask to run his hands through my hair, saying it felt softer.

"I need more of you, Zeke. I need to taste you." Vale took control and moved me to the edge of the bed, setting me down softly. He dropped to his knees and fumbled with my jeans. I was about to stop him but his eyes looked up at mine. "I'm not going to hurt you, Zeke. I'm in front of you, on my knees. If you need to me to stop, just tell me. But you haven't pulled away. I want to show you that your mate is here for you. That I love you. No matter what you've been. Nothing could make me love you less. I promise you."

I nodded and reached his hands, helping him unbutton my pants. He pulled them down, with my boxers, and began kissing my inner thigh. My hands settled back on the bed and I closed my eyes. I tried to let myself fall into the pleasure, the lust and hunger of the both of us. Vale's tongue swirled around the head of my dick and I moaned. My head fell back as I shivered. His hands slid from my thighs to cup my ass and pulled me closer to him on the edge.

It was when his mouth covered my dick that I froze. My eyes squeezed shut and I grasped the sheets tight. The images flickered through my mind. Them grabbing me. Forcing me with their hands; with their claws. Their cackling as they forced me to turn and bend over as I hung by silver chains. Forcing themselves on me and in me. My chest got tight as I tried to fight off the panic attack. I knew Vale had stopped, feeling our bond shift.

I tried my usual chant. 'Vale won't hurt us. It's not them. We are free. We aren't in their grasp anymore. Auri made sure of that.' Faris nodded in confirmation. 'Mate.'

I smiled. 'Yes, he is our mate. He loves us.'

I took a couple deep breaths. "Vale, don't stop."

"I'm not going to continue if you are having a panic attack, Zeke." I could hear the worry laced in his voice.

Sitting up and putting my hands on his cheeks, I leaned down and kissed him. My lips moved against his and they parted as I dipped my tongue into his mouth. Our tongues danced for a moment before Vale moved closer, his

hands still grasping my ass. We broke apart and I licked my lips. He was breathing erratically and I could see the strain against his pants.

This time, I watched as his mouth covered my dick and I shuddered, his tongue brushing my head and shaft. Grabbing his hair, I pulled him closer, making him take me completely in his mouth. He started to suck and I moaned, throwing my head back.

“Oh fuck, Vale.” I couldn't think straight. It felt so good. Mixed in the haze of lust I could feel Vale's love as well. He was making me feel safe and protected even with his mouth full.

Bobbing his head back and forth, I felt my tip hit the back of his throat and I groaned. “Vale, I'm gonna come if you keep... doing... that... yeah.... that fuck....”

I felt Vale's chuckle and it reverberated through me. My dick twitched and he pulled my ass nearly off the bed but my dick went down his throat and I yelled his name as I came.

He sucked and licked my dick before taking his mouth off me. I let go of my death grip on his hair and fell back on the bed. “Goddess above.”

Vale laughed and crawled up on the bed, laying down next to me. “I needed that. Thank you.”

I shook my head. “I think you need more than just that.” My hand brushed over his jeans which were as tented as they possibly could be.

“Mmm... Zeke... don't open that door. That's not one I can close easily.” Vale sounded like he was going to fall asleep.

Chuckling, I sat up and swung my legs over him. Sitting on his abs, I was facing away from him. His chest moved up and down as he laughed. “Now this is a view I can enjoy.” ①

I shook my head but my hands went to Vale's pants. Uncaging his beast, I almost forgot how large he was. I wondered if all the muscle he had gained lately was attributing to the size as well. At first, I took him in my hands, feeling his pulse through it. He moaned behind me. Smiling, I leaned down and flattened my tongue out, running from the bottom of his shaft all the way up, swirling around the head.

A squeak left my mouth when I felt Vale's hand on my balls. He chuckled but continued to play with them, massaging them. My eyes fluttered closed for a moment before I refocused. Taking a deep breath, I pushed aside the memories, the flashes of them forcing themselves in my mouth. I was doing this for my mate, giving love to my mate and there was no way anyone would be able to ruin it for me.

Taking his length in my mouth, I ran my tongue around his head and then further down his shaft as I took him in further. I took a couple breaths through my nose as I dropped my head further, feeling his dick hit the back of my throat. He shuddered underneath me and it was hard not to smirk. 1

Backing off, I started to go down again when I felt a finger slip into my ass. My eyes widened and my hand slipped, his dick slipping further down my throat than I was prepared for and my eyes watered. Vale moaned my name harshly, his chest vibrating underneath me. His finger dipped further, hooking and I groaned. A second finger entered when I started to suck and fuck him faster.

"My little Alpha, you will be the death of me." Vale breathed out.

The only reply I gave him was taking him in fully, ignoring my gag reflex and I swallowed as he came in my throat. Vale grasped my dick and pumped me a few times, matching the speed on his fingers in my ass and I felt myself unravel, coming on his chest. Licking him up just as he had done, I sat up on his stomach and peered over my shoulder. Vale had an arm over his eyes as his chest rose and fell.

Turning, I straddled him but rested my cheek on his chest. His semi-hard dick was pressed into my ass now. I closed my eyes and breathed out a sigh.

"I love you, Vale. I'm sorry it took me so long."

His hand brushed through my short hair. "I was worried that it wouldn't happen. I was worried I would lose you forever. I didn't think I could handle that. Hell, I still don't think I could."

"It's still there, I just have to remind myself how much you love me."

He chuckled and my cheek bounced against him. "Always, Zeke. Always."



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I opened up the door quick enough to grab the flying glass turtle out of the air. Sighing, I put my hand on my hip and looked at Vale. His eyes were wide as he gaped at me and then a sheepish, apologetic look flashed across his face.

"This the third time, Vale. The third time. I fixed him the other two times but one of these days I won't be able to repair the damage you have done."

"I'm sorry, Zeke. He's just here and so easy to lob."

I growled. "I'll make you find your own desk if I catch you doing it again. He does not deserve that kind of treatment." Holding the glass turtle out, I waved it in front of him.

Vale tried and failed to keep the smirk off of his face. "Come here and I will give you a proper apology."

Refusing to give Vale the satisfaction of my smile, I walked over to him and gently set down my paperweight on the desk. Vale had taken over the desk and there were papers thrown everywhere. It was a mess and I had to look away before my instincts to organize it kicked in. Moving back in the chair, he patted his lap and I couldn't help but smile this time. I didn't sit in his lap though, I sat on the edge of the desk, my knees coming between his thighs and the chair.

Vale reached up and brushed the little two inch tuft of my pony tail out the back of my hair. "It's already getting so long."

"You've been hiding out here from the High Council for months, Vale. Hell, in four months it will be a year since you even saw any of the High Councilors. Longer if you include the last time you were actually in the castle. Time still moves forward. Whether we want it to or not."

He nodded and put his forehead on my chest. Smiling, I ran my hands through his hair. Vale still refused to cut his hair. It was getting so long I wondered how he could stand it. I personally loved it but sometimes he seemed uncomfortable with it. Part of me thought that it had nothing to do with

the length but the reason why he was growing out his hair. Vale's arms suck around me and he held me tight.

"It's all a mess, Zeke. Everything. I don't know what to do. The High Council has started to bribe me to come back."

I sighed and kissed the top of his head. "Well, they better be offering some good stuff." Vale shrugged. "At first, it was just access to the restricted section in the library and a better room."

"At first?"

"They made a throne room for me. Out of one of the ballrooms. Apparently, I have a throne waiting for me at the High Council castle separate from their meeting rooms. Where I can conduct kingly things."

My eyes widened and I looked down at him. "You're kidding?"

He shook his head against me and sighed. Vale didn't answer and instead nuzzled further into me.

"When did you get so rock hard? I feel like I'm just getting squishy by sitting here."

This made me chuckle. "Well, someone has my office. So, I have to find something else to do in the mean time. A lot of it sparing sessions with Morgan but lately it's been a lot of manual labor in town. We are building up Main Street and then also setting up a more suburb area. There are four other plots for wine or we have a couple looking into cheese making? Goddess knows what they are thinking but we will help them with anything." ② Vale sat up and before I could protest, he tore my shirt off from the front buttons. His eyes hungrily took in my now bare upper body.

"Vale! That shirt was perfectly fine!"

He ignored me and leaned forward, licking my abs and I shuddered, placing my hands on the desk for support. His hands snuck under the back of my shirt and held me closer to his lips.

Nipping, biting and licking his way up my chest, I let out a couple strangled moans. ①

"You taste amazing, Zeke. I want more. Please."Vale whined.

"I will not be the one to take you off task, Vale.You know that."

He ran his tongue over my mark and goose bumps erupted over my skin. My body betrayed me completely as an erection pressed against my pants. One of his hands moved from my back to the front of my pants, palming my head and I bit my lip.

" Not off task, just a break, little Alpha."

I swallowed but as I took a deep breath, there was a knock on the door. We both moved to look at the door. The house wasn't as big as you would think and most of the time , when the both of us were in a room together, unless we were out in the open, no one bothered us. It was easy for us to take a break. More breaks then we should but having Vale home was a dream.

That meant there was something going on. I looked down at Vale and he had the same thought I did. My stomach dropped and I jumped off the desk. Looking at my shirt, sure enough, four buttons were missing. Pulling out the bottom drawer of the desk, I grabbed an extra t-shirt that I kept in there. Once I had it on, I went over to the door and opened it up.

"You know I wouldn't interrupt unless it was important."Bryan was the one standing at the door and I knew this was going to be bad. The look on his face told me this was going to be bad. Turning back to Vale, he was already getting up from the desk.

"What's going on?"

"There is... something you should see."Bryan'shesitance did nothing but make my heart hammer harder.

I swallowed."Is it Hector?"

He shook his head."I haven't heard from Hector in a month but that's not unusual. No, this... this might be worse."

Vale laughed hollowly."What could possibly beworse?"

Bryan looked at the both of us and suddenly Vale's laugh fell. He wasn't kidding. It was bad. He turned and we followed, heading down into the living

room. I noticed we had a packed living room. Lucy, AJ, Jax, Simon, Felix, and I was surprised to see Pipsqueak on the TV we installed above the fireplace. We rounded into the room and everyone started to sit.

Vale sat down on one of the single chairs, Simon taking the other. AJ, Lucy, and Felix took the couch. I pulled up on one of the kitchen stools with Jax and we sat facing the TV. Bryan didn't sit. He was leaned up against the kitchen counter. His demeanor did not give me confidence in what the hell was going on. ①

"Ezekiel, good to see you in one piece."

