

The Silent Alpha by StephanieLight Chapter 68

68. Preparations

Zane "Please marry me," Talia repeats, her eyes full of tears as she sets Kota down on the floor. *W-what?" I ask, unsure if I just imagined her proposal.

She steps on the tips of her toes, cupping my cheeks in her warm, soft hands and repeating the most wonderful words to ever leave her lips.

"I love you," she murmurs, my heart pounding against my chest as I struggle to hold back my own tears. "And I just realized that I'm going to wake up tomorrow... And you won't be there," she shrugs with a sad smile on her face. "And that scares me," she whimpers softly. "Because I-I don't ever want to wake up without you. I want your face to be the last face I see at night and the first one I see every morning... for the rest of my life."

I can't seem to gather my thoughts and for once, Grayson is as useless as I am.

"I used to be so afraid of your love," she whimpers. "But now I fear living without it.

Please marry me, Zane," Talia whispers, gently brushing her lips against mine as sparks tingle across my face. "I want to be your wife."

No words seem sufficient enough to express the blissful joy I feel in my heart right now as my mate kisses me with all her heart, begging to be mine for the rest of our lives. I grew up thinking the only people capable of loving me and my flaws were my moms and now it seems surreal to have a mate love me enough to give me her broken heart.

Despite all her fears, Talia loves me and I love her with all of the light of my soul. "Y-yes," I reply, wrapping my arms around her waist. "Y-yes. I-I'll marry y-you."

She smiles against my lips as I accept her over and over again, forgetting the horrible truth of our reality to share a single moment of true happiness with my mate.

She's going to be my wife!

Thank Goddess! Grayson howls ecstatically. I thought we were going to die alone at this rate! Tignore my wolf's commentary, lifting my beautiful mate in my arms as I deepen our kiss, "Come back to me, Zane," Talia murmurs between kisses. "You have to come back so I can be your wife."

Inod emphatically as I set her down, taking her hand and kissing it. "I-I promise. I-I promise I'll come back to y-you and Kota." | cup her cheeks and shower her head with kisses, Kota hopping up and down with excitement.

"Ewww!" Kota squeals, a huge grin on his face as I kiss his mother. "No more kisses," he shouts, running up to us with his hands in the air.

I bend over and pick him up, Kota placing his hand over my mouth to stop me from kissing his Mommy. Aren't you forgetting something? Grayson says, his tail flicking side to side, What? I ask, completely confused. Must I do everything, he sighs tiredly. A ring, you gump! You need a ring for our mate! Oh! Right! I gasp, realizing I don't own anything that remotely resembles a ring. I'll have to improvise.

Pushing his little hand aside, I whisper instructions in Kota's ear, the little boy nodding obediently and running off to complete his task.

"Zane, we have to go," Tylen insists. "We don't have a lot of time." "I-I know," I interrupt him, lifting my hand to silence him. "J-just give m-me one more minute, p-please."

Tylen eyes Talia and I, sighing tiredly to himself as he gives in. Just then, Kota returns with the four bead bracelet he made for me a while back.

“Here you go, Daddy,” Kota says, placing the bracelet in my hand. Tuntie the string, removing the pink and blue beads from the bracelet and handing the blue one to Talia. “K-Kota made this for m-me. It’s our family.” I explain, pointing to each bead. “Y-you’re now ho-holding a piece of m-me and I-I’m holding a piece of y-you. I-I don’t have a ring for y-you yet but 1-1 promise to c-come back so w-we can put our fam-family back together. I-I promise,” I repeat, kissing the little pink Talia bead in my hand. “I promise.” “Zane! Now!” Tylen snaps when I kiss Talia one more time. “Y-yes sir,” I nod, pecking Talia on the lips. “I love you Talia,” I murmur. “I love you.”

I turn on my heel, grabbing my bag and following Tylen towards the door when he suddenly halts, his jaw clenching as he places his hand on the knob. A small growl leaves his lips and he turns around, storming towards Agnes who stares at him with bewilderment. Neither one of them signs a word and for what seems like an eternity. they simply stand before each other.

Interesting... Grayson hums to himself, leaving me to be oblivious on my own.

What is? I ask but Grayson never gets the chance to answer me as Tylen suddenly removes his dog tag and places it in Agnes’s hand.

Without another word, Tylen leans in and kisses her gently on the cheek before turning away and leaving her.

“Let’s go,” he snaps, pushing past me and opening the door.

