

The Alpha's Little Rogue by Lovey Dovey #Chapter 81 - Read The Alpha's Little Rogue by Lovey Dovey Chapter 81

Chapter 81

Chapter 81 Caden's POV I'm sitting on a chair placed beside my bed, gripping Alessia's hand in mine, and praying to the Moon. goddess that she pulls through this. According to the pack doctor, the knife that was used on both Alessia and Jake had been laced with a deadly venom that currently has no cure. It's a venom that can only be created by the strongest witch and now that venom is running through Alessia's and Jake's veins, killing them from within. Alessia didn't inject much of the venom so the pack doctor is hoping that her supernatural healing will be enough to pull her through it. Jake isn't so lucky. The blade had stabbed him just below his heart and nothing short of the antidote will be able to save his life. They manage to revive him and have him shift back into his human form. I shudder as I remember the painful screams he had let out when his body had shifted back. It must have been excruciatingly painful, but the only way the pack doctor can decipher just how badly he's hurt is to have him shift back into his human form. It was one of the few times that I've seen a man wring and twist on the bed as he probably prays for a quick death. He had to be given a sedative before he could fall asleep. Sighing, my head drops on the bed, weariness tearing at me and wearing me down. I refuse to fall asleep and miss Alessia waking up or not be close to her when she needs something. That's why I've been seated right beside her for the better part of a day. Yet, there's still no sign of her waking her and I have my suspicions that the pack doctor is now avoiding me because I keep harassing him for any development on the antidote. Standing up from the chair that probably has a permanent imprint of my ass on it, I throw one last glance at Alessia's lithe form on the bed and head for the door. Opening it softly, I slip out and shut it behind me. Then I start walking with one destination in mind. Pushing the metallic door leading to the dungeon open, I walk in and bask in the screams and yells coming from the man in the corner. A man that's cowering against the wall as Alex presses a hot

rod into his shoulder. I walk over to them and place a palm on Alex's shoulder. "I'll take it from here," I say and smile darkly as the color in the man's face drains away, his terror clear as day. He throws up, bending at the waist with his palms planted on the dirty floor, but since he hasn't been given any food in the day that he has been here, all that comes out of him is dry heaves. Crunching my nose, I glance at the weakling in disgust before looking back at Alex. "Go keep watch at the boulders." He nods, walking over to the only table in the room and dropping the hot rod on top. He nods respectfully at me once more before he steps out of the dungeon, leaving me and that man alone. The man quivers, tears rolling down his eyes as he presses his back into the wall behind him, probably

Chapter 81 hoping to disappear from my line of view. I can't exactly blame him for the way he's acting. 80% 11:40 Ever since the attack, I've been visiting him hourly,

inflecting tiny irrevocable injuries on him for every hour that Alessia doesn't open her eyes. Right now, his right hand is a stump, having lost all his five fingers. His left hand still had one more finger left on it. A finger that I'm coming for. I've made sure to have him treated after every session we have. Thank d for werewolves super superhealing powers. I want him to be alive for as long as Alessia is asleep and when she wakes up, that's the day he'll take his last breath. It'll be better if I can get something out of him before then but I'm not really picky. I'll find who is behind this with or without his help. Walking over to the whimpering man curled up in a ball on the floor, I clutch the front of his shirt and make sure to avoid the puddle of vomit on the floor. I drag him toward the chair in the room and dump his a s s into it. Then I walk towards the table, running my fingers across the various weapons laid out across it, looking for my choice of weapon for today. My fingers land on a knife, almost identical to the one he used on Alessia and Jake. I smile

sinisterly as I pick it out of the line of weapons and head over to my victim. He shudders as he sees the object in my hand as I approach him, but he knows better than to try to run away. The last time he did that, it cost him an extra finger. I stalk towards him, relishing the terror in his eyes, and smiling once I see the liquid sliding onto the floor from his chair. I can't even count the number of times that I've made him lose control of his bladder. Yet, he still won't give away who he's working for. Not that I'm giving up anytime soon. I'm sure that I'll be able to cra c k him open one of these days. Standing in front of him, I lean over so that over faces are close. "Is today going to be the day that you finally talk?" I ask, itching to dig that knife into his flesh, but I have to draw this out. I can't make him lose too much blood or it'll be over before I even start. I hate leaving early and heading back to that room where Alessia lays motionless on the bed. He s ob s, sinking into the chair as I draw out a pool of blood from his arm.

Chapter 82

Chapter 82 Caden's POV My shirt is sticking to my skin and the stench from the room is starting to become unbearable but he still isn't talking. I'm not done with him so I'm not giving up yet. Sooner or later, he's going to sing like a bird. I take the rod that is burning in the fire the same one that Alex was using on him and close up the wound, scrunching my nose as the smell of burning flesh feels the air. Doing this helps the bleeding to stop and makes the wound heal faster. Done with the knife, I walk back to the table and dispose of the b lo o d y knife, knowing that someone is going to come in here once I'm done and all these items will be cleaned up for my next visit. We can't risk him getting an infection and dying before I'm ready to end his life. That won't be good. Running my fingers through the weapons again, I smile as my eyes catch a chainsaw. Picking it up. I hold it in my hand to get a feel of it and smile again when it fits perfectly in my hand. It's like it was made just for me. Decision made, I start walking back to the chair and his eyes bulge out once he catches the new present I have for him. "N-no," he cries out but still doesn't bolt out of his chair or try to escape out of the door that isn't locked. "I-I can't take any more of this. His eyes hold mine, pleading with me to put him out of his misery. "Please, just kill me. Kill me!" I click my tongue, shaking my head at him. "My mate is still lying on my bed and as long as she's unconscious, there's no death for you. There's

no harm in telling the man what exactly lies in his future. "I'm not completely unreasonable though. If you were to give me what I want, I might just consider letting you rest for the rest of the day without another visit for me." His eyes widen at those words and I see the wheels turning in his head. Not having another visit from me for the whole day is probably the definition of paradise for him. "I'll t-talk," he says, his shoulder dropping in defeat. "Please, just stop hurting me."

