

## The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 70

The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 70 An unexpected gift  
\*\*\*Natalia\*\*\*

Agnes runs away as soon as Tylan and Zane leave, slamming the door to her room shut behind her with a loud bang before any of us can ask what just happened.

“Uh oh, mommy,” Kota whispers. “Egg-ness is sad. Why is she sad?”

“I don’t know, Kota,” I murmur, kissing his forehead and inhaling the scent of his hair to calm my racing heart. “I don’t know.”

Rionna clears her throat, reminding me that we are not alone in the room and she smiles sheepishly when I look up at her.

“I should get going,” she whispers quietly, holding a thick envelope in her hands. “Goodnight.”

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I hear the sob in her throat and hold out my hand to her.

“Are you alright?” I ask, Rionna struggling to hold her smile. “I’m fine,” She whispers, turning to hide her face.

Knowing she is trying to be strong and we currently only have each other to lean on, I gently rest my hand on her shoulder to offer her support.

“Are you alright?” I repeat, the tears that she’s been holding back finally rolling down her cheeks.

She shakes her head and covers her eyes with her hands.

“Mommy, why is Nona sad?” Kota asks, Rionna chuckling despite the tears clinging to her eyes.

“Kota, my love, can you go to my room and bring me a washcloth for Nona?” I ask, setting Kota down. “They’re in the dresser.”

He nods his head gingerly and stomps away, whispering “cloth for Nona” to himself.

I sit down on the sofa, patting the seat next to me for Rionna. She heaves a heavy sigh, her fingers fumbling with the envelope in her hands.

“Toran asked me for a divorce,” Rionna whispers, my heart sinking to my stomach for her.” He sent me the papers with Tylen—“

She pauses for a moment, her anger breaking through and she throws the envelope across the room, several pages spilling out.

“The coward didn’t even have the decency to say it to my face that he no longer loves me,” Rionna whimpers into her hands. “He lied to me about Zane and he’s involved him in this war and now this!” She cries angrily, looking up from her hands. “And you want to know the sick part?” A weak smile spreads across her cheeks. “I still love him.”

The hurt in her voice is all too familiar to me and I give her hand a tight squeeze to let her know I’m here for her.

“I still loved Christian after I divorced him,” I whisper as Rionna wipes her tears. “I remember hating myself for still having feelings for him.”

“I was unaware you were divorced,” Rionna sighs.

“Two very long years of marriage,” I shrug. “It seems like a distant memory now that I think about it. But my circumstances were different.”

“How so?”

“My husband slept with my sister,” I laugh bitterly. “I was a few weeks pregnant when I found out.”

“I’m sorry,” Rionna says with a sad smile.

“Don’t be,” I reply, giving her hand another squeeze. “It was for the best. I didn’t realize how unhappy I was with him or how much I had given up of myself to be his wife until I walked away. Zane and Grayson changed everything. I’ve felt more love these past few weeks than I ever did in my two years with Christian. That’s why I want to marry him. Zane’s love is not empty. It’s gentle and patient. Our bond is not the only thing keeping us together.”

“Toran and I have no bond between us but we have love... or so I thought,” Rionna sighs. “I could tell he was broken inside when I first woke up in the hospital room,” she says with a soft smile. “He was looking out the window watching Tylen practice his fighting stances out on the hospital lawn. I didn’t know who he was but I knew he was as lost as I was... so thought perhaps we could help each other find what we were looking for.”

“Did you know what he did to you?” I ask, wondering how she could fall for the same man who took her life.

“He never tried to hide it,” Rionna responds. “In fact, Toran brought it up every chance he got whenever he felt I was getting too close. He was very determined to push me away and never love again.” She stares down at the divorce papers littering the floor. “I guess he got what he wanted.” Anger suddenly laces her voice again and she stands on her feet. “I hate him!” she screams into her hands, but even I can see that is a lie. “Why can’t I hate him?” she whimpers.

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Kota returns with the washcloth and as he comes closer, I notice something else is tucked under his arm.

“Here you go, Mommy,” Kota smiles, handing me the cloth for Rionna. “Kota, what’s that under your arm?” I ask, my eyes widening in shock as I look closer.

“Look Mommy, I found a worm!” He says, showing me the large black dildo he tucked in his armpit. “It has babies, Mommy. See?” He asks, pointing to the ballsack at the end.

No f\*\*\*\*\*g way!! S\*\*\*\*\*m internally much to Devina’s amusement.

Rionna covers her mouth to hold back her laughter while I curse Celina for gifting it to me in the first place.

“You’re too tense,” she had said while we were at the mall with the girls. “Here, I got you this,” she added, handing me a gift box with the toy. “Why don’t you go f\*\*k yourself?” She chirped.

“I’m strangling Celina the next time I see her)” I mutter, completely mortified as I reach for the dildo. “Kota give me that!”

“But I want to play with it!” Kota shouts, running away out of reach.

“Kota, give me that!” I snap, Kota shaking his head and running into the hall. I chase after him, Devina howling with laughter. “Dakota!”

Just as I’m about to catch him by the front door, a portal opens directly in front of me and almost crash into the Queen and Evan.

“Hehehe mommy, I’ve got the worm!” Kota cries, shaking the dildo in his hand.

Queen Aurora's cheeks flush bright red as she looks at the dildo, Evan's face lighting up like a child at Christmas.

"Kota wasn't kidding when he said you liked to play horsey in the desert," Evan snickers. "You need a saddle to ride that thing!"

Aurora elbows him in the stomach, Evan groaning mid laugh. Behind me, I hear Rionna's footsteps approach us.

Dear Goddess help me, I sigh, finally capturing Kota and taking the toy from him. Even Moon Goddess can't help you, Devina giggles.

Kota throws himself on the floor and curls up on the floor, crying angrily to himself. The Queen clears her throat and I hide the dildo and my hands behind my back.

" – uh – Zane's at the airport," Aurora smiles awkwardly. "I'll be leaving in an hour or two."

"O–okay," I nod, wishing the earth would swallow me.

"As I said earlier, Rosalie and Carter are staying behind to watch over River Moon and Celina will be handling Kingdom affairs," she explains. "I've tightened security around River Moon so you should be perfectly safe within the territory."

"Thank you," I reply, though my fears lie with Zane's safety.

"I know you may hate him at the moment for taking Zane off to war, but Toran has asked a favor of me," Aurora adds, pulling out a golden medallion from within her shirt. She pulls the chain over her neck and hands it to me.

Almost immediately, Rionna and I bend over in a bow before the Queen, her raw power difficult to ignore. As I stand upright, I examine the medallion carefully. There is a sun carved into its beautiful golden surface with some violet stones embedded in the curves of the sun.

"This medallion was a gift from Moon Goddess herself," Aurora explains. "It masks the scent and power of whoever wears it, keeping them safe from any wolf who wants to do them harm. As an Ivory wolf, it also helps me connect with my sister and Moon Goddess in her realm."

"I don't understand," I reply, confused as to why the Queen was giving me the medallion.

"Toran knows you and Kota mean the world to Zane," Aurora continues. "So he's asked that I give this to Kota to protect him while Zane and I are away. It'll give Zane peace of mind knowing no one will be able to find Kota while he wears it."

"Toran did that?" Rionna asks, fresh tears gathering in her eyes.

"I know it's not always clear where he stands sometimes," Aurora says, turning to leave. "But Toran cares in his own way. I'm sure you know that more than anyone," the Queen whispers over her shoulder and smiles at Rionna.

She leaves with Evan at her heel, Rionna and turning to look at Kota lying on the floor entertaining himself with his own socks.

I put the dildo in the closet in the hall before crouching down on all fours and crawling towards Kota, the little boy hiding his face in his sleeve and pouting furiously.

"Kota, are you mad?" I ask, grabbing him by the ankles and dragging him closer to me. He shakes his head and refuses to speak to me. "Kota, use your words," I scold him, tickling the soles of his now bare feet.

He bursts into giggles, kicking his feet and wiggling his toes until he finally gives in. I let him calm down and he curls up in a ball again.

"I wanted to play with the worm," he huffs, using his own sock to wipe the tears that spring to his eyes.