Pipsqueak smiled but it looked sad.

I nodded to her. "Thanks to you. I don't know how I can repay you for everything you did for me."

She shook her head. "I'll be honest with you. I didn't do it for you. My allegiance will always be with The Huntress. She asks, I provide. Well, now it's Hector but that's besides the point."

"Have you spoken to him... within the past month? We haven't..." "Yes. Two days ago. He's still out there and still surviving. He's a bit more feral now than he was but he's focused solely on finding her."

Vale leaned forward. "Is that why...?"

She shook her head. "Are you all familiar with the supernatural TV station?"

I furrowed my brow, and so did a couple in the room. Lucy was the one who smiled.

"I watch the vampire novella's from it. They are so good. Cheesy but god damn do they make me cry." Lucy chuckled and Felix pulled her in, crushing her against him to quiet her. -

Felix, who was one of our top warriors, was also Lucy's second chance mate. He was fantastic and honestly, the best match for the level of crazy that Lucy could be. She had grown to be a little sister to me, especially helping Morgan in my recovery. Felix was a wonderful match for her and we were all ecstatic for her. Bryan was a little more on the fence but he had grown to love Felix as

well. There was more pep in Bryan's step now. I think Felix filled the hole left by Bryan's first born.

Pipsqueak chuckled. "So, when flipping through channels, most humans would see multiple channels that are the static image. The black, white and gray static but really if a supernatural being was watching it, even a half-human, they would see that most of those channels are run by the TV Station Holograph."

"Holograph is the name of the TV station?" I asked, not knowing what any of this was but we also rarely watched TV in my old pack.

"Correct. They do novella channels, fashion, game shows, fluff shows, and supernatural news. It's the only one of its kind and they aren't about to share how they are able to get through the satellites of the humans to make competition for themselves." 1

We all stared at the TV. Pipsqueak turned in her chair and we saw her typing with at least five screens behind her. She swung back around.

"Sorry, multitasking. Anyways, last night there was a news segment. It was on one specific topic and after the segment aired, it was all over the internet, magazines, and even papers delivered everywhere. No one uses paper anymore but they still did it." ①

Bryan stood up from his lean. "Pipsqueak, please."

She sighed. "It's... not going to be easy to watch. Some of the best lies are grounded in truth. But..." Pipsqueak intertwined her fingers and leaned forward, resting her chin on them. "... this could be the start of the biggest supernatural war we have ever seen. That anyone has ever seen."

The whole room's air shifted. Vale sat up straight, his eyes wide. My eyes were also wide but I was focused on him. His emotions flowing through me without a filter. Fear being the biggest of them. We had been saying that there was going to be a tipping point. Something was going to set it off. At first, we thought maybe it would be one of the werewolf packs taking it too far but it had been manageable so far.

"I'll play the whole segment for you. Bryan has... already seen it as I reached out to him first. I know not many of you watch it."

"If we don't watch it, then how many people could possibly see it?" Vale's voice was shaky.

Pipsqueak's lips pursed and she looked directly into the camera. "Enough, Vale. Enough."



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Chapter 65

Chapter 65

The screen before us flickered and showed a typical news layout. A woman of fey decent with bright purple hair and black glasses was sitting behind a desk, her hands intertwined on top of it. A blue news bar at the bottom ran: 'We interrupt you nightly news for an important segment. We will be back to the nightly news after these messages'. In a box on the right hand side of the screen was a title card as well.

"High Council, friend or foe?" Lucy read aloud. "Oh god... no..."

Felix shifted and took her hands, holding them tight. In fact, all of us were now holding onto something. For me, I clutched my knees, as did Jax next to me. Simon and Vale were clutching the arms of their chairs while AJ just had his fists balled up.

The paused screen started with the scurrying of multiple people, all wired with earpieces in. One handed the anchorwoman cards and another finished putting in her earpiece. It all felt like an emergency announcement. The fey seemed nervous, quickly glancing through the cards before tapping them against the desk.

"Hello my fellow supernaturals. I apologize for the interruption of your nightly new, but there has been some breaking news in which we feel we need to bring you right away." She took a deep breath. "An individual has come forward with information that he is willing to share with us. Our new station has been previously collecting information on this story but we didn't feel like we had enough facts or information until now. We as Holographic TV deemed it necessary to give this emergency broadcast with the individual stepping forward to speak about an issue that could possible change our entire world."

Her eyes fell to her cards and even she looked frazzled. Like she had just been called to do this with barely any information. "My name is Ophilla and I will be your moderator for tonight."

"Let me start by introducing our guest before we dive into this information. Our guest would like to remain anonymous but has provided his credentials to us and we as a station vouch for his resume. He will be referred to as Dr. J." She turned slightly to the right where the box with the headlines disappeared and another box appeared. "Hello, Dr. J. We appreciate you coming on to speak with us such last minute."

"Of course." His voice wasn't altered but his face was blurred. He was wearing a suit and you could tell he was in an office. I swallowed and tightened my grasp on my knees.

The anchorwoman gave a small smile. "Now, Dr. J, I'm going to go through the initial story that Holographic TV was looking into before you reached out to us with enough more information and confirmation of some of the information we received. At any time, please feel free to interject."

"Yes, of course."

Ophilla turned back to the TV, looking at us directly. "Nova 2.0 has been a drug that we have seen a rise in popularity among werewolves in the past couple of years. At first, little was known about the drug other than it was another iteration of the drug that swept over the vampire population over twenty years ago." She flipped her cards before continuing.

"Nova 2.0 was marketed as a super serum catering to werewolves, instead of vampires. There were some in the supernatural communities who were worried that the drug would unbalance our community, considering the level of power it provided werewolves. Our station was looking into the impact this drug was having as well as the origin and where it came from."

She looked over at her guest. "Dr. J, why don't you say specifically why we have you on this evening."

"I was hired originally by the Bloodhunter covert to create Nova 1.0 as it is now known. I also did much research from that which contributed to the Nova 2.0 creation as well, though at the time, it wasn't to create a new drug focusing on werewolves."

"I believe that understanding Nova 2.0 we must understand Nova 1.0 and where it came from. If you wouldn't mind going into the details that you know."

He nodded and shifted in his seat. We all did, our eyes glued to the screen.

"Originally, before Nova existed, a drug hit the market for humans. It was made by vampires, an experiment more than anything. It was made out of small amounts of ingredients of supernaturals. It was to see how the humans reacted to the supernatural. It turned out it proved a trip that was like no other but it started to make the humans blood worthless to vampires. Their blood became much like the werewolves. The High Council requested that drug to be pulled from the market."

Ophilla put her hand up. "How was that done?"

"The High Council enlisted the help of the mafia, specifically the boss Morgan Russo, to handle the drug smuggling in Russia to stop the spread of it."

"And that was the end of it?"

The doctor shifted again. "In a way, yes. That drug was taken into custody and essentially wiped off the face of the earth. However, a few months later, the formula as well as some of the product made its way into the hands of the BloodHunter Coven. I don't know how the BloodHunter Coven got access to it, but I was hired to alter the drug into something else."

"For those of you who don't know, just over three decades ago, a drug called Nova hit the market targeted at vampires. It was rumored that the BloodHunter coven was its distributor and later proven correct. Now, I would like to go into the symptoms first before going through what it's made of, as that will come up later in the conversation."

The doctor cleared his throat. "Yes, of course. Nova was meant to strip vampires of their humanity. Bringing them back to their natural state of mind. It was popular because a vampire could leave the humanity behind, what grounded them and made them unhappy, as vampires live a long time caged to their humanity. The reason it was called Nova was because one of the side effects we were unable to remove was that the user's eyes looked like a galaxy or super nova."

Ophill jumped back in. "Now, the High Council didn't step in until there were more and more attacks in cities. Vampires going 'crazy' as they say and ripping

apart humans indiscriminately. Even local covens, vampires and witches, along with werewolves started to need to protect their territories from them, is that correct?”

“Yes, that is correct. The High Council waited until the body count was too high for the humans not to notice before they hired Morgan Russo, again, to stamp out the issue with the drugs.”

“However, our other sources say that by then, the BloodHunter coven already had multiple distributors across the world and had a ridiculous amount of the drug they were holding onto as they trickled it into the market. Is that correct?”

Dr. J nodded, the blur going with him but you could see him intertwine his fingers on his lap. “That is correct. My job had already been completed and therefore once a few other scientists and I confirmed the correct process within the distributors warehouse, we were paid and released.”

The fey anchorwoman turned back to the camera again. “Now, you might be wondering the connection between the original Nova and Nova 2.0. Especially when the original Nova was focused solely on vampires while Nova 2.0 focuses on werewolves. It seems like a disconnection but Dr. J, that's not necessarily the case, is it?”

“No, it's not. A few months after being let go, I was contacted by Micah Smith, one of the top BloodHunter Coven leaders. He died in the battle between the fake Alpha King and the previous Alpha King, therefore I can name him specifically. But he requested me personally to come back in. I'll admit, I was curious as we had already created the drug they wanted. However, when we met, he handed me a file with a month worth of observations already. It turns out, Mr. Smith had given the drug to a single werewolf to monitor the effects the drug had on them.”

“So you were brought in to monitor and watch for the symptoms and side effects of the drug on another supernatural species while Nova was at its height of being an issue for everyone else.”

He nodded again. “It turns out, the drug effected the werewolf in very peculiar ways. We were also proved a first hand account from the werewolf in question.”

“Do you mind?”

"Of course." The doctor pulled up a document in front of him. "The werewolf did still have the nova or galaxy eyes side effect. However, they saw an increase in strength and agility. There was also something akin to echo location that was noted as well. Something that I found interesting as well is that while vampires used it to remove their humanity, the werewolves were removed of their emotions."

Ophelia looked down at her notecards for a moment before looking up. "What do you mean by 'removed of their emotions'?"

The doctor's hand came up and rubbed his chin. "I will describe it as they did. If any half-humans are watching, they may understand the feeling when on a drug for depression or ADHD, however, not all supernaturals may understand that reference. The werewolf described their emotions as being a pool of water. One that was not accessible to them. They could feel but any real anger, sadness, pain, happiness, love, none of those feelings were within their reach."

"Now, some might say that's a godsend but most don't understand just how severe of a symptom that is." Ophelia was looking down at her cards while she said that.