Chuckling, I walk closer to him. "The information you give to me is what is going to determine that?" I'm not so stupid to believe whatever comes out of his mouth. I'm going to have my investigation conducted and if what he says is true then I might just consider letting him rest for the day. "Start talking" I stand in front of him, the chainsaw still in my hand to remind him of what's at stake here. If I get a whiff of deceit for him then this chainsaw is going into his bones. "We got our orders from. Jude." The fear in his eyes is clear as day when he utters that name. "Who is Jude?" I've come across several persons bearing that name. There's no way for us to know who he is with such a common name and if that's the only leverage that this man has then this day is about to be a very long day for him. "He's the Beta of Silver Wood Pack" Silver Wood Pack. It's one of the few packs that we haven't visited yet. It was meant to be the next pack on 1/2 JJ M M M BBBBBB M UN 80% 11:40 Chapter 82 our list. My blood runs cold. "The Beta?" I echo, wondering if I might have heard him wrong. Could this Beta be the one that we're been searching for all these days? Could Alessia and my life be linked in some sort of way? He nods, looking sick and I tentatively step back, not wanting to get in the crossroad of another hauling. "Alessia's father is the Alpha of the pack and Jude wants that position. He's willing to do anything to get it." His fear increases tremendously, enough for me to smell the stench of it on him. He's such a weakling. My mind is racing from all this new information. So many pieces of the puzzle are falling into place, but I have a few questions for him. Questions that will determine just how much this Jude deserves

the hell that's coming his way. "Has this Jude ever sent out a rogue attack on any pack in the past?" My heart stills as I wait for an answer that I already know. "Yes." He nods frantically, now eager to give the information that he was previously holding onto so tightly. "He planned to attack the neighboring packs, take over control and with the fighters that he has, he planned to then attack his pack and kill the Alpha." The Silver Wood Pack had previously been the largest and most powerful pack in the region. Not anymore though. My pack has taken over that position recently and as I think over it, I understand Jude's reasoning. Take out the little packs first and then use his army to take out the big pack. Except that his plan failed. He didn't take out my pack. He tried his damndest but we fought hard until the very end and are still bearing the losses. Losses that were caused by him. I breathe harshly through my nose, forcing the memories to not resurface. "Why does he keep coming after Alessia?" I know she's the Alpha's daughter but if his plans didn't work out before then how does killing Alessia feature into any other plan that he has? "She's the only thing standing in his way." A pause. "He's slowly poisoning her father and the only thing that will stop him from claiming the Alpha position is Alessia coming back to claim her birthright."

Chapter 83

Chapter 83 Caden's POV The chainsaw in my hand slips and falls onto the ground and I completely ignore it, already turning around on my heels and walking towards the door. 'Get the fighters ready. We're going somewhere, I hurriedly mind-link to Alex, praying that he does that order swiftly. Time is of the essence. Alessia's father might die if we're too late. If Jude has caught wind of what happened- that his mastermind plan has failed like all his other plans- he's going to just kill off her father and use the power he gets to come for Alessia. I can't let that happen. Stepping out of the dungeon, I nod swiftly at the guard stationed outside the room. He knows the drill- keep an eye on the prisoner at all times. He nods back at me and reaches into his pocket to bring out the key for the door. I turn around, assured that my prisoner is going to be right where I left him when I come back, and start heading for the pack house. I stalk towards Isiah's room, knocking twice and dropping my hand down to my side as I wait for him to answer the door. The door falls open, showing Isiah with sleepy eyes. I guess I should have expected that seeing as it's late in the night and every normal person is already tucked into their bed. "What is it?" He asks, opening his door wide and stepping out of the room, probably making out the expression on my face as urgent. "Did something happen?" "We found him," I simply state and watch the changes that take place on his face. The sleep in his eyes disappears and his shoulders stiffen, his body going on alert. "Who is it?" He asks, looking anxiously at me for the answer. "Jude. The Beta of Silver Wood Pack," I answer quickly, wanting to speed up this process so why can go on. to finding that b a s t a r d? His breath catches, his eyes a conflict of emotions- happiness, anger, disbelief, and...peace.

