

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 86

ELEIA'S POV

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Talking to the families has been...dreadful. Their broken expressions and hurt filled eyes haunt me...every time we moved on to the next, I'm still haunted by the look of the families before, making it more difficult to say the same sentence over and over again, just using different names...the names of the people I sent into a death trap...

Aiden has his hand on the small of my back as we walk over to the last home and I focus on steady breaths...

"I'll do this one." Aiden looks down at me as we walk, but I don't look at him.

Looking at him makes my heart race a million miles an hour and I need to be calm...I could feel the tears on the verge on just coming forth and I can't be emotional about this...

It's my professional loss, my guards...a part of my pack...but for them...it's their families, their loves...

"No." I stare at the house that's coming closer...there's a guard leading us to their homes and he too looks devastated.

I f****d up.

"Eleia, you've done everyone, just let me."

I halt in my steps, turning to him when he stops walking and looks at me, "I did this, this is my responsibility." I grit out.

Does he not understand anything about this? Did he never have this guilt?

"I want to help." his tone is so sincere and it makes my heart soften, but how can I just step back and leave my responsibilities and give him every burden I have? He's my mate, but I can't do that to him.

"I know, but just...be there for me afterward." I want to smile, but it can't reach my lips.

The way his lips twitch up into a smile makes my heart flutter and all of my heart work is right out of the door.

“I will. I will always be there for you, but are you sure you can do this?” he closes the distance between us and he grabs my hand, his fingers fumbling with mine.

No.

“Yes.” I breathe out.

We continue to walk and I stand in front of the door, but when the guard goes to knock, I stop him, “No.” I hold up my hand and he freezes his fisted hand right in front of the wooden surface before stepping aside.

I knock and it takes a few seconds before the door opens and a beautiful woman stands tall, smiling gracefully.

“Hi.” I smile and her piercing blue eyes flick between Aiden and I before her lips part, forming a round O before she bows to us.

“Please, don’t.” I force a smile, but I bet anyone could tell that it was fake.

“What can I help you with?” she fiddles with her fingers nervously.

“We came to talk...Can we come in?” I glance past her head and she looks over her shoulder before stepping aside, “Come on in.” she smiles warily and I feel like I should just turn around and run.

As we enter the home, there are toys on the floor, milk bottles stacked on the kitchen counter and my heart sinks at the realization that they have a kid around.

ELEIA’S POV

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Talking to the families has been...dreadful. Their broken expressions and hurt filled eyes haunt me...every time we moved on to the next, I’m still haunted by the look of the families before, making it more difficult to say the same sentence over and over again, just using different names...the names of the people I sent into a death trap...

“Sorry about the mess...My son just went to sleep.”

I smile, chewing on my bottom lip as I follow her to their living room.

“Please...sit.” she smiles, looking like she wants to ask a question and I glance at Aiden for help.

He takes my hand, sitting down and pulling me down next to him.

‘Relax, you’ve done this before.’ he mind links me and I focus on the woman sitting down across from us.

“So...what brings you here?” she asks, not calling us your majesty or something that defines us as royals and for once, I feel like a person.

“Well...we have some bad news.” her lips fall and they press into a thin line, her chest rising and then falling slowly as she tries to control herself.

“What kind of bad news?” her voice cracks along with my heart.

“Rufus passed away...he was murdered.” her throat bobs and she swallows the lump in her throat.

Her eyes become glassy, the whites turning a slight red as she fights the tears. “We’re so sorry for your loss.” my throat runs dry and her head falls into her hands while she weeps.

I listen to her loud cries, the sound of her broken voice echoing around the room and Aiden stands up, holding out his hand to me and I take it and he pulls me up, “We really are sorry.” he mutters before trying to pull me past her, but she grabs my wrist in a very tight grip.

I could feel my arm bruise under her death grip on me .

“You killed him.” she lifts her head, her eyes pitch black. “No, we didn’t. It was the hunters...” I shake my head as I stare at her with a pity look. She deserves more than this, she deserves to be with the father of her son...

“You...” she stands, snarling at me and Aiden steps in between us.

“We know you’re upset and we with look past this felony, only if you let go of her right now.” he threatens and I shove him to the side, “Don’t threaten her, she has every right to be upset.” I scoff and turn my attention to her, “If you like...we’ll explain this to your son.” I offer and the next thing I know, I’m flying back when she shoves me hard against my chest, a deadly scream leaving

my throat when a sharp pain shoots up my arm and I hit my head against the tiled floor.

I bring my arm to my face and see my broken wrist, "Eleia." Aiden gasps, trying to reach for me when the woman charges at me.

The guard shoots her in the leg and she freezes, looking down at the blood pooling out of the wound before she lifts her gaze to look at me, "Now you want them to kill me too? Do you want to murder both my son's parents?" she yells so crazily that I actually fear for my life.

"Stop!" I yell when the guard points the gun at her head.

I sit up, popping my wrist back in place, a deadly growl erupting from my throat when pain shoots through me, but it fades when the bones heal.

"Look." I glare at her as Aiden pulls me up, "I know you want me dead, because I did send them out there to help catch those people but they died instead, but most of them are dead, the little hand of hunters ran while their friends were being slaughtered and in war...there are casualties, so stop attacking me because your mate was doing his job to keep his family safe and his pack. You are stomping on his name by attacking me and if you don't stop..." I glance at the guard who's hand is still on the gun that's tucked into the holster at his side, "Then you will die, but not because of me..." I shake my head, "But because of you."

Her jaw tenses and ticks to the side, rage flashing through her eyes.

"This..." she glances around, "How can I go on? He brought home the money for food and everything!" she yells, her voice breaking, "I have nothing left!" she shrieks and I could tell she was in pain.

"We'll help with that. You can have his salary every month and we'll always be there to help."

"I want nothing from you!" she points at me with a disgusted look on her face, like she's ready to s***h the flesh of my body.

"The money was his...it's his and now you have it. Every month. Alright?" I try and talk her down, but she's too upset.

"Get out." she grits out, but how can I leave her like this?

Other women and families cried... but she loses her mind...like she's mentally unstable.

"Please, we want to help.", "You did enough!" she yells and I could hear the faint crying of a toddler.

"Thanks a lot." she seethes before turning on her heel, freezing and looking back at us, "Please leave." her eyes are red, her face tear-stained and her cheeks flushed.

I nod and she continues to walk and I grab Aiden's hand, "Let's go." I demand and everything suddenly feels numb...

"Should I arrange the nanny for the kids?" Aiden asks as he walks beside me, his one stride is two of mine.

I don't answer him as my chest feels like it's collapsing and once we're inside, he grabs my hand and pulls me into the nearest private room, "Talk to me." he begs, his eyes wide as he stares at me.

"About what?" I pull my hand free from his grasp.

"What do you need?" he asks and I frown at him in confusion, "What?" I frown, "What do you need? Do you need to punch something? Do you need space? Do you want me to screw you until your brain stops working? Do you want to go for a run? What do you need?"

I sigh through my nose, shaking my head, "I need a bath with wine or whatever and I need it to be quiet."

"Okay." he reaches for my hand, "Alone."

His smile falls and he nods, "Then I'll take the kids to get something to eat."

I nod and we walk to the room, where the nanny stands with a small smile and Aiden excuses her.

I never thought that life would be like this...but it is and now all that needs to change....is me.

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 87

AIDEN'S POV

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When I came back into the room with the kids, I laid Arlen down in his cot and Felix immediately rushed off to play with his car toys.

I marched over to the bathroom, opening the door slowly to find Eleia still in the bathtub, staring at the wall in front of her with her wine glass in hand.

“Eleia, are you alright?” the tension in the room was a lot, it was sucking all the air out of the room.

Her head slowly turns to the side, her soaked hair stuck to her neck and back.