"Ay mi bichito hermoso, {my beautiful bug}," I coo, pulling him by his legs until I have him in my lap and wrapped up in my arms. "I have something else for you instead." I drape the chain of the medallion over his head, his scent disappearing almost instantly.

I didn't think it would actually work, I think in shock. But he'll be much safer now, Devina observes.

My thoughts are interrupted by the sound of shuffling paper and I look up to see Rionna scooping up her divorce documents from the floor.

"Have you made your decision?" I ask, Kota inspecting the medallion as I speak.

She's quiet for a moment as she picks up her documents, carefully slipping each page into the envelope.

"Did you know I was a silver wolf in my past life?" she murmurs as she works and when I shake my head, a look of melancholy washes over her face.

"I had a dream once of a silver wolf calling out to me and with her dying breath, she told me she loved me. I was unsettled for weeks and when I finally told Toran, he told me the truth about my wolf," she says quietly, a few tears trickling down her cheek. "I was distraught and furious with Moon Goddess for giving me a second chance without my wolf by my side. I refused to shift, I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep and I fell ill very quickly. And through all that turmoil, Toran held my hand. He reminds me every day that Moon

Goddess does not interfere with life and death like this and that there must be a reason for my return. He helped me accept my new wolf and realize that even though I have no powers, I am still powerful. I get to choose how I live my second life

“Toran isn’t perfect, but neither am I and through all these years, we’ve helped each other love ourselves as we are. He’s my best friend,” she says as she collects her things. “I can’t sign those papers without at least speaking to him because despite my anger, I still love him.”

Rionna says her goodbyes and leaves, the house suddenly feeling very empty without Zane and Grayson here to make it feel like home. I take Kota upstairs but as I walk towards his room, the thought of sleeping on my own terrifies me.

“Will you sleep with me, Kota?” I whisper in his ear, Kota nodding happily.

I take him to my room and we prepare for bed together, Devina purring contently. My mind races anxiously as I tuck Kota in, every second ticking by bringing Zane closer to danger.

Can I meet our pup? Devina asks, quickly grooming her fur and wagging her tail. I would really like to meet him.

I pause for a moment, gently combing back Kota’s hair as he stares up at me. “Are you okay, Mommy?” he asks, his blue and brown eyes full with concern,

Tnod, my fingers caressing his soft cheeks. “Kota... you know how Daddy has a wolf inside him?”

“Yea?” he nods, poking his fingers against my cheeks. “Well.. I have a wolf too now... and she wants to meet you.”

“You have a wolfie too, Mommy?” he asks, jumping out of my arms and sitting up to look at me closely. He suddenly bursts into a howl, Devina joining him in my head. “I wanna meet her!”

I sit up to face him, my hands feeling a little sweaty with nerves about my son meeting my new wolf for the first time. Devina also seems a little nervous as she paces back and forth in my head but she puts on a brave smile and steps forward, Kota’s eyes widening in shock. He cups my cheeks in his tiny hands and pulls me close enough to look deep into Devina’s eyes.

“Your eyes are pretty, wolfie,” Kota whispers shyly. “T–thank you,” Devina replies with a sheepish smile. “You have pretty eyes too.” “Are you my mommy too?” Kota asks, squishing my face together.

Devina nods her head. "Is that okay with you?" she asks, trying to hide her nervousness with a laugh.

He pauses for a moment to think. "Do you like my Daddy?" he asks.

"I love your Daddy," Devina murmurs, leaning in to kiss Kota's cheeks. "And I love you with all of my heart."

Kota grins happily but stops to ask another question. "Will my Mommy still be my Mommy?"

Devina smiles at this. "Your mommy and I are one now. She and I will always be your Mommy."

Kota wraps his arms around my neck and cuddles with Devina, asking her a million wolf questions. Their chatter seems to tire out the pup and I tuck him in once more to sleep.

Sleeping, however, becomes a daunting task for me, my thoughts always drifting off to Zane every time I close my eyes.

Our mate is brave and strong, Devina tries to soothe me. He will find his way back.

I don't share my wolf's optimism but I curl up with my pup nonetheless and force my eyes closed despite my fears.

I wake up to my phone ringing, the sound jumpstarting my heart with fright. Beside me, Kota snores lightly on the bed, his face scrunched up in a dream. Hoping it's Zane, I scramble out of bed and search for my phone in my purse. In my nervousness, I drop the entire bag and all of its contents on the floor and hold back a groan of frustration.

Slow down, Devina instructs. Breathe in slowly and concentrate on the feeling of your lungs with air. That's it! Slowly let it out. Good. Good human.

I ignore her patronizing tone but I manage to calm down enough to find my phone on the floor. I don't even check the caller ID and just answer, eager to hear Zane's voice. My teeth gnash against each other, however, when I hear the voice on the other line.

"What the f\*\*k do you want?"

## **The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 71**

The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 71 The Fog

\*\*\*Zane\*\*\*

"Are the canisters in place?"

“Yes, for the umpteenth time, Toran! They are!” Taryn groans.

“Would you stop questioning my abilities? You insult me,” she huffs.

Toran rolls his eyes at her but the hint of a smile on his lips tells me he enjoys pestering his little sister.

The Alpha then turns to Tylen and I, taking a deep breath to gather all of his thoughts. He takes a utility belt and an armlet with a built-in pouch and explains the tools within them.

Opening a pouch on the belt, Toran pulls out small metal beads and holds them between his thumb and forefinger.

“These are silver beads. They are coated with a thin layer of aluminum to allow you to hold them. Give these to Tylen if there’s an attack. He will charge them and when they detonate, they’ll release silver shrapnel that will do some serious damage.”

He points to a number of small grenade-looking things on the belt.

“These contain silver nitrate and wolfsbane gas,” Toran explains.

“Useful for providing cover.”

“Pull the safety, toss, and run. This s\*\*t travels and it burns if it touches you.”

Tylen interjects.

One by one, Toran explains all the contents of the belt.

“And under any circumstances, enter the water.”

Tylen and Taryn nod in agreement with the Alpha.

“There are guns positioned within the cliffs all around the islands that shoot pellets containing magnesium and silver nitrate into the water. Upon contact with the water, the magnesium and silver explode and you do not want to be anywhere near when that happens. We also have canisters in the surrounding water containing pressurized silver nitrate, wolfsbane, and nightshade. The gas is extremely poisonous and we only have a handful of antidote vials available.”

He pulls out two preloaded syringes from his pocket and puts them in my armlet.



“I pray you never need this but this is the antidote. The guns and canisters are motion-sensored so DO NOT ENTER THE WATER.”

“Also remember, your only job is to protect the bunker. No matter what happens, you stay on the bunker island. We’ll handle the rest of the islands,”

Taryn explains.

“Anyone who tries to get into the bunker is killed on sight. No questions asked.” Inod silently, Toran lost in thought for a moment.

“Are we done with the sermon?” Tylen snaps, turning on his heel.

“If so, we better get moving.”

“Tylen,”

Toran calls out, Tylen pausing by the door.

“Be careful son.”

“I don’t need you looking out for me,”

Tylen snaps, Toran doing his best to remain calm.

“Zane, let’s go.”

The tension in the room is uncomfortable, but Toran lets the “Goddess be with you,”

Toran says to us before turning to his sister and getting back to work planning out the last details of their attack.

It’s a simple blessing, but having never heard those words from my own father, I find myself standing a little taller as I turn to leave.

I rush to keep up with Tylen as he storms out of the meeting room, walking past several soldiers who salute him on his way out.

Once out of the house, we make our way towards the northern part of the island covered in dense forest.

I feel my heart rate accelerate as we maneuver our way through the thick trees until we reach an unassuming stone formation.

Tylen lifts a small stone and a secret passageway reveals itself within the ground.

“Let’s go,” Tylen sighs.

“The faster we get to the bunker, the better.”

Tylen leads the way in and I follow him into the darkness, doing my best to stay focused and remain calm.

“You’ll be fine,” Tylen mutters as we walk through the dark passageway.

“We shouldn’t get much action on the bunker island. He says nothing more, the silence allowing my mind to drift off to my Talia and our pup. I hope they are sleeping peacefully together. I hope they are okay. I think of my moms too and how but I hope he treats Agnes well. She’s had enough heartbreak to last a lifetime.