I feel each and every one of those emotions within me. At long last we finally found the person behind the attacks. The person that caused all these pains and suffering in our lives. "We're going to go get him right now. Come with us." He deserves to be right beside me when I snap Jude's head off his shoulders. "We don't have time on our side. He's poisoning Alessia's father and might decide to kill him anytime soon." His brows pinch together, the confusion is obvious on his face. Chapter 83 "I'll explain everything on our way there but we have to start moving now, I rush out. "Ok," he nods hurriedly as he realizes the urgency of this situation. "I'll go get changed." I almost tell him to forget about putting on a change of clothes but the man is standing in just a boxer and I guess he's going to need to be properly dressed when we confront Jude. "I'll be waiting downstairs with the fighters," I tell him, turning around and heading for my room that's two doors away from his. Opening the door softly, I walk in and close it behind me. Walking further into the room, I stand by the edge of the bed and look down at my sleeping mate. Her brows are furrowed together and she lets out a soft moan every few seconds, experiencing pain even in her sleep. My teeth clench together as my fingers curl into fists. I'm going to make sure that Jude pays for all the hurt he has caused my beautiful mate. I'll get you the revenge you deserve," I whisper into the silent room, squatting down by the bed and placing a lock of her hair behind her ears. Cupping her cheeks, I smile as she leans into my touch, seeking more of it. Lowering my head, I place a soft kiss on her lips, pulling away and running my gaze across her features. She's so beautiful and I hate that I'm part of the reason why she's lying on this bed. I

should have tightened security. I should have made sure that the patrol team patrolled both the woods inside and outside my pack. I shouldn't have talked to her the way I did before she ran away. I should have told her that I ripped Veronica's hand away from my body and warned her never to mention such propositions to me again. I should have ran after her and apologized. I should have- I sigh, dropping my head down on the bed. So many things that I should have done, but there's no

way to turn back time so I'm just going to have to do right by her. I'm going to start by getting the revenge she deserves and cutting the head of the person who has tormented her all her life. Dropping one last kiss on her head, I straighten up and draw the blanket up to her chest to keep her warm. Her temperature has been fluctuating all through the night. Throwing one last glance at the bed, I step out of the room and close the door behind me. I walk down the stairs and out the front door, finding Alex, Raphael, Isiah, and the best of my fighters standing outside, waiting for my orders. My chest tightens as I stare at them all, glad not for the first time that I have these awesome people around me and by my side. I walk towards them, nodding approvingly at Alex at his choice of fighters. If we're going to ambush Jude, we need to be ready for anything, If he had a spy in each pack then word might have already gotten there to him and he might be ready to face us. "Let's go get him," I say, fire coursing through my veins.

Chapter 84

Chapter 84 Caden's POV We all shift in the woods and place our clothes between our teeth for when we shift back. If we are to get there on time before anything bad happens, being in our wolf form is our fastest bet. We get to the boulder and I see the patrol team getting on the defensive as they watch the hoard of wolves approaching their territory. It occurs to me that we should probably have sent them a warning about our visit but like I mentioned, time is of the essence. Besides, by the time the message reaches them, Jude would have gotten wind of what has happened and be on his merry way. I run to the front and shift. Turning towards the crowd behind me, I hold out my hands. "Wait here. I'll go speak to them first." It won't do us any good to move further from this point without explaining to them the purpose of our visit. Even doing that is going to prove to be difficult and I silently pray that we won't have to force our way into the pack. I walk towards the one that seems to be the one in command. As I draw closer, I recognize him as the Gamma, Henry. I sigh, already worn out from a conversation I haven't started. "Alpha Caden, what are you doing here?" He growls, ignoring the difference in our status and the fact that society dictates that he ought to show his respect to me. I ignore it too, knowing that this isn't a usual situation that we've found ourselves in. "We're here to see the Alpha," I say, gesturing back to the crowd behind me. "We have something very important to tell him." "You saw it fit to come at this time of the day?" He glares at me, his disdain not reducing. "Like I said, we have something very important to discuss with him and it couldn't wait for the light of day." I feel my anger boiling up inside me and trying to find a way out but I force it down, not wanting to escalate the already delicate situation. "Our Alpha isn't...available," he says after a while. "Whatever it's that you need to talk with him will have to wait for another

day. Hopefully, at a more respectable hour of the day.” Everyone in the region knows about the illness that has befallen the Alpha of the Silver Wood Pack.

It has been whispered at all corners of every pack. Some people even said his ailment is so bad that he can't even lift from the bed that he has been bedridden in. I never cared for the rumors but as I watch the expressions on Henry's face, I wonder if those rumors are true. He's in really in such a bad state that he can't even get up to talk with us. Are we already too late? “We're not leaving without talking to him,” I state firmly. “We have news on his illness. A cure even.” I'm reaching here but it's all the leverage I have. They won't let us in unless we give them something they direly need. Hope. His eyes widen and his gaze drifts away. He's mind-linking someone and trying to see if he can get us in. I hide my smug smile behind a cough and straighten my face when he turns his gaze back to me. 1/3 Chapter 84 “You better be telling the truth about this cure that you speak of. His gaze drifts back to the h o a r d behind us. “They all can't come in,” he states matter of fact. I sigh, already knowing that this scenario may occur. I walk back to the crowd still in their wolf form and tell them about our predicament. I pick out Alex, Raphael, Isiah and two of our best enforcers to go with me while the others wait behind with instructions to force their way in if this visit doesn't go the way we planned. We w walk behind Henry as he leads us towards the pack house. The first thing I notice when we walk in is the silence. Given that it's still carly in the morning, I expect a certain amount of silence but this level is a bit too much. “Where is everyone?” I ask Henry. He shoots a glance my way, his brows furrowing together in barely concealed annoyance. “Most of the people in the pack have moved out into their own homes. It provides them more comfort.” Correction- they had cleared out the pack house because they had their suspicion that someone close to them was behind their Alpha's illness. Too bad they didn't figure out that the snake is much closer to them than they realize.