"Correct. That kind of loss of emotion basically removes that humanity but because there isn't a vampiric side lurking underneath the surface, it is far less violent for a wolf. It does, however, call into question decisions made under the influence of the drug."

Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw Bryan cross his arms over his chest. He was checking on his cheek and you could see the anger dancing in his eyes. I looked back at the screen when the anchorwoman spoke up again.

"You knew who the specific werewolf was who was under the influence of the Nova, correct?" The doctor rubbed his palms on his pants, a nervous feeling. "Yes. I actually met with her three times over a two year period."

"Who was that werewolf?"

"The Huntress."

I gulped, feeling the room start to get warmer, like the walls were coming in closer. There still seemed to be something we were missing. Why come out

against Nova, against Auri now. She had disappeared, very few knew she had been captured but she had been removed from the public eye for a while now.

"The Huntress, also known as Auri Meadows, the Luna Queen is that correct?"

"Yes, that is correct."

With her eyes narrowing, the anchorwoman seemed to straighten up more, putting her cards down slightly like she knew where this was going. "It seems odd that the Luna Queen was the one who fought against the BloodHunter Coven and lead the removal of the Nova if she was the one taking it." Ophilla turned to look out at us. "Digging through the war, we confirmed that the Luna Queen had in fact been under the influence of Nova during the war with the fake Alpha King. As well as during the campaign to remove all distributors of Nova and the eradication of the BloodHunter Coven. Coming from first hand accounts of the events. Making us wonder why she was removing all the Nova from the market if she knew what the side effects were and how greatly they could help her race."

She continued. "The removal of the Nova 1.0 as well as the destruction of the BloodHunter Coven ushered in this peace that we have been seeing for the past few decades. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about the drug though the lasting scars of the BloodHunter coven still are felt to this day. That is, until Nova 2.0 began popping up."

She paused for dramatic effect, flipping through her cards in front of her. "In between that time, the previous High Counsel was removed, with rumors that they were corrupted by the BloodHunter Coven. Luna Queen Auri and Alpha King Logan Everfell say to the destruction of the old council and the rebuilding of the new High Council. The new council has been hand picked by them to usher in the next few decades of peace. However, with the increase in issues between the different races and the rise of Nova 2.0, tensions have been high. The new Alpha King Vale Everfell has worked quite hard to try and keep the peace. However, it may not be a coincidence that the first reports of Nova 2.0 were within the previous Alpha King's packs."

I felt my throat constrict. While I didn't know the whole story, I started to pick out things. Pick out small changes from the truth. My heart hammered and I looked over to Bryan. He caught my eyes and shook his head. His lips were pursed in a thin line but I could tell this wasn't easy for him to hear again. If anything, Bryan was our only link to the truth right now.

Looking back at the screen, I still couldn't understand where this was going. Why they were doing this or to what end.



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Chapter 66

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“The BloodHunter Coven, after being reduced to ash and any suspected members removed, they had no way of rebuilding Nova into Nova 2.0 as they do not exist anymore.”

Dr. J followed up to Ophilla. “As far as we know, the BloodHunter Coven has been completely dismantled, correct. The removal of the previous High Council members also insured that no sympathizers or members were amongst their numbers.”

“Which wouldn't make any sense as Nova 2.0 is now being distributed out there.” Ophilla turned to the camera. “However, there is a common link between these drugs and that is the High Council, also linked by the Luna Queen.”

My eyes widened. They couldn't be. There was no way. I looked at Vale but he didn't seem to catch on yet, his brow still furrowed like everyone else as their eyes were glued to the TV. Jax looked at me for a moment and seemed to understand as well but I looked back over to Bryan. He only gave me a curt nod.

“The High Council originally ordered the confiscation of the drug in Russia. They also requested Nova to be removed. The information of how to produce the drug would all be within the archives of the High Council. Auri Meadows also would have had a hand in the making of Nova 2.0. She would have provided her experience and the knowledge of what it did to her to help usher in a new werewolf powerhouse. Taking over both the High Council, as she was the one who decided on the new members, as well as lifting werewolf packs above other supernatural beings.” She paused for dramatic moment but I could see it in her eyes that she was getting to what she wanted this whole segment.

"Now, I know you are an expert in the Nova 1.0 but you also have been looking into Nova 2.0 as it seems to have the same effects from the initial findings of Nova 1.0 on werewolves."

The doctor took a deep breath. "Yes, yes I have."

"I would like to hear your findings about the drug, if you don't mind."

"Nova 2.0 is an adjustment of the levels of which supernatural ingredients go into the making of the drug. It nearly doubles the amount of strength and agility the first Nova did. It even removed the pesky side effect of your eyes turning different colors. However, it does make some of the side effects worse.": His voice dropped low as he said the last sentence. Almost like he was ashamed of it or of what he had created.

Ophilla didn't seem to notice or care. "What would that be?" "Their humanity. In my research with Nova 1.0, The Huntress did feel as though she felt herself slipping away. What made her who she was. Those emotions and that humanity had been removed over the three years of usage at the time. She feared more time, more years, on the drug would make their emotions inaccessible for good. She did say they eventually stopped taking the drug with no long term side effects."

A picture of Auri came up on the screen, it was recent, as she was with Simon in one of the smaller towns just outside the territory. Her eyes were looking directly at the camera, like she was pinpointing it, most likely in search for me and any trace of where I was being kept.

The issue was that the shot showed exactly what they wanted, her eyes being the supernova that she had taken during my rescue. Bryan explained a bit of what had happened but I had more an idea considering all the conversations I'd had with Auri. She'd told me some of things she'd gone through and I couldn't believe she wasn't on it more. This was fuel for their fire.

"This was recently taken of the Luna Queen, obviously taking Nova 1.0 which was thought to have been destroyed. She has had access to the drug this whole time, lending more proof to the idea that she has facilitated the creation of Nova 2.0. There is something that is so much worse though, isn't that right doctor?" "It makes a specific side effect worse, yes."

The anchorwoman nodded, concern written all over her face. It seemed forced though, like she was trying just a little too hard. "Which is that?"

"Nova 2.0 seems to exponentially increase the loss of a werewolf's humanity."

"What do you mean by that?"

Dr. J seemed thoroughly uncomfortable and I felt the same even though we know what he was about to say. "Within a few months of taking Nova 2.0 consistently, those emotions and that humanity, are lost to the werewolves; permanently. Even if they stop taking the drug, they will never regain their ability to feel or to access their humanity."

"So, what you're saying is that this drug was distributed with the promise of extra strength but after a few months of taking it, a werewolf will never be able to feel again? Wouldn't that be the first thing to tell anyone potentially wanting to take this drug? Would that not be a huge issue for the High Council and the current Alpha King? Would they not want to take action?"

"According to reports, the currently Alpha King has been doing his best to track down the distributors and stop the drug from being provided to the packs. He also has been alerting packs of the dangerous and life altering side effect of the drug." Ophillia tried to hide the smirk on her face. "But not the High Council. The same one that was instated by the Luna Queen. The same person with all the knowledge and understanding of the drug. The same one who fought in wars previously and who was willing to fight the vampires all on her own for her own goals."

"The High Council has said nothing in regards to the issue with the drug. Neither has the Luna Queen or the previous Alpha King."

I heard Vale curse. His face was white and he leaned forward. He started to understand what was going on. Everyone did, all of them in different states of shock.

Turning, Ophillia looked directly at the camera, looking to every single person who had been watching or will watch this broadcast. "Some of you might be thinking, why the hell does this matter? We know of the drug, it doesn't matter to us or affect us since we aren't werewolves. The High Council doesn't even matter to us. Why should we care what is going on with them?"

her hands fell flat against the table. "However, you should care. This matter touches every single one of us, even humans. Every race, every supernatural being should be fearful of how this could turn ugly very quickly. Dr. J, you adjusted the original drudge from Russia to become Nova 1.0. Can you

please tell me the ingredients that are in Nova 1.0?" "The main ingredients are wolfsbane, vampire venom, and pixie dust."

"Now these ingredients, while not illegal, are hard to come by. The amount needed to originally for Nova 1.0 was astronomical but the BloodHunter Coven was spread far and wide with much more influence. Now though, we are doing with a bit of a different drug and a different distributor, correct?"

The doctor nodded. "The level of ingredients for Nova 2.0 is much larger per pill than what was with Nova 1.0. It's a far more concentrated dosage. Making it nearly impossible to get that much ingredients considering the scope it has already come up in recent."

Ophelia nodded. "So, what do you think is going on to produce the potency of this drug in such a short amount of time?"

The doctor held up a bag full of tablets. Ones that I had described to me by Hector and Bryan previously but I hadn't seen them myself. Everyone else had a frown on their face as he set the bag on the desk. "While wolfsbane is far more easily procured and can be grown in large batches easily. Magic can also be used to grow herbs and plants faster. It's vampire venom and pixie dust that is not as readily available."

"So how could someone get those items in large quantity, quickly?" The doctor crossed his legs and intertwined his fingers. "It wouldn't be really a matter of getting more in large quantity, but rather the potency of the ingredients. If you had more potency, you wouldn't need as much of a quantity. In the case of vampire venom, it would be direct parts of a vampire. The body parts directly involved in creating the venom would be the best. The same could be said for the pixie dust. A fey has magic steeped into their bones and that strength of an ingredient you would need a fraction of how much pixie dust you would need."

Turning back to look directly at the camera, directly at us, Ophelia had a solemn look on her face. "For a couple years now, we have been trying to find the connection as to why we are having an increase in disappearances. Whether it be children from tribes of fey, children from witches, newly initiated vampires, or werewolf pups. Each of these seemingly separate, but a sign that the tables were turning on the peace we once lived in."

There was a collective gasp in the room but we didn't have time to collect ourselves as Ophelia continued.

"Finding the link between these, we are able to see that this is a much larger scale than just what a single Luna Queen could devise. She would need a much larger entity to be behind these disappearances, one such as the High Council to not just turn a blind eye, but participate in those wide scope attack on our peace."

Lucy leaned forward, shaking her head. "Oh fuck ... oh fuck..."

I agreed but none of us could move. Even my lungs could barely take in air.

"To all of you sitting, standing, reading, or watching this program, I asked earlier why should you care when it doesn't affect you. The problem is, it affects all of us. Witches and werewolves being used to grow more wolfsbane at a quicker rate. Fey and vampires lives to help create a more potent and potentially dangerous drug. Your life could be in danger just by merely being an ingredient. Or worse."