“I-is Toran g-good to my mom?” I blurt out, anxiously waiting for Tylen’s reply.

I hear the hesitation in Tylen’s footsteps when I ask the question and it makes me nervous that I may not want to know the answer.

“He treats her like a queen,” Tylen replies after a long pause.

“She’s always safe with him.”

“I-I see,” I sigh in relief knowing my mother was not in pain all these years with Toran.

“I-I was just wonder-wondering since y-you and y-your dad are... Well m-my father... u-used to hu-hurt us,” I say, growing very nervous with the direction of this conversation.

“I-I just thought may-maybe he hurts y-you too. Tylen heaves a long tired sigh.

“My father is a complicated man...” Toran says.

“He’s not abusive...but for an intelligent man, he’s an i\*\*\*t someti-”

He stops mid sentence, holding his hand up so I halt in my tracks.

We go still, listening to the sounds of the tunnel.

“f\*\*k!”

Tylen snarls, grabbing me by the collar of my shirt and dragging me deeper into the tunnel.

“Radar picked up Scarlett Haven’s movement about a mile off our coast. A thick fog has rolled in over the islands so our drones won’t see jack s\*\*t for the next few hours. We’ve

been moved to the western island closest ambush. We'll head to the watch tower and keep an eye on the shoreline until the fog clears up."

Tylen keeps us close to the walls of the tunnels, muttering ' Where is it? Where is it' to himself.

He breathes a sigh of relief when he finds a closet door in the tunnel equipped with gas masks.

"Here, take this," he instructs, handing me a mask.

He digs further into the closet, finding a trunk at the very back. He pulls out two rifles and hands me one of them.

"Just in case," he says.

"They are loaded with silver bullets, so we should be good to go. Stay close to me," he instructs, leading me once more down the tunnel.

We reach a four-way intersection, Tylen pushing me towards the western tunnel.

After what seems like an eternity, we finally see the exit and I shield my eyes from the blinding light.

When we resurface, a thick layer of fog covers the entire island.

"This way," Tylen shouts after examining a compass.

"The tower is this way."

I grow nervous as we travel on foot through the fog for a while, but Grayson keeps me sane with his stupidity.

"Hold onto your fanny pack, hooman. We might need your little balls" he says sarcastically.

Not long into our sprint, we find the watchtower hidden between two large trees.

It is a tall wooden structure resembling a small bird house with a ladder running up the side.

We climb into a siren.

Tylen unlocks the metal trunk glued to the floor of the tower and pulls out a large telescope, setting it up so it faces the waters just beyond the main island.

He then hands me a set of binoculars.

“Keep your eyes on the water surrounding the main island. We are expecting a lot of movement soon,” Tylen instructs.

From his pocket, he pulls out a radio and puts it on the table.

“Comms with all the units. You don’t have a mindlink with us so this is the next best thing.”

He sets it to channel two.

“Think about your family,” Tylen sighs, patting my back.

“It helps to think of something important during a war. It makes it feel like your fight is worth something after all.”

My mind, however, wanders to my father, wondering what it will be like to face him now in these circumstances.

We last saw each other after I was beaten and thrown out of the pack and now I’m fighting a war against him and my former pack.

It suddenly dawns on me that I will be fighting the soldiers I grew up watching as they trained.

Is it wrong that I don’t feel any remorse for switching sides? I wonder.

Scarlett Haven was never our pack.

Grayson mutters.

You don’t have to feel anything towards them.

I ponder this thought a little more when I hear the hum of an engine just above us.

Tylen seems to hear the humming too and “I see it,” Tylen sighs, in annoyance.

“It’s just an agricultural aircraft. Probably got lost in the fog. There’s a huge farm just south of there.”

Tylen turns back to the water but I keep searching for the plane until I finally have it in sight.

I temporarily lose it as it flies over the hood of the tower from the north west, but I rush to the other side of the tower and lean over the edge of the wall to relocate it.

A light stream of dust follows in its wake, and I stick my hand over the ledge to feel it.

As soon as the mist makes contact with my skin, my bare flesh begins to burn and I cry out in pain, clutching my arm protectively.

“F-fuck, it b-burns,” I groan, wiping the residue off my arm with my pants.

Tylen grabs my arm and inspects it carefully, lightly pressing around the scorched skin.

His face pales when he accidentally touches some residue of the powder with his fingers and he yelps out in pain.

“s\*\*t, that’s silver chloride,”

Tylen curses under his breath, grabbing the gas masks.

“They’re spraying us with silver. Put your mask on so it doesn’t get into your lungs.”

He tosses me a mask and places his own mask on, checking mine to make sure it’s on securely. I take some gauze from my medical kit and dress the wound quickly before rushing to the siren for battle and come running out. We need them to hide. I’ll mindlink my father.”

Howls of pain start ringing out like sirens as the plane flies over the harbor and across the main island, dropping its load on its unassuming victims below.

“s\*\*t!” Tylen mutters.

“What do we do?” I ask, using my binoculars to search the main island.

“Nothing. Our only job is to stand watch and make sure no one gets through there,” Tylen says, pointing to the passage between the main island and ours.

“Here,” he adds, handing me an assault rifle.

Anything that moves in the water, kill it. I practiced how to use the rifle all last night, but it’s a different ball game when the target is alive and moving.

“Don’t worry about being accurate. Just make them dance,” Tylen says, grabbing his own rifle and resting the butt against his shoulder.

I mimic him, pointing my gun towards the water and letting my cheek fall against the stock.

Tylen glances at me from the side and pushes my elbow in.

“Arms down and elbows in,” he instructs and I nod, using the scope to survey the water.

Through the fog, we see shadows of movement on the water.

“Hold,” Tylen says, holding his hand up.

“We don’t want to Silence fills the air as we watch the shadows move closer to the harbor on the main island, Tylen mindlinking the soldiers to prepare.

We see the tip of a boat emerge from the mist and the once quiet waters come to life as the cliff guns begin to fire the magnesium and silver nitrate pellets at the base of the boats.

Pieces of wood, metal, and smoke rise over the water, creating a dark cloud we can’t see through.

Several gas canisters release their poisonous mist but we hear no cries from the boats.

“T-there’s no o-one in the b-boats,” I realize, Tylen and I exchanging glances.

Before we have time to process this discovery, gun fire erupts from the water below and a second wave of boats speed through the debris.

“Hold,” Tylen says, grabbing onto my shoulder as I prepare to aim.

“Wait until they dock and start climbing the cliff wall. They’re easier to pick off and our soldiers from the main island will start shooting. They won’t know which direction we’re coming from.”

I nod and we watch several small armed boats float into the harbor.

A small platoon of Ravenstone wolves arrive, some in wolf form, others in human form with weapons, and they begin to fire at the intruders.

Scarlett Haven wolves and humans jump out of the boats into the water, ready to engage in fight.

Only a handful of canisters go off, most having detonated during the initial raid.

battle of bullets and canines, my finger resting on the trigger.

While the battle ensues at the harbor, several more boats move past it towards the nearest cliff.

Their heavy artillery makes quick work to take out our guns positioned along the cliffs and they shoot grappling hooks onto the face of the cliff to climb it.

“Hold,” Tylen instructs, both of us focusing on the wolves scaling the rocky cliff.

A number of armed Ravenstone wolves peek over the cliff and begin to shoot down at the intruders, only to be met by gunfire from the group of Scarlett wolves remaining on the boats.

“Take out the shooters. We take out the shooters, our soldiers can take out the climbers,”

Tylen explains.

I take a deep breath to calm myself down and look through the scope, aligning the crosshairs with my target, a shooter looking up from the base of the cliff.

Squeezing the trigger, I follow the movement of my gun, the shot just grazing my target’s ear.

Meanwhile, Tylen aims perfectly and hits his target in the back of the head, killing him instantly.

I aim again, this time my shot hitting my target in the neck. I fire several rounds, not all hitting my targets but creating the perfect cover for Ravenstone wolves shooting from the cliffs.

To my dismay, several Scarlett Haven wolves do make it past the warriors at the harbor and rush to the cliffs to help out their companions, attacking our soldiers on the cliffs head.

“We are helping,” he snaps.

