

Chapter 6

Kane's POV

Sitting in the car, I couldn't stop the sobs that wracked my body. My body felt like it was overheating, slamming my finger on the window roll-down button so aggressively I thought it might break under my digit. For the past ten minutes, I'd been a pathetic mess, my chest aching with every breath. Glancing in the rearview mirror, I saw my red, puffy eyes and tear-streaked face. I looked weak, and the sight embarrassed me. Wiping my face with a tissue I found in the glove box, I let out a long, shuddering breath.

"Shit." I sighed as the memory of the frenzied texts I'd sent my father earlier made me cringe. I never let emotions rule me. I knew my father had royally messed up, not just by making deals with demons and hiding it from Knox, but his unmovable stance on not discussing it any further wasn't helping anyone, least of all Knox.

I rummaged through the backseat for my phone and found it lodged between the seat cushions. Hesitating for a moment, I sent a quick text to my father:

[ME: 'Sorry, hard few hours. I am on it.']

But the truth was, I wasn't on it. I had no idea how I would get Knox to straighten up. He was spiralling out of control, drinking too much, causing havoc. And somehow, the responsibility of the pack had fallen squarely on my shoulders.

Knox was my twin, but it felt like we were worlds apart lately. He'd become a ticking time bomb, and I was left trying to pick up the pieces. Connie, my so-called mate, was another issue. She was demanding, constantly needing reassurance, and her presence was a constant reminder of everything I'd lost. Add the situation with the other alphas in the surrounding packs and how they expected leadership and stability from Knox AND me, and my sanity felt ready to up and fuck off at any moment.

I glanced down at my phone, feeling a small wave of relief wash over me at the sight of Charlotte's image. I still had her picture set as my home screen, even though I knew I should change it before Connie noticed. But the thought of erasing that last piece of our connection was too much to bear. I ran my finger over the image, a familiar mix of guilt, loneliness, and regret gnawing at my insides.

Unable to resist the urge, I dialled Adam's number. Charlotte's brother might have some news about her and the pups she carried. The pups I should've been there for. The phone rang twice before Adam picked up, his voice guarded.

"Yep, you have Adam." Adam's stern voice came through the phone, and for once, I found myself speechless; no warmth streaked his tone, just a statement of fact. I struggled to find the words to ask about Charlotte, but Adam's harsh tone cut me off.

"I haven't got all day, you know that, right?" he snapped. I swallowed my pain and forced myself to speak.

"I need to know why Sebastian wasn't at the meeting today. It was for all alphas. Sebastian was supposed to be there. The last I heard, your uncle was delegating tasks to him." A lie, and given the dark chuckle that slipped through the line, Adam knew this wasn't my genuine reason for calling. There was a pause, and I could almost hear Adam's hesitation.

"There's been a change," he finally stated, his voice still devoid of warmth. He didn't go into detail, and the lack of information spiked my apprehension.

"A change? What kind of change, Adam?" I pressed, my mind racing. "Why wasn't I informed? Are the Lycans cutting us off? Are they against us now?" The questions spewed from my lips as panic licked at my spine. It would make sense after everything that happened with Charlotte. The drama and heartbreak all seemed to be leading up to this moment of isolation. The silence on the other end of the line was almost unbearable.

"You're not being cut off", Adam replied, though his voice was tight. The fact that he wasn't using my name let me know my girl was close by. My ears prickled with Rolo's presence as he desperately tried to hear her sweet voice.

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