

Chapter Three: A New World

This chapter is dedicated to Erica Jones. Erica, thank you for all the support.

Aiden POV

They say that time heals all wounds. I waited for my healing. I wanted to feel normal. I wanted the feeling of rage and disappointment that I had been carrying around for so f****g long to vanish, but no such luck. The search for my father always came to a deadend. The vampire scum were always a few steps ahead of us, which only spiked my animosity. By the time I was nineteen I was angry at the world and consumed with vengeance.

My wolf, Ryder was my polar opposite. The minute I was in touch with him, I could feel his powerful energy, intellect and sympathy. He reminded me a lot of my father, Ryder wasn't f****d up like me, but if I had to be honest, he was exactly what I needed. He was my calm inside this everlasting storm.

Time doesn't heal everyone, it might have taken the edge off the pain, it did not heal me. Some wounds are cut too deep.

Life without my father taught me a couple of important lessons. One, accept situations for what they are and never trust anyone. Putting your trust in people gives them the power to unleash your f****d up side, and my very f****d up, aggressive side was already hanging by a thread.

Soon after the attack on our pack, a coven of rogue vampires came forth with an offer to help us. They had been on the run from the Primordial vampires for years and needed shelter. When they heard about the attack on our pack they risked their lives and came forward to offer help. They were not willing to conform to Armand and his dark laws. Armand was the leader of the Primordial Vampires, the scum bag that attacked my mother in the elevator.

It was absolutely forbidden to have their kind on our territory, but I never pick up any hostile energy from them, and my mother wanted to utilize them to find out where my father was. She accepted their offer under the condition they gave us all the information they had on Armand and his vampire lth. Since then the fugative rogues have been under the protection of The Black Circle. We have been fostering them and watching them. As long as they were against Armand, they could be useful.

Matt used every technique he had to get as much information about the lthy vampires as he could. What they were vulnerable to, their strength, their powers, their weaknesses, their laws, their dark gifts... He drilled them over and over again for literally everything.

I loathed their kind so much. I watched them on my own very intently. My f****d up side that simmered inside me, made way to the surface almost everytime I saw the vampires in our pack house. I had to control myself before I lost control and shred everyone and everything in front of me. This went on for years until I got used to them being here. Over the years they proved their allegiance to us.

My mother also kept a close eye on them. It hurt her to have vampire f**k on our land, but she did well in hiding her trauma from everyone except me. I knew her best. Sometimes I could literally see re in her eyes. My father's absence slowly changed her. She became fearless. Something that served her well as leader of the Black Circle.

I stopped trusting people years ago. Even my so called other mother, the all mighty Moon Goddess. Her first mistake was thinking she could get away with keeping secrets from me. Secrets about the blood suckers, and my father's whereabouts. I was known for being the Moon Goddess's only son. Yet, I watched her look me in the eyes and refuse to tell me where my father was time and time again. The only thing she said was that everything had to happen for a reason, and to let nature take its course.

Fuck that. That s**t broke me, and she knew it. I'd been going through s**t all my life. I had so much internal turmoil, it wasn't even funny.

There was no way on this damned earth that I would sacrifice my family for the Moon Goddess. She was no mother to me. The only mother I knew was Hope. She was like no other mother. Hope was my safe place.

To me family isn't about blood or which pack you belong to. It's about who sticks by you and is who willing to sacrifice a bit of themselves for you when you're going through some s**t. The Moon Goddess wasn't the only one who turned her back on me when I needed her most. Kyle was also dead to me. Both their betrayal taught me to value other people like Axel, Ali, and Drago. My most trusted allies. They were more family to me than Kyle ever was.

Malika, Ali's daughter, was one of the few girls I actually tolerated. She wasn't just gifted with sexy arabian beauty, but she was confident, strong and smart. She had a good heart and a savage tongue. Just the way I like them.

I knew she was special from when she was just a kid. I felt protective towards her before she was even born. She wasn't like any other shewolf. She didn't pursue me and wasn't desperate for the Luna position like the other shewolves. She was exactly what I needed to calm me down and simmer my resentment.

Even though I was never looking for a mate, I was a bit bummed when Ryder never claimed her after I turned eighteen. Then again I didn't want that kind of commitment. Malika knew how I was and she accepted it. She wasn't clingy, and she didn't hover around. We talked a little, f****d a lot, then she left. End of story. No drama.

I stopped messing around with other shewolves for her. It was something she wanted and I had too much respect for her father to hurt her. If it was any other shewolf, I wouldn't have given a damn about her feelings. But, Malika was different. Plus she was hot as f**k in the bedroom.

Most of the time I felt impaired. Like I had no emotions. I felt dead, but Malika brought me back to life every time we were together. She was my distraction from the nightmare I was living.

She brought some light into my life. However, temporary that light was, I was still grateful for it. I would never tell her that though. I didn't want to give her or anyone else the power to manipulate my feelings.