“We are following orders. No matter what happens on the main island, we don’t leave our post. We protect the bunker island. That was our direct order from the Alpha.”

He continues to shoot, taking out the remaining two shooters on the boats.

I want to argue that I do not take orders from him or Toran, when from the corner of my eye, I notice Taryn being cornered near the ledge of the cliff by three Scarlett Haven wolves.

She appears to be wounded, her leg torn open and bleeding profusely as she limps to the edge.

Just below her, a Scarlett Haven wolf is climbing up, only an arm away from reaching the top.

I tap Tylen and point to his aunt, Tylen immediately aiming his gun at the wolves cornering her while I focus on the lone wolf climbing up. I miss the first two shots but am able to strike the wolf in the back, the wolf instantly plummeting into the water.

Looking up, I am able to see Tylen hit one of the wolves cornering his aunt in the shoulder, but before falling over, the soldier lunges at Taryn and drags her into the water with him.

Tylen's breath hitches as he watches his aunt collapse into the water, still struggling against the wolf who took her down.

Tylen aims his rifle at the water but neither he nor I are able to get a clear shot in all the turbulence and fog.

A canister of gas goes off and we hear a howl coming from the water.

"W-We have to go help her!" I shout, setting down my weapons and climbing over the railing of the watchtower.

"Zane, get back here!"

Tylen snarls as I climb down the ladder.

"We got our orders. No matter what happens on the main island, we don't move! Do not take another step!"

Grayson pushes through to the surface as I reach the base of the tower.

"I don't take orders from you."

## **The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 72**

### **Chapter 72: The Cliffs**

\*\*\*Zanet™\*

"Think about your mate!"

Tylen calls after me, the mention of Talia making me halt in my place.

"Think about your pup," he adds softly when he manages to catch up.

"That kid still needs a Dad. You have a family to return to. You have to think with your head if you ever want to make it back to them."



From the water, we hear whimpering and howling growing fainter by the second, the sense of urgency rising within me.

How can I just sit back and watch?

“M-my son thinks I-I am a hero for being here.H-how can I-I ever face him again if I-I don’t at least tr-try to help?” I ask, turning to face him.

“Zane-”

“W-why did y-you bring me here if I- I am only meant to wa-watch?” I demand, looking back to the cliff.

“An Alpha should see how his team works before he takes command.You’ve never seen war.Now you’re watching it unfold before your very eyes,” he replies, his eyes flicking to the cliffs when we hear another s\*\*\*\*m from the water.

We don’t have time for this! Grayson snaps.

If we want her to live, we need to move now! My body twitches instinctively towards the cliffs, Tylen “So what’s your plan?”

He laughs.

“Say you manage to jump into the water without setting off one of the guns or the gas canisters.You grab my aunt and then what? She’s injured.You’re going to scale back up the cliffs with her body on your back? It’s a 30ft climb and you’d be an easy target for the Scarlett Haven wolves coming in.You’ll be dead before you know it.”

I glance over at the cliffs, the sound of more boats coming in drowning out the struggle in the water.

I have an idea, Grayson snaps, detailing his thoughts to me.

It’s crazy enough that it might just work and we don’t need pretty boy’s help over here.

We need his marksmanship, interject, realizing I left my gun in the watchtower.

And a rope.

Grayson grunts in approval and I turn to Tylen, lowering my walls to command him.

“G-getarope ,”I order him, Tylen clicking his tongue in disapproval.

Grayson grows irritated when he doesn’t move and steps forward “NOW,” he commands, a black film washing over Tylen’s hazel eyes.

His eyebrows furrow in shock as his body moves involuntarily towards the watchtower.

“What the-”

“Bring the rope and the binoculars to the cliff ”

Grayson snaps, and we sprint away towards the cliff before Tylen could say The rocky face of the cliff on the Western Island is sheer drop into the water, making it difficult to climb without a rope.

Tylen is right, climbing the ridge with Taryn on my back would be almost impossible without getting ourselves shot or killed.

The thick fog does work to our favor, but it seems our cover will soon go away as a light wind begins to blow through the channel.

The clock is ticking and I'll have to act fast if I want to save Taryn Ravenstone.

Squinting my eyes, I search the turbulent waters for Taryn and finally find her near the base of the main island, struggling to hang onto a large chunk of debris from the shattered boats crashing against the cliffs.

Her attacker is nowhere to be seen and the boatmen with the guns are long dead, taken care of by the Tylen and the other Ravenstone wolves on the cliffs.

Taryn, however, is still in danger as I hear the hum of boat engines getting closer.

I lay flat on my stomach, crawling to the edge of the ridge behind a boulder to stay out of sight from the incoming Scarlett Haven wolves.

From the fog, two small boats emerge, each equipped with three armed wolves as they scan the waters and I pray they do not see Taryn floating near them.

Tylen finally arrives with the rope, crawling on all fours as he approaches the cliff edge.

“I need an explanation now,” Tylen demands, handing me the rope.

“How did you-” boulder and tying a knot to keep the rope anchored.

I then grab the binoculars from his hand to search for the Scarlett Haven wolves again.

“I-I need y-you to keep an eye-eye on the water and make sure n-no more boats come into the area while I-I get T-Taryn out of the w-water.”

“Do you mind telling me what exactly you are going to do?”

Tylen snaps, using the scope on his rifle to scan the water.

“I-I’m going to ma-make the Scar-lett Haven wolves help us,” I reply, lowering my walls to allow rivers of thoughts flow into me.

“You’re what?” Tylen asks, turning to look at me in confusion.

I don’t have time to explain as the first boat in the lead appears to trigger a surviving gas canister hidden among the rocky cliffs and the wolves aboard begin to howl in pain as the gas does it job.

Taryn also cries out in agony, the fumes slowly floating towards her.

Her cries draw attention from the wolves aboard the second boat nearby and a Scarlett soldier takes aim in her general direction.

Through my binoculars, I focus on the soldier, pushing through his mental walls so that his thoughts start to trickle in.

Come on, come on, come on , he mutters as he desperately searches for the threat.

Where are you, wolf? They’ll kill me if I don’t prove myself today! his forehead scolds him to look harder before shoving him aside to look for himself. I do not recognize either man but the second soldier appears to be older and crueler than the first one. I focus on the second soldier, pushing my way into his thoughts until I gain control of him.

“Shoot the wolves on the first boat,”

I command, the soldier nodding and pointing his rifle at the first boat.

“Captain?” the first soldier asks when his commanding officer takes aim at his own comrades.

The Captain does not say a word as he pulls the trigger, quickly taking out all three wolves aboard the first boat.

The younger soldier and the boat driver stare at their commanding officer in shock, neither one willing to move.

“Sir?” The young soldier gulps timidly.

“What-”

Before he can finish his sentence, I re-enter his mind.

“Grab the lifebuoy,” I demand, Tylen watching them all move in shock. I then turn to the Captain and order him to the back of the boat to stand guard. The boat driver stands by idly in confusion, unsure what to make of this situation.

“Drive forward,” I command after taking control of his mind, needing them to get closer to Taryn.

The driver follows my instructions and I have him stop just a few feet from Taryn.

She’s hanging on by a thread, struggling to keep her head above water from exhaustion. Taryn, hang on a little longer, —”

I murmur, my voice startling her.

“Who is that?” she whimpers, looking around frantically.

“It’s Zane,” I reply, Taryn still very confused.

“There’s no time to explain but the Scarlet Haven wolves are going to help you.”

“What?” she gasps.

“Just trust me. Can you swim?” I ask, Taryn shaking her head.

“I don’t know. I’m so tired,” she whispers, her voice growing weak.

Knowing time is limited, I look back at the Scarlett Haven wolves.

“Throw the buoy out and reel her in,” I snarl at the young soldier.

He obeys instantly, tossing the ring out towards Taryn.

“Grab on,” I murmur to her, Taryn staring suspiciously at the ring.

“Please trust me,” I urged, Taryn reluctantly grabbing the buoy.

The young soldier begins to reel her in when I suddenly hear Tylen mutter to himself.

“s\*\*t,”

Tylen hisses under his breath, readjusting his rifle and aiming his scope on the newcomers.

“We’ve got company.”

From the fog, a third boat emerges, this time carrying at least five armed soldiers on board.

