

## CHAPTER 134

Drake POV

I stare at the man who stepped forward to speak to me, aware of my mother's presence and her harried footsteps towards me.

"You need to go to the dungeon" he had said, like there was some great mystery awaiting me. It's intriguing though, like there's something he knows that I don't. I give him a small smirk. As if I'm going to fall for it though. It could be a trap.

"Drake" the voice is sharp, angry, annoyed. Ah mother, so nice to see you again too. I turn towards her and raise an eyebrow, annoyed at her already.

"What are you doing out here" Vanessa hisses, coming closer. She's waving her arms around like a lunatic and frowning fiercely at me.

"I was training" I tell her abruptly and she sneers at me.

"How many times have I told you to stay away from the training ring" she snaps, "It's below you, to train with the royal guards and what not."

There it is, the superiority complex she seems to have. That we, for some unfathomable reason, are better than everybody else, because she married King Axel, an extraordinarily nice man that really deserves far better than my mother as his wife. Part of me wishes I wasn't such a coward, because then the man would actually be free of this witch instead of stuck with her.

Her eyes slide over to the man who has scars on his face. "Alpha Kai" she says in a sugary sweet tone of voice "I didn't see you there, I thought you were just going for a walk" she adds looking suspicious.

He seems to pale slightly or is it my imagination. Uh oh, had he gone against my mother's orders. Poor bastard. He really should know better.

"I was going for a walk when I came across the training ring and decided to investigate" he said quickly.

That seems to satisfy her.

"I was looking for you" she seems to purr "Winter will need another dosage soon. Shall we go to her room and provide it."

I frown. Who the hell is Winter?

"Certainly Queen Vanessa" Alpha Kai responds, holding his arm out to her. My mother willingly takes it and they turn to walk in the direction of the castle.

"Drake" Vanessa says as I look at her, "I expect you to join your father and I for lunch shortly. Is that clear?" she says haughtily.

I scowl at her. Miserable bitch, already back to micro managing my life. I bite my lip however and give her an insincere smile. "Certainly mother" I snap. She glares at me then shrugs and walks away with this Alpha Kai man. God how I hate her. I'm under no illusions that she's not my real mother. I've known since I was tiny that I was adopted. Shame that the man who adopted me with her died. He was nice, from what I can recall. Whereas my mother is a coldhearted bitch who goes through men like they're nothing. She doesn't even care if they are already married. I know she's a witch, but there's something else to her because men throw themselves at her without her even trying. It's annoying and embarrassing.

I suspect she's part siren but I've never been able to prove it. But it would explain a hell of a lot.

"Screw this" I mutter once they are a safe distance away "I'm going to go and check that dungeon out." Trap or no trap, I can't get the look of desperation on that man's face. It wouldn't hurt to have a quick look, would it?

I put my joggers on, I hate fighting in shoes for some reason and head towards the building towards the far end of the castle. If I'm in luck, and to be fair, it's a pretty safe bet, then Jared is going to be the one guarding, because it's the most hated job out there and it gets given to the dumbest guard out there. Hence, Jared.

Yes, I almost cheer loudly in my head. It's him. With his dreadlocks and nose piercing, disheveled clothing and general air of boredom, it's none other than my stoner friend Jared standing out front.

"Drake" he crows when I come into view, fist bumping me with a grin "long time no see man. How have you been?" he exclaims.

"I've been better. I only came back because I ran out of money backpacking" I tell him sorrowfully.

"Ah man, that sucks. Would have been nice though yeah, backpacking through Europe" he says excitedly "better than being stuck here at any rate" he says sadly.

He furtively checks the grounds but nobody is interested in us, let alone cares what he's doing. He rolls a joint and lights it, smoking it with an appreciative look on his face.

"That's the stuff" he moans, handing it to me. I take a drag and then pass it back.

"Don't get caught" I warn him and he just laughs, chugging away.

"I won't nobody cares enough to come here anyway. This is the job given to the lowest of the lows" he laughs "I'm not complaining though because I can smoke and not get pulled up."

I sigh. He's never going to change, but then why should he have to? He's a genuinely nice guy with a heart of gold, even if he does like to get stoned or high as you call it.

"Hey what's going on tonight?" he asks me suddenly.

I frown. I've no idea. "Nothing as far as I know, why?"

"There's some talk about your mother doing a ritual or something" Jared mutters.

"I got nothing" I say with a shrug off my shoulders. "Hey listen Jared" I ask him as he peers at me blearily "can you let me inside? I hear you have some prisoners in there?"

He blinks, caught off guard. "There are prisoners in there" he says with a grin "You want to go in there man, go ahead."

I hesitate. I don't know why, but something makes me ask it anyway "have you got the keys to the cell?"

Now he looks a bit anxious. "I do, but why do you need them. "

"I don't" I say quietly "but why don't you come inside with me? You can still smoke your joint then" I add, watching him think it over. After all you can guard inside just as well as outside, I want to shout at him, but he needs to come to that rationale himself.