She paused for dramatic effect again. "We have been worried now that the werewolves were getting too powerful, throwing their weight around against their neighbors that they have had peace previously before. Now, with the introduction of this drug, we are looking at a far more dangerous threat. Some packs are starting to ban together under the flag of the previous Alpha King. While we haven't heard from the Luna Queen herself within the packs, it's safe to assume she has no issues with the use of the drug to become the main force of all the supernaturals."

The photo of Auri under the influence of the Nova 1.0 came up and I started to shake. Jax put his hand on my knee but it didn't help. At first, they had been actually fairly factual but now everything they were saying was conjecture. It was pulling threads together and even creating them so they would fit.

"With the High Council turning their back, or even going as far as helping them, we could be looking at a shift in power. One where everyone is at the whims of the werewolves. Not just that, but these werewolves have super strength with no humanity behind them to say... give mercy to the people who don't want to fight."

I couldn't. Standing up, I turned around and wrapped my arms around my waist. This was too much. My walls had already gone up to leave Vale out of my feelings but I felt myself shaking even harder. A hand fell on my shoulder and I looked up to see Bryan. His face was serious but even the slight squeeze made me feel a little better.

"I understand that there are those select few who have been trying to help this situation. Some of the council members such as Mark Witton and Pietro Kardoff have been working with Alpha King Vale Everfell in trying to help those who have missing children and were even able to help some witch children find their way back home. The problem was that they were taken by a werewolf pack, under the influence of the Nova 2.0. Proving that there is a link between these disappearances and werewolves themselves."

I squeezed my eyes shut. It was all I could do to keep from covering my ears. I knew I needed to keep listening but I didn't want to. Farsi was whining and pacing, feeling the extreme of my discomfort.

"The High Council has not taking a single action in regards to these disappearances. Them not saying anything in regards to the side effects of Nova 2.0. We can see the only link from Nova 1.0 to Nova 2.0 is the fact that the High Council had the information needed provided by the Luna Queen and would definitely have the resources at their disposal to distribute it. The reason why no one has looked into the distributors like they did originally with both the original drug but also Nova 1.0 is because it was in favor of a specific race and against another. But the disappearances and how this new drug created should have everyone up in arms. We are losing our children to this and we may lose our future as well."

There was a long pause and I turned finally to look at the screen but it wasn't over.

"Thank you Dr. J, for coming on and having the courage to tell your story. I am Ophilla and we bring you the supernatural news as it breaks. Have a good night and your regularly scheduled news will continue after these messages." The TV finally went black and stayed that way for a moment before Pipsqueak popped up back on the screen. She was curled up in her chair, her arms wrapped around her knees. Lucy had her face buried in Felix's chest. Simon had gotten up and was leaning an arm against the wall, his forehead leaning against it. Vale was just sitting in the chair, shell shocked. AJ was looking at Jax who was staring at the ground, his knees shaking as mine were just moments before. I started to shake my head until I finally leaned against the glass window and brought my hands to my face.

"We are so fucked."



Alpha's Blind Luna Online Free

Chapter 67

Chapter 67

I couldn't wrap my head around what was going on. We thought there would be a tipping point. We knew that there was going to be a moment where we might see a shift. This was someone throwing a bomb onto it and blowing it to pieces. My eyes searched Pipsqueak then Bryan for this being some kind of joke. Anything that would make this better. Anything that would not destroy everything we had.

"How much of this is true?" When Vale spoke, it was low and menacing but he didn't look up at anyone in particular.

"A surprisingly good bit of it, actually. I would say maybe about 80-85% of it." It was Pipsqueak who answered. "It's what makes it believable. If you really wanted to dig, you could. A lot of it would be confirmed."

Vale grabbed the coffee table flipped it over the heads of Lucy, Felix, and AJ as it slammed into the window and shattered the glass. I winced and turned away from him.

"Fuck! Fucking damn it!" He yelled as he kicked the chair he had been sitting in and it flew into the front door.

"Vale, your anger isn't going to fix anything." Pipsqueak sounded like Auri and I smiled slightly.

"Oh yeah? So fucking what? This is now just out there, for everyone. This will destroy our entire way of life!" He threw his hands up. "They are blaming my mother! The High Council! What the hell am I supposed to do? I've got a missing mother who can't say shit to defend herself. I've got a non-feeling father. Morgan isn't here and we haven't talk to him for weeks. Did the High Council put a comment out?"

"No. They haven't. Honestly, it's been all quiet there. I haven't heard a peep out of them in a while. Outside of their correspondence with you in regards to wanting you back."

I shook my head. Of course, Pipsqueak would know about that.

“Shit. I need to go.”

I started to block Vale. “No, no way. We were lucky they kept you mostly in a positive

light. But they are blaming the High Council. They are literally putting it all on Auri's shoulders. Vale, you can't just go there. If anyone tried to...”

“I can't just abandon the High Council, Ezekiel!”

His voice was laced with with his power. I could see everyone shift under it but I stood up straighter.

“I'm not telling you to abandon them. I'm telling you that going to them isn't going to do anything but put you in danger!”

Vale strode up to me. I held my stare with him as he towered over me. Even though my knees were weakening under his anger, his power, and his closeness. I refused to look away.

“I'm going, Ezekiel.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Then you will become Alpha of the Golden Moon pack. You will become Alpha, take your Beta and at least two warriors.”

“No.”

“Yes, Vale. That is my condition for letting you go.”

Vale roared at me. “You do not decide what I can or cannot do! I am the Alpha King. And you are nothing but an Alpha playing at being a leader. Do not stand in my way, Ezekiel.”

My anger mixed with his and I took a deep breath. “You may be the Alpha King but I am your mate and Alpha of this pack and you will listen to me.”

“Make me.” Vale growled.

We glared at each other for a moment before I put my hand on his cheek. Closing my eyes, I opened up our bond wide. At first, it felt like I was drowning in his anger and fear, his disappointment and confusion. But I pushed it away. Instead, I overrode them with something more powerful. Something that I knew might break him but I would make him see reason, make him back down. I

threw him and Naresh into my memories. The ones I locked away. The ones that sometimes still snuck out while I was asleep. What I had gone through while I was in the hands of the BloodHunter Coven, letting him see and live through them as I had.

Auri had taught me this technique but I had never used it. She said it was good to share memories sometimes. That it made it easier to understand one another. I had gotten a glimpse into her life before. Before Vale, before her kids. Even sometimes before her mate. It was hard, but it helped me understand how to do it because I had to fight getting drowned in her abuse she received. I knew this wasn't what she meant it for but it was the only thing I could think of to pull Vale back a little.

I knew the minutes ticked by. It wouldn't take nearly as long as it had been to make those memories. But it would still take a few minutes. Finally, I stepped in before a certain point and released the two of them. Vale stumbled back, falling to the floor as he looked up at me.

"Zeke... I..."

"You will listen to me, Vale. You either stay here and we figure this out; as a pack, as a family. Or you can go off to the High Council but you will go as Alpha, along with three people of my choosing."

Vale was shaking. Everyone stared in equal amounts of shock and confusion. Vale's Alpha King power had been powerful but I essentially snuffed it out much like Auri had been able to do.

"I have to agree with Ezekiel. I think being viewed as siding with the High Council right now wouldn't be a good look. Not until they come out with a statement at the very least." Pipsqueak chimed in. "Luckily they painted you in a good light, you would do well to stay there."

"Hector needs to know as well." Bryan added.

Pipsqueak chuckled. "Oh, he already knows. Paid for the broken furniture in his hotel room as well." She paused and took a deep breath. "They are turning the world against The Huntress. There has to be a reason why they are lumping her into this theory. But until we find out and combat that, if she does come back, she may need to lay low for a while."

"It's not true! She didn't do anything but fix and take down the Blood Hunter Coven!" Lucy snapped back. "They can't blame her! They can't make it seem like she is on the same level as them or even worse by not caring about the repercussions this has on the world. After all she has done for the supernatural world! They should be groveling at her feet, kissing them for god's sake." Bryan rubbed his eyes. "We know that, sweetheart. People who know her, know that but that's nothing compared to how many supernaturals that are out there. Morgan will need to decide if he wants to put out a statement as well."

I rolled my shoulders and looked over my pack. I let some of my Alpha aura out. All of them whipped their heads to me.

"For now, we control what we can. Bryan, start reaching out to the heads of the races with Auri's contacts. She might not be here but they know you. Use that."

He nodded, pulling out his phone and tablet.

"Felix, I need you and Simon to go through the patrols again. People know we are the Alpha King's pack. We can handle them here but I don't want the town touched. Can you do that?"

"Yes Alpha." Simon and Felix both answered heading out of the room.

As I watched them leave, I mind linked Felix. 'Felix, I want you on standby as well. If Vale still wants to go to the High Council you are one of the ones going with him.'

'Understood, Alpha.'

Looking back around the room, I sighed. "Lucy, I know you're medically focused but I need you to step into the management role. Work with AJ to get a crash course in the next building expansions. He may be leaving and I want to make sure it still continues smoothly."

She nodded and took off after AJ. Jax stood next to me, putting his hand on my shoulder. "Tell me how I can help, Alpha."

"We just need to continue, honestly. If you can though, try to reach out to Morgan. We need to see what he thinks. I'd like him to get his input on all this."

Jax nodded. "Yes, Alpha."

"Pipsqueak?"

Her eyebrow rose and she quirked her mouth into a smirk. "Yes, Alpha?"

"We need Auri, Pipsqueak. I don't care how you do it. However illegal in human or supernatural laws it is, I don't care. I don't care how many fucking bodies pile up. Bring Auri home."

Her smirk pulled into a full blown smile. One that had me questioning the levels this fey was going to go. "You got it, Alpha. Pip, out."

The screen went black and I ran my hands through my hair. Damn it, had been a long time since I had to do that. I did sometimes help manage the construction crews but not since my home pack did I need to handle something like this. Looking down, I stared at Vale who had moved to the couch but his head was in his hands. Going over to him, I squatted down and put my hands on his knees.

"Vale, come back to me."

"How... how..."

I smiled sadly. "Because of you and my family. Look at me, Vale." Peeling his hands away from his face, I met Vale's tear-filled eyes. "I'm here and I'm okay. Yes, it will always be with me. Those memories will always be there. But they make moments with you and my family that much sweeter."