“Yep.” only her lips move and I inch closer, lowering to my haunches beside the tub. She stares at me, her forest orbs dark and dull, “You seem upset.” I mutter and she sighs, turning her head to face the front and she stares at the bubbles around her, “Well, for that I have to care and I am done caring Aiden.” she sighs, making me frown, “What?” I snort, she sounds ridiculous. If she were to stop caring, then that would mean she is in denial.

I was there once, after my parents died and it was horrible, because everything after choosing not to care, came crashing onto me when I did care again.

And then I met her and it was like coming up for fresh air after being under water too long...which is ironic since I saved her from drowning, literally...the first time I ever met her.

She was so shy and I found it cute, but what was even cuter was how she climbed out of her shell and became more comfortable with me and the pack.

“I am done caring.” she repeats, gritting out each word like she’s mad at me.

“I don’t understand...” my eyes narrow at her. “To be a ruler, I have to stop feeling bad about the deaths that follow. It’s no use feeling sad about it, it happens.” she shrugs and I stand, but her head tilts up as she stares at me and then she takes a sip of wine.

“You can’t be serious Eleia.” I shake my head.

She shrugs, "I am.", "Are you going to say that when I die?" I bellow and she rolls her eyes, "No, because you won't die."

Her seductive look makes me want to climb in there, but then again...it won't fix anything.

"You don't know that.", "You aren't a guard, you won't fight." she sneers before standing upright, the bubbles sticking to her sliding down her body along with the water.

I can't stop my eyes from trailing down her perfectly firm breasts, down her stomach to her cunt...

I step back as she climbs out of the bathtub, the water soaking the rug beneath our feet.

"Come on Aiden, of course I wouldn't say that if you died...but we have to be realistic." she leans to the side, placing her glass on the counter next to the sink.

AIDEN'S POV

—

When I came back into the room with the kids, I laid Arlen down in his cot and Felix immediately rushed off to play with his car toys.

"Caring is realistic." I try to argue with her without getting too excited by being around her.

"Don't be like this, you know what it's like." she rolls her eyes as she picks up her towel, "I do, but I know it's necessary to care if you want the pack to follow you." I grit out, I need to get this stupid idea out of her head before it completely takes over.

Mere hours ago she was weeping over the loss of those twenty guards and now it's like it didn't even happen or affect her.

"Of course I care, I just don't take it to heart anymore. We can't all stop just because a few people died." she mutters, "We can take a moment for them Eleia, that is how family works and all of us, every single person in this big a*s pack, we are family." I grit out, wondering why she can't understand this.

“We will take a moment, at their funerals, when their families are around. I’m not heartless, but my mind is prioritizing what is best for this pack.” she grits out.

“The pack needs us to care.” , “And we do.” she snaps, drying herself off lightly, “Stop being so harsh on me, I do care, but my family and feelings come first otherwise I will break.” her voice cracks, making my heart ache.

I hate to see her like this...she deserves more than just not feeling the deaths, than not caring because once she realizes that her plan won’t work, that guilt adds to everything and makes it a hundred times worse.

I want more for her, I want more for my family and I want more for me.

I don’t want her to break...but how can she rule without a heart?

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Weeks go by and she seems...collected and not falling apart about the deaths she carried heavily on her heart, but now it seems like it never happened, except when their families are around and she talks about how heroic they were, how sorry she is...how she wishes she could change things and the families of the lost ones eat it up like a dessert.

We’re having meetings with alpha’s today and everything is tense because they ask me every question, but she has all the answers.

I just sit next to her while she snarls and scolds at them with a glare, “Please calm down.” I rest my hand on hers, squeezing her fingers together and her head slowly turns to me, her eyes filled with anger and resentment.

She stands and the room falls in a complete silence. “We are here to have a meeting about laws and what has been going on in the area...if you don’t know, there are hunters.” her eyes flick around the room, she meets everyone’s gaze, staring at them with a challenge in her eyes.

“Just because I am not a male, doesn’t mean I don’t rule this kingdom, so speak up. Have you seen hunters?”

The alpha’s all glance around at one another and I sit with a smug look on my face, knowing that if they aren’t going to answer her, she’ll find it disrespectful

and snap on them, maybe challenge them for their pack, their jobs and even their lives.

"A few dozen a couple of weeks back...they passed us and killed five of my own." an alpha speaks up and I mentally high five him for answering her.

"We killed most of them." she sits back down, glancing at me with a loving glance, the edge of her lips tugging up slightly. "Your king and our beta killed them, with the help of a group of our best warriors."

The alpha's all glance around before one stands, "And the rest?" , "The rest is gone, ran on foot but we have people scavenging for them. They're good, trained better than our best assassin, but with a large number of people...they won't last long.", "And when did you send your people?"she glances at me for confirmation, "A week ago, but they couldn't have gone far and if they come back, there will be wolves all over and I suggest you have patrols." I grin and when they all look at me, I feel small because they all look at me as if I were the Luna, as if my words don't matter, like I don't matter.

But it's the truth...I don't care because she is the boss of me...

I never thought the hopeless, suicidal girl that I saved from drowning herself would be running the show, the entire wolf kingdom and several packs.

I love her and her bossiness, it's a hit to the ego, but a boost to who I am mated to.

I thought she was an omega, but all along she just doubted herself, hiding the fact that she was powerful but she didn't know it either...

She was her own hero, her own savior, strong and kind-hearted, but being scared was never an option because she had the best genes...the pure royal alpha genes.

"Sit down." she demands the standing alpha and a snarl escapes his throat, his nose scrunching up with his lips and I find myself standing up, "She said sit down." I growl, defending her honor and her hand grabs mine while she sits like the most beautiful woman ever, staring at me with admiration.

I smile down at her and then I look at the man sitting down with a scowl on his face, "I'd knock that look off your face if I were you...before it stays like it permanently." I shrug, making the alpha roll his eyes.

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 88

ELEIA'S POV

—

Our guards have been looking for the missing hunters that ran off...no one has a precise count of how many escaped and we don't even know if all of them were here...There could be hundreds and all they want is me, well wanted, but what they want now...is unknown.

We're walking around on the land when guards come back, silently and armed with guns and they're heading straight for us.

They bow in front of Aiden and I before standing upright, "We couldn't find anyone." The guard announces, making my small smile fall. "Excuse me?" I stare at them with wide eyes, "It's fine," Aiden excuses them and they give me a worried glance before walking away.

I turn to Aiden, frowning, "It's not okay." I point out the obvious. They couldn't have just disappeared...they couldn't just vanish.

"They aren't here, which means it's fine." Aiden rests both hands on my shoulders, staring down at me to convince me that the people who are out there to hunt us, to kill us, is far away and we're safe, but as long as they live, we won't be safe.

"No, it's not. They are going to come back, they're expecting us to look for them now and in a month or two, when we think this is all over, they'll be back and we'll be dead." I ramble, making him sigh as he drops his arms beside him.

"It is a possibility." He breathes out, sounding disappointed, but it's only because I am right. He knows I am right and he can't stop any of this.

"I want people to do their usual rounds, inside and out, but on high alert. I'm sure someone is still watching us,"

A clearing of a throat makes Aiden and I turn around and a servant stands there, wearing her pretty uniform, her hands crossed in front of her, her head bowed to us.

“My King, My queen.”

“What is it?” Aiden asks nicely. I wanted to answer but I guess he’s doing a kinder job than I would have.

“Mr. Zac is asking for you.” she offers a small smile and we nod before she rushes off. Aiden takes my hand, “You have to stop scaring the people.” he whispers as we walk. I turn my head to the side, glancing up at him and I roll my eyes at the sight of his dashing smile. He’s taunting me since I decided that I have to put my feelings aside. “What?” he asks, nudging his shoulder against mine. I refrain from answering, knowing that if I do, it might not be something nice.

“Come on.” he stops, making me stop since he’s holding my hand and he’s twice my weight, maybe three times with his muscles.