"Yeah, ok man" Jared says and both of us slip inside.

I blink, the darkness overwhelming in such a small confined space. I can hear voices coming from the last cell and I walk quickly, Jared unconcerned as he walks behind me, inhaling his joint. The marijuana

smells disgusting but there's this most beautiful scent coming towards me. It's hard to put a handle on it. It's like chocolate mousse, my favorite dessert in the whole entire world. Not only is that perplexing but my wolf is going crazy in my mind, prancing around and growling like a possessive bitch. I want to know what the hell his problem is.

I stop in front of the prisoners and gape. I swear that Jared has dropped his joint in surprise. There are three of them. One older woman and two men. The older woman is beautiful in a way, with her pale skin, longish hair and beautiful blue eyes. But it's the other two which make me want to go insane. Standing directly in front of me with his own mouth wide open, is a mirror version of me. Sure, my hair is slightly longer, I have a tattoo on my arm and I'm a little more tanned than him, but the other man is me.

"Holy shit, there's two of you" exclaims Jared from the back as his eyes dart back and forth in shock.

"You're me" I whisper to the man. "You're like my twin" I add in disbelief. There's no mistaking it. He's right there in front of my very eyes. I never even knew he existed.

The other me stares. "You're Drake" he bursts out "I've been wanting to look for you."

"How do you know my name" I murmur, trying not to touch the silver bars, but desperate to reach in and touch him. To make sure that he is in fact real. After all Jared is not the most reliable of people to ask, especially when he's under the influence.

"It's a long story."

My wolf however is growling at me and I turn to the third prisoner in the cell, the one who is regarding me steadily, his arms folded across his chest. I've never seen such a perfect man. His eyes are black, showing his wolf

is close to the surface, his whole body is toned and muscled. He reminds me of a Greek god with his hair all mussed up. The other me is standing close to him, one hand on his shoulder.

"Mate" I growl the word without warning, causing the man to stiffen where he's standing. His eyes dart to me.

For a moment I feel desolate and then he softly says it back "Mate" as other me just smiles grimly.

"Holy cow" Jared shouts, "my god man. This is unbelievable. Two of you and your mate. My god, oh my god" he continues to mutter to himself.

"I'm Damien" he says "your twin brother and this is our mate Langdon" he indicates the gorgeous hunk next to him. The woman has remained silent all this time, a hand to her mouth, tears welling in her eyes.

"This is our mother Elena" Damien says quietly and I regard her, wondering how I ended up adopted but Damien apparently didn't. There's a story to be told there.

"I'm more interested in why you all got tossed inside a cell" I say quietly, my hand itching to grab hold of the key and open the door.

"We came here because my sister Winter is with her mate inside the castle. I think she's in danger. She's supposed to go through some kind of ritual tonight and we came here to stop it. We haven't done anything wrong."

"I have a sister" I say quietly, awed and overwhelmed, and Damien nods.

"Queen Vanessa is my mother" I tell them and hear them all inhale in shock.

"We're screwed then" Damien says bitterly "was this just a joke to you?"

I shake my head. "I can't stand my mother and I've always known I'm adopted. So no, this isn't a joke for me" I growl "I only just learned of your existence, give me a freaking break for god's sake."

"Will you help us?" Damien asks desperately "Winter is in there" he continues.

I cock my head "is her mate Alpha Kai?" I ask and they nod.

Shit. I glance down at my watch. I need to hustle and soon before mother comes looking for me again. She ordered me to have lunch with them and she meant it. I want to scream in frustration. My mother, my real mother, my brother and my mate are all locked inside a cell. It's almost too incredible to be real. I eye Jared who's disposed of his joint and is smiling widely at everyone. I sigh. He's not going to be much good. At least he looks like a happy guard.

"Look I can't let you guys out right now" I say firmly "your sister's just been dosed which I think means she's been put to sleep. My mother is expecting me any minute and will come looking if I don't go. Your best bet, is for me to release you later, when the ritual is about to start" I finish, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. I'm completely making this plan up as I go along.

"How do we know if we can trust you" Damien says thickly. Ouch, that hurts, but I don't blame him for asking it.

"Drake is the most honest person I know" Jared chimes in out of nowhere. "If he tells you something he means it."

Damien deflates. "But it means going against the woman who raised you" he says suspicious.

I give a bitter laugh "trust me, I mainly raised myself. I wouldn't worry about loyalties right now. Just wait here and be ready. If I know my

mother, she's doing the ritual when the full moon is completely up in the sky" I say. I point to Jared "he'll get you anything you need for now. Trust me, you get let out earlier, you end up getting caught and then Winter is a goner. This is the only way" I tell them and then eye my mate "you and I are going to get a chance to know each other better later. It hurts me to leave you in here" I tell him, meaning every word. He nods in understanding. I turn and begin to walk away, yelling over my shoulder "be ready, because I will be back for all of you, you can count on it."