

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 15

Chapter 15: The Earth Witch Part 1

Jane

“Who in the bloody f**k are you?” the woman growls, the golden flecks in her green eyes glittering like flames.

Before I can respond, the small woman has a silver dagger pointed at my throat as she pins me with her elbow against the door.

“You better talk fast, wolf. Talia doesn’t take kindly to your kind so I doubt she let you in willingly. Who the f**k are you and what are you doing in her house?”

She snarls, pressing the dagger harder against my neck.

“Are you one of Christian’s mutts? Have you come to take her back? Are you with Cillian because I’ll bloody kill you where you stand if you so much as touch her!”

Who are Christian and Cillian and where are they taking our mate?
Grayson asks.

Agnes rushes towards us and the woman turns to face her, lifting her hand up in warning.

“Unless you want me to gauge your pretty little eyes out, wolf, BACK THE f**k UP!” the woman screams, her hand emitting green light.

Witch! Grayson snarls.

Taking advantage of her distraction, I hook my ankle around the that it points to her instead. I then use my body to slam her against the wall, the woman groaning as her head bangs against the wall.

Completely infuriated, she wraps her fingers around my wrists.

Her palms become scorching hot as they emit a green light and I flinch away from her in pain, stepping back a few paces and shielding Agnes with my body from the furious witch.

The witch waves the dagger in front of me, her teeth clenched in anger.

“Don’t make me repeat myself. Who are you and what have you done with Kota and Talia?”

Realizing this might be Talia’s witch friend, Gwen, I raise one arm in surrender and then point to my throat, mouthing the word MUTE to her before gesturing to Agnes and pointing at my ears.

“DEAF,” I mouth, praying to Moon Goddess that she gets it.

She narrows her eyes in confusion and I hear Agnes shuffling behind me. I don’t dare look at what Agnes is doing, afraid to take my eyes off the witch.

Just speak! Grayson snaps in frustration.

I open my mouth to take his advice but as always, my tongue grows stiff and heavy in my mouth, the words stuck in the back of my throat.

Agnes walks right past me and holds out a piece of paper to the witch.

“You’re deaf and you’re mute...?” the witch mutters, pointing to satisfied, she slowly lowers her dagger.

“Of course you f****g are,” she grumbles, storming past us to the kitchen.

She sees the pen and notepad on the counter and tosses it to me.

“Go on then.Explain yourselves.Who are you?” She says, crossing her arms and tapping her foot impatiently.

Knowing she could go off any minute, I scribble a response to her and timidly hand the notepad back to her.

She snatches it out of my hand, grumbling to herself in annoyance.

“My name is Zane.I am Talia’s mate.This is Agnes, my mother.You must be Gwen...” she reads aloud, her body tensing up at the last sentence.

“S-She told you about me..” She grumbles, a bit of anger flashing in her eyes.

“She must trust you then...She doesn’t give my name out to just anyone.”

My heart nearly skips a beat when she says that.

Talia trusts me? Gwen eyes me up and down, a murderous chuckle escaping her lips.

“Moon Goddess must be testing us both,” she says to herself.

“Oh Talia...looks like we are both on the same bloody boat,” she sighs, taking a seat at the counter.

Agnes being Agnes, she rushes to grab the witch a glass of water and hands it to her with shaking hands.

The witch smiles softly at her and thanks her.

After taking a drink and gathering her bearings, Gwen looks up at me with a “I apologize for attacking you. I’m a little on edge as it is. It’s been a rough couple days,”

Gwen says to me, wiping her face in exhaustion.

Tell me about it, I want to say but instead just nod politely.

Ask her about Christian and Cillian! Grayson snaps.

Who the f**k are they and why would they take Talia? I take the notepad from the counter and write out my question to her, When she sees what I wrote, she shakes her head at me.

“Cillian is my problem, not Talia’s so don’t worry about him. I-I’ll take care of him on my own,” she says, nervously smiling at me.

“If you don’t know who Christian is, however, it’s best I not say a word. That’s Talia’s business and only she has the right to disclose that information. It should be she who tells you about him, not me.”

Grayson doesn’t like her answer. If Cillian is her problem, why would he be after Talia? He snaps. She’s hiding something.

My hands shake a little as I take the pen and paper again.

“I need to know if Talia is safe. Who is Cillian?” I write.

Just as she reads the page, there's a knock at the door, both Gwen and I jumping to our feet.

"I-I'll answer it," she says, pushing me back as I try to push past her.

"Stay here."

I, however, follow her to the door, ignoring her side eye glare.

This was Talia's house and she left it in my care. I should protect The witch cautiously turns to the knob and opens the door, a young man standing on the steps.

