

The Silent Alpha  
Chapter 65: Area Code

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After spending all day searching for clues on Talia's whereabouts at her house, I finally find what I am looking for on her laptop.

Luckily for me, she still uses the same password. I also find a list of phone numbers taped to the refrigerator that could be of use

to me and another scrap of paper with a name and phone number scribbled on it.

Excited about my discoveries, I walk over to Nikki and Micah's place in hopes they've heard from Natalia but as the wind blows

past me, I catch an all too familiar scent lingering nearby.

Of course Christian sent aspy, \scoff realizing the bastard likely sent Brody to keep an eye on me.

Fortunately for me, Brody is only a kid, barely 18 years old and a kiss ass who is far too inexperienced in combat to really pose a threat to me.

He likely begged for the job to get Christian's attention. He must be here to report and not interfere, my wolf, Adam observes.

Well, it's already clear he's useless.

I half expected Christian to watch my every move but I can't have this t\*\*t interfere with my plans to help Talia.

if Christian sent Brody to spy on me, he must suspect me of disloyalty.

A dark thought enters my mind.

Perhaps Christian My stomach churns at the potential danger I face should Christian find out his own family plans to overthrow him soon.

Knowing I need to find out the truth, I pick up my pace a little and turn a corner, hiding in a nook behind a building.

Not long after, I hear the quick shuffle of shoes running in the direction I was heading in.

Just as I see a shadow approach, I reach out my arms and hook them around Brody's shoulders to pin him against my body in a choke hold.

"Care to tell me what the f\*\*k you think you're doing here?" I ask, Brody thrashing his body violently to be released.

"Get off me man!"

Brody shouts as I tighten my squeeze on him.

When he doesn't calm down, I grab one of his arms and pin it behind his back while smashing his head against the wall of the building.

"Sorry, I'm gonna have to ask you to speak up. What do you think you're doing here?"

I snarl in his ear, Brody panting heavily as he thinks of an answer.

Losing my patience, I twist his arm far enough so that his shoulder pops out of its socket, Brody screaming in agony.

"Okay, okay, okay!" He cries, banging his palm on the surface of the wall.

"I'll tell you what you want. Just please let me go," he begs.

I relent, popping his shoulder back into place as Brody whimpers sooths his injured shoulder. I grab him by the elbow and drag him out onto the street, shoving him in front of me.

"Walk," I command, Brody lifting his uninjured arm in surrender and walking slowly towards Nikki and Micah's house.

When we arrive at the house, I bang on the door while restraining Brody's wrist until Nikki lets us in, a look of surprise on her face when she sees Brody.

"We have a rat," I groan, shoving Brody into the house as Nikki steps aside.

"The kid's been following me since I got here." I drag him to a chair and tie him to the seat with Micah's help.

"And now you're going to talk. Why did Christian send you here? What does he know?"

"N-nothing!" he shouts back.

I slam my fist against his skull, ignoring the pain that pulsates across my knuckles.

"That's not the right answer," I snap through gritted teeth.

"But I don't- "

"Wrong again..." I growl, this time nailing him square in the jaw.

"I don't know!"

Brody begs, spitting blood from his mouth.

"Please, I swear!"

I punch him in the gut this time, Brody bending over in agony and wheezing.

Nikki squeaks nervously, hiding her face behind her hands as I punch him once more.

"All you gotta do is answer the question," I shrug, yanking his other.

I tap on his cheek gently.

"Just tell me why the f\*\*k you're following me and I'll stop.

What does Christian know and what is he planning?"

"I don't know!" he pleads, shaking his head adamantly.

"I don't - I just got assigned here and Keller got Derek.."

So Christian is watching both of us...He must suspect something is on the horizon...or maybe he already knows...

"What's his plan?" I snarl, gripping him by the neck.

"I don't know! I don't know!" Brody insists, his lips blood red.

"He just wants to find his mate. He even called witches-"

"Witches?" I ask, trying to think if he had ever mentioned using witches before.

A very brief memory enters my mind of Christian reaching out to other Alphas with connections to witches a couple months ago.

While witches are supposed to be our mortal enemies, some are willing to help you for a price.

Looks like Christian made a deal, Adam mutters.

"Yes, witches," Brody nods.

"I overheard him confirming a meeting with a coven before he sent me out here. That's all I know though, I swear! I know nothing else!"