We get to the front of a huge black door and Henry stops, prompting the rest of us to halt too. He turns to face us, his gaze fixed on me. “They have to stay out here. You're the only one allowed to go in.” Isiah opens his mouth, probably to let out words of protest. I hold out a hand to silence him and he grit his teeth but follows my order. “It's ok. They'll wait out here while I go in,” I say, accepting his condition. I should be able to convince the dying man on the bed that the person he trusts the most is out to kill him. If that doesn't work out, we will just go with our less stressful plan. Force our way in and have Jude's head. Henry nods, turning around and placing his hand on the doorknob, twisting it and pushing the door. open. The room is pitch black inside but I can make out a figure on the bed and my nostrils flare as that familiar smell infiltrates my nostrils. The smell of death. Are we already too late?

Chapter 85

Chapter 85 Caden's POV I walk in and close the door behind me, my gaze locked on the figure on the bed. The man who birthed my second chance mate and the only man who can put an end to all this without it resulting in a war. Walking towards the bed, I aim for the chair beside it. As I approach the bed with a mahogany frame, I finally manage to make out the features of the man on the bed. I've come across Alpha

Thomas a few times in the various meetings that all Alpha and Beta are forced to attend. We have even spoken to each other a few times, not that I can remember any of those encounters, but he had always come across to me as a strong and structured man. That man lying on the bed is anything but that. His frail bones are protruding out even from under the thick blanket that's used to cover his frame. His eyes are ghostly and rimmed with a dark eye bags, giving him a sickly look. It's hard to believe that he's the same person that I've nodded across the room several times before. It takes him longer than it should to realize that I'm approaching his bed and when he does, he tries to sit and fails, collapsing back on the bed with a soft cry. up I rush over to his side and place a gentle hand on his shoulder, lowering him back down on his pillow. "Don't try to get up." I know he feels insulted by my assistance but I not going to let him carelessly hurt himself because he's trying to protect his pride. "I don't need your help," he manages to choke out and I quickly move away from the bed, giving him some grace to save whatever dignity he can. "And I'm not going to be lying down on a bed in your presence." I sit on the chair beside the bed and pretend to be looking around the otherwise empty room as he struggles to sit up in his bed. I finally turn my gaze back to him when he presses his back against the bed

that small movement frame with a weak sigh, his eyebrows squeeze together as he tries to conceal the n caused him. The rumors didn't speak the truth. He's far worse off than anyone could have imagined. "So why did you decide to visit my humble home at this time of the day?" He asks, the pain etched on his face falling away. "I have some information I had to relay to you," I tell him, shifting out of my seat and closer to him. "It's about your illness." His expression changes for a split second before it goes back to that warm smile thai seems to be at constant on his face. "What is there to talk about? The pack doctor has predicted that by this time next week, I'll be no more." His smile drops, the sadness in his eyes coming to light. "There's nothing that can be done to stop it." Seeing the state that he was in helped me confirm that fact as soon as I walked into the room. There's nothing to be done. The venom has probably infected every inch of his body. The only thing left to do is make the person behind this pay. 1/2 Chapter 85 M MMD 1 0 0 "Have you considered that someone close to you may be the cause of it?" I ask, treading lightly on this road that I've chosen to walk on. I don't know how deep Alpha Tho m a s 's relationship is with his Beta so I need to approach the topic with caution. He might just think that I'm trying to wage war on his pack if I go about this the wrong way "What are you trying to imply here?" His brows draw together. "You think I have a traitor in my pack?" Even his weak form doesn't stop the anger in his words from being very obvious. I sigh, annoyed with the direction this conversation is heading to. "Your Beta may not really be the person you think he is. There's no use beating about the bush here. If my words are going to make

him blow his roof off then I better get it over with quick enough so that I can move on to my next plan. "He planned a rogue on my pack several years ago that cost me the lives of half my members." attack "You don't know what you're talking about! Jude is my right-hand man and I trust him with my life and the welfare of this pack. He wouldn't do anything to jeopardize this pack!" He yells out but his words end in a coughing fit and I look over at the door, surprised that his over-eager G a m m a isn't bursting through it

and leading me and my men away from his Alpha. "Oh, really? And you think he isn't smiling on the inside as he watches you wither and die on your bed?" My words are harsh but I'm done playing nice. If it was only his life that was at stake here then I probably wouldn't even care that much but Alessia's life is also at stake here. I'm going to make him believe my words whether he likes the sound of them or not. His eyes flash but I catch a glimpse of doubt in them before it's gone in a flash. "Get out of my pack before I have my men throw you out. You're an Alpha I respect and that's why I'm going to pretend like we never had this conversation." Fuck it! He isn't listening to me. I can't get through his thick skull. In the midst of everything, I see the first similarity between my mate and her father- they're both strong-headed and stubborn. Something crosses my mind. It's foolish but it's the only way I can come up with to get him to listen to me. "He's trying to kill your daughter."