I remain frozen in place, all of us staring at Agnes in confusion. She seems stunned herself but before I can ask questions, Tylen once again yells at me to move, the sound of his booming voice startling me. I jump in a fright and hurriedly kiss my pup and mate goodbye once more before running out of the house with my bag over my shoulder.

“Ty-Tylen!” I call out after him, Tylen marching quickly towards the pack house. “Ty-Tylen wait!”

“No time,” he shouts back without looking at me as I catch up. “We have to move. Sebastian’s troops will mobilize soon and we have to prepare the islands before they arrive.”

“B-but Agnes-” “What about Agnes?” He says, stopping in his tracks and looking at me. “Y-you kissed her,” I say quietly. “And?” He huffs, walking past me. “You kiss your mate. Why can’t I kiss mine?” My eyes widen in shock. “W-what?” I ask, completely blindsided by his revelation. “You heard me,” he grumbles.

His answer does not satisfy me and I clear my throat to demand a proper explanation, when Tylen slows down and sighs tiredly.

“Agnes is not an afterthought to me,” he whispers. “She’s all I think about.” He turns to face me, his features strong and certain. “I won’t hurt her. I just thought you should know that.”

He turns and walks away again, greeting his father who is busy speaking with the young Queen with a glare. Toran pretends to not notice his son’s obvious hatred and gestures for me to step forward.

“We have a change of plans,” Toran explains. “Her Majesty will teleport us to the airport, It’s faster.”

“Why not just teleport us to Ravenstone?” Tylen mutters, Aurora flicking her wrist and opening a portal to what appears to be a private terminal.

“Every gift has its limitations,” Aurora explains. “I can only teleport to places I have been and I do not know Ravenstone. The airport is as far as I can take you”

“And I greatly appreciate your help, your Majesty,” Toran bows, gesturing for us to step through the portal. “It’s been an honor to be in your presence.”

Aurora accepts the compliment with a nod, Toran stepping into the portal with his things. Tylon and I follow after him and I take a deep breath to calm my nerves as we board our plane.

The jet resembles a small office, with luxurious leather seats gathered around a table and a large monitor mounted on a wall near the end of the plane. Coffee tables and recliners are also sparsely spread around the cabin to create a sophisticated atmosphere and there is a fleet of flight attendants ready to make our trip as comfortable as possible.

We all settle down for a meeting, Toran pulling up a map of Ravenstone on the monitor. Ravenstone and Scarlett Haven are located along the Samish Bay in Washington. Scarlett Haven sits on a large peninsula surrounded by woods and ocean but Ravenstone is very remote, positioned across five small islands almost three miles off the coast. There is a main island where most of the pack lives and three smaller islands forming a ring where Toran keeps extra equipment, food, and the training grounds. In the middle of the island ring, there is an abandoned missile silo located on a fifth island and a series of underwater tunnels connect the islands to each other.

The old silo has been converted into a fortified bunker and is perfectly camouflaged on the island, buried nine stories underground with layers of concrete and steel protecting it. To an outsider, the island appears insignificant and uninhabited but it contains an impenetrable fortress my father can’t seem to locate.

“My source tells me Sebastian has mobilized his soldiers on the eastern side of the island near the bluffs.” Toran explains, using a laser pointer to indicate Sebastian’s movements. “However, knowing the bastard all these years, I know this is likely a distraction and he will have a smaller crew jump along these islands here,” he adds, pointing to a trail of other islands in the area. “Until he reaches our main dock on the western front for an ambush.”

He and Tylon fall silent as they study the map intently in search for a solution to this problem.

“We are greatly outnumbered,” Tylon sighs. “I assume we will have to utilize guerilla warfare if we want to survive.”

“Precisely,” Toran smiles. “Sebastian has not yet located the entrances to our tunnels so we’ll use them to our advantage to strike and slip out unseen between the islands. We’ll have teams stationed here, here and here, and the rest will remain scattered across the main island-”

Toran stops mid sentence and studies me for a moment, his lips pressed firmly into a tight line.

“The Queen tells me you’ve been training over the last few weeks but are still figuring out your gift?” he asks, though it is not really a question. I nod silently and he thinks for a moment.

“You and Tylon will lead a team on the bunker island and make sure Sebastian’s men don’t find the bunker entrance. Zane, due to your lack of war experience, you will follow all of Tylon’s instructions without question,” Toran says sternly.

“Zane, how much of your gift does your father understand?” Tylon asks, keeping his

eyes on the map. "M-my father doesn't know what my gift is," I reply with a shrug. "Then we'll keep it that way," Toran hums to himself. "In fact, if you can avoid it, don't make your presence known for as long as possible. It's to our advantage that he and his men not know whose side you're on just yet. When the time comes for you to activate your gift, they won't be expecting it and that will give us an edge in the coming-fights."