So he's seeking the help of witches to locate Natalia and the pup, I think to myself as I connect the dots.

He'll find them sure enough with their help.

Brody knows more, Adam growls. He's hiding something trembling in the chair.

"It already happened," he replies.

"It was supposed to take place a few days ago. I was sent here before..."

I stop listening to his blubbing as I take a moment to think through my next moves.

If Christian has already met with the witches, it's only a matter of time before he finds

out where Natalia and the pup are, unless

he's already found her...

The thought sends a cold shiver down my spine.

"We have to find Natalia quickly," I mutter, pacing back and forth.

I pull up the pack maps on my phone and groan in frustration when I realize San

Francisco is surrounded by packs in every

direction.

I doubt she'll want to surround herself with more wolves, so there's a chance she's not

in a pack at all, Adam points out much to

my dismay.

In short, she could be anywhere in the state.

"Whatcha groaning about now?" Micah wonders, taking the map from me.

"Natalia flew somewhere in here," I mutter, pointing to the San Francisco Airport.

"I found her plane tickets. But from there, I don't know which direction she could have

gone." I stuff my hand in my pocket and

pull out the list of phone numbers from the fridge to hand to Micah, reading each one.

"Yeah that's Dakota's daycare, her work phones, Sarah's bookshop..."

"Who's Sarah?" I ask, Micah shrugging in response.

"Talía's best friend for like ever. They do everything together and she would watch over

Kota during Talía's night shifts at The

Masque," Nikki explains.

"Talía told us she's currently on a trip though so Sarah probably doesn't know where

Talía is."

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My heart sinks, but there's a last ray of hope in my pocket and I pull out the scrap paper

with the name and phone number

sprawled across it.

"Do you recognize this name?" I ask, showing them the paper.

"Aurora Altamirano?" Micah looks at the name and number and types the area code into

his phone.

"That's a California area code," he says, studying the map again before pointing to a

specific location about two hours north of

San Francisco.

"Here. That's the place where this caller lives."

I study the map and notice a small cluster of packs in the area. I start dialing the number

when Micah stops me.

"Don't. If this person is helping Talía and you call them, you might tip them off that you

know where they are and you'll lose

suggests.

"Then we can call and verify that this person knows Talía."

I nod in approval of the plan but look over at Brody sitting on the chair as Nikki tries to clean his wounds and realize we'll have to do something with the douche.

"We can bring him with us," Micah shrugs.

"Keep an eye on him this way."

"No f\*\*\*\*\*g way," Brody snaps.

I smile coldly at the twerp before punching him hard enough to knock him and the chair to the ground.

"I have no problem chaining you here if you want to stay," I snarl.

"Or you can come with us so we can keep an eye on you. Your choice."

"f\*\*k you," Brody groans.

"Suit yourself," I sigh, swinging my leg back to kick him.

"Okay, I'll go! Shit..." he hisses.

"Just get me out of this chair. Micah and I grab him and slowly raise his chair upright again. As we go to untie him, Brody's phone rings and he stiffens with fear.

"Shhh,"

I hiss, taking his phone from his pocket to check the caller ID.

ALPHA.

"s\*\*t," I mutter, grabbing Brody by the throat and pulling him close to me.

"Listen very carefully, you little s\*\*t," I warn him.

"You understand? I will cut off your balls, boil them and feed them to you if you tell him anything."

He slowly nods his head and I place the phone in his hand, clicking the answer button and putting the phone on speaker.

"Go," I mouth, Brody nodding silently.

"Yes, Alpha?" He says in a steady voice.

"Any news on Jordan and his progress?" Christian snaps.

"No, sir. He's still an i\*\*\*t," Brody replies, and despite my annoyance, I resist the urge to strangle him.

"He's holed up at the Luna's place."

"Have you seen her or my pup?" he asks, a ray of hope in his voice.

"No, Alpha," Brody replies.

"If she is here, she hasn't left or entered the house since I got here."

We hear an angry growl on the other side, the sound sending chills down my spine. Loud sounds of things breaking echo from the speaker and it takes Christian a moment to cool down.

"Keep an eye on the bastard," Christian snarls.

"And if he makes a wrong move, kill him."

"Yes sir," Brody answers, the call ending with a click.

The young i\*\*\*t turns to glare at me.

"Now what, prick?"

"Now..."

I mumble, taking his phone from his hand and stuffing it in my pocket.

"Now we go to California."

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