Chapter 86

Chapter 86 Caden's POV The man on the bed stiffens, the shock on his face taking away the sickly look that has been on his face since I walked into the room. "What did you just say?" He asks slowly, drawing out each word from his question. "I have a daughter?" I nod, glad that I've finally been able to hold his focus. "A daughter that Jude is trying to kill because he doesn't want her to come in the way of his mission?" "What mission would that be?" He asks dryly and I hold in a groan, knowing that I've lost him again. He doesn't believe a word that's coming out of my mouth. "He wants to have your pack all to himself, I answer anyway. "Your daughter is the only thing that's standing in his way." "All this is absurd. I don't have a child." He scoffs, looking at me incredulously. "I never pegged you as the sort of man to make up ridiculous tales to try and get things to go your way." "You have a daughter and her name is Alessia," I groan out, trying my best to get through to him. "She's twenty and is a beautiful woman. Her mother's name is Yolanda and she deserves to have a father that knows of her existence. Even if it may be too late for them to form a father-and-daughter relationship, I'm going to make him fucking know of her existence. Whether he's ready to believe it or not. "Did you say Yolanda?" He asks, his eyes widening almost comically. I backtrack, going through the words that I've blurted out during my speech to see if I've made any mention of Alessia mother's name. "I know a Yolanda. Nobody knew of our relationship. We...spent some time together but that was the last that I heard of her. She packed up and went away without saying anything to me." He has this faraway look in his eyes as he probably draws back memories of the time that he had with Alessia's mother. When he turns his gaze back to mine, he has unshed tears welled up in his eyes. "You said she had a daughter?" He asks weakly.

I nod, feeling uncomfortable as I watch the man blink back tears. I wanted him to know of his daughter's existence not make him shed tears. "I didn't know she was pregnant. She never told me," he whispers, more to himself than to me. Again, I'm left to wonder what Alessia's mother must have been reasoning when she packed up her bags and fled. Did she think that was doing Alessia a favor by separating her from her father or did she do all this for selfish reasons? "Where is she now?" He questions with childlike wonder in his eyes. "Did she come with you?" He looks over at the closed door as

though expecting the door to fall open and reveal his missing child. Chapter 86 I shake my head and my heart squeezes at the instant disappointment in his eyes. "She-" I pause, wondering if it's a good idea to tell him about what has occurred in less than twenty hours. Will he be able to handle knowing that the daughter he just found out existed is on a bed and fighting for her life? "What is it?" He urges, probably noticing my reluctance. "Did something happen to her?" His eyes hold a world of possibilities about what could have happened to the daughter that he hasn't even had the chance to meet. Putting him out of his misery. I place a hand on his shoulder. "She's ok, but she had a run-in with an attacker that Jude sent to kill her. She barely escaped with her life. There's no use sugar-coating the words. He needs to realize just how dire this situation is. "She recovering as we speak." His eyes hold a world of conflicting emotions- Pain, shock, happiness, anger, and... Doubt. That f u k i n g doubt is still in his eyes. What will it take for him to believe the words that I'm telling him? "I-I just can't believe that Jude would do something of this nature." He shakes his head, having an internal face. conflict with himself. "I'll call him in here and ask him myself. He won't be able to lie to my If that's what it will take to make him believe what I've been saying then I have no objection.

Besides it will be nice to have the ba s t a r d right next to me so that I can have his head as soon as he confesses and admits to his crimes. "Ga m a Henry," he calls out and the man in question opens the door and pops his head in. He has definitely heard every word that was exchanged between us but to give the man credit, he doesn't display any emotion. His face is stoic as he stares in the direction of his Alpha. "You called for me?" He asks, stepping into the room. "Get Beta Jude to come in her." A pause. "Don't tell him the real reason for my request. Just say that I have something to ask him," he says and Henry nods, still not giving away any emotion he may be feeling. I applaud the guy for that. Henry steps out of the room, leaving Thomas and I alone again. "If there's no truth to what you're saying, you're going to find yourself on the wrong side of my wrath," he says darkly, looking the strongest that I've seen since I walked into the room. I nod, acknowledging his words and willing to bear what punishment he sees fit to give me if my words. turn out to be false. The door opens a few minutes later and Henry walks in without Jude beside him. He looks over at Thomas anxiously, shifting on his feet. "Alpha, we couldn't find him and he isn't answering when we try to mind- link him." F u c k!

Chapter 87

Chapter 87 Alessia's POV I blink, my eyelids feeling heavy as I force them open, immediately closing them when the bright light hits my eyes. I squint them open one at a time to get used to the blinding light and the throbbing headache that isn't. ceasing. Groaning. I try to sit up and fall back onto the bed as a weight pulls me back down. Furrowing my brows, I take my gaze to the space beside me and find Caden snoozing away on the pillow with his hand draped across my stomach. That's the weight that pulled me back onto the bed. Blinking in confusion, I try to piece this puzzle together. How did I end up in Caden's bed and why he is wrapped around me like a leach? I clutch my forehead, trying to get my memories back. All I get is an intensified headache.