"You cut it off early though, didn't you?"

"I did. The rest gets worse. I wanted to pull you out of your ass. Not spiral further." I chuckled and kissed his cheek.

His hands grabbed my face and he smashed his lips to mine. I let him take control as his tongue slipped into my mouth. Both making sure I was there and making sure I knew he was there. We broke after a minute.

"Contact the High Councilors, Vale. We need to see what's happening and what their next move is. We need more information."

"I can just go and..."

Standing up, I headed up stairs. "My stipulations aren't changing, Vale. If you want to go to the High Council, you are taking AJ and then two others of my choosing after becoming Alpha. Otherwise, your ass is staying right here for now. Call them now."

He started to protest again but I ignored him, slamming the office door behind me. Looking back at the desk, the High Council papers strewn all over it, I sighed. I gathered them up and tossed them in the trash. They didn't matter now. We would have our own missions we would need to deal with.

Turning in my chair, I looked at the drawer under the bookshelf next to the window. I stared at it for a good two minutes before I walked over and pulled it open. Moving all the folders to the front, there was a Manila envelope laying at the bottom. It was unmarked and I pulled it out. Setting it down, I rested my elbows on the desk and my chin settled on my intertwined fingers. It was emergency parachute that Auri had built over the years. She knew war was brewing and told me that when we reached the point that we were fucked, to open this envelope and use the contents. This was only meant for me.

Finally, after five minutes, I flipped it over and unsealed it. Pulling out the pages, a smaller envelope fell into my lap. It had 'Zeke' written on it in Auri's surprisingly perfect handwriting for her being blind. Flipping it over, I opened it and flipped open the pages.

Ezekiel,

My dear son, I'm sorry. I know you were probably sitting there, staring down at this booklet for a while before opening it. It just proves that you were the right choice to leave this with. Two things had to have happened for you to be reading this. One, I am no longer there. For whatever reason, know that I wish I was. I wish that you boys would never need to go through the pain of making decisions that can effect hundreds or even thousands of lives. Two, it's reached a tipping point. A point of no return. I'm so sorry, my dear. Sorry for the weight that now rests on all of your shoulders but especially on you.

Included in my packet is every dirty, dark and decrepit secret that every single person of power or of note has. It includes me, Logan, Morgan, the fey royalty, human leaders, witch covens, High Councilors. Everyone, Ezekiel. Even you and Vale. This is both a gift, knowing who may be behind the scenes but this information is... well... don't burn your bridges right away. But sometimes you need to in order to save lives. There are also contingency plans. And backup plans for the contingency plans. For every race. Safe havens in case

anyone needs to run. In case a specific race is being targeted. I've ... also included a code to a safety deposit box at the end of this note. Zeke, there are things in that box that are only for you. But also, they are not to be taken lightly. There are two years worth of Nova 1.0 in that box. Along with deeds to safe houses scattered throughout the world. Money in every currency. Five rings that will block your wolf presence. You would be seen a beefed up humans, even to the fey. There are also what's left of the health potions I've stocked up over the years, wolfsbane, fairy dust, crystalhine, and a few other hard to get ingredients. Basically, everything you need to run. Or to fight if you choose the Nova. There are speciality weapons for every race as well. It's a big box. More like a locker really. It's yours Zeke, to use as you see fit.

My lips pursed and I tried to stop the shaking of my hands. She really had been prepared for the worst. I felt wholly out of place. I knew she was writing to me but I felt like the weak link. That Vale or anyone else should be the one with this information.

Stop it, Zeke.

My brow furrowed as I continued to read.

It's a lot, I know. It's a lot of information. A lot of decisions. But not all of them need to be made now. The tipping point isn't where you start moving for the worst. Everything is set up for you. A single codeword to one person will put things in motion. You don't have to do anything. Not yet. But what I need you to be, is the Alpha I know you are.

I didn't choose Vale for this for multiple reasons. One, he already feels the weight of the Alpha King on his shoulders but doesn't understand what that means in a situation like this. Bryan is smart and may know when best to start throwing in the towel but he can't fight for the peace anymore. Honestly, that fight has been gone for a while. Hector, well, the man doesn't know WHEN to quit. It's always going to be you, Zeke. You are the strongest of them. You understand what it means to make those decisions and how it affects everything. They need your sense, your gut instincts, your strength, your knowledge. You far outweigh everyone there even if you feel like the weakest. You are what I have strived to be all these years.

I held the paper up as tears fell down my cheeks and onto my lap. I didn't want to get them on the page.

Zeke, you need to decide when to fight. If to fight. When to flee. When to use diplomacy, when to use blackmail and when to save others before yourself. Vale may have the Alpha King gene, but Zeke, you are the true power behind him. You need to be firm and strong. Do not waver. You cannot second guess a decision anymore, not even when you watch as lives are lost. You cannot save everyone but you can be smart and try to save those you know you should.

I have never been so happy to have another son. One that I can also say I am equally proud of. No matter what you go through, how weak you feel, you have to remember that you may feel weakness, but you cannot show it. I know you aren't weak but we all have our moments and what you need to do is continue as though you feel nothing but strength. Be the king behind the throne, Zeke. He's going to need you. Vale is going to get lost in this sea. You'll need to step up. It might not be by his side. Knowing him, he might try and keep you away from everything. But there will be a time to defy him and a time where you can do more good sitting behind that desk or maybe in a different part of the world. Whatever is happening, choose your battles wisely, my dear, because it comes down to winning the war.

I love you, my dear son. Send my love to the boys, and to Lucy as well. Continue to keep these between us though. This should never be in anyone else's hands or for anyone else's eyes but yours. You can do this, Zeke. I've put my faith and trust in you because I know you can do it.

Always, Auri



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Chapter 68

Chapter 68

Auri's POV

There is something about feeling your mind slip. Letting go of the fight and just falling into the void. Feeling nothing and not caring. They couldn't reach you, couldn't make you do things, not in the void. You were disassociated from your body. It was a feeling I was all too familiar with. One I was glad Ezekiel had yet to reach.

There was still light in his eyes. Still a fight, a hope, and I was glad I wasn't too late to save him. Vale deserved better than to have his mate ripped from him. He deserved better than the experience Logan and I had gone through.

Logan was already lost to me. The connection between us one sided. So much so that even my side of our bond started to wither but now, I was glad. He wouldn't need to feel this pain again. Not that he could. The amount of silver that was holding me up was more than Micah had ever used. But at the time, he didn't know who I was. I wondered if they knew I couldn't feel pain. If they realized every time they tortured me I felt nothing.

"How is our Luna Queen today?" I heard one of the vampire guards call to me, his name was Chet, the main asshole who watched over me. There were far too many days he liked to talk in the third person.

I was dangling by my wrists with silver cuffs. Wearing a woven silver mail, a collar, ankle cuffs and chains wrapped around my legs, up around my torso, chest, and then my arms, I wondered why they had anyone watch me at all. I also wondered if I had any skin left.

"I've got a list of boys today for you. They are all waiting to fuck you into oblivion." He sneered at me, still standing at a safe distance away.

"It will have to wait. We have an operation for it today." One of the lab coats spoke up.

I didn't know if they were scientists or doctors or both so I decided to just refer to them collectively as lab coats. They all sounded the same. All turned a blind eye to the torture and rape because I was their greatest subject. Honestly, I don't know which days I preferred more. Torture days, rape days, or operation days. If I had to choose it probably would be torture. Only because I couldn't feel it anyways. Just sometimes they put me in uncomfortable positions for long periods of time.

"Damn it. Do you want me to prep it?"

Ah yes, if it wasn't in mocking, I was it or thing or mongrel or mutt. I was their plaything and they owned me. Just like before.

"No. I will take it. The doctors are already waiting."

I felt myself being lifted from where I was hanging, the chains coming with me. Chet, I assumed, tossed me over his shoulder like a rag doll and carried me out of the place that was my prison. It was a couple minutes before I was tossed onto a steel bed. It was hard and my head smacked against it made a loud sound. Multiple hands tied me down as I listened.

"We are going to see today if we can't fix that throat. We need to hurry up though, Mark should be here to cut the connections. Then we have a long list of to-do surgeries before the two bigger ones."

The table moved as they wheeled me into another part of the dungeon I was in. There was no feeling of light, no sense of where I was. I knew I wasn't where we had met Ezekiel, that was apparent. Outside of that, I could be anywhere in the world. There was a buzz and I felt a cold metal touch my head. It was so shocking that I nearly cried. They were buzzing my hair off completely.

"Someone sweep this up, quickly! We need to get started."

Someone turned me over, strapping a mask on me. The air tasted heavy and smelled sweet. My head started to become fuzzy and I lost consciousness as their voices droned on in the background.

I woke up to another chatty person in my cell. They were chained to the floor like all the rest. So far, this would make number thirteen.

'Every single person we put in here with you, they will become a part of you. Their death will be the next surgery for you.'

Those words echoed in my head every time I heard them bring in a new victim. I stopped trying to get their attention, stopped trying to push away my boredom by acknowledging them. Some were quiet, knowing exactly why they were here and knew that they wouldn't last long. Others, apparently like this one, were nervous chatters. Rambling into the ether until their throat got sore or they ran out of shit to say. This one reminded me of Pipsqueak. She spoke a mile a minute and worked herself up and down.

"Honestly, how can they even treat us this way? If you're going to kill someone, just get it over with and quit making their life worse than dying already is!"

I chuckled without meaning to, the hissing sound filling room. The voice finally stopped for a second.

"You're... alive?" I lifted my head and adjusted my full body, the chains scraping against the wall and my bones popping. I moved my fingers and flipped her off.

She chuckled as well. "Alright. Alright. You're alive. Didn't need to be that rude."

Shaking my head, I let it fall back against the wall for a bit, relieving the pressure on my neck.

"What's your name? My name is Illya. My mates name is Uriel. I have a sister, her name is Faunus, my brother is Grehgor and..."

She must have been watching when I put my hand up telling her to stop. I signed each letter out. I d-o-n-t-c-a-r-e.

Huffing, she called back, "Gosh you're a rude one. We are death mates and you don't care?"

N-o-t-d-e-a-t-h-m-a-t-e. E-x-p-e-r-i-m-e-n-t.

"What? They told me they were going to harvest my insides. Did they not tell you that?"

F-o-r-m-e.