"What weapons do you know how to use?" Tylen says. "Any archery, rifles, explosives, gasses, spears?"

"I've practiced with spears," I mutter, feeling slightly embarrassed to not know much about war to begin with. "But I'm not very good."

Toran and Tylen exchange glances, and I fear they may be regretting bringing me along.

"I see," Toran sighs. "Your father wasted a good resource in this war," he adds with a shake of his head. "It's a shame, really. I imagine with you in his fleet, we would've stood no chance."

He says it with such conviction, I almost believe I may be worth something after all. "But no matter," Toran says with a small smile. "We will work with what we have." "Do we have allies?" I ask, hoping the fate of this pack is not resting solely on my shoulders.

"We do," Toran responds. "They will supply us with equipment and the ingredients we need to slow down Sebastian and his soldiers."

"Ingredients?"

"Precisely," Tylen nods. "As you know, werewolves are all susceptible to wolfsbane and silver, but Silver and Gold wolves are more resistant to it. It takes a greater dose of wolfsbane to bring down a silver wolf, but there is, however, a much faster way to hurt us."

I lean in closer, my ears twitching to listen. "Have you heard of the Flame Lily?" I shake my head at him, Tylen patiently explaining it to me.

"The root of a Flame Lily when crushed with the petals of a Moon Flower, creates a very potent elixir that can temporarily block the connection between a human and their wolf. Essentially, when injected with it, a human would be unable to shift or use their powers while under the effects of the elixir."

"It's taken years of trial and error to perfect the mixture," Toran adds. "You have to get the right proportions of each ingredient for it to work or the elixir is useless. The herbs are hard to gather but luckily, we have a supplier who can give us exactly what we need."

"We'll only use the elixir if needed," Tylen adds. "No need to let your father know all of our cards just yet."

For the rest of the flight, Tylen and Toran strategize over the best places to plant their small teams for counter strikes and ambushes and while I offer little help, I hang on to every word they say.

"We have drones circling the entire area," Toran says, noticing my silence. "So we'll have eyes on all of Sebastian's movements once we land. My sister will meet us at the airport with a full report on her findings. With any luck, this will all be over in the morning."

Thighly doubt this will end anytime soon, but I don't tell him that.

The flight is relatively short and we arrive in Seattle with no issues. Upon landing, Toran and Tylen take me to a secluded runway where a helicopter is waiting for us.

“Boo!” A voice whispers beside my ear, startling me.

A hearty cackle follows soon after and a woman who shares similar features with Toran suddenly appears out of thin air beside me.

“Did I scare you?” The woman laughs, Tylan greeting her with a hug.

“Taryn,” Toran shouts over the loud sounds of the helicopter blades spinning, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Must you always be so childish?”

“Well Hellos are boring,” Taryn shouts back. “But that’s the least of our worries. Come, I’ll fill you in on the way to the island.”

The woman leads us to a helicopter where we are given headsets to speak properly to each other. Dread settles into the pit of my stomach as we take off, Seattle becoming a small dot in the distance.

This is it, Human, Grayson sighs. We’re going to war.

69. Chaos

Christian

My phone rings non stop as I drive to the coven, my father’s name flashing on the caller ID.

Would you pick up the f***g phone already? Jack snarts. It’s driving me crazy f**k you, I mutter, my eyes flicking to the rear view mirror where I catch a glimpse of my mother’s body.

I tighten my grip on the steering wheel as a wave of sadness hits me. I just took my father’s mate.

Don’t lee/too sorry for him, Jack sneers, his voice a low rumble growing louder and stronger with every passing

second. Need I remind you, your father is the reason we’re in this mess!

My father did nothing.

Nothing? Jack scoffs, the hairs on his back bristling with rage. He did not approve of our mate. He made her feel

small and insignificant. He looked down on her no matter what she did and she was never good enough for him. But

worst of all, he made you believe you deserved better. He made you believe you could find someone better when the

best thing that ever happened to us was standing right in front of us! And like a weakling, you let his beliefs corrupt our marriage to the most perfect woman to ever cross our path!

Jack’s voice invades my every thought, my head spinning from all of his overwhelming anger.

He deserves this pain, Jack whispers. He deserves to feel what I feel every day.

I shove my wolf to the back of my mind, slamming my foot on the accelerator as I speed down the secluded road until I pull up to the lake house. There is a pyre set up near the shore of the water where the witches are gathered, and as I come to a stop, Lorelei, one of the witches, walks towards the driveway, her eyes following me as I step out of the car.