I felt like a selfish bastard for keeping her around after finding out she wasn't my mate, but she didn't mind and I wasn't about to let her go. At least not until she found her own mate.

Being around my brothers also gave me some peace. Ace being the closest to my age was the one I spent most my spare time with. My family was always my priority. Especially my only sister, Faith.

It's been almost three weeks since I turned eighteen. My mother wanted to have a big celebration for my birthday since it was the night I officially accepted the position as Alpha, but as far as I was concerned, I would only be celebrating two things in my life time. The safe return of my father and the annihilation of the Primordial Vampire scum. We hadn't had any celebrations or events at our pack since my father went missing, and the curfew was still in tact. I wanted to wait until my father was back home before having the ceremony, but that wasn't going to happen unless I was Alpha.

The night that blood sucker attacked my mother in the elevator, I heard him tell her that if she went with him, nobody would be hurt. I thought about that a lot. They didn't come here for my father. They wanted my mother. They wanted a Stark werewolf. When they couldn't use their powers on me or my mother, they took what would hurt us the most. The eldest rogue vampire said that if Armand were to drink a super werewolf's blood it would make him invincible.

They attacked us in hopes of taking a Stark wolf with them not my father. My father was just collateral damage.

Ever since I was named Alpha, it's been one invitation after the other for past few weeks. Social gatherings, events, everyday it was something new. Every Alpha with an eligible daughter or family member invited me over to his pack. I accepted a few invitations and made it a point not to stay long. Malika asked to come with me to one of the events, but I didn't want history to repeat itself. I didn't want to put her in any danger. I was well aware that any shewolf I would seriously get involved with, would be in potential danger. So I went alone.

Present Day

I was sitting at my desk when I heard someone walk right in without knocking. Only one person got away with doing that.

"Yes, Faith?" I asked as I continued looking through the file Matt put on my desk for me.

"Hey"

"Hey" I looked up at my only sister. She resembled mom more and more everyday. "No" I said, with a serious as f**k look on my face, knowing exactly what she came here to ask for, yet again.

"Oh come on Aiden" She stood in front of my desk. "You don't even know what I'm going to say."

"Yes, I do Faith, and the answer is no once again. Stop asking."

Everyone was used to the curfew rule we had for years now, except for my sister.

"Aiden it's not fair all my friends get to go to hang out but me."

"It's for your .."

Before I could finish what I was going to say she interrupted me.

"Yes, yes I know" She rolled her eyes at me "It's for your own good, Faith" She tried to mimic my voice.

Faith annoyed me more than anyone else. But, no matter what she did or said she always got what she wanted from me. But not this.

"It's for your own good. As long as the vampires are out there, I need to make sure that you and everyone else in this pack is safe."

"Aiden, we have vampires living on our territory! They've never harmed anyone."

I took a deep breath. She can't be serious.

"You know very well that the rogues living here are nothing like the Primordial vampires."

"I heard Ace say we're getting close"

"We don't know where they are for sure, but we have a pretty good idea." I explained.

Faith smiled at me then looked away. "I hope so Aiden. For mom's sake."

"We only know a minority of vampires, but they've helped us a lot. I promise you, it won't be long now."

The look on Faith's face changed. She looked down then back up at me

"Do you think he's alive for sure?"

I paused before answering her truthfully. "Yes, he is alive and we will see him again soon."

She stayed quiet, but I knew my sister and I knew she believed me.

A knock at the door broke the silence before my mother walked in.

"Hi"

"Hey, mom" I stood up and walked over to her.

She looked pale again. She ran her hand through Faith's hair "Are you okay sweetheart?"

Faith smiled before nodding her head yes. Mom could easily pick up on our feelings. She must have felt Faith's sadness when talking about our father.

"Mom have a seat" I told her.

"I can't stay. I just wanted to remind you that you need to pick a Beta as soon as possible. Matt needs to focus on training. He can't keep doing Beta work and his work."

"I wish Ace was older"

My brother Ace would make one of the best Betas. He was a lot like my grandfather, who was one of the world's strongest Betas ever known.

"You'll have to choose someone else. There are more than enough capable warriors, trackers or spies that would suffice."

"I don't think you'll ever find a better Beta than me" I heard that vile voice say.

I turned around to find Kyle standing at my door.

"Don't look too surprised Aiden" He walked in "I came to congratulate you. Your father would be proud."

"Don't you ever mention my father!"

Before I could grab Kyle and throw him out my room, my mother stepped in between us.

"You're lucky she's here" I growled, staring my so called uncle in the eyes.

"I think you'll want to know why I'm here." His voice was low and calm.

"I don't give a damn why you're here! Don't ever come here again or you will live to regret it." I warned.

"I know where Zayn is" He blurted, before I could throw more s**t at him.

In that moment I literally heard my mom's heart beat faster.

"I know where Zayn is, Hope" He said again smiling. This time he was looking at my mom.

What the f**k is that look on his face? love? f**k no. This guy doesn't know the meaning of love.

"Are you ready?" He asked me...