“You should let me go,”

Taryn whispers.

“You won’t get metower and keep watch over the cliffs instead. Protect the bunker. That’s an order.”

Grayson only grunts in annoyance, but neither he nor I are willing to give up just yet.

“C-can y-you ...can y-you take out any of the wolves?” I ask Tylen who is already crawling further up to get a better view.

“Can try but this fog is impossible. I can’t see s\*\*t with this stupid mask on,” he mutters, tossing off his mask.

I look back at my new source of information.

“Tell me how many soldiers you see on the boat, “I demand from the captain but it seems his vision is no better than ours.

“At least 5,” He replies with a strained voice.

“Who are you?”

“Your mom,” Grayson replies for me, turning back to the younger soldier.

“Pull faster, d\*\*k. We don’t have all day.”

“My name is not d\*\*k, prick,” the soldier replies.

“It’s -”

“Didn’t ask, d\*\*k,”

Grayson mutters, returning control back to me.

The soldier only grumbles as he pulls Taryn towards the boat and I continue to monitor the third boat’s movement.

We need them to leave...I mumble, my eyes scanning the area for a possible distraction.

Use your bails! Grayson snickers but his voice becomes serious when I don’t reply.

The beads, you t\*\*t.

Blow the boat up.

As I crawl over to Tylen, I look over at the main island bluffs and notice a group of incoming armed Ravenstone warriors.

I crawl faster, grabbing a handful of beads for Tylen.

“Te-tell those soldiers up-up there to move further u-up the channel and sh-shot at the third boat,” I say pointing from the cliff towards the harbor.

I hand the beads to Tylen who stares at me quizzically.

“Help them o-out.W-we’ll need the cover for my p-plan to wo-work.”

“What exactly are you planning on doing?” he asks, taking the beads.

“I’m pulling T-Taryn up,” I reply, taking off my mask and crawling back to the boulder.

“Y-you just worry about the th-third boat and any other Scar-lett wolves. I-I’ll get T-Taryn.”

I peer over the ledge of the cliff, seeing the soldier pull Taryn’s body out of the water and onto the boat.

Focusing on the driver, I instruct him to move the boat towards our cliff and toss the rope over the ridge.

“Tie her up !” I demand the soldier get to work wrapping the rope around Taryn’s waist and legs.

Blood pours from a large wound on Taryn’s leg but her strained screams are drowned out by sounds of gunfire further up the channel, the Ravenstone wolves shooting down at Scarlett wolves and luring them further away.

From the corner of my eye, I watch Tylen roll a bead between his fingers, the metallic coat exploding upon contact with the water.

He tosses several more, clouds of smoke, rock, and fog filling the channel.

I can no longer see Taryn or the Scarlett Haven wolves under my control but I feel a tug on the rope so I anchor my feet against the boulder and pull.

Beads of sweat gather around my forehead as I pull her up, the rope burning as it slides against my palms.

I breathe through my mouth to avoid the pungent smell of burning flesh and blood as more beads explode below us and despite the bullets and loud explosions, the only sound I hear is the sound of every breath I take.

“Co-come on, co-come on,” I mumble to myself, tugging the rope as hard as I can.

Suddenly, a bullet flies past my nose, exploding in the boulder beside me.

I stop pulling and duck, making sure to keep my grip on the rope.

A second bullet rushes past me and through the clouds of smoke, I see a group of Scarlett Haven wolves across from us on the main island, their rifles pointed at Tylen.

Tylen rushes behind some brush and I take cover behind the boulder.

“You okay?”

Tylen calls out, reloading his weapon “YYeah,”

I call back, my voice drowned out by the rain of bullets firing towards us.

Still holding onto the rope, I press my legs against the boulder and maneuver my way to the other side to get as close to ridge and peer down at Taryn still dangling two thirds of the way up the cliff.

“Ha-hang on, T-Taryn,” I whisper, Taryn chuckling softly.

“Don’t really have a choice, now do I?” she whispers.

I try to laugh despite my obvious fears and once again begin to pull, ducking every so often as bullets fly our way.

Tylen shoots back and I command the three wolves still floating in the channel to shoot up towards the main island.

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach however, when the clouds of smoke and fog begin to shift as a gust of wind blows through the channel.

“I’m out of ammo and beads and I already threw all of my silver grenades,”

Tylen curses under his breath as he crawls over to me.

“We gotta go. It’s not safe here anymore.”

Adrenaline pumps through my veins as we hear the hum of more boats approaching, our predicament worsening by the second.

I pull with all my might but the rope suddenly becomes stuck.

“G-grab onto m-my legs. Sh-she’s almost u-up,”

I shout, Tylen nodding and wrapping his fingers around my ankles. I throw the upper part of my body over the ridge and reach out my arms to Taryn.

“Ta-take m-my hand,” I hiss, Taryn weakly stretching out her arms.

“Co-come on! Y-you can do it!” I plead, the fog slowly shifting.

“Co-come on Ta-Taryn, give m-me y-your hand,” I whisper through gritted teeth, spreading my fingers as far as I can in hopes of reaching her.

Her eyes fill with tears when a gap the size of a penny is the only space separating us.

“Al-almost there, co-come on!”

“I- I can’t,” she pants, stretching her fingers as far as she can reach.

“I can’t reach.”

“Y-yes, y-es y-you can!” I shout back.

“Ty-Tylen, lower m-me a little mo-more.”

“I can’t!” he shouts back.

“I’m going to lose my grip!”

“Tylen!” I plead.

A knowing look washes over Taryn’s eyes as more Scarlett wolves arrive on the main island cliff and she shakes her head at me.

“You have to go,” she whispers.

“N-no!” I shake my head, tears gathering in my eyes.

“No-no, I-I can get y-you u-up. Just let m-me think.”

“You don’t have time,” she replies, pulling a small knife from her pocket.

“N-no, don’t!”

I whimper, stretching my hand out a little further.



“D-don’t do it! Please d-don’t!” She puts the blade of her knife against the rope.

“Tell Toran I love him.”

“No, Ta-Taryn-”

She slashes the rope, my breath hitching as I watch her fall

“Look out!”

Tylen pulls me back in time as a gas canister is launched at us, the toxic fumes spilling out of its shell in a grayish mist as it collides into the face of the cliff.

“Mask!”

Tylen shouts, crawling over to our masks and tossing mine back to me. I haphazardly put it on, hissing in pain as the poisonous mist touches my bare arms.

Tylen pinches the collar of my shirt and pulls me to my feet before turning in the direction of the tower.

“We gotta go! We’re losing cover!” he shouts over his shoulder, a numbness filling my heart as I run after him.

## The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 73

### The Silent Alpha (Natalia)

Chapter 73

#### 73. BOGO 73. BOGO

\*\*\* Natalia\*\*\*

“What the f\*\*k do you want?” I snarl, Jordan stammering on the other end.

“Luna, 1-”

Crest are not my responsibility anymore. You chose Vanessa, so ask her.”

“Would you just listen to me!” he blurts out.

I count down my breaths to control my anger before speaking.

pain I was feeling... I confided in you my worst fears and self doubts... And you made believe that it was all in my head and I just had to try a little harder. You let me believe I was going crazy and that I was not enough.” My voice cracks a little from the memory of it all but my feelings quickly shift to complete rage. “But I have found someone who Someone who actually listens to me and I will not let you come into my life again to ruin my happiness. I’m done listening to you,” I snarl. “I don’t trust you or anything you have to say anymore.”

“But Christian is coming!” he pleads, but only I burst into laughter.

“He can come,” I sigh in annoyance. “He won’t find us.”

I hang up the phone before he can say another word, turning to look at my pup as he snores lightly in his sleep.

I think to myself, crawling back into bed to hold Kota in my arms.

He will

Christian is never going to find him, never get him.

I find it hard to fall back asleep and just watch Kota as the sun rises, hoping Zane is safe wherever he is.

The morning is relatively mundane when Kota wakes up. We brush our teeth, comb our hair and dress like any other day but even as we go through these motions, I feel Zane’s absence.

“Mommy, you forgot this!” Kota cries, reaching for Zane’s small bottle of cologne. He stands on the tips of his toes and leans over the sink, grunting as he tries his best to reach it.