She went quiet and I knew she understood what I meant. Hell, she may have been able to feel just how fucked up I already was. Surgery after surgery that they put me through but continued to keep me alive. Even going back again and removing what they put in because it wasn't working. I was their toy. Nothing but their supernatural wolf toy. After a moment, I lifted up my hand and signed again.

A-u-r-i.

"Auri? Is that your name?"

I nodded.

"Well, I'm sorry, for what it's worth. That you're stuck here."

I-m-s -o-r-r-yy-o-u-r-h-e-r-e.

She chuckled again. "Me too. My mate is going to be furious. He recently ascended the throne. He told me to be careful. Told me I shouldn't go out. I guess he got the final 'I told you so'."

U-r-i-e-1-?

"Do you know him? Not many wolves know much outside of their own territories. I'm surprised! You must have a hell of a story."

M-e-th-i-m t-w-i-c-e.

"Twice?! Who are you? Auri... Auri... Auri.... it doesn't ring a bell."

Q-u-e-e-n.

"Oh fuck!"

I hissed a chuckle as I heard her slap her hand over her mouth.

"You're that Auri. I'm so sorry. I... how... how could they..."

Shaking my head, I tried to push against the wall with my feet to allow myself to take a deep breath. It was hard but I finally got my chest to expand and exhaled slowly.

"Well, now I know why I'm here."

I cocked my head slightly.

Illya shuffled and I heard the chains move. "My power, which is considerable since I'm the mate of the King, stems from my eyes. If you're the Luna Queen, you're blind right? They might want to transplant my eyes to you."

My heart sank and I balled up my fists until I finally signed. I-m s-o-r-r-y.

Her laugh was musical. "Auri, honestly, if I was going to be some slimy vampire's eyes I would be madder than a kerris awake on a winter's morning. But knowing it's going to you... makes me feel a bit better."

Shaking my head, she started to laugh again. "Yes. Now. I'm not quite talked out. What would you like to hear about? I'm no good with current events, that's U's thing. But I can talk about fey, or about the forest, or..."

H-o-m-e.

"My home?" I nodded and she took a deep breath.

"I haven't been home in years. But where I came from, it was one of the oldest forests outside of the royal city. The trees reached impossibly high and some where so wide if you got my whole town together, you couldn't create a ring around it. But it was home."

Illya jumped into describing every nook and cranny of her home. Quietly, I listened, only shifting minimally knowing how much my chains made noises. At some point, the both of us fell asleep but I was woken up by her humming. It was deep and I could feel the lace of power in it. The same power you could feel when you walked through a fey forest. Shifting so she would know I was awake, she stopped humming.

L-o-v-e-l-y.

"It's a song passed down in my town. I guess, if you are going to have my eyes, I should teach it to you." Her chuckle was more hollow now. I tried to give her a small smile but I'm sure after all this time it looked terrible. "Auri, do me a favor?"

I cocked my head to the side.

"Uriel, he will feel my power, even if it's transferred to you. He may come to you. If he does, can you tell him that I love him. That I want him to raise our children in the old ways as well as the new. And that he was right, as usual."

Shaking my head, I felt tears fall for the first in a long time.

"Please, Auri."

My head fell forward and I squeezed my eyes shut. O-k.

"Thank you. Now, let me teach you this song."

She meticulously went through the song even though I couldn't repeat it. I did in my head though, I memorized every bar, every word. Even though I wasn't familiar with the old fey language, I listened to every syllable she said. Over and over again I repeated it in my head. Committing it to memory. Illya then

went into a long tirade about how she would change the royal city and what should be updated.

The next time I woke up, tears fell again. Illya was gone. The room echoing as my chains scraped and not a single breath outside of my own. I started to choke on my sobs. For the first time, I truly felt broken.

People wonder what the worst kind of torture there is out there. Some immediately think pain. Being in pain is the worst kind of torture. Some say psychological torture or mind games. While I don't like to think of myself an expert in these things, I can say definitively that it's neither of those. I've been broken, beaten, stabbed, resurrected, raped, experimented on, and even occasionally let go to see if I could get free, but nothing is more torturous than boredom.

The time between. I would save the moments when I wasn't left to my own devices. With Micah, I filled my time finishing Max's song. Over and over again. I would go through set lists and list out the things I needed to do in the pack. Now though, all the things seemed lost. Hours, days, weeks, I was just left strapped to the wall. I went through Illya's song but it was hard focusing after a while.

For a while, their experiments broke up the boredom. They would wheel me in, knock me out, and I would wake up hours later back in the cell. Then they figured out I couldn't feel pain. This stopped them knocking me out. Just strapped me to the table and opened my body up as they did god knows what. I couldn't understand why I was still alive. What their endgame was. The doctors looked at me like a new toy they could play with. The guards looked at me the same but for completely different reasons. Someone in charge was keeping me alive.

The only person I had heard that I knew was High Councilor Mark. I swore I would get revenge, either him or his mate. He happily shoved his dick in me while taking all my bonds and severing them. If I hadn't already lost Kai I would have lost her with how he ripped everything away. Though she probably wouldn't have let me end up in this mess, again. That was when it truly felt like I was back in the hands of Micah. Feeling the complete disconnect with my pack and my mate. I wondered if he felt it. If he knew our bond had been cut. I wondered if Logan cared at all. Goddess forgive me that I still loved him. No matter all he had done, I still loved him but I was so tired.

I loved being the Huntress. Loved being Luna. Being a mother. Luna Queen I hated. It made me into a trophy for a king. Then becoming king myself? Fuck that. The first time I realized I still had the Alpha King power I nearly sank Morgan and Hector into the ground. We made a pact, not to tell anyone. I would do my best to never use it. It made it easy to help Vale through his shift. His gene wasn't as strong as I was. It was strong, the power effecting even Morgan but it wasn't even a tickle for me.

Now, even hanging from silver cuffs and silver around my ankles, I struggled to keep the power at bay. I could probably let it loose but it felt dangerous even to me. It was like a light switch had been turned on when my bond was removed. That suddenly a filter on the power was gone. It was exhilarating and frightening. Part of my time was spent flexing it like a muscle. Pushing it out and then pulling it back in. Going back out but only an inch farther. Or an inch shorter. Every time. Adjusting small measurements to get a grasp on it.

My body was weakening. I didn't get food. Whenever I would be put on the table and opened up, they would hook up a bag of what I assumed was nutrients that my body needed. But I was past the point of hunger. At first, it gnawed and growled at me but after a few weeks, it gave up. That was around the time they shaved my head. It was almost a relief with how gross it was getting. It had already grown down to my ears. It was a way to tell how much time had passed. Too much time. Too many surgeries. Too many times of getting raped.

I wished I could fall back in the shell I had before. But all I could do was occupy the space where Kai used to be. It made coping easier but I hadn't lasted this long with Micah. I didn't know if that was a good or bad thing. The door opened and I heard three pairs of feet walk in, wheeling the usual table.

"Will you speak to us today, wolf?"

I raised my middle finger in the cuffs.

"Don't worry. You'll crack soon. Boss is coming to inspect how far along you're coming."

My other finger flipped up. No matter who it was, I wasn't about to just give in to what they wanted. I wasn't THAT far gone yet. The chains slipped from the walls. They never removed them, just piled them up on my body as they wheeled me into what I assumed was their surgery room.

"This time we will need to put her under. It's too much of a risk."

My ears perked up. Finally. Sweet relief. I almost sighed out loud.

"Today is the day we use the fe y parts."

My stomach clenched but there was nothing I could do. I could only feel the bumps in the uneven floor. The jo It as the table hit the swinging doors. The whirl of machines and the drone of voices that filled the room. Then the sickly sweet smell as they put a mask over my face and I breathed in the knockout gas. A single tear managed to fall as darkness took me.



Alpha's Blind Luna Online Free

Chapter 69

Chapter 69

The next time I woke, I was hanging back up in my usual position. My eyes were wrapped with gauze from my nose up to my forehead. The pounding in my head was the same. It happened every time they put me under. It would take days for it to go away. I took stock of my body. Toes moved. Fingers moved. Muscles in my legs and arms were tight but could move. I had been out for a while then just hung up to dry.

"It's awake, sir."

My brown furrowed and I cocked my head slightly. Usually there wasn't someone in here watching. It was only just a guard check. There was another few moments and the door opened to the right of me.

"Well, well. It survived at least."

A door swung open and I could smell their cologne as they got closer.

"You alive, mutt?"

I didn't say anything. They grabbed my chin and yanked me up. I could feel their breath fan on skin and it made me convulse.

"We fixed your voice so you could speak. Didn't they once hail you as the best singer? What was it? 'She could charm a fey'? Isn't that what they said? Come, mutt, sing for me." Smirking, I took a breath and spit right in his face. His hand came across my cheek but I felt no pain.

"Still fight! Still obstinate! Honestly, if I hadn't seen Micah do it, I would have thought it was impossible. But we will. You will be ours. Don't you worry."

He disappeared from in front of me as his footsteps lead out of the room or cell I was being kept in. The door slammed shut, the sound making me wince as the headache was still drilling into my head. My head fell and I sagged against the chains. I let the darkness take me again.

The door slammed open to the room. I shrunk away from the sound into the wall. There were multiple people coming in. I tried to lift myself up but I was so weak and tired, I couldn't even manage to lift my head.

"Sir, are you ready?"

A man spoke as someone tapped a pen on his clipboard. "Yes, of course. Today we get to see if our operation worked."

Someone else stepped forward. From their cold hands, they were a vampire, but from the smell of their perfume it was a woman. Her hands came up and nimbly took off the bandages around my head. She pulled them off carefully but my eyes were still shut. They felt like they were glue together.

"Get me the alcohol."

Moments later, a cold, wet towel brushed against my eyes and my nose was assaulted by the smell of pure alcohol. At first, she was gentle but then she started to scrub. I growled when it felt like she was peeling my skin.

"Most of the glue has been removed. I will remove the stitches now."

Cold metal brushed against my skin and there was the snip of the shears. It pulled my eyelids together and I hadn't really tried to open my eyes, but I was glad I didn't. Considering they were not only glued by stitched shut. The pulling of the stitches finally came out and I sighed.

"Open your eyes now."

It still felt like I was lifting weights with my eyelids but when I was finally able to crack them open, I squeezed them shut. Light filtered through them and it hurt.

“Open your eyes.” The order came harsher this time.