“You did it,” Lorelei says, her judging eyes scanning me carefully.

“Where do you want her?” I snap, opening the back seat door and carefully lifting my mother in my arms.

“Bring her to the pyre. The sooner we get started, the sooner you’ll be able to find your son.” Lorelei

instructs

carry my mother’s body to the pyre and set her down gently, the entire time convincing myself that her death will not be in vain. I’ll soon have my pup home along with my mate by my side, where they belong.

As I step back to let the witches work, I take note of the ritual set up. Embedded in the wood surrounding the

pyre are stalks of sage and mugwort. Enclosing the pyres is a circle and beautiful runes carved into the earth and there are candles that sit at the northern, eastern, southern, and western points of the circle.

The four witches, Loreli, Endora, Melusine and Sinnan stand at each point and light their respective candles

before raising them above their heads.

“The God of Chaos has agreed to help you find your son in exchange for your mother’s blood,” Lorelei says to me “We will now call to him to offer your sacrifice and seek his guidance to help us cast our spell for you.”

“I call unto Air to connect us to the Realm of the Gods, / call unto Fire to purify this body and its blood, I call unto Water to release its spirit, I call unto Earth to ground our purpose and give Kay her peace.*

The witches step into the circle, and from her sleeve, Endora, the second witch, pulls out a dagger and walks to the pyre, chanting something under her breath. I watch in horror as she raises the dagger above her head and calls to the God of Chaos.

“I call Spirit to join us and bless this sacrifice. God of Chaos, hear our pleas. Bring us your wisdom, guide us

through the darkness, show us the truth!”

She buns the dagger in my mother’s chest, blood spilling over the pyre. I feel disgust churn in my stomach as I watch the ritual but I cannot bring myself to look away as Endora makes slits across my mother’s wrists and neck. Satisfied that the pyre is bathed in the right amount of blood, Endora steps back to the inner edge of the circle, the third witch, Melusine, taking the candle representing fire to the pyre and setting my mother ablaze.

The witches begin their incantations as the pyre comes to life with flames, speaking in tongues I do not understand. A strong wind blows past me, pulling smoke from the pyre to the heavens to form a ring. The ring of smoke grows thicker and thicker until it dissolves, ashes falling like snowflakes onto the earth. The witches stop their chanting, working in unison to draw water from the lake to dampen the earth surrounding the pyre. A mixture of blood, ashes, sage and water stain the earth and when the four witches turn to face me, their eyes are jet black and a mischievous smile graces their lips.

“It’s not often a wolf seeks my help,” the four witches say in unison, their voices morphing into one. So I could

not pass up an opportunity to help a creation of my sister’s.”

“Who are you?” I ask, the hairs on the back of my neck standing up.

“Why. I’m hurt,” the witches reply with a pout. “After all, it was you who summoned me here,” the witches add, all four now circling me like prey. “I have many names, Loki,

Balor, Apophis, Yam... Chaos.”

Beads of sweat gather on my forehead as I struggle to keep track of all four witches as they circle me, their figures morphing to all took the same yet at the same look distinct.

“Are you afraid?” the witches snicker at me, Lorelei stepping closer to me. “Would you prefer to speak to someone else?”

Before my eyes, the witch’s face contorts and shifts until I find myself staring back at Natalia.

Tiny... Jack whispers softly upon seeing her. In disbelief, I reach out to caress her cheek only to be slapped in the face by her.

*You do not touch a God, you i”**t!” Chaos roars.

I step back in fear, God of Chaos suddenly bursting into laughter as I stare back in confusion.

So you wish to find your pup?” the God asks, his voice mimicking Natalia’s.

“Y-yes,” I nod, keeping my guard up around the strange God. “And my wife.”

“Ex-wife.” Chaos corrects me, Jack growling in response. Chaos inhales deeply and one of the witches brings him a daeger while another hands him Natalia’s burnt hair brush.” Follow me,” he instructs.

Though weary of the God taking the form of my mate, I follow him into the circle where the pyre still burns with intensity

*Magic is about balance. To take, you must give,” the God explains. “Just how much are you willing to give to retrieve your pup?”

“I thought ”

“Your mother’s blood was necessary to bring me to this world for death is one of the bridges between the realms, * the God smirks.

“What are the others?” I ask, afraid to know the answer.

“None of your business! Chaos snaps, Natalia’s eyes turning jet black. The God of Chaos takes a deep breath to calm down and sighs. Now,” he murmurs in Natalia’s gentle voice. “Just how much are you willing to give to retrieve your pup Everything Jack snarts. We’ll give him everything!

