

CHAPTER TWELVE

Jake's POV

I slammed the door shut behind me. Who did that stuffed shirt think he was anyway? Michael Dean. I wanted nothing but to put an end to his life. Everywhere I went, he was there. like my doom.

I still can't believe the extent of the betrayal. After I had spoken to Desma Alpha, he assured me that the Alpha King was mine. He will pay. I'll make sure of it. Werewolves would definitely be horrible without me. I loosened my waist and unbuttoned my shirt. Walking to the wine bar, I took a bottle of bourbon and poured myself a drink.

"Your highness," I heard a voice behind me. It was the beta.

"Who met the alpha of the Desma?" I gritted my teeth.

"Your highness, it was I. He has promi-" I turned and threw the glass in his direction. Felix, the gamma, ducked as the glass splashed on the wall. It missed his head, but a shard of glass hit his back. The red color staining his white made me smile broadly. Maybe if I kept him here all night, he would bleed to death.

"You were saying." I drank from the bottle, and I stared at the bleeding man in front of me. He blinked and took a deep breath. His eyes watered. Just then, the door opened. It was Maria.

The smile vanished.

My hands itched. I wanted nothing but to fling that bottle in her direction.

"Get out!" I spat as I began to drink from the bottle again. Beta and Gamma left the room.

"You're home early," Maria said, coming in from the kitchen.

"Am I interrupting your gossip or something?"

Her smile faded. "What's wrong?"

"I don't get any damn respect from you; that's what's wrong." I dropped the bottle and walked out of the room.

Maria walked in and out of our room without uttering a word. I glared at her. The look on her face dropped lower when she saw how disgusted I was with her. Then suddenly, she fixed her face, pouting as usual. She never looked sad. It infuriated me. My hand itched. If I made a bad move, it would be her death.

Since the moment I saw her talking to a witch in our second year as my mate, I knew I didn't need her. After making sure she was not going to bear me an alpha heir, I stopped sleeping with her entirely. I stopped talking with her; rather, I talked to her. I cut her off.

She had gotten the memo. She had gotten used to it, or at least she had experience with how to behave around me. I hated her badly. With every bone in me.

The past six years, Maria has made me see that all that glitter is not gold and will never be. She is a lying, manipulative, power-drunk bitch. She had wanted to make me abdicate the alpha title. She had been talking about moving away and having some sort of peace, and I almost listened to her. She was caught off guard when she was making plans with a friend. I hated her.

She reminded me of what I would have been worth, Nora. It's been seven freaking years, and I haven't heard even a whisper. Did she die?

Oh no, I would not be able to forgive myself.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in," I said. It was a guard. He bowed.

"Your highness, the investigator had just come. He wants to—"

"Tell him to come up to my room." I sat on the chair. My mind is racing with a thousand and one possibilities. For the past years, I have not gotten a single positive news item regarding her search. I mean, this is the seventh investigator. All the other six have been fired, or maybe dead.

"Your highness," the middle-aged human began.

"Say it and get it over with. Is she dead?" The last time he came, he had used the help of some witch. I was very optimistic. There was no way a witch would not be able to find her. Or was she a witch too, who had hidden her location too?

Suddenly, I hissed.

"You know what, Mr. Investigator, never mind. I don't want to hear it. " I don't need one more bad news." I raised my hand at him.

"Your highness, I—" I rushed him and slammed him against the wall.

"Are you hard of hearing? I said, I don't want to hear it." I growled. The man was shaking like a leaf. Then I realized myself. I put him

down and arranged his clothes.

"You may leave." I turned and began to walk away.

"She has been found," he said in a rushed voice, and I was about to leave when I appeared in front of him.

"Don't play games with me, human; I could kill you," he snarled. He took out a phone and handed me a video. I clicked on it, and there was Nora. as beautiful as ever. She wore her hair up, and she was smiling at the camera. My insides melted.

"Where has she been?"

"She has been living in the human world," he said.

"Then why wasn't she found?" I continued playing the video.

"She adapted and never shifted there. It somehow made her already weak wolf even weaker. Then she lived like a human. That was why it was hard to find her."

Hmm, Nora was already an omega. Yes, that was the perfect reason.

"Where is she now?" I ran my fingers over her face. She has always had delicate features. I still didn't know what blinded me from seeing them. Maybe because Maria was always in my face. always flirting with me.

"She's back to the Werewolf kingdom. I just don't know where," he said.

"All right. Mr. Investigator. You have done a job well. Finding her has made me indebted to you," I said, giving him a handshake.

"Your highness, I don't think I can," he began.

"Yes, Mr. Investigator, you can't find her here, which would definitely lead to your death. Werewolves are not as dumb as humans. They would kill you. Now you rest, we will take it from here." I signaled a guard to take the protesting man away.

"Call me Marcel and Felix," I ordered the other guard.

And I went to my study, and there they were.

I sat across from the two men as I watched them. They were both shaking, but Felix was filled with fear. I smiled. That was good.

"Now, you two know that by now, you should be dead for what you have done, or rather put me through, but luckily for you, I am in a better mood." I smiled. I could see the horror on their faces. They didn't believe me. If I wasn't going to talk about Nora, I would have burst out laughing.

"I need to find Nora. The investigator said she's back in town. Now will you look for her and bring her here?" I asked.

"Yes, your highness," they chorused. I chuckled.

"good. Now go get my Luna," and immediately they rose and left.

I smiled. I no longer wanted revenge on the Desma pack. All I wanted was Nora.

The hunting season would soon start, and it was a normal routine to

get werewolves ready. It was going to be tough. Food was getting hard to find now.

"Your highness, the messages from the Elders came back," a guard said.

"And what does it say?" I asked, looking over our wolf's bane guns.

"They didn't agree that you could dispute the title of the Alpha King," he said slowly. I burst out laughing.

"Look at them; they think I will not stop asking. They think that will stop me."

The guards around me began to laugh, but it was a nervous one. From afar, I could see the beta and gamma heading towards me.

"What do you have for me, boys?" I put a grape in my mouth when they got to where I was.

"Your highest, we have confirmed it. Nora is indeed in the pack," Felix said. I burst out laughing.

"Oh, look at that! Finally, they got something right. It's good. Where is she? Or should we go to her?" I stood up.

"Where is she, by the way?" I stared at them, but it seemed they were avoiding my eyes.

"What is it now?" No one answered.

"I said what?" I thundered, holding the gamma by his shirt.

"Your highness... she... Nora is with the Alpha King," he finally said.

+20 BONUS

"What! Michael. Michael Dean."

"Yes, your highness," they muttered.

"So what is she doing there? Is she a maid or a slave?" I asked, and the way they avoided my eyes said it all. Suddenly, I began to laugh. They were taken aback by my behavior.

"You know what, boys? Why don't we pay the Alpha King a visit?".

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