“What?” I sigh, feeling annoyed that he’s wasting my time.

Zac had gotten an infection and was in and out of consciousness for days on end. I have yet to thank him for saving my life, but then again...that would show feelings.

“Talk to me, you’ve been snapping at everyone.” his eyes are filled with concern. “I have not.” I argue, even though I know that he’s telling the truth.

“You have and you know it.” he grits out, giving me a warning look. “So what?” I snap at him, pulling my hand free. “Zac is waiting for us.” I snarl as I turn to the castle and start marching.

Everyone has settled in alright, the castle’s pack, which is now mine, is wary of me because I didn’t grow up here, but that was not my fault.

Even though some of them don’t trust me, they still follow me because I am the only one of age that can rule this place. Next in line is Felix and I have to start teaching him from a young age, he still has a few years left of freedom at least, to enjoy the peace of being a kid.

Arriving at the room we put Zac in for comfort and safety, he’s sitting up on the couch, sipping on something.

“Zac.” I call out to him to make it known that we are here. He stands up, turning to us, “Hi.” he smiles, his gaze flicking between Aiden and I, “I’m glad

to see you are in one piece.” he jokes, “Thanks to you, I am.” I thank him in the nicest way possible, “The pleasure is mine.” he smiles before sitting back down, “Please, sit.” he motions to the couch next to him.

Aiden and I both sit down, but the way Aiden wraps his arm around my arm makes me let out a sigh. He can’t seriously still be jealous, can he?

‘Stop it.’ I scold him through our private link and he pulls me closer to him in spite of what I just said.

“Zac, what do you remember?” I ask since Aiden wasn’t going to start the conversation with him. “Taking a hit for you.” he snorts, raking a hand through his messy hair. “The last time you’ll ever need to.”

His eyebrows furrow together, “What do you mean?” , “Most of them are dead, we’re hunting the last we’ve seen but we actually don’t know how many there are.” I shrug and he nods, “Your count on them was very off though.” Aiden adds. “Yeah, are you sure you only saw a few?” my eyes narrow on him, “Yes.” he replies non-hesitantly and I nod, “Well, get better soon.” I stand and Aiden follows suite. “Wait, you do believe me, don’t you?” I glance over my shoulder at him as he stands with a frown on his face, “Of course we do, but we have more investigating to do so excuse us.”

We leave his room and as we reach the end of the hall, Aiden grabs my hand, “I don’t trust him.” he deadpans, making me roll my eyes at him, “You don’t trust your own reflection, get over it.” I snort before walking down the stairs.

I shouldn’t be so snappy with him...but it gets fun when it gets dark. He silently loves it and what he loves more is when he ‘teaches me a lesson’ at night to not be like that with him, but how could I deny it when every night we have mind-blowing s*x?

I’ll be snappy with him forever if it means that I get to go to bed happy every single night.

Coming down the stairs, Penelope walks toward me with a plate of fruit and a smile on her face, wearing leggings and a t-shirt.

“Oh, you have pants.” I tease and she giggles when she notices me. “I do, new ones too.” she winks, “I must thank you for making it possible for me to wear these, they are much more comfier than dresses!” her eyes trail my body, “Which you should be wearing.” she frowns at my jeans and crop top.

“Listen, it’s time for something new. Dresses are worn with the crown at events, not indoors when you have nothing to do except search for information about enemies. Plus, I don’t want to ruin a good dress.” I shrug her comment off and she just stares at me with amusement. “Turning things around, I like it.” she nods before passing me.

“Where’s uncle Roman? I haven’t seen him in days.” I turn, looking at her. “He’s doing a lot in the pack, helping here and there. He doesn’t like to sit still and do nothing.”

“Oh, alright.”

Aiden comes down with Felix and Arlen , smiling at me and I just stare at them. I can’t be a good mom and take care of the pack, I have been distant with them since the attack on the hunters because they need to be safe and the last thing I heard was that the hunters were after me, meaning I am the threat.

I am a threat for my kids, not directly but they could get harmed.

“I think we should go sit outside in the sun and I’ll play ball with Felix.” Aiden offers , “I have things to do.” I change the subject, “But be careful.” I demand before making my way to the office downstairs.

I could feel Aiden’s gaze on the back of my head as I march off, but I can’t let anything happen to them. The hunters made a mistake when they shot at me first, but I bet they won’t repeat their mistakes.

I sit down in the chair when a knock on my door has me glaring at the wooden surface, “Come in.” I grit out and Zac’s head pops through the crack, “Can we talk?” he asks kindly, “If you promise not to take up all of my time.” I grit out as I pull the laptop open, hitting the start button in the corner and he sits down as I wait for it to run.

“What is it?” I snap, eager to know what he wants. “Aiden doesn’t trust me, does he?” he chuckles, “That’s King for you, Zac.” I grit his name out. “Right, my apologies.” he shifts in his seat, looking somewhat uncomfortable.

“And no, he doesn’t. But don’t let it bother you.” I wave it off, Aiden has a lot of trust issues, some are with me clearly, but he is working on it.

“Right...Anyway, I was wondering if I may leave?”, “No.” I deadpan without hesitation. He knows more about the hunters than we do, we need him. “Why not?” his angered tone makes me glare at him, “Because your Queen said so, or shall I lock you in the basement to keep you here?” I threaten, “I guess I can stay a few more days.” he rolls his eyes. “Wonderful , you are dismissed.” I snap at him.

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 89

ELEIA'S POV

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“Arlen! Wait!” I giggle as I run after him. He has Aiden’s raven hair. His giggles echo through my ears as the space between us get longer.

“Slow down!” I giggle as he runs further into the field.

Felix comes jogging next to me, he’s taller and his dashing smile makes my heart flutter.

“Felix, your brother is fast.” I start to say but he just winks at me before darting forward.

He catches up to Arlen in no time and they both run at the same pace, getting further away from me.

“Boys!” I yell, feeling exhausted, but they don’t hear me at all. I try to run faster, but by doing that, they’re even further away.

“No.” I breathe out as I use every bit of energy I have to push forward. I smile when it seems like they’re getting closer, but when a tall shadow falls over me, I glance to my side.

“Aiden?” I breathe out with a smile, almost stopping but I glance in front of me. Felix and Arlen look small with the distance between us.

“I can’t get to them.” I frown as I look beside me.

Aiden just smiles while we run side by side, the silence is comforting, the world so quiet...too quiet.

He starts to jog faster, getting ahead of me. "Aiden!" I shriek as he joins the boys, leaving me behind.

"No." Tears form in my eyes and my face is suddenly soaked.

"Eleia!" I jolt upright, my entire body soaked as I run my hands down my face and shirt. I glance up at Zac's panicked face and he sits back, sighing.

"For f**k sakes woman." He grits out annoyed.

I frown, looking around and we're in a small room, it has a small kitchen counter with stove and microwave, all the kitchen essentials and a bathroom to the left.

"Where are we?" I grit out as I climb off the bed.

"In a motel." Zac tosses the bucket toward the kitchen. "Why?" I frown, "Why?" He seethes, "Because you were almost dead!" He bellows and my eyes widen in fear. "What?" I bellow.

"The hunters presumed that you were dead, but all you had was a very weak pulse. I brought you back here after they demanded I get rid of your body and I gave you CPR, water and...", "And threw the water all over me I see!" I bellow.

Zac rolls his eyes, "I saved your life." He grits out, "How did I almost die?" I ask confused and his eyes widen in fear. He stands up, scratching his nape. "Well..." he starts and I follow him, "Well what?" I snap, "The drugs." , "I almost overdosed?" I bellow and he inches closer, "Shhh." He begs, "There are people around." He whispers through gritted teeth. "Who the hell cares?" I bellow. "You almost killed me!" , "Human ears Eleia!" He bellows back and what he said sounds much more weird than what I said. Now the people around us will know that we are not human.