“Now I’m ready,” he grins, stomping away down the hall.

I follow him into the kitchen where we find Agnes already preparing breakfast. Kota stomps his feet on the wood floor to make his presence known and Agnes looks up from the stove to greet him, forcing a smile on her face.

It appears she did not get much sleep last night either, dark circles clinging to her under eyes. Her usually glowing skin is quite pale and she looks as defeated as I feel.

“I – help – you,” Kota signs to Agnes, Agnes’s face lighting up as she hands Kota some plates.

We set up breakfast together on the patio and as we settle down to eat, Zane’s absence becomes blatantly obvious when I have to pull out a little pen and paper to speak with Agnes. I have been practicing ASL with the girls at the clinic but I am still not proficient in the language to carry a full conversation on my own. Luckily for me, Rionna arrives and joins us, and she is able to translate for Kota and I.

Butterflies dance in my belly when I notice Kota mimicking Rionna and signing the words he does know as he speaks so Agnes doesn’t feel left out of the conversation. While they are few and far and between, I am sure Agnes appreciates his efforts. Zane has only been part of our lives for a few weeks and he’s already impacting our son in such a beautiful way. Devina purrs happily while watching our baby trying to be like his Dad.

“Nona, how do I say Eggness with my hands?” Kota asks, opening and closing his hands.

“Her name is this,” Rionna explains, spelling out the name AGNES.

Her spelling reminds me that I have never seen Agnes use a name sign before when referring to herself but Zane appears to have a name sign.

“Does Agnes have a name sign?” I ask Rionna who translates for me. “I know Zane does. She makes the letter Z over her heart every time she addresses him.”

Agnes gives a response.

“Name signs are usually only given by members of the Deaf Community,” Rionna explains. “It’s like an initiation of sorts and it’s a huge honor to be given one if you are not Deaf. Since Agnes

does not know anyone in the community, she has never been given a name sign but she has given one to Zane.”

“Can I have a name?” Kota asks, smiling his toothy grin.

“That is for Agnes to decide,” Rionna explains, translating for Agnes who gives a short response. “She says she wants to give you a good name sign so she will think about it a little longer.”

“Yay!” Kota squeals between mouthfuls of chocolate chip pancakes.

“Kota, chew with your mouth closed, please,” I scold him gently, Kota sitting up a little straighter in his seat and chewing more quietly.

As we finish up breakfast, Rosalie and Celina arrive along with Rio who wags his tail happily by Celina’s side. Kota is up in a flash and is nearly knocked over by the oversized puppy who showers him in sloppy kisses.

“Good morning, ladies and gentleman,” Rosalie winks at Kota. “How are you all doing?” she asks with a gentle look in her eyes.

“We’re doing our best,” I shrug with a forced smile.

They join us at the table, Celina sitting beside me.

“I’m sure your minds are all over the place right now so you may have forgotten but…” Celina sighs tiredly. “The Night of Melodies where we initiate the newly shifted wolves into our packs is coming up soon and we have to start setting things up for the event. Ro and I are heading into town to get supplies in a little bit. Would you ladies like to accompany us on our quest? Take your mind off things?”

Shopping is the last thing on my mind right now but I need the distraction, especially after that call with Jordan and it would be nice to take Kota out for a little while even if it’s just to the mall.

“Who is Jordan?” Celina asks, my body freezing at the mention of that coward.

“How do you-”

“Sorry,” Celina laughs sheepishly. “Your thoughts are just really loud,” she says, gesturing to her head. “But this Jordan guy… he’s your Gamma, right?”

“WAS,” I mutter under my breath. “Past tense.”

“IS,” Celina corrects. “Gamma’s are for life. That’s why picking the right one is so important and why I have yet to choose mine.”

“I didn’t get to pick mine,” I shrug. “He was already Gamma of Silver Crest when I became Luna. I just accepted the bond.”

“Hmm,” Celina hums. “Were you close?”

“I thought we were,” I reply. “I thought he was my best friend. Turns out, he was just another wolf not worth a damn.”

“And he called you?” Rosalie asks. “When? What did he want?”

“He called this morning to warn me that my ex is coming to find me,” I reply tiredly. “But he’s been looking for me

for the past four years and he hasn’t done it yet.”

“And you’re not the least bit concerned?” Celina pries.

“Christian doesn’t even know I’m in California, nor does he know about this Kingdom. I am not in any danger and even if by some miracle, Christian did find me, I’m in one of the safest packs in the state, right?” I question them, both Celina and Rosalie nodding with pride. “Besides, Kota has Aurora’s medallion and I am not human anymore,” I

add. “I’m done letting Christian control my life. My only concern right now is my mate.”

Rosalie squeals with excitement. “It makes me so happy to see you finally accept him as your mate!” she cries. “And holy s\*\*t, you have his mark!”

My hand goes instinctively to my neck and I stroke the grooves of Zane's mark imprinted on my flesh.

accept it."

A small smile stretches on my face but Celina still seems concerned about Jordan's call.

"Are you sure there's no danger for you or Kota?" Celina asks. "Because I promise, we can help."

"No," I shake my head confidently. "There's no way Christian would find me here. There's no need to be concerned."

Celina seems hesitant but doesn't press any further, rising from her chair and calling Rio to her feet.

pack Kota some snacks for the trip and give him my usual sermon regarding strangers.

"Remember, Kota," I murmur as I tie his shoes. "Friends don't make you follow them to places where mommy

can't see you, okay?"

"Okay, mommy," he nods. "And we don't take candy from strangers, right?" He shakes his head.

"No."

"Good, now let's go get Daddy a present for when he comes home" I smile, pecking Kota on the cheek.

"Yeah!" he cries excitedly, hopping off the bed and all the way downstairs.

We meet Celina, Rosalie and Rionna at the pack house as planned but as we walk out to the drive away, Kota

holds onto my hand and squeezes it tightly.

"You okay, Kota?" I murmur, pulling him closer to me.

"Mommy, can I please sit with you?" he pleads, his beautiful eyes glazing over with tears.

He's afraid to drive again, Devina whines, wanting to step forward to comfort him herself.

"Of course you can," I reply, lifting him into my arms and carrying him inside the SUV.

"We're going to be okay," I murmur, pushing his hair away from his forehead. "Mommy will always take care of you. You don't have to be scared," I whisper with a soft smile and lean into his ear. "Let's play a game. Help me name the colors of the cars that we drive past."

The game seems to help take his mind off his own fears, and we arrive at the mall before we know it.

Our first stop is a visit to the florist for Rosalie to finalize the design she had in mind for the event. Next, we go to

the jewelers. As the godmother of the event, Aurora must hand pick a gift to present to each new pack member. She

had already selected each gift for the recipients weeks ago and it was up to Rosalie to make sure each gift was complete and up to par for presentation. She is meticulous in her work, going through each necklace, chain, and bracelet carefully.

"I'm going to die of boredom," Celina mutters as Rosalie requests changes for some of the gifts.

"Do you have dresses for the party?" she asks. I shake my head, a cool smirk spreading across her lips. "I presume Agnes and Rionna don't either?"

When it appears none of us are ready for a party, Celina drags us to a nearby boutique while Rosalie finishes up

"I'm sure you've managed your own Night of Melodies before as Luna but everyone always does theirs differently," Celina shrugs. "We stick to tradition. We wear brown linen dresses for

the pack run and then dress in pack colors for the party. For River Moon, that's midnight blue and gold."

She leads us to the racks at the back of the boutique with several elegant dresses and scans me up and down. "With your delicate figure, I would try something form fitting so you don't look like you're swimming in fabric." She hands me several dresses and shoves me into a changing room. "Try the blue one first," she shouts at me.

I step out in a dark blue dress that has a high neckline and long puffy sleeves, Kota shaking his head in disapproval. Celina puts Agnes in a one shoulder floor length dress with a cape, making her look like an elegant empress as she steps out onto the floor.

"That's your dress," Celina squeals. "We don't even need to look anymore."  
even ne

We are all in agreement, Agnes blushing as we shower her with praise. Rionna and I keep looking and as time drags on, Kota grows very restless. I hand him his snacks in hopes of keeping him entertained but as I am trying on a new gown, I hear the words that make my heart rate race. I

"Uh oh," Kota whispers.