Gasping at the pain, I close my eyes, feeling like a thousand needles are being pierced into my head. "Alessia?" Caden sits up, his hand falling away from my waist. Without the weight pulling me back down to the bed, I attempt to sit up again but fall again when I plant my hand onto the bed. I whine, cuddling that arm to my chest. The hand that got maimed. It still hasn't healed yet? "Shit! Are you ok?" Caden's voice sounds like his face is directly beside my ear and when I open up my eyes, I realize why it sounded that way. It's because his face is actually right beside mine. I pull away, putting some distance between us, and trying to sit up again, this time using my good hand to lift from the bed. I succeed and press my back against the bed frame with a sigh sliding out of my lips. My headache has reduced but the dull throb is still present. "What happened?" I ask, looking over at Caden who is also sitting straight. My head has a lot of blank spaces that I can't fill up. "You don't remember anything?" He arches a brow in surprise. "The night in the woods. Our fight?" I whine at the memory of my wolf throwing herself at Caden and getting a brutal rejection. That's

one memory that I actually won't mind forgetting forever. "I remember our fight but I don't remember anything after that?" "You really don't remember anything?" Caden is starting to look a little worried and that increases my anxiety. I shake my head, wondering what exactly it is that I forget. All I remember is- 1/3 Chapter 87 The memories start rushing back, one after the other. Each painful and terrifying memory makes its way back into my head, hitting me with a sense of dread as I remember the most important part of that night. "Is Jake ok?" I ask anxiously, wanting to know the answer but also wanting to remain oblivious. If I remember correctly, his wound had been very severe and the pack doctor did not help in making our worries lessen. "Is he alive?" I stutter, scared of what the answer to my question will be. My heart hangs in my throat. Caden nods his head. "He's ok. He's bedridden and his chances aren't looking all that good but he's alive," he simply states and my heart sinks into my stomach. I'm happy that he's alive but I hate the fact that I'm the one that put him in this position. "I want to go and see him." I need to apologize and beg for his forgiveness. I don't deserve it but I'm going to keep begging for it. "Right now?" He arches his brow in surprise. "You just woke up and you're not supposed to strain your muscles. Your wound isn't completely healed yet." I ignore every word that comes out of his mouth. "I need to talk with him." I push the cover away and swing my legs out of the bed, planting my feet on the wooden board. I stand up and immediately regret that decision as I place a hand on the wall to steady myself. Caden rushes around the bed to my side and wraps his hand around my waist, holding me upright. "I told you that you shouldn't get out of bed but you never listen to me." "I just got dizzy for a moment there because I stood up too quickly," I lie, pulling away from him and

ignoring the way my vision blurs. I'm sure it will get better with time. Right now, the most important thing on my mind is finding Jake and finding out what condition he's in. Caden sighs, sounding resigned. "I'll take you to his room." He pulls me back into his arms and bite down a sigh at that sweet feeling of being held in his arm. "First, you have to take your shower and eat something. Only then will I take you to go and see him." I open my mouth, ready to protest his clause when he shoots me a death glare, effectively silencing me. I also have to admit that taking a shower and putting something

in my stomach isn't the worst idea at the moment. I definitely won't mind having a hot bath to get this dirt off my body. I scrunch my nose at the feeling of my clothes sticking to my skin from what I'm sure are days of sweat. "How long was I asleep for?" I ask. The stiffness in my joints has me wondering just how long I was asleep. "Two days," Caden answers and I come to a halt, inevitably also making him stop walking. "What's wrong?" He asks looking at me worriedly. "I was asleep for two whole days?" I ask incredulously. If that tiny wound had caused that much damage to me then how is Jake faring?

Chapter 88

Chapter 88 Alessia's POV I walk into the bathroom and head for the bathtub. A quick shower isn't going to help get rid of all the dirt that has accumulated on my body in the past two days. I need a good hot soaking. Stripping down, I slide into the warm water and sigh as my sore muscles relax. I feel like I've ran a thousand miles just to be run over by a truck. Making sure to keep my injured arm above the water level, I scrub my body, doing the best that I can with only one free hand. When I finally feel partly and somewhat clean, I rinse the soap off my body and just soak in the tub until my skin starts looking wrinkly. That's when I realized that it was time to hop out of there. I towel my body and head to my wardrobe to look for an outfit that I can easily put on without moving my arm a great deal. I settle on some shorts and a shirt with buttons at the front. It's a struggle to do the button but I manage and smile at my reflection in the room, deciding for my sake to ignore the bed nest sitting on top of my head. A There's no way that I'll be able to try and take care of that mess of hair. So, I just have to make do with what I have. Throwing one last glance at the mirror, I head out of my room and walk down the stairs and into the kitchen. Conversations come to a standstill as I stroll into the dining hall. And unless this is some outrageous coincidence, then everyone is keeping quiet because I just walked in. I know that rumors about what happened must have been spreading around the pack house like wildfire, hence why it feels like everyone has their eyes on me. Walking over to the table filled with a variety of options, I pick up a plate and start filling it up with anything that I set my eyes on. I finally stop when my plate is filled to the brink with eggs, hotdogs, pancakes, and beacons. A shadow appears behind me and I turn around when I get a whiff of that familiar delicious scent. "You're going to sit with me today," Caden states, picking up an empty plate and doing the exact

thing I did, piling the place with every food on the table. "Why would I do that?" I've never done that before and I don't intend to start now. Especially not when another rumor is already running rampant. Doing that is just going to give the pack of hyenas something else to munch on. I'm not doing that. I'm going to sit at my usual spot. "I said you sitting with me and that's final," Caden grits out, sounding annoyed. My annoyance also makes an appearance as I stare at the back of his head, wishing I had something in my hand to use to knock him over his fat head. Ignoring his words, I head over to an empty seat and settle. into it then start digging into my plate. 1/3 Chapter 88 I'm hungry as f u c k and not even their stares are going to drive me away from this table and my mission to fill up my stomach with whatever food I can get my hands on. I continue