"Way to go." I scoff, turning my back to him. "Does this mean I'm free to go home?" I grit out.

My entire body is electrified, my hands are shaking and itching to punch out Zac and just run.

"If you want to put your family in harm, go ahead." He scoffs.

I turn, "What do you mean?" I seethe at the thought of harm coming to my children, my mate, my entire pack.

"What do you think hunters do? They hunt, we are their prey. We are the only kind they are interested in, especially in wolf form. They want the largest wolves, the highest rank wolf. They want to stuff our heads and hang us on their f*****g walls like trophies. We are their prize, don't you get that? They will go pack to the castle, in search of your uncle or even mate who is now the king, perhaps your children who are the heirs to the throne." I growl at his threat. "Or we can let them see you, the miracle princess who has returned and took her place on the throne and lead them away while they chase you." Zac's eyes glisten as he speaks and every fibre of my body is screaming at me to not trust him. But how could I risk the lives of everyone that matters to me?

"How do I find them?" I grit out.

I want them to chase me and when they do, I will slaughter them one by one. I will kill every single one of them and tear them to shreds before sending parts of their bodies home.

I wonder if they knew that we are people too, that we have families and loved ones too.

"You wonder around in the woods, until they find you." He deadpans and my blood runs cold.

"What if they capture me? Or kill me on the spot." I snort and he shrugs, "I don't know, but I need to go." He marches over to the table and snatches his jacket off one of the chairs it's draped over.

"Where are you going?" I growl, "To get my daughter." He grits out, "Did they say you can go get her?" I snap.

Did all he have to do is kill me to get his daughter back?

"Not in so many words." He shrugs as he marches to the door. I step in between his body and the door, "You're going to steal her back? Attack them? You can get killed." I seethe.

I don't necessarily care about what happens to him, but he's the only one who can help me track them down.

Plus I don't want his daughter to get killed in the process either.

Zac is a strong man, he's brave and motivated and I bet his daughter has some of his traits. "I don't care!" He bellows. "She's been a hostage long enough. Goddess knows what they are doing to her."

He seethes before shouldering past me.

I grab his arm, "Let me come with you." I beg, it's stupid, but it's one way to get them to see that I am alive and running around.

"No." Zac seethes, "I already put your life in danger once, I am not doing it again." He rips his arm out of my grasp. "Stay here." , "What if they don't let you take her?" I yell. "Then I'll kill them." , "Not before they kill you." I shrug and he glares at me. "I can help you." I push him, "I can distract them until you get her out."

He thinks for a moment, I could see his brain turning, thinking of everything. "Why would you help me?" He grits out annoyed. "Because there's an innocent child's life at risk." I shrug.

That is the main priority, but them seeing me so that I can lure them away is also the idea.

I would run and hide my entire life if it means that my boys are safe.

His eyes trail up and down my body as he studies me, for what I don't know. I don't mean bringing any harm to him or his daughter, but my aim is my own family.

"Fine." He grits out, his jaw tense. He turns on his heel and flees the little motel room and I follow him out to his car.

The drive is longer than expected, but then again I don't know how long I've been out since my almost death.

"Where are we?"

I clutch the jacket Zac had given me closer around my body to make me warm. It's dark out and also cold and my body is too weak from the drugs Zac shot me with to make my own body heat.

The last time I felt like this, was when I lived at the Night pack.

I was weak and tired the entire time, just like I am now.

“Off the coast, it’s an entire day drive.”

He mutters. His eyes are locked on the road, his hand gripping the steering wheel. His head is rested against his fingers of the arm that rests on the window sill of the car.

“Great.” I scoff and his head turns as he looks at me. “Are you going to babble the entire drive?” He grits out annoyed.

I glare at him, “I don’t think me talking is qualified to be called babbling. I’m just making conversation.”, “I don’t like talking while driving.”, “Then listen.” I shrug, “Don’t like that either.” He sighs as he shifts in his seat, changing his hands on the wheel and the hand that was gripping the wheel is now on the gears.

“Too bad, this trip isn’t all about you.” I shriek when he comes to a sudden halt, swerving to the side of the road.

“What the hell?” I snap as I grab the door tightly, my body pulling forward until the car stops and my back slams back into the seat.

“This drive is all about me. I am going to save my daughter, nothing more. You wanted to help, fine but it will be under my terms. And this is my car, so or you shut up or get out!”

He bellows, his fist banging onto the steering wheel, making the horn go off.

“Fine.”

I cross my arms as I roll my neck and put my safety belt on. “Good.” He shifts his gears and speeds off with a deadly look in his eyes.

I make myself comfortable, leaning my head against my palm and I watch as the cars drive by until I fall asleep.

I wake up with sun shining into my eyes and I winch, turning my head. “Damn, I thought you’d be out longer. There’s a stop a few miles ahead.” He murmurs while snacking on a burger.

“I see you already stopped.” I shift, stretching upward to relieve the tension in my back.

“A few hours back, this is my second one. Want a bite?” He murmurs through a mouth full of food.

“No thanks.” I turn my nose up to the half eaten burger, but the smell is luring and my mouth waters.

“Your loss.” He snorts while continuing eating and I just sit still, trying to ignore the explosion feeling in my bladder.

“How far till that stop?” I ask after fifteen minutes of driving.

“Not sure.” We take a turn and I smile at the sight of a gas station. “Thank Goddess.” I groan and loosen my seatbelt.

“Woah, you need to wait for the car to stop before getting out.” He chuckles, glancing at me.

“I wasn’t going to-” I stop talking at the sight of his devilish grin. “Haha, funny.” I mutter sarcastically. He starts to laugh before switching his indicator on and he turns into the gas station.

The car barely stops before I jump out of the car and I rush into the shop.

After using the restroom, I walk out of the shop to find Zac standing next to his car, leaning against the driver door with food in his hand.

“Are you seriously eating again?” I snort as I halt in front of him. He c***s his head, his eyes narrowing, “It’s for you. You don’t have any money.” He points out and my lips round and I nod. I smile, “Thanks.”, “For what?” He snorts, “Kidnapping you without clothes and any money?” He raises a questionable brow. “For the food Zac.” I scoff before taking the food and I round the car and get it.

I didn’t hesitate to start eating once I smelled the burger and I devoured the entire thing within minutes as we drive off.

“It’s about twelve more hours .” He updates me without me even having to ask.

I think it’s improvement since last night because last night I wasn’t even allowed to breathe and now he’s talking to me.

We turn off on a weird dirt road in the middle of nowhere and I glance at his hands, his fingers repeatedly tapping on the steering wheel while he chews on his bottom lip. I've seen symptoms of anxiety and he's reeking of it too.

"Is this their the road to their place?" I ask, glancing out of the window. It's completely dark and the only light there is, is the one of the moon. "Yes." He grits out and my head turns back so that I could study him.

"She'll be okay." I smile and he just hums. He's being rude again, shocking. Perhaps because he's a not a fan of driving at night or he's in his own head again...

"So tell me now...did you tell the hunters that I was alive?" I pop a fry into my mouth. It's cold because we got it a few hours back, but it's still good.

"What?" He glances at me, his eyebrows furrowed together. "I mean did you set a new bargain with them? Did you tell them I was alive and that's why you look like you're on drugs or something?" I try to joke with him to lighten the mood.

"No." He growls and I'm silenced by it for only a second. "I'm just..." he starts and falls silent before raking his fingers through his hair. "What if she's already dead and we're going in blinded by the fact that we think she's still alive?" He sighs before both of his hands grip the wheel tightly. "I think you should go with your gut, not your head." I sigh and he glances at me from the side of his eye, "My gut is telling me to save her. Meaning she's alive." He shrugs and I nod in silence.

We almost drive through a big hole and he swerves to the side, making me shriek. "How do you know where this place is? Have you been here before." The silence says it all. He has.