I rush out to find Kota standing over a pile of banana chips all over the floor and I do my breathing exercises to keep calm and cool.

"Uh oh, mommy," Kota sighs, dusting off his little hands. "I couldn't open it," he explains, showing me the now empty tub of banana chips.

"And what do we do when we can't do things on our own?" I ask, Kota smiling sheepishly.

"Ask for help?"

"Yes, we ask for help," I nod. "Now what do we do?"

"Clean up!" Kota squeals, bending over to pick up his chips and placing them all in the tub. His hands are all sticky when he's finished.

"I'll take him to the washroom," Rionna offers. "I saw a kids play center near the food court. I could take him there while you ladies finish up?"

"Thank you," I smile, bending over to give Kota instructions. "Be good for Nona, okay? When we're done, we can go to the art store to get stuff to make Daddy a card."

He nods excitedly and skips away with Rionna.

\*\*\*Rionna\*\*\*

Kota is very chatty as I take him to the washroom and very independent, wanting to wash and dry his own hands. As we step out of the washroom, I can't help but feel as though I am being watched, the hairs on the back of my neck standing on end.

It's an unsettling feeling but I brush it off, thinking perhaps my nerves are just shot from all the events

transpiring over the last few hours.

I did not sleep a wink last night thinking about my husband and my sons off in battle. We have spent the past 20

years at war and while I am no stranger to Tylan and Toran leaving for extended periods of time to fight, I still fear

getting a call one day that they would not be coming home. Now with Zane with them, I'm even more nervous than usual.

Pushing away my intrusive thoughts, I lead Kota to the nearby play center and he immediately

takes off to the tunnels. There's a secluded seating area for adults and I grab a seat, flicking through a magazine to pass the time. Kota's excited screams make my heart happy and for a brief moment, I allow myself to wonder what it would have been like to take Zane to the playground as a child.

My thoughts are interrupted when a man walks into the seating area, sitting beside me despite there being plenty of seats across the room. I avoid eye contact and focus on my magazine but the man's presence makes me nervous.

Hoping he'll leave me alone if I just answer, I point in Kota's general direction.

"That one," I mutter, looking back at my magazine.

"Hmmm," the man hums. "Mine too."

"What?" I ask, looking up at him in confusion,

As I raise my head, the man puts a cloth to my face, my body thrashing instinctively against his. I try to scream but as I take a breath to do so, I feel myself getting light headed.

"Tell Natalia she knows where to find me," the man whispers, his voice being the last thing I hear before it all goes dark.

I wake up feeling as though someone beat me over the head with a hammer, my temples throbbing in agony. Looking around, I realize I'm still at the play center, the memory of the man racing back to me.

I frantically look around the sitting area but the man is nowhere to be found. Dread settles into the pit of my stomach as I call out to Kota, but the little boy never answers me. I search the ball pit, the climbing walls, the slides and tubes, but no matter how hard I look, Kota is nowhere to be found.

"Excuse me, have you seen a little boy, about this high?" I ask a young woman by the slides and gesturing to my legs. "H-he's wearing overalls and blue shoes. And his eyes. His eyes, they're blue and brown. They're very different."

The woman shakes her head apologetically and I suddenly find it hard to breathe, tears springing to my eyes. Where is he?

Seeing me in such a panicked state, the woman offers to help.

"I'll help you look. He's probably just hiding," She offers, looking around the play area. "What's his name?" "D-Dakota," I whimper, looking around frantically. "He's only four. He's just a baby- I- I don't know where he could."

"Hey Rionna, we're all done!" I hear Talia's voice call out to me from the entrance of the center. She, Celina, and Agnes carry several shopping bags in their hands with wide grins. Their smiles falter when they look at me. "What's wrong?" Talia asks, looking around the center for her pup. "Where's Kota?"

## The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 74

### Chapter 74: Voices

\*\*\*Christian\*\*\*

..A few hours earlier...

I haven't slept at all since Chaos made me a living compass, the voices in my head whispering and muttering non-stop in Jack's absence.

Their incessant murmuring has led me all the way to California and now as morning breaks over the horizon, I find myself driving out of San Rafael through a dense forest.

"Turn here! No, there! Take a left, you i\*\*\*t!", The voices hiss.

They are driving me insane!

"Your mind wandered before us!"

A voice snaps.

"You ungrateful mutt!"

My phone rings beside me, the screen flashing with my father's name. He hasn't stopped calling me all night and this morning.

"You miss your mommy?" A voice snickers.

"She was a stupid b\*\*\*h for having you!"

"Shut up!" I shout, nearly swerving into another lane in anger.

"Aww you're going to protect her now, after all you've done to her?" Another sneers.

"Mommy killer!"

The other voices begin to chant in unison, "Mommy Killer! Mommy Killer! Mommy Killer!"

"Shut up..." I murmur, scratching at my head to make them stop.

"I said shut up!"

I pull over down a secluded road and step out to catch my breath, counting each exhale until the voices stop.

Get it together...

I scold myself.

You have a mission to accomplish.



My phone begins to ring again and I hang up, scrolling through the messages left by my father.

WHERE ARE YOU?? PICK UP YOUR PHONE! HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER?? I CAN'T FEEL HER! CHRISTIAN!!! I feel sick as I read through his desperation but I close his messages and check my recent messages for any updates from Brody, the spy I sent to watch Jordan.

That's odd, I mutter. He hasn't messaged me any new updates in over 12 hrs.

"Traitor! He's a traitor!" the voices hiss.

"The Killer has a traitor!" They shriek with laughter.

"He's got a target on his back! Who else will betray him?"

I climb back into the car, hoping to outrun these voices, but they follow me wherever I turn.

By the time I make it to the City where this River Moon Pack is located, I'm almost on the verge of tears with frustration.

"The Mall! The Mall!" The voices whisper.

"The boy will be at the Mall. He wears the medallion! Wait by the fountain at noon! Go!"

I drive to the mall, rushing in towards the restroom to clean myself up and prepare my tools for my mission.

The witches had given me a sleeping potion and I spray it on a cloth and some candy before heading to the fountain.

The Mall is crowded and without my wolf, I cannot smell Natalia, much less our pup.

The voices urge me to stay put and despite my impatience, I wait as the hour ticks by until my phone strikes noon.

My palms begin to sweat and I feel butterflies of excitement flutter in my stomach.

After all these years, my family is finally going to be together. As I smooth down my shirt, the voices suddenly start up again.

"He's here! He's here!"

They cry. I look up and spot a beautiful older woman holding a little boy's hand in hers.



The child has his back to me but I can see he wears overalls and bright blue vans as he skips happily towards the washroom.

Rising to my feet, I linger over to a small shop near the washroom to get a better look and wait patiently for them to come out.

The voices fall silent when I see the little boy, my son, face to face for the first time.

His eyes are mesmerizing with their brown and blue irises, a thick pair of lashes casting a shadow on his cheeks. He has my pale skin and small lips but his nose is all Natalia's. He's perfect, I smile to myself, the little boy blinking up at the older woman.

"Come on Kota," the woman smiles as they step out of the washroom.

The little boy bounces on his toes, hopping from black tile to black tile while the woman hurries after him to keep up.

"She's a wolf," the voices warn as I follow in pursuit.

I stay close behind, keeping just enough distance between us so that the woman does not notice my presence or my scent.

Together, the woman and my pup walk into a play center, my son scurrying off to climb the tubes and slides while the woman takes a seat in an empty sitting area to read a magazine.

Realizing now is my chance to take what's mine, I nonchalantly step into the play center, taking a seat next to the woman.

She shifts uncomfortably in her chair but offers a polite smile in my direction before turning back to her magazine.

For several seconds, she says nothing and I take the time to watch Dakota climb into a ball pit.

Looking around the sitting area, I make sure no witnesses are standing by to interrupt me before striking up a conversation with the woman.

"Which one is yours?" I ask, leaning in close for her to hear me over the laughs and giggles of some children going down the slides.

She points in my pup's general direction.

"That one," she mutters, turning back at her magazine.

“Hmmm,” I hum, the voices snickering in my head as I reach into my pocket for the sleeping cloth.

“Mine too.” The woman looks up at mein confusion.