shoving pancakes and beacons into my mouth, my conversation with Caden already a thing of the past. Apparently, Caden doesn't share those sentiments with me because his butt lowers into the empty chair on the right side of mine. I stop eating, glaring at him and gritting my teeth. "What are you doing here?" I look around the table and just as I suspected, everyone has their gaze fixed on us. This is exactly what I was trying to avoid. "Having breakfast with my mate," he answers innocently and digs into his plate. What happened in the days that I was unconscious? Did Caden hit his head and have a personality disorder? That's the only explanation I can come up with as to why he's acting weird. Looking over to the chair at the head of the table where he normally sits, I find it empty and turn my glare back on him. "Your seat is empty. Go sit down there and leave me be," I groan out, turning my focus back onto my delicious plate of food. Caden doesn't make a move to stand up and I sigh, squirming under the gazes and questioning

looks fixed on us. I wonder how long it will take for these new rumors to die down. What were they coming up with at the moment? Caden has never sat down beside me at the dining table before so this is going to be a whole new dimension for them. Are they saying that I casted a spell on their Alpha to bewitch him and make him lose his senses? Another shadow appears behind me and I twist my neck to the side just as Raphael settles into the other empty seat beside me. Oh, this is going to be some juicy rumors. I'm almost eager to hear what exactly it is that they'll cook up. Ignoring the unwanted guests on both sides, I focus on my food and devour everything on it down to the last scrape. Reaching for the glass of water I brought along with my plate, I down it all in one go and wipe my mouth with the back of my palm. "Do you need another serving?" My head lifts at those words and I find Caden staring at me with amusement in his eyes.. "You were five seconds away from shoving that plate into your mouth." His eyes t w i n k l e and I'm momentarily blinded by how beautiful they look before I snap out of the trance. I answer his question with a glare and stand up, shoving my seat backward and exiting the dining room. I dump my plate into the kitchen sink and rub my sweaty palms on my thighs. Chapter 88 Now that my stomach has been filled, the next thing on my agenda is having that talk with Jake.

Chapter 89

Chapter 89 Alessia's POV I knock on the door. Caden told me that Jake has rarely ever been awake for more than a few hours and within me, I hope that he isn't awake so that I can postpone this conversation to another day. "Come in," a weak voice calls out and my heart sinks to my stomach. against the Cracking the door open, I peep in and find Jake leaning on the bed with a dozen pillow props bed for him to press his back into. His gaze shifts away from the TV in the room to the door and his face morphs into a smile once he sees me. "Alessia, you finally woke up." He tries to straighten up but ends up giving up with a soft whine. I bite my lips, guilt stealing my breath, "Don't look at me like that?" He saws and I drag my gaze away from the bandage wrapped around his midrib to his face. "Don't look at you like what?" I ask, confused. He sighs and makes a motion with his finger. "Come in here," I say and I compile, shutting the door behind me and walking towards his bed. He pats the empty side of his bed and I silently sink onto

the soft mattress, guilt still weighing me down. Jake groans and I hurriedly look over his body, searching for any sign of discomfort or pain but as I look at the expression on his face, I realize that it's annoyance, not pain. "Get that look out of your face," he orders sternly. My brows clench together in confusion. "What look do you keep talking about?" Has the venom made its way up to his brain and is now causing him to have hallucinations? I hope that isn't the case. "That look of guilt and self-loathing." He sinks, his head dropping back into the wall behind us. "This

wasn't your fault." He points at the bandage covering the entire section of his stomach. I hear his words but they don't reassure me. Jake is lying on the bed, his life depending on an antidote that doesn't exist and that's because of me. Because I didn't to be a b i t c h and run out of the pack boulder. Nothing he says is going to change that fact. "It was," I whisper, my gaze falling to the bed as I'm unable to hold his eyes any longer while knowing that I'm the reason he's on that bed. Chapter 89 "It wasn't." A finger underneath my jaw tips my head back up. My vision of Jake is blurry from the unshed tears in my eyes. "I wouldn't change a thing. I would have chosen to run after you a million times even if I knew this to be the outcome." He smiles weakly. "So, no more of this sullen mood. He lets go of my jaw and turns his attention back on the TV. I was watching this awesome television series. It has been on my to-watch list forever. You want to join me?" He spares me a quick gaze with a raised eyebrow and then his gaze is fixed back on the television. I study the side of his face, wondering how on earth I got so lucky to have found a friend in Jake. He's one of the few people I've trusted and I'm afraid that I don't deserve his friendship. The only thing I've managed to do is risk his life and use him as my emotional human shield countless times, running to him to tell him about my worries and using his shoulders as a makeshift pillow. I definitely don't deserve him. "You're doing it again aren't you?" Jake sighs, looking annoyed and maybe even a little angry. I smile a guilty smile. It's not like I can make my brain turn off and stop thinking. No matter what Jake says, I'm always going to know that I'm the reason he's on that bed and fighting for his life. "Ok, that's it!" Jake exclaims and I turn wide eyes to him, wondering what cost that outburst. Jake grips my jaw between his fingers and draws closer to my face, hiding a whine as he bites his bottom lip.