"When?" , "When what?" , "When have you been here before?" , "When they captured us. They released me to do a job and I somewhat failed." He snorts as if it were a joke, but it isn't because his daughter is there.

Alive or dead.

"They killed her." His knuckles turn white. "Who? Your daughter? We don't know..." , "My mate, my daughter's mother, right in front of us when we wouldn't oblige." He sighs and my heart sinks into my stomach.

I wouldn't want Aiden, Felix or Arlen to see that...none of it. I wouldn't mind the sacrifice, but to have them see it...it would have caused a trauma trigger.

"I'm sorry." I fall silent at a loss for words. "It's been weeks and I still think she'd be there if I went back, but she won't."

Tears form in my eyes. I'm not a big fan of Zac, but to know that he and his daughter went through that...it breaks my heart.

I swore to not feel anything and the entire time since he drugged and kidnapped me, all I do is feel.

Everything.

"I just need to save my daughter, she's all I have left."

"How did they capture you?" I finally manage to ask. My curiosity getting the better of me in this sour situation.

"We were out, we do that every Sunday. We take our daughter out of the pack to study nature and learn her things. The world is an ugly place and when trouble comes, she needs to know where to hide and what she can use and do. While we were in a field, they shot us with tranquilizers. I watched as my mate fell and then my daughter and before I could reach them...I was out too." He grits out.

I could tell the memories were painful...it was all right until that very moment and he has to live with those memories.

The last good memory of his mate.

"She's okay. I can feel it." I offer a kind smile and he just sighs.

I notice lights of a house in the far, it's uphill and gloomy. There's smoke coming out of a chimney and there's fencing everywhere.

"We need a plan." I mutter. "I do, you wait in the car while I get my daughter back." He deadpans.

"We need a better plan." I snort. "Look, I am not going to babysit you. When I find my daughter, I'm leaving and I won't care if you get killed or not." He seethes.

Ouch.

“Fine, I’ll stay in the car.” I roll my eyes.

“Great.” He mutters, “Good.” I deadpan.

We drive up to the house and the front is parked with cars and trucks. It’s quiet outside but when I focus my listening, I could hear the muttering of voices and loading of guns.

“They have guns.” I grab his arm as he’s about to open the door.

“f*****g hell Eleia, I know that.” He rips his arm away from my hand. “They are hunters, they know this car. They gave me this car to get around.” He scoffs before opening his door, “Now lay low before you get killed.” He gets out and slam the door shut. I stare at him wide eyed as he marches up the stairs of the patio and knocks on the door.

I sink down in my seat, staying in the shadows as I watch the wooden door open and a gun is pointed at his head before it’s lowered in realization of who it is.

He backs up when two big men with guns walk him back and close the door behind them.

I roll the window down slightly to listen in on their conversation better.

“I want my daughter.” He asks politely, as if scared, but if it were Felix or Arlen, I would be too.

“And we wanted the lost princess.” One man scoffs as he folds his arms. I guess it’s goos that no one is pointing a gun at his head...

“It wasn’t my fault, I had to put her out!” Zac defends his actions of almost killing me. Well they think I’m dead.

“Did you? Did you have to?” The man seethes.

“Yes. She was attacking me!” He points to the middle of nowhere.

“Sure. A little woman was attacking you.” He rolls his eyes.

“You’re twice her size!” The other man starts to laugh.

Zac tucks his hands into his pocket, "I know you don't understand our lives, but she is royalty, better than any alpha and I am a mere beta!" He growls lowly. "Poor you then." The man snorts, "Get us another royal and your daughter would be free." The one shrugs. "I can't! Just give her to me!" Zac steps forward and the men doesn't hesitate to pull a gun and point it at his head.

I absentmindedly grab the door handle, ready to pull it when the gun is lowered and I freeze, "The royals don't trust me. I kidnapped their Queen, can't you find someone else?" He begs, his voice hoarse and shaky.

"It was hard enough to capture you." The man snorts, "Now run along and go find someone else and a leverage for them to do the job. Then we will let your precious girl go." They both turn and walk into the house again, leaving Zac looking broken hearted, mad and disoriented.

ELEIA'S POV

—

Another few weeks pass without a sight of any hunter. Aiden and I have went out ourselves to search, which ended up in a heated fight because he just can't fathom that I just know that they'll back. No one just abandons a mission, especially if it's something they strongly believe in, but he's calmed down and we're all relaxed, for now.

He talked me into the place where we are now, relaxing until we have something to worry about, meaning the guards do less rounds, the group count is less and everything is calm, except for me.

I wake up at six every morning, eat before everyone else, take a run before I start training with Aiden at eight and then at ten we open the doors for problems from the pack.

It takes at least four hours a day and I think that it's a waste of my time, but it means something to the people we look after. Aiden missed a few because he had to go out for some business of his own, but I get by just fine without him.

I have been doing yoga at night as well, to keep my mind at ease and Zac has been pestering me about leaving.

As I walk into the kitchen, I find Zac walking towards the door, "Excuse me." I snort as I catch a glimpse of the bag dangling over his shoulder. He halts and turns around, dragging a hand through his hair as he looks at me.

"Great." he mutters under his breath and I hope that he thought that I didn't hear him, but unfortunately I did.

He stands clutching the bag, glaring at me, "Zac, where are you going?" I ask, already knowing that he was on his way to leave.

"I am going home." he deadpans, his eyes zeroed in on me as I march over to him.

"Without permission?" I glare at him, "I have permission.", "Asking the servants is not permission.", "From Aiden." I freeze in my spot, "No, go back until we are done with getting everything out of you." I point back to the stairs and his jaw ticks as he glares at me. "I already told you everything." he bellows, "You told me everything when I say you told us everything." I deadpan and he snorts before brushing past me, purposely shouldering me as he passes.

"You should join us for dinner!" I yell, not turning to look at him stomping up the stairs, "Go to hell!" he yells at me and I smile at the thought of me ruling hell too.

Penelope tracks me down on the treadmill after dinner in the indoor gym inside of the castle, it's small but it works and I never want anything else to change. I love the privacy and when someone walks in, I can ask them politely to leave or insist they come back another time.

Being the queen has it perks.

"If you keep on running, you're going to fall through your own a*s." she giggles as she sits down with a bowl of popcorn. The buttery smell invades my nostrils and I turn the machine down to a walking pace to catch a breath.

"I have to be fast." I choke on my own saliva, making her laugh. "I know, but you don't even have to fight, so for what are you training so much?" she shakes her head and I don't think she gets all of this.

She married into this family, I on the other hand was born into it. I have to work twice as much because I'm not a guy.

Male wolves are naturally strong, some stronger than others depending on the bloodline and all my life I thought I was an omega, a nobody who only lived to serve others, I didn't fight or train because I was a maid, an abused slave that had to come running when called...but now I find out I am a royal, a pedigree of alpha blood, one of the strong ones and I am a girl...a girl that is seen to only sit next to the king and look beautiful...but that's not what I do. It's not what I want to do.

I want to be strong like Aiden, I want to be fearless like uncle Roman, I want to fight like a beast and when I imagine who I want to be, I see men.

I don't want to be a man, I want to be better than them.

"You won't understand." I finally mutter, grabbing my bottle and I gulp down a lot, some dripping down the side of my mouth onto my already sweaty shirt.

"Did Aiden tell you to work out?" she asks and I stop the machine, slowing my walk as it comes to a steady halt.

I stand on it, glaring at the woman who talks about change but does nothing to get it.

"No, he despises it because it takes time away from bonding with my children, but I need this." I point to my chest, my nail digging into my flesh, "I need to get through this, I need to be better because I am a woman and all eyes are on me." I grit out, slowly but surely losing my temper. "No it's not." she shakes her head, "Aiden is King, all eyes are on him." I snort at her words, how blind is she? But then again, she hasn't been active in the community since I started to rein this place.

