

# The Last Alpha Standing

## Chapter 7

“We won’t attack now?” Foire said to Illac with nothing but confusion in his tone. Illac had decided to at least give Solana and her group of clowns a time to bid their farewell to one another.

“Yeah, take it as my kind gesture,” he said that annoyed Foire down to his tail. They are currently waiting in their den around Satan because Illac figured that they could use some rest first but obviously, Foire isn’t a big fan of his selfish decision.

“You’re kidding,” Foire said. His head is about to erupt any minute now. He doesn’t understand why is there a need to rest.

“Nah, it’s quite a task capturing her so I say that we prepare then attack them during nightfall,” Illac said while yawning. Foire doesn’t know what to think, maybe his brother is tricking him into giving up because, after all, it is in their nature.

“And if they know that we were coming?” Foire raised a question that Illac didn’t think of.

“Then it’s up to-”

“You? Huh,” Foire wanted to laugh, however, he knows how to at least read the room.

“No, it’s up to fate. Even if we die, it doesn’t matter because Kala’s going to kill us anyway,”

“Don’t be so sure,” Foire said with full of pride. He and Illac never see eye to eye even as a child. They always want different things, enjoy different things, and even have different principles in life. They are pretty much cats and dogs in a matter.

“Okay, but we’d still attack them during nightfall,” Illac said to his brother who is stomping at his bed to interrupt his peacefulness.

“Ugh! I hate your haughtiness, it’s unbearable!” Foire said and walked out on Illac. They never really be able to stand each other’s individuality but they always stick with each other.

“Silly brother, why can’t he just listen?” Illac groaned. He wouldn’t want to admit it but all he ever cares about is Foire, he’s trusting Kala too much that he’s afraid he’d be eaten by that trust.

Foire was just outside polishing his blades with care. The night is coming and he can’t sit still anymore. He was being pulled with the chains in his feet. The cold breeze from the supernatural border began gushing, touching their pale white skins. Illac has been silent for an hour or so, figuring out how he can protect his naive brother that never listens to him.

Ghouls started coming out in their dens, vampires are starting to bargain to the only human that is 'known' to sell blood in the dark peddle, the necromancer is doing their usual ritual by the tomb of the forsaken, and well, all werewolves with no alpha in their pack are started howling. Foxes are rare, there are only 10 foxes living in the supernatural border, afraid of coming out because they have their beliefs, foxes are supreme, never to compromise nor be held down by anyone, they see themselves as deities because they're rare and strong.

"It's nightfall," Foire said as he kicks Illac's side of the bed. Illac hissed at him. "I know, you fool," Illac stood up and cracked his neck. He didn't bother getting his spear, the one he uses to control his lightning, he plans on wreaking havoc tonight down Imperio.

"No spear?"

"Don't need. Why the blades?"

"Just for fun,"

"Leave their Alpha to me," Foire added as he swung his blade through the air making a swoosh sound.

If there is one thing that Foire and Illac agree on, it's fighting. They are well aware of their strength, their power, and even their knowledge surpasses everyone. They are not the roots of the supernatural border for nothing.

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"What is taking them so long?" Solana protested. She's angry, obviously. None of her betas has responded to her howls. It's not a good thing to ignore your Alpha, it's pretty much like ghosting your parents.

"You gave them a pretty hard task, Solana. Give them a break," Nerissa said trying her best to conserve and gather all her magical power. She needs to do this on a whim, because if she don't, Solana and her betas are doomed.

"That was one simple task, even abnormal ghouls can do that," Solana said on the verge of losing control because of her betas. Nerissa just closed her eyes and sighed. Not all werewolves are as genius and strong as Solana, she's one hell of a miracle. "No one in their right mind would send amateurs down here in Imperio to look for a necromancer. Just pray that they aren't being a ghouls viand," she said. Sure enough, Imperio is the least safe place in the supernatural border. In here, ghouls are ruthless, magical creatures are hard-hearted, vampires are remorseless. There are at least five necromancers living done here including Nerissa, and that's all. And the fact that the other necromancers detest werewolves and vampires, it's really a hell of a task.

"They're stronger than they seem, they'll push their limits when it's needed,"

"And Kiera?"

"She's fine," Solana hopes. If there is one thing that she is worried about, that is Kiera being a ghouls food. She can't go back to square one, she has already gotten this far.

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"Fuck! Damian!" Kiera shouted with all of her might. They are running away with their lives because a group of ghouls happened to catch them while looking for a necromancer to help them.

Kiera is almost within her limits, she still has no idea how to trigger her strength, and Damian on the other hand, well, is not really a physical type of guy. They just raced earlier to shake off two big bad foxes that wanted their Alpha dead and now a bunch of insane ghouls probably has rabies if that is a thing for them is chasing them down to the depth of Imperio.

Damian grabbed Kiera by her arms to make her keep her pace with him, "Shit, I can't run anymore!" Kiera said, her breathing is terrible and she feels like she'd collapsed any moment now.

As much as possible, Damian doesn't want to shift because instead of getting away, he might just injure himself but the ghouls are not really being mellow with them.

"I'll shift," Damian said while running. He removed the jacket and bonnet he was wearing letting his long blond hair fall down. His hair is shoulder length, it is much longer than Kiera thought it would be. Damian tosses his things for him to be able to shift much easier. He still can't control his wolf form and is terrible at it but it's their last resort if they wanted to get in the lair breathing.

"Are you sure?!" Kiera yelled as she takes a peek at the ranging ghouls behind them, she doesn't want to get eaten by ghouls but she's afraid that Damian might be the one to eat her.

"Come on, Damian! At least tell me you're sure!"

"Hell yes I am!" he shouted and grabbed Kiera by her arms from behind and tosses her high up.

"I'll catch you!" Damian said and ripped his shirt. His bones started cracking as he screams in agony. He howled, it was loud enough to be heard by anyone throughout the whole Imperio. In a split second, the Damian that was eunuch looking has transformed into a 7 feet tall white wolf. It was as if the time slowed and Kiera was falling down the ground slowly. She was mesmerized by Damian's transformation. Her eyes were glowing, maybe his roar triggered the wolf part in her because her eyes suddenly became bright blue.

And as promised, seconds before Kiera fall to the ground, Damian caught her in his back and started sprinting. He is pushing himself to his limit right now, all he could think of is the girl's safety that's riding on his back and how to shake the ghouls off their tail.

Kiera was still processing the beauty of a werewolf transforming in its true form, and thought would she be able to do that as well?

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"You heard that?" Solana said with her face bearing a big smirk. Of course, she heard his betas howl. She walked towards the window with her arms cross as her eyes glow.

"Someone's challenging his limits,"