



## Chapter 4

Caden's POV

What she has just sprouted out seems possibly like something you would find at the back of a badly written horror flick.

"You got home and found your mother dead with her heart ripped out of her chest," I ask dryly, barely able to keep the disbelief out of my voice.

Our town, Gravelo, hasn't had any report of a psychopathic murder in years. Sure, my territory was my main concern but I had made sure that the towns surrounding it were fairly safe. I've had visits to the sheriff to make sure that everything was in place. Not once has he mentioned anything about these killings.

It could also mean that it started recently or that Alessia was targeted and not just a random visit. Somehow, the thought of that being the truth brought a curling sick feeling that settled into my stomach.

Well, there was only one way to find out if she was telling the truth.

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Thirty minutes later, I standing in front of a door that looked





like a complete replica of the one Alessia described. It had the same chipped off-white color that she mentioned with the same mat placed outside. It is also completely bare of any surrounding neighbors or any sign of life just like she also mentioned.

My hands land on the doorknob, about to open it before I give a pause, a slightly alarming thought entering into my head.

What if this was all a trick? I could open this door and be completely swarmed with rouges waiting for me on the other side. Maybe I should have brought some warriors along.

"Is everything okay, Alpha?" Alex asks from behind me.

That pulls me out of my thoughts.

I had the best warriors behind me. If anything should occur, I'm glad that they are the ones that are going to be watching my back.

"Let's go in," I say in a low voice to Alex and Raphael.

I can't hear anything from inside but I still open the door slowly. One step into the house and I'm staring at the body of Alessia's mother which has its heart ripped out just like she said. She was telling the truth.

"Fuck," Caden muttered, coming to my side and also staring





at the body. "What did that?"

I had no idea. It could simply be a case of a rouge that lost it and went rabid, but something in my gut has me feeling that it's far more than that.

"Check upstairs," I tell Alex and Caden as I walk closer to the body.

I hear Alex and Caden's footsteps climb up the stairs. I drop down to my knees beside the body, examining the person who was my mate's mother.

I can't imagine how she felt when she walked in on this scene. I too lost my Mother at a fairly young age and it felt like the pain would never go away.

If I had walked in and found my Mom like this, I have no idea how I would have reacted.

With a sigh, I get back on my feet and pick up a blanket thrown over the couch.

Walking back to the body, I place the blanket over it. Once the body is covered, my gaze finally takes in the room for the first time.

The house has a homey vibe to it from the flowers in the vase to the pictures hung on the wall. Even the faded wallpapers gives it a warm and cozy feeling.





I stop myself from going over to examine said pictures. This wasn't why I came here.

Once I got upstairs, I walked into the room that had Alessia's strongest scent. My feet take me over there before I even realize that I'm already moving.

I find Alex already in the room and I have to find the urge to let out a growl. "Go check the other rooms, I'll take over from here."

Without a word, Alex walks out of the room. Left alone, I look around, trying to figure out what sort of person Alessia is. A person's room says a lot about them.

As I looked around the completely bare room save for some photos, I had no inkling of who Alessia was. I could say that she was a warm person from the flowers-themed wallpaper but another glance at the room has me feeling otherwise.

With another sigh -something I seem to be doing a lot, I walk over to her bedside table. I have to sidestep the broken pieces of mirror and the cluster of furniture and books thrown on the floor. The thought that someone was in her room and went through her things has my vision blurring.

I sit down on her bed and start opening the drawers, looking for anything that might have been left behind by the murderer. After a thorough look around the room, I'm assured that this isn't just a case of a rogue gone mad. She was





definitely the target. The thorough searching of her room could not lead me to believe anything else.

We wrap it up and take the body and a bag of Alessia's belongings back to the house. At the last moment, I also decided to bring some of her mother's.

We pass through the underground tunnel so as not to stir up the house with rumors.

I mind link one of the guards watching Alessia to bring her to the tunnels.

Watching Alessia fall to her knees with a heart-wrenching sob has my wolf screaming to be let out so that he can comfort her. But I can't do that.

All I could do was stand beside her and watch as she cried into her mother's body. All the while thinking about one question.

Who is Alessia and who are the people after her?



SEND GIFT



COMMENT