"What?" she frowns, "I'm not like you Penelope." I shake my head, "I'm like Roman, I was not married into this family. I don't get to sit back and do nothing." I explain with a harsh tone, "But you don't need to." she adds, which pisses me off even more.

"Did you think that the Moon Goddess would just show me the picture to just come here and do nothing?" I snap and her eyes grow wide, "Of course not, it brought you back to your family.", "My parents aren't even here, they are dead!" I bellow, all the pent up anger now rolling off my shoulders.

"I know that, but we are your family too.", "Yes, it shows how you support me." I roll my eyes as I turn the machine back on. I need to keep going before I say or do something I will regret.

"We do support you." she argues, "Yes until I actually had to do the job and you left me fending for myself." I grit out as I try and control my breathing. "We didn't mean for you to feel like you couldn't come to us..." she sounds so unsure, "As if uncle Roman is ever around." I snort and she stands, putting her bowl of popcorn down, "Do not be mean, he was a hard-working man and deserves this time to just unwind." she snaps at me, "Get out." I deadpan and the silence that fills between us makes me wish that she never came in here.

I should have stuck with my decision on throwing everyone out that comes in because the only reason I run on this treadmill is to stay close and not lose my own head or make someone else lose theirs.

I want more in life, I want to be happy but all of this stress, knowing that we're just waiting for the bomb to drop is driving me insane.

"I think you need a spa day." she snorts before grabbing her bowl and leaving.

I wish I could agree, but what I need is peace and love. Aiden is great to me, he sometimes snap too, but it's only fair since I do it every single day.

He's so calm and collected, I just don't understand how he keeps peace inside of his mind, because I know he thinks of things too...

After Penelope left, the room got quiet for a while until the door swung open and Zac entered, wearing gym clothes.

"Get out." I snap and he ignores me, his head bobbing and I realize that he has earphones in, listening to music or something.

"Zac." I grit out as I try not to stop my pace, but when he gets on the treadmill behind me, I crack my neck to the side and hope that I can just shut him out.

It goes good for at least five minutes until he starts humming. I slam the button on the machine and it comes to a halt. I turn, as it takes it last turn and my feet drop to the floor right in front of his treadmill.

I glare at him, my chest rising and falling fast as I catch my breath and he just stares at me while lightly jogging.

I get fed up and slam his stop button and he almost knocks right into the wall behind him.

“What the hell?” he pulls his earphones out of his ear, tossing them to the side as he marches up to me, “What is your f*****g problem?” he snarls, “Don’t talk to me like that.” I grit out with narrowed eyes, “Oh, I apologize, what is the huge f*****g problem, my queen?” he steps closer and I roll my eyes at him, “You can’t intimidate me.”, “But I can kill you.” his orbs turn dark, “You wish you could. You didn’t save my life to kill me later.”, “I saved your life because you actually looked like a nice person, but now...” his eyes trail over my entire body, a disgusted look clear on his face, “I’m sorry I saved you.” he seethes.

“I’m not.” I shrug, “Get out of this gym, it’s off limits.”, “I am not allowed to leave this hell hole, I have pent up energy, you on the other hand have sweat all over so I suggest you call it a night and go take a shower because you stink.”

I start to laugh, “You can not try and get rid of me, I own this place.”, “Do you though? Have you signed the papers? And I would be happy to go outside for a run, if that is what you want...” the challenge in his eyes makes my hands itch.

“What I want is for you to go to bed and come back in the morning.”, “How about you do that?”, “How about I kill you right here since you are no use to me.”, “Then let me f*****g go.” he bellows, “No !” I yell into his face that is very close and before I know it something sharp stings in my neck and I see black dots everywhere. “Sorry, but they have my daughter.” my body falls limp in his strong arms before everything turns black.

I wake up, my head continuously hopping up and down, hitting a soft cushion. My body is shaking and when I slowly pry my eyes open, I’m inside a car. My gaze lands on Zac behind the wheel and I gulp as I try to wet my lips that are dry. I try to sit up, but my head is spinning too much... “Zac.” I grit out in a raspy voice. His head turns to the back, his eyes filled with pain and sorrow. “You shouldn’t be awake yet.” he mutters nervously, “You drugged me.” I breathe out as I lay completely numb on the back seat of a car.

“I had to. Don’t you remember?” he talks so fast that it feels like I’m spun around ten times. I try to focus on what he meant when his words ring through my head.

'I'm sorry, but they have my daughter.' his words echo through my head on repeat. I should be mad at him, but how can I be when he's just trying to save his kid? A kid that will live longer than me, a kid that will have kids. I already had kids...I had a few good years of life and I will happily sacrifice myself for a child.

"You didn't need to drug me." I croak out. His eyes narrow as he frowns, "I would have come voluntarily to save a child's life." I keep on talking. Every part of my body is screaming at me to just close my eyes and give up, to just let sleep take over and take me to a better place. "Sure you would." he snorts, shaking his head. "All you did, was rob me of my chance to say goodbye." I breathe out as my eyes fall shut. "Eleia." Zac's panicked voice is the last thing I hear before I pass out.

I'm woken up by Zac's face hovering over mine, his warm hands patting my face, "Wake up." he mutters. My eyes flutter open and I stare at him, "It wasn't a dream." I chime as my head rolls to the side. It's light out and the bright sun is hurting my eyes, my head and my entire body. I could feel the warmth radiating through the window, baking me from the outside in.

"Here." Zac hands me a bottle of water and I stare up at it, slowly reaching for it with one hand as I try and sit up with the other.

He helps me up and I turn, my back hitting the backrest of the seat as I take the ice cold water. It has formed a layer of water outside too.

I gulp down everything before letting out a sigh.

"Take me back Zac." I toss the bottle out of the open door where he's standing in. "I can't." his eyes flick to the floor. He looks ashamed of himself, but he shouldn't be. I would have done it too.

"I'm horrible, I know." he chuckles, but his eyes are dull.

"You'll see your daughter again." I pat him on the shoulder.

I want to be furious and fight him off, but how can I when a child's life is at stake? How can I turn my back on that? I don't want to be on the same level as all those horrible people who turned a blind eye when we were kids and were abused. I want to be better and I believe that is the reason I was given this second chance.

My life will never be perfect, but I can't just stay away when a child could die.

I survived to help others, even if it's just this one kid.

"But you were right, I didn't let you say goodbye." his lips curl up, but his eyes become glassy. "Don't cry." I scoff, trying to shove all my buried feelings down. I don't know Zac that well, but he saved my life, which I see now was probably his plan...but it's hard knowing that you have to lie and make plans just to get some help.

"I'm not, but I am robbing you of your children." He frowns, "Parents aren't suppose to outlive their children Zac. If I die first, I will always see them from above." I try to be positive about all of this, but I hate myself for trying to make him feel better. I want to see Arlen's first steps, to hear his first words. I want to send Felix and Arlen off to school, train them, teach them how to be strong and to be a leader. I want to see one of them crowned king...

I gulp the lump in my throat as I suck my lips into my mouth, biting down on them to forget my aching heart.

"Are you sure we can't go back? I just want to say goodbye." I find myself begging for the chance to kiss Aiden goodbye, to see my sons one last time. I want Felix to know that Aiden wasn't his real father, to help him through the process because the older he gets, he will realize that he looks nothing like his brother or Aiden. I want to comfort him in the fact that I am his mother and always will be.

"I'm sorry, but they are tracking me." he sighs, "Let me go, I promise on the life of my sons that I will return. I was abused and I don't want your daughter to go through that. No child should.

"She's not abused Eleia." he snaps , hitting the car as he stands upright. He's afraid...and so am I.

"Aiden will hunt you down if I don't explain, please." I choke on my words. I feel my cheeks wet and my fingers drag across my skin. Hot tears are streaming down my face and I curse myself. I vowed not to be this weak, but look at me now...I'm breaking at the thought of never seeing my family again.