Chaos seems to know Jack’s answer and grins mischievously. “Then let’s begin.”

He tosses Natalia’s hair brush into the pyre and I watch it be consumed by the flames.

Chaos then takes my hand

and I grimace as he slices my palm with the dagger, letting my blood pour over the flames.

Suddenly my head feels as though it’s burning, and I bend over in agony, holding my head in my hands. Christian... Christian! Jack howls before disappearing into oblivion. I suddenly feel very alone with my thoughts, unable to see or feel Jack’s presence.

Jack? I call out into the depths of my mind, hearing nothing but silence. Jack!

The God of Chaos puts his hand in the flame and from the fire, he extracts a blue stone.

The stone almost glows against the fire but becomes opaque once cooled by the night air.

“To take. you must give,” Chaos says smugly

I shake my head hoping to hear my stupid wolf but he never replies.

“What did... w-what did you do to me?” I cry. staring at the stone in his hand.

* You wanted to find your pup,” the God shrugs. “Now you can,” he adds, pressing his

finger against my forehead.

2

A bright light blinds me, forcing me to close my eyes and when I open them again, a series of images materialize within the dancing flames. Hushed whispers bombard my head as I stare into the fire until finally, I see Dakota's face take shape. My heart beats a mile a minute as I watch the vision expand to reveal my mate holding Dakota in her arms. Natalia appears to be speaking to someone, but I cannot make out who it is. As she speaks, our little boy rests his head on his mother's shoulder and she gently combs her fingers through his hair.

"River Moon..." A deep voice murmurs in my ear.

"California..." whispers another.

The voices grow louder, the sounds almost overwhelming and I cover my ears in frustration, hoping to make them stop. I close my eyes, the vision in the flames coming to an end and my pup and mate disappearing into ashes.

"You are now your own compass," The God of Chaos explains. "The voices will guide you to your pup."

"And my wolf?" I ask, resting my hand against my forehead to soothe my growing headache.

"He is now contained within this small stone," the God of Chaos smiles. "In order to help you, I had to give you a part of me. In exchange, I took a part of you. Now we're even," Chaos says smugly, my mind filling with panic as the voices collide with my thoughts.

"Your son resides within a heavily protected pack in California. It won't be easy to infiltrate," * The God snickers, "The voices will tell you what to do." He points to the moon. "Your pup will be given a medallion tonight. You have until the full moon to find him and give me the medallion or I will keep your wolf and you will become human... permanently."

I stare down at my bare hands, the thought of becoming human disgusting me.

This isn't what / signed up for

*Y-you can't do that!" | snap.

"I asked you how much you were willing to give up and your wolf answered for you.

Deal with it," Chaos grumbles

"But i-

"Do you want your pup to spend the rest of his life thinking another man is his father?"

Chaos sneers, Natalia's figure morphing back to Lorelei's.

What? I snarl, a bitter anger filling my soul. What other man? Dakota is mine!

"I would act quickly if I were you, Christian," the God calls out as he turns to the other witches. "Before it's too late."

The witches once again move in unison, raising their hands above their heads. A ring of smoke once again takes form above the pyre, growing larger and larger until it finally dissolves. The witches chant under the breath as they draw more water from the lake, this time washing it over the pyre and putting out the flames. Blood and ashes mix once more over the earth and when the four witches turn to look my way, I am relieved to see the color of their eyes return to normal, the God of Chaos long gone.

"You have what you need," Lorelei says, her eyes studying me closely. "You should hurry. The full moon will soon be upon us." She hands me the blue stone, carefully

folding my fingers over it. "Chaos has given you your own wolf to keep. When you have the medallion, summon Him and he will release Jack back to you. Should the stone get lost or break, you will lose Jack forever. Handle it with care and good luck. Our work here is finished."

"But how do I-"

Listen to the voices," Lorelei snaps with annoyance. "They are your connection to Chaos."

She wordlessly turns on her heel and together with the other witches, she closes the circle and begins to perform a cleanse.

River Moon... A voice hisses near my ear. Queen of Ivory

Go now!

She's moving!

GO...

Go...

Eager to make the voices stop, I head over to the car, thinking of my mate and my pup as I start the engine. I glance into the rearview mirror, a vision of Natalia and Kota sleeping together materializing before me. Tears glisten on my mate's cheeks and for once, I feel the urge to comfort her.

"Don't worry, Nat," I murmur, pulling out of the driveway. "I'll bring you home."