I tried opening them again, the bright lights seemingly burning my eyes. Blinking a few times, I realized that the light calmed down enough for me to see figures. They were blurry but they were there. Tears filled my eyes and spilled over. I could see. For the first time since I was four, I could see with my own eyes.

A bright light shined in them and I winced back but a hand held my chin forward.

“She’s reacting to the light, which is a good sign. Pupils are dilating and eyes are adjusting.”

“Which eyes did we end up going with?”

“One of the fey we had captured. She was powerful and it seemed her power was emanating from her eyes, which is why we chose them. She still had power when we removed them, therefore we felt these were optimal.”

The woman pulled my chin up and I could see her blurry face. She must have been turned in her early twenties. Her glasses sat low on her nose, which turned up slightly.

“It looks like there will still be some time before the optic nerves have the chance to completely heal. Also make a note that they are no longer the original silver color but have changed to an amber color.”

“Will she be able to have access to both powers?”

The woman stepped away, and someone else stepped up with her and they were leaning over, consulting something. “We don’t know yet. With it being fey magic, we don’t know how it would trigger that. We also don’t know how the Alpha King power is triggered.”

“Boss will be happy that the surgery was a success so far. This bodes well for the big one.”

“Agreed.” She replied and stepped away from me.

Without another word, they all filtered out of the room and slammed the door shut. Leaving me to stare at the grey interior of my cell. Tears started to overflow again and I squeezed my eyes shut. It was too much. I couldn't understand any of this. Why they were doing this to me? Why were they fixing me? None of this made sense.

I was woken up by freezing cold water this time. My body shivered and I sputtered, coughing out water that I had breathed in.

“Wake up you mangy mutt. The boss wants to speak to you.”

Taking a couple deep breaths, I did my usual muscle check. Today it seemed my hands were more numb than usual. They hadn't taken me down to do an experiment or to torture in a while. The vampires liked to shove their dick in me while I was hanging so that was all that had been done to me between the last surgery. I wondered which boss was deciding to show up. The door opened and I heard multiple people come in. I tried to place how many but in my weakened state and without wanting to open my eyes, I could only listen to where they were. There were a couple chairs being dragged on the floor. Two chairs were placed inside the room and now I could hear five separate footsteps. My nose picking up different smells but the biggest smell was blood.

“It's so good to see you again, my dear.”

I growled. I knew that voice. My heart hammered in my chest and I strained against the chains. That voice belonged to ex-High Councilor Oran. We had found out his involvement with the BloodHunter Coven after we had eradicated the coven. It turns out, he had his hand in a lot of bloody things. He was an elder and as such, Oran was on the top of my list to kill.

Oran had been the one to issue the blue scroll to Logan's parents and decided the punishment. I allowed Logan to take the kill while I hunted down Jasper, the other High Councilor vampire member. Logan said he was dead. I didn't have a reason to doubt him. Now, I understood how our pack ended up as guinea pigs. Where the Nova came from. That connection when it wasn't the Darkry pack. Anger spilled out of me.

“Oh look, the little wolf is angry. Did your matelie to you? Did you think I was dead? Poor little huntress.” I growled. Straining more, I tried pulling

against the chains. Using what little strength I had to try and get my hands around this vampire's neck.

He tisked and chuckled. "My dear, you can't even move. Let alone kill me. No no. In fact, I want you to sing for me. Just like you used to in the old days."

I snorted. Did he really think I would sing for him? My body fell a little as I stopped straining. He was right. There was no way I could kill him now. Coming in here, I had accepted that I would die here. My life had been lived. There was nothing really further I needed to do. Vale now had his mate by his side, a pack. My girls were mated and off in a different pack. My own pack and family were too far for me to reach now. I thought that my purpose had been fulfilled.

Yet, here Oran was, handing me a breath of fresh air. A slap to the face telling me I was not done yet. I had not wiped the table clean for my family. If there was only one thing left for me, it would be removing Oran's head from his body. It excited me. Filled me with a vigor and a life I hadn't felt in a while.

"Bring him forward please. I think our dear Huntress is being stubborn and needs some motivation."

I heard laughter and then a body being thrown. It hit the floor, seemingly unconscious. My nails started to dig into my skin. Did they think they could break me by bringing someone from my pack? Even if they threw Logan in front of me they would get nothing.

"The silver please."

There was shuffling and then the smell of burning flesh filled my nose. The screams followed. My body went cold and I felt all the blood drain from my face. My hands started to shake as my nails dug further in my skin.

"We found this one not too long ago. Sniffing around another facility. He was alone and honestly, it took someone else to point out who he was. That he could actually be of some use to us."

Hector's scream settled down into a whimper. My body shook. Oran laughed, most-likely seeing my reaction.

"I didn't think it would work this well. Is he special to you, Huntress? Is he a lover now that your mate has abandoned you? Please, enlighten us! What would you be willing to do for him, little wolf?"

His screams filled the room again and I jerked against the chains. Solely running on adrenaline, my only thoughts were of protecting him. My beta. My friend. The man who continued to love me no matter the shit I pulled. I knew he loved me. Ever since he was assigned to me back when I first arrived at the pack. I knew but I thought it would phase out. That he would find his mate and I would no longer be the focus of his love. Hector never got to be with his mate, and somehow he didn't hate me for it either. He supported me and never crossed the line, knowing Logan was my fated mate.

Over the years, our friendship deepened to more than just friends. We had a platonic relationship that couldn't be rivaled. When Logan started to turn on Vale, it was Hector who helped step up to fill that hole. When Logan turned his back on me, it was Hector who continued to protect me and make me feel loved.

The only person who I would break for was him. Oran had done it. Inadvertently, he found my weakness. The same weakness that Max was to me. Someone that I loved and cherished.

"It seems like he never has been tortured before. I thought the Huntress surrounded herself with people who were tough and the same as you, broken and fucked up. But then here is this wolf, he cries and screams at the smallest of pains. I didn't even need to pull his claws out to get him to tell me that he loved you." Oran laughed again, seemingly finding our position amusing.

The screams finally subsided and I felt the tears chains and they rattled as they brushed against one another.

"Now now, Huntress, calm down. I won't torture him. As long as you listen to me. Is that understood?"

Desperately, I tried to pull harder. I felt my muscles strain and my shoulder starting to dislocate as I pulled. His screams filled the air again.

"Am... I... understood?"

I nodded, my body sagging further as I gave up against the fight. He needed to be okay. He couldn't go through this. Hector couldn't become like me. He

was my light. My star and my guide when I knew I was slipping away. If all it took was my obedience, then they would have it.

“Alright, little huntress. Now that you understand the position you are in. I want you to sing.” He hummed for a moment. “I want you to sing that number... oh what was it.... it was Maximillion's favorite. The one in Italian that you sang when he died.”

The lump in my throat got bigger. I had refused to sing it over the years. It was Max's favorite and after that day, the song was placed in a special shelf. I didn't listen to it. Didn't sing it. Except once every year on the anniversary of his death I would sing it in my head but never in day to day. Never to this asshole.

Hector took a sharp breath and laughed. “She can't speak, you idiot. One of the boys from your crew nearly killed her. Took out her voice. You're asking the...” Hector didn't finish the sentence as he screamed. Whatever they were using most likely pressed against him.

“Are you going against me, Huntress?”

My throat felt dry. I licked my cracked and dry lips. Slowly, I shook my head.

“Good.” The screaming stopped and I heard Hector cough and gulp in breaths. There were two snaps. “Give her a glass of water and let her drink it. If her throats dry, she can't sing.”

It was only a minute before a glass of water was pressed to my lips and I drank greedily. I didn't know how many days since I had water. The glass tipped up and I licked my broken and chapped lips.

“Sing, Huntress. Or I will make this wolf go through such excruciating pain that he won't know his up from his down. Maybe I'll even turn him against you.”

Taking a deep breath, I straightened myself out, trying to take the weight off my chest a bit. Surprisingly, the words came out smoothly. My throat was itchy and I knew I didn't have a second song in me but I could do this one. My own voice filled my ears and I wanted to cry. Twenty years, since being able to sing; being able to speak aloud.

The room had gone silent as I sang. Out of all of it, it was breathing deep for the longer notes that was the hardest. My hanging position was not allowing

me to take a full breath. At points the words came out in hushed whispers. But I continued until the end. There was silence that followed and after a few minutes, a chair moved. But it was Hector who spoke first.

“Auri... Auri... I love you. I...”

I smiled sadly. “And I you.”

“Lock him up next to her. I want him to see her. But I don't want them to be able to touch to each other. No one touch him either.” Oran barked out orders and I could hear them drag Hector.

Tears started to fall again, knowing how they were going to torture him. It would be me. What they had been doing to me was enough to make him lose his mind and I cried. He didn't need to see the kind of things they put me. My body sagged and I felt my wrists dislocate. I was too tired. Everything felt heavy and sleep took me over.



Alpha's Blind Luna Online Free

Chapter 70

Chapter 70

Trigger Warning: There are some scenes depicting a little more in depth of rape so I wanted to add a quick trigger warning for some.

I breathed quietly, trying not to stir him. I knew he had passed out at some point but I didn't know when the last time he had slept. Peeling my lids back, I blinked a few times, trying to clear my vision. It had been so long since I could see, it was disconcerting. Not that there was much to see in this grey concrete box.

My eyes fell on Hector. He wasn't chained to the wall but rather the floor. His ankles and wrists were locked and I dug my teeth into my bottom lip. That must hurt him so much. The silver was already making its marks on his skin. He was laying on the floor, his face turned to me with his eyes closed. I wanted to brush the hair out of his face.

The last time I had seen Hector was when he stood in my doorway before I left for the blue scroll mission from the High Council all those years ago. He

had both changed and not changed at all. His shoulders were broader and he was just all around bigger. His muscles carved the shape of his body and his skin was still dark. His hair had been left long but it had scattered grey in it now. I cocked my head to the side, taking in his face. It was thinner than I knew it should be. There was also a start of a beard from lack of shaving. But his maturity had made his face far more attractive. All around, he was beautiful. Someone that deserved to be on the cover of a magazine.

Seeing him stir, I closed my eyes again and leaned my head back against the wall. It pained me that he was here. It should only be me going through this bullshit. Hector didn't mean anything to Oran other than a way to get me to comply. I gritted my teeth. That man's death was signed as soon as he spoke. I would get my hands around his fucking neck and it would be removed from the rest of his body, then burned to ash.