"I'll be safe." he mutters, "Or at least my daughter will be." he bends back down. " I really am sorry Eleia, but you do understand." he climbs into the car, sitting down next to me in the back seat. "Where are we?" , "In the middle of

nowhere.” he scoffs. “Why?”, “Because I wanted to thank you and apologize. I don’t want to be this person, I don’t want to ruin your life or your family’s. I just want to protect my daughter and once I hand you over, I won’t have a chance to say all this.” he looks at the head rest of the seat in front of him.

“You were good to me, you were kind and trusting and I totally screwed you over. I am sorry about that.” he breathes out, making my eyes tear up even more.

I did trust him, I ignored the parts that told me to kill him because he saved my life and look at me now...

“Let’s go.” I shrug and he shakes his head, “I at least owe you a dinner.” he snorts. “But they are tracking you.” I frown, “I know.” he shrugs before his head turns and he looks at me, pulling a syringe out of his hoodie pocket.

“I have to.” he bites his lip.

A part of me wants to fight him off, I want to knock him out and run, but that would be turning my back on that kid.

I nod, turning away from him and he shifts in his seat, grabbing my nape with one hand and he brings the syringe to my neck as I tilt my head to the opposite side. I hiss when he shoves the needle into my neck and it’s seconds before I fall limp and into a deep slumber.

I Rejected You, Alpha – Chapter 90

ELEIA’S POV

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“Arlen! Wait!” I giggle as I run after him. He has Aiden’s raven hair. His giggles echo through my ears as the space between us get longer.

“Slow down!” I giggle as he runs further into the field.

Felix comes jogging next to me, he’s taller and his dashing smile makes my heart flutter.

“Felix, your brother is fast.” I start to say but he just winks at me before darting forward.

He catches up to Arlen in no time and they both run at the same pace, getting further away from me.

“Boys!” I yell, feeling exhausted, but they don’t hear me at all. I try to run faster, but by doing that, they’re even further away.

“No.” I breathe out as I use every bit of energy I have to push forward. I smile when it seems like they’re getting closer, but when a tall shadow falls over me, I glance to my side.

“Aiden?” I breathe out with a smile, almost stopping but I glance in front of me. Felix and Arlen look small with the distance between us.

“I can’t get to them.” I frown as I look beside me.

Aiden just smiles while we run side by side, the silence is comforting, the world so quiet...too quiet.

He starts to jog faster, getting ahead of me. “Aiden!” I shriek as he joins the boys, leaving me behind.

“No.” Tears form in my eyes and my face is suddenly soaked.

“Eleia!” I jolt upright, my entire body soaked as I run my hands down my face and shirt. I glance up at Zac’s panicked face and he sits back, sighing.

“For f**k sakes woman.” He grits out annoyed.

I frown, looking around and we’re in a small room, it has a small kitchen counter with stove and microwave, all the kitchen essentials and a bathroom to the left.

“Where are we?” I grit out as I climb off the bed.

“In a motel.” Zac tosses the bucket toward the kitchen. “Why?” I frown, “Why?” He seethes, “Because you were almost dead!” He bellows and my eyes widen in fear. “What?” I bellow.

“The hunters presumed that you were dead, but all you had was a very weak pulse. I brought you back here after they demanded I get rid of your body and I gave you CPR, water and...”, “And threw the water all over me I see!” I bellow.

Zac rolls his eyes, "I saved your life." He grits out, "How did I almost die?" I ask confused and his eyes widen in fear. He stands up, scratching his nape. "Well..." he starts and I follow him, "Well what?" I snap, "The drugs." "I almost overdosed?" I bellow and he inches closer, "Shhh." He begs, "There are people around." He whispers through gritted teeth. "Who the hell cares?" I bellow. "You almost killed me!" "Human ears Eleia!" He bellows back and what he said sounds much more weird than what I said. Now the people around us will know that we are not human.

"Way to go." I scoff, turning my back to him. "Does this mean I'm free to go home?" I grit out.

My entire body is electrified, my hands are shaking and itching to punch out Zac and just run.

"If you want to put your family in harm, go ahead." He scoffs.

I turn, "What do you mean?" I seethe at the thought of harm coming to my children, my mate, my entire pack.

"What do you think hunters do? They hunt, we are their prey. We are the only kind they are interested in, especially in wolf form. They want the largest wolves, the highest rank wolf. They want to stuff our heads and hang us on their f*****g walls like trophies. We are their prize, don't you get that? They will go pack to the castle, in search of your uncle or even mate who is now the king, perhaps your children who are the heirs to the throne." I growl at his threat. "Or we can let them see you, the miracle princess who has returned and took her place on the throne and lead them away while they chase you." Zac's eyes glisten as he speaks and every fibre of my body is screaming at me to not trust him. But how could I risk the lives of everyone that matters to me?

"How do I find them?" I grit out.

I want them to chase me and when they do, I will slaughter them one by one. I will kill every single one of them and tear them to shreds before sending parts of their bodies home.

I wonder if they knew that we are people too, that we have families and loved ones too.

"You wonder around in the woods, until they find you." He deadpans and my blood runs cold.

"What if they capture me? Or kill me on the spot." I snort and he shrugs, "I don't know, but I need to go." He marches over to the table and snatches his jacket off one of the chairs it's draped over.

"Where are you going?" I growl, "To get my daughter." He grits out, "Did they say you can go get her?" I snap.

Did all he have to do is kill me to get his daughter back?

"Not in so many words." He shrugs as he marches to the door. I step in between his body and the door, "You're going to steal her back? Attack them? You can get killed." I seethe.

I don't necessarily care about what happens to him, but he's the only one who can help me track them down.

Plus I don't want his daughter to get killed in the process either.

Zac is a strong man, he's brave and motivated and I bet his daughter has some of his traits. "I don't care!" He bellows. "She's been a hostage long enough. Goddess knows what they are doing to her."

He seethes before shouldering past me.

I grab his arm, "Let me come with you." I beg, it's stupid, but it's one way to get them to see that I am alive and running around.

"No." Zac seethes, "I already put your life in danger once, I am not doing it again." He rips his arm out of my grasp. "Stay here.", "What if they don't let you take her?" I yell. "Then I'll kill them.", "Not before they kill you." I shrug and he glares at me. "I can help you." I push him, "I can distract them until you get her out."

He thinks for a moment, I could see his brain turning, thinking of everything. "Why would you help me?" He grits out annoyed. "Because there's an innocent child's life at risk." I shrug.

That is the main priority, but them seeing me so that I can lure them away is also the idea.

I would run and hide my entire life if it means that my boys are safe.

His eyes trail up and down my body as he studies me, for what I don't know. I don't mean bringing any harm to him or his daughter, but my aim is my own family.

"Fine." He grits out, his jaw tense. He turns on his heel and flees the little motel room and I follow him out to his car.

The drive is longer than expected, but then again I don't know how long I've been out since my almost death.

"Where are we?"

I clutch the jacket Zac had given me closer around my body to make me warm. It's dark out and also cold and my body is too weak from the drugs Zac shot me with to make my own body heat.

The last time I felt like this, was when I lived at the Night pack.

I was weak and tired the entire time, just like I am now.

"Off the coast, it's an entire day drive."

He mutters. His eyes are locked on the road, his hand gripping the steering wheel. His head is rested against his fingers of the arm that rests on the window sill of the car.

"Great." I scoff and his head turns as he looks at me. "Are you going to babble the entire drive?" He grits out annoyed.

I glare at him, "I don't think me talking is qualified to be called babbling. I'm just making conversation." , "I don't like talking while driving." , "Then listen." I shrug, "Don't like that either." He sighs as he shifts in his seat, changing his hands on the wheel and the hand that was gripping the wheel is now on the gears.

"Too bad, this trip isn't all about you." I shriek when he comes to a sudden halt, swerving to the side of the road.

"What the hell?" I snap as I grab the door tightly, my body pulling forward until the car stops and my back slams back into the seat.