“What-”

Taking her by surprise, I place the cloth over her nose and press her head into it, her body instinctively fighting against me. She manages to fight for only a few seconds before the potion begins to take effect and her thrashing arms begin to relax.

I look around the sitting area once more, relieved to see all the adults preoccupied with their own children to notice the sleeping woman in my arms. I lay the woman down gently across the seats and cover her up with her own sweater before carefully walking towards the ball pit.

The little boy is alone in the pit, running around in a circle and watching the balls roll off his tiny body.

Sensing my presence, my pup looks up at me and smiles a big toothy grin.

“Hi,” I wave at him, the little boy waving back.

“Hi mister,” he chirps, tossing some balls in the air.

“What are you doing?”

“I don’t know,”

He shrugs, kicking some of the balls sheepishly. I crouch down on my knees to be at his eye level and smile, “Well, do you want to see a magic trick?”

His eyes widen with excitement and he nods his head cheerfully, trotting over to the edge of the ball pit. I slip my hand into my pocket and hide a coin between my fingers before pretending to pull the coin from his ear.

He stares at the coin in amazement, giggling innocently at the trick and inspecting the coin for himself.

“Again! Again!” he cries, jumping up and down.

“Alright,” I smile, pulling another coin from his ear.

He attempts to replicate the trick, grasping at the empty air beside my ear and opening his hand to find it empty.

“Oh,” he sighs in disappointment.

I pretend to shake my head for any coins and shrug at him.

“I think I’m all out of coins.”

He grins and flicks his ears sheepishly.

“So, what’s your name?” I ask, the little boy jumping to introduce himself.

“I’m Chris.”

“Kota,” he says, swinging his leg back and forth.

“Do you want a candy, Kota?” I ask, waving a lollipop in his face.

“You know, cuz we’re friends now, right?”

He blinks at me, biting his lips and nodding.

“And friends share, right?” I ask, the little boy nodding enthusiastically.

He reaches for the candy and giggles as he unwraps it before popping it in his mouth.

That was almost too easy, I sigh. I pull out a second untainted candy and eat with him to make him feel comfortable and he smiles happily to see we are sharing.

When I’m positive he’s had enough to go to sleep, I suggest a game.

“Do you want to play hide and seek?” I ask, Kota nodding in agreement.

“Okay you hide and I count.” I pretend to shield my eyes as he runs off to hide.

Through my fingers, I watch him tuck himself under the slides and I proceed to count aloud to twenty.

Once finished, I quietly tiptoe towards the slides where I find Dakota curled up in a deep slumber.

He looks so peaceful as he sleeps and I quickly pull down the front part of his overalls to find the gold medallion tucked within his shirt.

Satisfied to have everything I need, I gently cradle him in my arms and crawl out of the hiding spot with him.

A man helping his daughter as she climbs a rock wall chuckles as he watches me adjust Kota in my arms.

"Kids find the funniest places to nap," he remarks, and I laugh with him.

"You're one sick bastard," the voices chuckle as I take my son out of the playcenter and walk out of the mall.

"Mommy Killer!"

"Shut up!"

I hiss under my breath as I tuck my pup into the car.

There's no car seat so I lay him flat on the seats and buckle him in as best I can.

"Child endangerment," the voices snicker.

"Father of the year."

"Shut up and get me to Chaos," I snarl, jumping into the driver's seat.

"I want my wolf back."

The voices snicker and jeer but ultimately begin to give me directions to Olompali State park.

The road is bumpy and uneven as I make it to the park so I keep a close eye on the sleeping pup through the rear view mirror. I drive up to what appears to be an old abandoned shed in the middle of nowhere and park the car under a tree.

Unbuckling my son, I carry him into the shed where I find an elderly woman sitting cross-legged in the middle of the floor.

"You work fast," the woman says in an all too familiar voice.

"I'm impressed. I didn't think you would succeed." I hold back the snarl in my throat and pull the medallion over Dakota's head to show the old b\*\*\*h.

She smiles mischievously upon seeing it and rises to her feet to get a closer look.

Just as she's about to reach it, I pull it away and growl at her.

"My wolf first, then your little necklace," I snap.

The voices in my head begin to shriek in anger, their loud shouts overwhelming my senses.

Taking advantage of my vulnerability, the woman takes the medallion from my hand with a cruel smile on her lips.

“Never play games with the Master of Juegos,” the God within sneers, the voices quieting down.

I can feel my patience wearing thin but I hold my tongue to get this ordeal over with.

“Now then,” Chaos chuckles to himself, turning on his heel.

“Do you have your stone?”

“Yes,” I mutter, pulling out the blue stone from my pocket.

“What do I do with it?”

“To release your wolf, crush the stone and call to your wolf,” the God shrugs.

“That’s it.”

“You mean I could have unleashed him this entire time?” I ask, a rumble in my voice.

“Of course,” the God smirks.

“But where’s the fun in that? Besides, I couldn’t give you my compass if you still had a wolf.” he laughs.

Seeing my rage on the verge of exploding, the God pouts innocently.

“Oh take a joke, wolf. I’ll help you get to your pack without a trace, how’s that?”

“He’s right,” the voices echo.

“You’re baby momma has probably already realized you’ve taken the child. You’ll never get the boy home without raising alarms at any airport or toll booth.” I accept the God’s offer reluctantly, a playful smirk on his lips.

He makes me uneasy when he does that...

Taking the stone, I drop it on the floor at my feet and place my foot over it, pressing down on it with all my weight until I hear a crack.

The voices slowly dissipate but not before leaving me a message.

“They’re going to rip you apart...” They snicker.

“Call to him,” Chaos instructs and I do as he says.

Jack? I call out in my head, closing my eyes to concentrate.

Jack, I’m here. I did it! I got our pup.

Asnarl echoes in the distance.

Jack! Jack, I’m here! I shout.

I’m the- A scorching sensation burns along my spine towards my scalp, the pain intensifying as it reaches my temples Jack? Jack? I groan in pain, the growls growing stronger.

Suddenly, I feel a force push me to the depths of my mind and lock me in a cage.

Jack? I call out, his sinister laugh filling my mind.

Hello, human...He snickers.

Jack!! sigh in relief.

Jack, let me out. He scoffs at my demand, a feeling of dread settling within me.

Jack, this isn’t funny! \ growl, shaking the bars of my cage.

Let me out now! His wolf materializes in front of me, his green eyes narrowed to slits.

Did you really think I would just let you take control again after you f\*\*\*\*d up our life? He sneers.

Did you really think I would let you near our mate and our pup again? I stare back at him in horror.

You rejected her too! \snap in disbelief at his hypocrisy.

You hurt her just as much as I did! I followed your lead, human, the wolf snarls.

I thought it was best to not contradict you but I won’t be making that mistake again. I’m in control now and this time around, I will do things right by our mate.

I will love and protect her like you never did. It’ll be the three of us like it always should have been and you will never see the light of day again.

Jack! Jack! I shout, banging on the cage door. I watch in disbelief as he takes over my body, looking up to face the God of Chaos.

“So the wolf takes command,” Chaos laughs, his eyes gleaming with amusement.

“Take me back to my pack,”

Jack commands, Chaos bending over in a mocking bow.

“As you wish, Alpha,” he says in a mocking tone, taking a few steps in front of me.

He places his index finger on my forehead.

“Boop,” he chuckles before a bright white light washes over us.

When Jack opens his eyes, I realize we are back in my car stationed at the Portland Airport in Maine.

Dakota is buckled in in the back seat with a blanket draped over him while I sit in the driver’s seat.

Jack starts the car, the sound of the engine startling the little boy awake and he sits up, wiping his tired eyes as he looks around.

“Mommy?” he yawns.

Tears gather in his eyes when he realizes the world around him is unfamiliar to him.

“Mommy? ”

He whimpers, looking at me through the rearview mirror.

“I want my mommy,” he says, his lips forming a pout as he holds back his tears.

“I want my mommy!”

He begins to cry furiously, desperately trying to get off his buckle.

“It’s okay, son,” Jack replies, pulling out of the airport parking lot.

“You’re with Daddy now. Mommy will be home soon.”

The little boy suddenly shouts angrily.

“You’re not my daddy!”