"Auri...?" Hector's voice was gritty and dry.

I took a breath. "Hey there stranger."

He choked out a sob and I heard him strain against his chains.

"Stop, Hector. Stop. You'll only put yourself through more pain. Please."

"How... I..."

I chuckled. "Dear, gather your thoughts for a moment." He whined but I asked, "What happened? How did they grab you?"

"I was in Iceland tracking down another one of their facilities. Apparently, this group was pissed having a wolf come around and sent out their whole army. For a week or so they kept me but then Oran grabbed me. Figured out our connection and brought me here."

I breathed out a sigh of relief. It has only been a couple weeks for him. If he had been tortured because of me, kept in chains for months, I don't think I could have forgiven myself. Not that we were in a much better situation now. But at least I could control his torture. Fuck, I'd have to be obedient. Another chuckle left me as I heaved a sigh.

"How long have I been gone?"

"Almost two years."

I swore and tried to adjust my arms. My right wrist popped out of the socket as I did but it alleviated some of the pressure.

“Auri?”

I hummed.

“Are you okay?”

Hector made me laugh. “I don't know if that's quite the right question in this circumstance.”

He didn't say anything for a while and I wondered if he had fallen back asleep. Peeling my eyes open, our eyes met and his widened. I gave him a small smile. “Hi.” It came out as a whisper.

“Can you... can you see me?”

I nodded and his eyes started to well up. My hands itched to wipe the tears away. It was more torture than I held felt, not being able to hold him, to tell him it would be okay. Suddenly, my boredom was gone but if it meant that they would free Hector, I wished for it for another two years.

“Auri, they match Vale's eyes. The color, anyways. How... how did they...?”

I shook my head. “It must have adjusted when they healed. The original owners eyes were silver.”

He winced. “Original owner?”

Moving my head back, I closed my eyes. I didn't want to talk about it. Didn't want to tell him how much less of a wolf I was. How their experiments turned me into something else entirely. I didn't want to tell him all that I had gone through.

“Auri, what...?” His question was cut off by the scraping of the door as it swung open.

Oran, I knew from the shoes stepped in followed by two, most likely, lab coats.

“Sorry to interrupt your little reunion. I've just had a brilliant idea. I wanted to share with you both.”

Hector growled and pulled against his chains. I knew better at this point. Resignation settled into me as I hung there. I didn't even bother to drop my head forward or look at him. There would be no fighting whatever he had planned. It was just better to get it over and done with.

"Look at that, already she's so good. I should have snagged wolf-boy months ago." Oran was looking for a rise and he wasn't going to get one.

He strode up to me and grabbed my jaw, leveling my head. "Look at me, your Highness."

I opened my eyes and spit in his face. His hand came down so hard across my cheek I was pretty sure I blacked out for a couple seconds.

"Leave her alone!" Hector yelled at him, still straining against his chains. They rattled and scrapped against the floor.

Oran leaned in, his lips to my ears but he still had his eyes on Hector. "The fact that this one wolf has been tearing through my properties for over a year now. Looking for you specifically. I wonder, how much does he love you, mutt? Does he know what you've become? What I've created you for? Would he still hold you in his arms and love you?"

I swallowed hard as stared into Hector's eyes. Oran wasn't saying it loud enough for him to hear. Just me. Trying to get me to react.

"Why doesn't you tell him and see, you snake? Goddess knows you wouldn't know love because no one could love a monster like you." The comment earned me another hard slap but I was smirking this time. He was easy to rile up.

"Hector, my boy, do you love this wolf?"

Hector's eyes went wide and he stopped struggling. "W... what?"

"I asked you if you loved this woman? Or she-wolf? I dunno what you call one another. Do you love her?"

His eyes met mine but I couldn't move, I couldn't give anything away. He would need to figure out this on his own. "I don't see how that's any of your damn business."

Oran laughed. "Oh, oh but it is. Are you willing to do anything for her? To keep her safe? To help her?"

Hector's eyes flickered back to me but he gritted his teeth. "I would..." His words caught as he stared at the floor.

"Then you would mark her as she hangs from these chains?"

I couldn't help it, my eyes widened and I looked at Oran. What the hell was he fucking thinking? The smirk on his face made me want to punch him but his eyes were on Hector. Turning, I looked and my heart sunk. Hector's face etched in horror. I knew Hector loved me. Honestly, I loved him as well. Maybe not as much or what I felt he deserved but I did. It hurt a little, a twinge to see him that horrified at the thought of marking me.

"The look on your face tells me you wouldn't. Not even to save your poor love? How disappointing." Oran tisked and I looked away from Hector, who hung his head. "Shall we see how long he lasts, Auri?"

My brows furrowed as Oran walked away from me. He opened up the door and grabbed Chet. "Isn't it Thursday? Why don't you continue with your routine?"

I started to shake. Wildly, I looked from Oran, who was smirking, back to Hector. Goddess above, help us. I knew what was coming.

"Hector... Hector, you need to listen to me."

His head came up and I saw the anguish in his eyes but I couldn't deal with that now.

"You need to do something for me. I need you to close your eyes and put your forehead on the floor. Can you do that for me?"

"Auri... what...?" I looked at the door. Oran smiling as I saw a few more guards starting to gather outside the door. Fuck, I was running out of time. Oran was going to torture Hector in the worst way, through me.

"Listen to me, whatever happens next, know that this is normal for me, okay? I'll be alright. But you need to promise me to keep your eyes shut and your

head down. Please Hector.”I wasn't above begging. My voice laced with the pain of him being here for this.

“Alright. I don't know why... but okay.”

Tears threatened to fall as I watched him crouch down, putting his head down, his eyes closed.

“Good. Thank you. Don't move until I say so, alright, it will be over soon, I promise.”I tried to keep my voice light but it shook.

Just as I finished, five guards walked in. Closing my eyes, I didn't need to see them licking their lips. Didn't need to see them unzipping their uniform parts and bringing out their dicks. Like he said, this was a usual Thursday. Every Monday and Thursday, they would interrupt my day. They would come in, five at a time. Chet was the ring leader of this whole charade. Sometimes there would be three groups, sometimes seven, depending on who could make it.

It was at these times, I was glad for still having the space where Kai used to be. Sure it was quiet and lonely but I didn't need to be present. Didn't need to feel their fangs bite my skin, chew on my breasts, shove their pencil dicks into every hole. I made the mistake of coming out of it once and nearly choked as they slammed down my throat. Never again. Instead, I would close my eyes and retreat into my mind. Singing helped block out their sounds and I found that usually four songs were all the time each group were given.

Like clockwork, the fourth song finished and Chet hollered at them that their time was up and the next group could go in. I waited to start up the next song until their hands touched me. It was nearing the end of the second song when I heard Hector cry out.

“Stop... please... I'll do it. I'll do it... just... stop them...”

The five stepped back and I came out of my mind, opening my eyes and looked into Hector's. Tears streamed down his face as he looked at me. He was shaking as he strained against his chains.

“I told you to keep your eyes closed.”I whispered and his eyes flashed with anger for a split second.

Oran, though, walked back into the room after the five had left, looking absolutely giddy. He clapped.

“Well, well, looks like he does love you after all.”

I growled and spat at him. “Fucking monster.” He rolled his eyes. “At least I’m only one type of monster. What about you, your Highness?”

There is was again. That stupid nickname. I was going to murder this vampire. It didn’t matter if it was the last thing I did. His agenda with this made no sense. He removed Logan’s bond, why would he want to have me marked again? Didn’t that defeat the purpose?

“Don’t worry, Hector, we will help you out. We know this will be hard on you.” Oran patted his head and I growled but he paid me no mind. “Did you know the right concoction of fairy dust and crystalthine can induce a fake heat in wolves? We found it while experimenting around with other ingredients. It’s fake, so it’s shorter but it doesn’t include the pain. It does take a bit to kick in but boy would you think it was the real thing.”

I swallowed, my throat dry. Hector was still shaking but he was looking at the floor. While I couldn’t see his eyes, I could see the tears splashing on the concrete ground.

“I’ve even decided to give you guys some time together. Don’t say I never did anything for you.”

He leaned down and jammed a syringe into Hector’s neck. Hector jerked back but the chains kept him in place. Once the serum was in him, Oran pulled the needle out and backed up.

“Enjoy, you two. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

The solid door slammed shut and suddenly we were alone again. I didn’t know what to say. Nothing would make this better for him. Suddenly, the chains that held me up, loosened. Falling to the floor with a grunt, I would like to say I gracefully landed on all fours but I did not. Between my shoulders and wrists being dislocated and my legs not actually holding up my weight, my face crashed into the floor and I struggled to get up.

Looking up at the wall, the chains that held me, snaked through small holes in the wall to the other side. Pulling on the chain, even more came through. Is

this what he meant by saying he was giving us time together? I looked back over at Hector. He was still on all fours, eyes looking straight down at the ground. Putting my hands against the wall, I took a deep breath and slammed my wrists back into the socket. As I flexed my wrists, they crackled but it seemed to work and stay in place. I'm sure it would have hurt but there were upsides to not feeling pain. My shoulders were next as I leaned into the wall, quickly, throwing my body back into alignment.

I knew I couldn't walk. Hell, I could barely have the strength to sit up but damn it if I wouldn't try to reach him. The distance between us had to be about 20ft. It was a large room but never did it feel so large as trying to drag my weakened body across to reach him. I got a little more than halfway when the chain stopped. Trying to tug on it, the chain refused to budge. I looked back at now the ten feet or so between us.

"Hector." I watched him shiver as I said his name.

"I couldn't... I couldn't knowing I could stop it. I'm sorry... I'm sorry..." His voice was so broken.

I swallowed and smiled. "Hector, look at me."

He shook his head, squeezing his eyes shut even harder.

"Please, Hector." Again, this man was making me beg. If we got out of here, I was going to have words with him.

Slowly, he looked up at me but was shocked to see me so close. He was so much in his own head he hadn't even heard me fall or come closer.

Reaching out, Hector started to pull at his own chains and they gave, running through the holes in the ground. His arms wrapped around me in seconds after he realized it. I couldn't help it, as my arms wrapped around him, I cried into his shoulder. The warmth radiating off of him, the feeling of someone else was more than I could hold back and I sobbed into him. It only made him hold me tighter, burying his head into the crook of neck.