He stands at around my height, tan skin, strong build and dark brown hair. His green eyes settle on me and narrow to slits.

"What on Earth are you doing here?"

Gwen sneers, pushing the door open and glaring at him.

"How did you find me?"

"Who's the mutt, Gwen?" he says, never taking his eyes off me.

A murderous aura surrounds him and I can sense his wolf lurking beneath the surface, ready to tear me to pieces. He's a silver wolf Grayson observes.

"I asked you first, Salvador. What the hell are you doing here? How did you find me?" She snaps, her fists clenched at her sides.

He smirks and waves his phone at her.

"You know the great thing about having a 300 year old mate is that she hasn't got a clue how technology works," he laughs.

Gwen however, stares dryly at him but he keeps his cool demeanor.

“I put my watch in your bag. Now...” he says, stepping closer so that he stands only an inch away from her.

“Who’s the mutt?”

“I just met him,” she says coldly.

“Why? You jealous?” she sneers.

He looks me up and down and smiles with satisfaction at her, leaning his face down so that his lips hover over hers.

Asshole...

Grayson grumbles. I can hear her heart pound in her chest as he gently pecks her lips.

The witch visibly blushes and pushes him away, the wolf laughing at her reaction.

“Goddess, I can’t stand you, Salvador,” she mutters, the wolf grinning from ear to ear.

“And yet your heart races for me,” he sighs, taking her hand and interlocking her fingers with his.

“So.. You going to let me in or do you want another kiss?”

“Stupid wolf,” she mutters to herself.

“Can’t believe you followed me after I told you to leave me alone!”

“Over my dead body,” he growls, pulling her to his chest.

“If he finds you...”

“I can handle this on my -”

Before she can finish her sentence, the wolf named Salvador crashes his lips onto hers, holding her face in a breathless kiss.

Embarrassed by their interaction, I turn my gaze and examine the wall, inspecting the little crevices on its surface.

That’s a uh..That’s a sturdy wall we got here ,I think to myself.

Very sturdy...uh..Very clean...

“Do you understand now why I can’t leave you,”

Salvador murmurs as he pulls away from the witch, her body trembling in his arms.my arms, to kiss her passionately, leaving her speechless.

But it seems my time had not yet come and I could only hope one day she would fall for me.

Gwen doesn’t say a word as she collects herself, pulling the wolf into the house and leading him into the living room.He takes a seat on the couch, pulling Gwen onto his lap.

The witch protests but one kiss from him has her completely under his spell and she finally gives in.

The wolf scans the room, his eyes carefully inspecting Agnes and I.

“You’re a silver wolf,” he states as he looks at me.

“But she is not,”he says, nodding at Agnes.

“What’s a silver wolf doing outside of its clan with an omega?” I could ask you the same question...

“He’s mute, Salvador. He won’t respond to you,” the witch sighs before turning to me.

“I apologize for the intrusion. I was not expecting this i****t to follow me here.”

The wolf smirks triumphantly at her and she groans, wiping her tired face and taking a deep breath in a desperate attempt to keep her cool.

She briefly introduces us to the wolf who appears to be her mate that followed her from her trip to California.

From what Gwen tells us, he’s a powerful silver wolf with the gift of thought projection, capable of turning his thoughts into physical objects.

Essentially, he could make anything come to life with just an idea.

As a butterfly flutters around the room before landing on Agnes’ head.

Agnes smiles with pure joy at the beautiful creature, reaching out her hand to touch it.

It crawls along her finger, fluttering its wings to show off its stunning designs to her.

“She can keep it,”

Salvador says as he watches Agnes play with the butterfly.

“So long as she doesn’t crush it, it will stay with her always.”

I explain the gift to Agnes, tears springing to her eyes in gratitude.

Salvador seems taken aback by her reaction, not understanding why his gift could mean so much to Agnes.

But he, of course, could not possibly know all the hardships Agnes faced in her life and that his simple act of kindness was one that was rarely granted to her by a perfect stranger.

With the introductions out of the way, I hand the page with my question back to Gwen and give her a stern look to let her know I needed answers now. She purses her lips and reluctantly answers.

“Please understand that if I give you details I would only be putting Talia and Kota in danger. Just settle with knowing that I plan to take care of it immediately. In the meantime, I need you to get them to safety in California. There’s a pack there that can keep her safe until I finish my mission.”

Danger?

“I know this is difficult to understand,” Gwen explains.

“But I need Talia and Dakota on a plane tonight. I’ve already made arrangements with a pack and they are willing to take her in for the time being.”

“Who?” I scribble, needing to know who would be willing to accept a human into their pack.

Unless a mate was involved, humans were forbidden from entering a pack.