"Don't strain yourself," I said, pulling his fingers away from my face but standing in the position he pulled me into. What is it?" I ask. He reaches for the remote beside him on the bed and mutes the television before turning all his focus on me. "Listen here, Alessia." He puffs in the air through his mouth. "I already know that I'm not going to make it." My face crumbles. He smiles sadly at me. I'm ok with that. I knew what I was getting myself into when I ran in front of the man holding the knife. A pause. "Ok, so maybe I didn't know that the knife was laced with a deadly venom that has the potential to kill me, but I don't regret doing what I did." My bottom lip wobbles as I fight to hold in a s o b. "I would do it again in a heartbeat." He chuckles, his lips breaking into a perfect smile. "There's no use beating yourself because, given a chance to choose your life over mine, I would choose yours in a second." I don't realize that I'm crying until his thumb wipes my cheeks. "Don't cry," he says softly. I wish that there was something I could Chapter 89 do." I won't do anything in a heartbeat if it guarantees his survival. Absolutely anything. "Well..." Jake draws out and I wipe the tears on my cheeks as I

hold his eye. "There's something that you could do for me. It will make me feel a great deal better," he says mischievously. "Anything." I rush out, not thinking my word over. "I'll do anything you want." "Date me."

Chapter 90

Chapter 90 Caden's POV Alessia has been in Jake's room for half the day. She said she just wanted to check up on him but she hadn't stepped out of the room since she walked in. The jealousy that I'm trying to keep at bay is rising to the surface and I'm five seconds away from storming into that room and dragging my mate away from there. The only thing stopping me is the fact that the man lying on that bed is the only reason why I still have my mate with me. I don't want to imagine what would have happened to Alessia if he hadn't intervened when he did. I shudder at that thought. Around noon, I hear a knock on my door and I lift my head from the paperwork that I'm currently going to. Unfortunately, the finances of my pack aren't going to stop for an attack. "Come in," I call out, leaning against my chair and watching as the door opens to reveal Alessia. "I want to talk to you. Do you have a moment?" She asks, worrying her bottom lips. My brows pinch together at the expression on her face. "Of course," I answer, pushing aside the paperwork on my table. Alessia pushes my door open and walks in. She heads for the seats in front of my desk and sits down. tentatively. Her fingers that are placed on top of my desk fidget nervously. When she still does not say anything after a good minute has passed, I arch a brow at her in question. What is that has gotten her so worked up? She releases her bottom lip from between her teeth, drawing my attention to the redness of them. When I drag my gaze back up to an appropriate place on her face, I find her blushing with her gaze lowered to the desk. Busted! Clearing my throat to get her attention, I pull at the neckline of the shirt I'm wearing, suddenly feeling stuffed in my huge ass office. "You said you wanted to talk to me?" I remind her. She nods, her cheeks regaining their natural color and that worry reappearing in her eyes again. "I know that it might be too much to ask of you but can I please speak to the attacker that was caught on that day." Her eyes beg me for this. "I won't stay long, I just want to ask him some questions."

I swallow around the lump in my throat and sit upright. I haven't told Alessia about what happened in the time that she was asleep. Partly because she just woke up a few hours ago but mainly because I don't know how to start that conversation. How do I tell her that the reason why her world was turned upside down is because her father's Beta wanted his position in the pack? How do I tell her that her father whom she has never met is lying on his deathbed and about to pass away at any moment? Let's not forget that the man after her life is now on the loose and could be anywhere by now and plotting another attempt on her life. Chapter 90 How do I even tell her those things and watch as her whole world implodes right before her very eyes? "There's something I need to tell you?" I say with a soft sigh. It's going to have to come out eventually and what better time to tell her than in the present? "What is it?" She asks with curiosity etched on her face. "I already talked with the attacker." I did more than talk with him but she doesn't need to know the details. Her eyes widen as she draws to the edge of her seat. "What did he say?" The cagerness in her eyes grinds at my chest. She's so

excited to hear about the reason why she was targeted but I don't think the answer I have is going to give her the satisfaction that she's seeking. "Someone sent those people after you and your mother," I start, watching her expressions closely. "I already know that," she says with a shrug, and my brow furrows. How does she know that? Did she get wind of what happened from someone who went with us to her father's pack or did she just take a lucky guess? She must have noticed the confusion on my face because she started talking again. "The first time that they came after me, I heard them talking about someone else. They said that he's going to be very angry at them because they didn't finish the job." I nod in understanding. "The person that they were referring to is Jude. He's the Beta of Silver Wood Pack and your father is the Alpha of that pack." So much contained in one sentence.

Alessia blinks, her gaze drifting away as she stares at me blankly. Worry curls up inside of me when she doesn't say anything for some minutes. Has she finally broken down? "Alessia," I call out, hoping to make her snap out of it. She blinks again and shakes her head. "My mother died because someone wanted to have the Alpha position of a pack," she mutters dryly. "I didn't even know anything about my father so why did they have to come after me?" "If you had somehow found out later, you would have been able to take the position away from them." Now isn't the time to tell her that she stands to inherit that pack from her father. Her head drops to her hand on the desk and she runs her finger through her curl, anger rolling off in waves from her. "Where is he?" The part that I'm not looking forward to telling her. "He ran away. He got wind of what happened and fled before we could get him." I look away as her face falls. "I'm sorry that we let him get away." "It wasn't your fault," she rushes out and offers me a tiny smile. A smile that falls away a second later. "What Chapter 90 about my father? Does he know about me?" I nod, thinking about how to break the next news to her. "Alessia, your father is dying."