

## Alven's Story

### Chapter-19

#### AMALTHEA'S POV

'Amy, are you okay?' My wolf asked me, and I squinted my brows as I walked towards the town where I was supposed to meet Alven.

"Of course, I am okay. What could be wrong with me?" I asked her in return, and she sighed.

'No, it's just, the way you acted earlier, so broken and sad, and now you are acting like nothing is wrong, your constant mood swings scare me sometimes,' Crystal said, and I took a deep breath.

'Crystal, don't be afraid of anything, yeah? Haven't you understood me by now? If I hadn't played that small drama, then I am sure King Augustus or Harry would've followed me, especially the King, because he heard my words. However, the chances of them following me when I am angry like this are slim, and I can go and see what's the matter without any interruption,' I said with a cheeky smile, and she nodded her head before smiling sadly at me.

Seeing her being quite like this, I felt a little bit bad because I know how much she dislikes it when I have to hurt myself to accomplish any purpose, and I couldn't help but sigh loudly.

"Come on, Crystal. It wasn't that bad. It was just a minute cut," I said, and she hummed.

Reaching the outskirts of the townsite, I looked around observantly, trying to find any suspicious man I could find to see if the person who had called me was tailing me and spying on me or not.

Once I was sure no one was watching over me, I walked inside the restaurant before sitting at an empty table.

Currently, to conceal my identity and prevent anyone from recognizing me, I was wearing a baseball hat with loose hair that covered more than half of my face along with a full mask just to be on the safer side.

Dialing the same number from which I had received the call, I waited for the person to pick up before looking out the window, my gaze stopping on a particular person who was standing across the road with a large black hat.

"Hello, are you here already?" The person asked, and I hummed in reply, already knowing that the person across the road was Alven or the one who had called me earlier.

"I am. Now, if you'll stop wasting my time and get here as well, I would appreciate that. I am sitting at table no. 7. The girl with the blue baseball hat is me," I said, ending the call, without waiting for his reply.

"Hi, can I have a glass of chocolate milk, please?" I ordered before looking up casually when the guy showed up at the table.

"Have a seat," I said, and though his eyes were not visible, through his slightly stretched lips, I knew he was smiling.

"So, are you Alven?" I asked, and he tilted his head.

"I am Alven. And I know it will be hard to believe my words given the circumstances, but that's the truth. I know you have many doubts regarding yesterday's incident, and anyone would be suspicious of my identity after it. I know you must be thinking, why was I cruel enough to let so many rogues die, when I was about to meet you eventually, right?" He asked me, and I just squinted my brows before shaking my head.

"I am not worrying about any of it. I am least concerned about it. Everyone has their reasons to act in whatever way they want in any situation. However, if you want to tell me, then I am all ears," I said, and he paused before looking at me.

"You are not curious about any of it? Do you believe I am Alven without any proof? It looks like you aren't as smart as I thought you were," He said, and I shrugged.

"You called me saying you are Alven, and I came here with the identity of the same girl who appeared last night at the scene and called out for you. With my hair and cap, I am pretty sure you weren't able to see me yesterday, and neither are you able to see me today. You are ready to believe I am the same person, so why shouldn't I?" I asked, and he nodded his head.

"In our business, though it's illegal, trust is one of the main factors while dealing with things, no?" I asked, and he nodded.

"Now I am a hundred percent sure you are the same girl who daringly stood in front of a pack of rogues to strike a deal," He said, and I hummed.

"Let's get down to business. Now that you've mentioned all those things, why don't you start by explaining a few to me so that I can understand you a bit? Also, why did you agree to help me out when you clearly knew I might be working against your ultimate boss?" I said, and he sighed before looking at the waiter who brought my chocolate milkshake.

"Oh, I didn't know how long it would take for you to come here, so I made myself comfortable. Why don't you order something for yourself? The treat is on me. We are here to strike a deal and have agreed to meet mutually. It's not like we are fighting or something. We can act a bit social and civil, right?" I said, and he nodded before ordering a coffee and some sandwiches.

"I will quickly brief you about things. It started three years ago when I was expelled from my pack because they thought my elder brother was a spy for the rogues and was the reason for the constant attacks on the pack. I started loathing my brother for making my life miserable, but I was hungry for answers," He paused before looking outside.

"At that time, to find out the truth, I tailed the rogue head. When I reached there, I came to know it was them who had saved my brother from dying in a brutal pack war. My pack alpha was lying to me so that I could bring information about the rogue head to him, and he could leak it to the lycans and gain some fame and name," he said before chuckling darkly.

"After I learned the whole truth, I started working with the rogues and accepted my rogue life happily. Some time passed, and my elder brother was martyred in a rogue

attack, or that's what they called it. I accepted that too. Everything was going alright until I found my mate a year ago. She is the daughter of the Gama of the Saint wolves pack. I love her very much. She wanted me to join the pack with her because she was afraid of the rogue life. You can say I am blinded by love, but after I met her, that's all I wanted," he said before sighing.

"I asked for permission from the rogue head's subordinates, but they denied my request. They kept on giving me missions, and I excelled in all of them with the hope that one day they'll be happy with my work and let me leave in peace, but that day didn't come. They promoted me and started sending me to different countries so that I stay away from my mate, and though I was only suspicious in the beginning, later I understood it was all their plan," He paused before taking a deep breath as his voice started shaking a bit.

"My brother wasn't killed in a rogue attack, he was diagnosed with a disease that was indirectly making him useless. I don't know the full details, but they were afraid my progress and work will get hampered if I start taking care of my brother, and that's why they deliberately threw him in an already lost battle so that he could be killed and called martyred," He said, and I felt a bit sad for him.

It was clear he was cheated on by both the rogues and his pack quite multiple times. It won't be wrong to say, he was cheated on by life.

That's the main reason why I don't kill all the rogues I meet. Not everyone is cruel and pure evil. Some are those who got betrayed my family or friends, just like me.

Author's Note- Please comment your views.