Salvador answers for her, his chest puffing up with pride.

“The Ivory Queen.”

***Nataliat**

I finish sending the last X-ray referral down to the radiology department before heading for lunch.

The sack lunch Zane gave me sits in my cubby and I contemplate throwing it out and grabbing food at the cafeteria instead.

I grimace, however, when I remember they were serving meatloaf today.

With no other alternative, I take the lunch and grab a seat in the breakroom, pulling out the carefully wrapped sandwich from the bag along with some cut up fruit and cheese and one of Kota's apple juices I secretly liked to drink. I stare at the drink, my stomach bursting into butterflies.

the drink off to the side.

As I grab the sandwich, I find a small note stuck to the wrapping and I unravel it. I like the sound of your laugh...I hope to always make you laugh.

My lips curl into a smile involuntarily, my heart pounding against my rib cage as if attempting to escape to be with Zane. My fingers caress my lips where he had kissed me this morning.

I stood there in the middle of the sidewalk like a zombie for several minutes as I watched him run away.

My legs refused to move away, my stomach becoming an Olympic gymnastics tournament, doing flips and cartwheels.

A very sick part of me wanted to run after him and demand another kiss, one that would make my toes curl but the voice of reason finally came to my rescue, reminding me that he was the forbidden fruit, one that could

get me cast out of my Eden and shatter my existence if I let him tempt me.

My hands tremble as I hold the note, as if the weight of its lies were too much to bear.

Christian never wrote you notes...

A small voice in my head says, a few tears threatening to spill onto my cheeks.

Maybe Zane means it Christian liked my laugh too, I scoff at the stupid thoughts coming from my heart.

And what good was that? to get up and throw it away.

It's just a note...I tell myself.

He doesn't mean it.He doesn't mean it.He doesn't mean it.

I repeat the little mantra in my head over and over again, but regardless, the empty words don't stop me from stuffing the note into my pocket.

"I'm so pathetic," I mutter out loud.

"No, you're just a liar," a deep voice calls out from behind me.

I nearly fall out of my seat as { turn to see Travis behind me, clutching my chest to calm my racing heart.

"Holy f**k! You scared the s**t out of me!" I snap, narrowing my eyes at him.

"And why am I a liar?"

He walks over to my table and takes a seat across from me, resting his muscular arms on the table. His dark eyes spell danger but I resist the urge to run and keep a calm face.

“You said you weren’t interested in a relationship,” he shrugs, leaning in closer to me.

I nervously shrink back in my chair.

“So imagine my surprise when I pull up to work and see you holding hands with another man...” His voice goes flat and dry.

“And then to end the little romantic walk, he kisses you,” he adds, reaching out to graze his fingers across my lips.

I flinch away from him, the motion making Travis’ eyes flicker with anger dryly.

“I used to drive you crazy in the supply closet with my touch.” I harden my face and stuff my lunch back into the sack.

“I don’t owe you any explanations. My business is my business.”

He grabs my wrist and yanks me hard towards him, his voice a snarl.

“Oh but you do. Because you see, I was here first...and I think I deserve a fair chance, don’t you think?”

Having had enough of his bullshit, I swing my arm and slap on his cheek, taking advantage of his momentary shock to pull my arm out his grip.

“You just lost whatever chance you had,” I snap, jamming my knee into his family jewels.

He recoils on the floor, holding his balls in his hands as tears fill his eyes and he groans.

I grab my food and storm out of the lunch room when my phone rings. I quickly make my way out of the building to the community gardens directly across the clinic and answer.

A familiar British voice comes through, my body filling with ease knowing Gwen was alive and well.

“Talia, can you hear me?” she calls out, her voice full of frustration.

“Is this infernal thing working?” She groans.

I burst into laughter.

Gwen has been alive for over 300 years and still couldn't figure out how to use a phone.

“Talia!” She snaps as she hears me laugh at her.

“This is no laughing matter!”

“I am happy to hear your voice. I was worried about you,” I say, my voice growing serious.

She sighs into the speaker.

“I'm sorry for worrying you.”

“Are you home now?” I ask.

“Yes, darling, I am and I need you to come home this instant,” she says sternly I find a bench and take a seat, feeling my legs losing their strength with dread.

“What do you mean?”

“Not on the phone, darling,” she breathes heavily, her voice thick with worry.

“It’s not safe. Please come home straight away. I’ve already sent Zane to pick up Kota. Just come home quickly.”

Left with no other choice, I rush back into the clinic, praying to whatever gods exist that I don’t run into Travis.

Luckily, I am able to find my provider and make up the excuse that I am unwell. I clock out and practically sprint back to the house, dread filling my gut as I open the door.