“This drive is all about me. I am going to save my daughter, nothing more. You wanted to help, fine but it will be under my terms. And this is my car, so or you shut up or get out!”

He bellows, his fist banging onto the steering wheel, making the horn go off.

“Fine.”

I cross my arms as I roll my neck and put my safety belt on. “Good.” He shifts his gears and speeds off with a deadly look in his eyes.

I make myself comfortable, leaning my head against my palm and I watch as the cars drive by until I fall asleep.

I wake up with sun shining into my eyes and I winch, turning my head. “Damn, I thought you’d be out longer. There’s a stop a few miles ahead.” He murmurs while snacking on a burger.

“I see you already stopped.” I shift, stretching upward to relieve the tension in my back.

“A few hours back, this is my second one. Want a bite?” He murmurs through a mouth full of food.

“No thanks.” I turn my nose up to the half eaten burger, but the smell is luring and my mouth waters.

“Your loss.” He snorts while continuing eating and I just sit still, trying to ignore the explosion feeling in my bladder.

“How far till that stop?” I ask after fifteen minutes of driving.

“Not sure.” We take a turn and I smile at the sight of a gas station. “Thank Goddess.” I groan and loosen my seatbelt.

“Woah, you need to wait for the car to stop before getting out.” He chuckles, glancing at me.

“I wasn’t going to-” I stop talking at the sight of his devilish grin. “Haha, funny.” I mutter sarcastically. He starts to laugh before switching his indicator on and he turns into the gas station.

The car barely stops before I jump out of the car and I rush into the shop.

After using the restroom, I walk out of the shop to find Zac standing next to his car, leaning against the driver door with food in his hand.

“Are you seriously eating again?” I snort as I halt in front of him. He c***s his head, his eyes narrowing, “It’s for you. You don’t have any money.” He points out and my lips round and I nod. I smile, “Thanks.”, “For what?” He snorts, “Kidnapping you without clothes and any money?” He raises a questionable brow. “For the food Zac.” I scoff before taking the food and I round the car and get it.

I didn’t hesitate to start eating once I smelled the burger and I devoured the entire thing within minutes as we drive off.

“It’s about twelve more hours .” He updates me without me even having to ask.

I think it’s improvement since last night because last night I wasn’t even allowed to breathe and now he’s talking to me.

We turn off on a weird dirt road in the middle of nowhere and I glance at his hands, his fingers repeatedly tapping on the steering wheel while he chews on his bottom lip. I’ve seen symptoms of anxiety and he’s reeking of it too.

“Is this their the road to their place?” I ask, glancing out of the window. It’s completely dark and the only light there is, is the one of the moon. “Yes.” He grits out and my head turns back so that I could study him.

“She’ll be okay.” I smile and he just hums. He’s being rude again, shocking. Perhaps because he’s a not a fan of driving at night or he’s in his own head again...

“So tell me now...did you tell the hunters that I was alive?” I pop a fry into my mouth. It’s cold because we got it a few hours back, but it’s still good.

“What?” He glances at me, his eyebrows furrowed together. “I mean did you set a new bargain with them? Did you tell them I was alive and that’s why you look like you’re on drugs or something?” I try to joke with him to lighten the mood.

“No.” He growls and I’m silenced by it for only a second. “I’m just...” he starts and falls silent before raking his fingers through his hair. “What if she’s already dead and we’re going in blinded by the fact that we think she’s still alive?” He

sighs before both of his hands grip the wheel tightly. "I think you should go with your gut, not your head." I sigh and he glances at me from the side of his eye, "My gut is telling me to save her. Meaning she's alive." He shrugs and I nod in silence.

We almost drive through a big hole and he swerves to the side, making me shriek. "How do you know where this place is? Have you been here before." The silence says it all. He has.

"When?" , "When what?" , "When have you been here before?" , "When they captured us. They released me to do a job and I somewhat failed." He snorts as if it were a joke, but it isn't because his daughter is there.

Alive or dead.

"They killed her." His knuckles turn white. "Who? Your daughter? We don't know..." , "My mate, my daughter's mother, right in front of us when we wouldn't oblige." He sighs and my heart sinks into my stomach.

I wouldn't want Aiden, Felix or Arlen to see that...none of it. I wouldn't mind the sacrifice, but to have them see it...it would have caused a trauma trigger.

"I'm sorry." I fall silent at a loss for words. "It's been weeks and I still think she'd be there if I went back, but she won't."

Tears form in my eyes. I'm not a big fan of Zac, but to know that he and his daughter went through that...it breaks my heart.

I swore to not feel anything and the entire time since he drugged and kidnapped me, all I do is feel.

Everything.

"I just need to save my daughter, she's all I have left."

"How did they capture you?" I finally manage to ask. My curiosity getting the better of me in this sour situation.

"We were out, we do that every Sunday. We take our daughter out of the pack to study nature and learn her things. The world is an ugly place and when trouble comes, she needs to know where to hide and what she can use and do. While we were in a field, they shot us with tranquilizers. I watched as my

mate fell and then my daughter and before I could reach them...I was out too.” He grits out.

I could tell the memories were painful...it was all right until that very moment and he has to live with those memories.

The last good memory of his mate.

“She’s okay. I can feel it.” I offer a kind smile and he just sighs.

I notice lights of a house in the far, it’s uphill and gloomy. There’s smoke coming out of a chimney and there’s fencing everywhere.

“We need a plan.” I mutter. “I do, you wait in the car while I get my daughter back.” He deadpans.

“We need a better plan.” I snort. “Look, I am not going to babysit you. When I find my daughter, I’m leaving and I won’t care if you get killed or not.” He seethes.

Ouch.

“Fine, I’ll stay in the car.” I roll my eyes.

“Great.” He mutters, “Good.” I deadpan.

We drive up to the house and the front is parked with cars and trucks. It’s quiet outside but when I focus my listening, I could hear the muttering of voices and loading of guns.

“They have guns.” I grab his arm as he’s about to open the door.

“f*****g hell Eleia, I know that.” He rips his arm away from my hand. “They are hunters, they know this car. They gave me this car to get around.” He scoffs before opening his door, “Now lay low before you get killed.” He gets out and slam the door shut. I stare at him wide eyed as he marches up the stairs of the patio and knocks on the door.

I sink down in my seat, staying in the shadows as I watch the wooden door open and a gun is pointed at his head before it’s lowered in realization of who it is.

He backs up when two big men with guns walk him back and close the door behind them.

I roll the window down slightly to listen in on their conversation better.

“I want my daughter.” He asks politely, as if scared, but if it were Felix or Arlen, I would be too.

“And we wanted the lost princess.” One man scoffs as he folds his arms. I guess it’s goes that no one is pointing a gun at his head...

“It wasn’t my fault, I had to put her out!” Zac defends his actions of almost killing me. Well they think I’m dead.

“Did you? Did you have to?” The man seethes.

“Yes. She was attacking me!” He points to the middle of nowhere.

“Sure. A little woman was attacking you.” He rolls his eyes.

“You’re twice her size!” The other man starts to laugh.

Zac tucks his hands into his pocket, “I know you don’t understand our lives, but she is royalty, better than any alpha and I am a mere beta!” He growls lowly. “Poor you then.” The man snorts, “Get us another royal and your daughter would be free.” The one shrugs. “I can’t! Just give her to me!” Zac steps forward and the men doesn’t hesitate to pull a gun and point it at his head.

I absentmindedly grab the door handle, ready to pull it when the gun is lowered and I freeze, “The royals don’t trust me. I kidnapped their Queen, can’t you find someone else?” He begs, his voice hoarse and shaky.

“It was hard enough to capture you.” The man snorts, “Now run along and go find someone else and a leverage for them to do the job. Then we will let your precious girl go.” They both turn and walk into the house again, leaving Zac looking broken hearted, mad and disoriented.