

Read Novel The Silent Alpha Chapter 95

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Epilogue 2

Natalia

“Mommy, can I sleep with you?” Kota hisses in the dark, his voice waking me up.

I blink a few times until I find him standing at my bedside, clutching his little wolf to his chest. His large eyes are swollen from crying and there’s a genuine look of fear in his eyes as he looks at me. I shove Zane over and open up the covers to let him curl up beside me.

Zane rolls over in confusion and upon seeing the frightened pup, quickly makes room for Kota.

“Oh, my baby. Did you have another nightmare?” I ask, Kota nodding his head and hiding his face in my neck.

Zane and I exchange looks and I see the anger burning in his eyes. Ever since Christian took him, Kota’s been having night terrors on and off. He has trouble sleeping on his own most nights, afraid a bad wolf will come and take him away again. It frustrates Zane to see his son so afraid of being alone.

“It’s okay, Kota,” I murmur, kissing his forehead while Zane gently pets his hair and scratches his back. “You’re safe with me and daddy. The bad wolf can’t take you away from me anymore.”

Kota doesn’t seem to believe me, and I gently stroke his nose with my finger. “You can close your eyes around me, mi amor. I’ll protect you while you sleep.”

The baby monitor goes off and Zane rushes to the nursery to soothe Sequoia.

I turn on the bedside lamp so Kota can feel better about the dark, and notice the dreamcatcher hanging above the bed. Reaching for it, I pluck the dreamcatcher off the wall and show it to Kota.

"This is a dreamcatcher," I whisper, Kota staring at the small contraption. "Aunty Gwen blessed it so all the bad dreams get caught in this little web here," I explain, gesturing to the intricate web of strings and beads. "And all of the good dreams pass through here," I add, pointing to the small hoop in the center. "You won't have any nightmares here tonight, and tomorrow I'll have Aunty Gwen make you one for your room, okay?"

He nuzzles up to my chest, poking my cheeks and playing with the fabric of my nightgown. "Okay," He whispers, giving his little wolf a squeeze. Zane returns with Sequoia in his arms and gently tucks her into her crib in our room.

"N—now we can all be here t—together and take care of y—you," Zane murmurs, crawling back into bed. "G—o to sleep, buddy," he whispers. "W—we can have w—waffles in the morning, okay?"

He gently massages Kota's scalp to lull him to sleep when suddenly, Kota looks up at me and in a frightened voice asks, "Mommy, who's the man with the scar?"

Alexander (Zane's Grandfather)

I watch the traitor writhe in pain as I take a sip of my morning tea, his pleas for mercy quickly boring me. I look at Marco, my right-hand man, and he draws a gun from his waist, ending the traitor's life with a

single silver bullet.

"It's so hard to find trustworthy wolves nowadays," I sigh with annoyance as I rise to my feet, Marco grunting in agreement as several of my men begin the cleaning process.

We walk out of the warehouse, Marco opening the passenger car door for me. "You have a visitor, Alpha," Marcos informs me as we drive back to my villa. "She comes all the way

from America," he chuckles.

"Who?" I ask, hoping I don't have to once again clean up my pathetic son's mess. "Sara," Marco replies with an amused smile.

«What could that w***e want?» grumble to myself, my old bones too tired to deal with that whiny bitch.

Marco only shrugs in response and takes me to my villa, where a car waits outside the gates.

After retiring as the Alpha of Scarlett Haven and ensuring Sebastian's new marriage to Sara established a connection with Onyx Stone, I left the United States to live a quiet life in the Italian countryside. Of course, I was never built for a quiet life and my connections helped me gain the notoriety! needed to become a member of the Italian Werewolf Council. Under my command, packs rise and fall as I see fit and it is I who controls the trade agreements, territory distribution, and war. This is true power, power only fit for an Alpha like me.

Marco pulls up to the vehicle and rolls down the window on my side, the other car doing the same until I see Sara's bitter face hidden behind some sunglasses and a headscarf.

"I would ask how you are doing, but I don't particularly care," I sigh, Sara's lips pursing in anger. "Speak quickly. I don't have time for nonsense."

"Sebastian is dead," she mutters, a sense of relief washing over me.

"Good, he was pathetic," I reply curtly. "I suppose that son of yours is now in charge of my pack?" | reply. "I'm sure your brother and father will provide greater instruction than Sebastian ever could."

"Caine is dead," Sara snarls, a tear rolling down her cheek. "Your stuttering grandson killed him!"

I raise an eyebrow at this revelation. "That fool still exists?" I mumble, wondering how Sebastian could have kept his other heir hidden from me.

Guess your son wasn't a complete j***t, Nicholas, my wolf mutters.

"Hmmm," I hum to myself when Sara nods coldly to my question. "Well, then my legacy lives on through him. Caine's death is a tragedy that could have been avoided had he simply been strong enough to fight another Alpha."

"He was murdered in cold blood!" Sara hisses.

"A true Alpha wouldn't let another man take what's his," I snarl back. "My condolences for you son, but him losing his title to Zane is not my problem. You may leave."

I go to roll up the window when Sara begins to shout. "He gave up Scarlett Haven to my brother," Sara snaps, and I look at her coldly. "What?"

"Zane is not Alpha of Scarlett Haven," she proclaims, a triumphant smirk curling on her lips. "He gave the land to Onyx Stone as payment for the war."

That bumbling fool! My wolf growls.

"And that's not all," Sara laughs. "Your old friend, Toran Ravenstone, took Zane under his wing and gave him his title. Your grandson is now the Alpha of your enemy pack."

"WHAT!?" I growl. "The White Clan, as you left it, is gone," Sara snickers. "All at the hands of your stupid grandson." "No," I shake my head in disbelief. "No, it can't be—"

"How does it feel to lose everything you worked so hard to build to your enemy?" Sara asks innocently. "To have your whole world fall apart right under your nose?"

I say nothing, restraining my emotions to myself, but inside me, a hellish anger burns, ready to destroy all in its path.

"That rage you feel," Sara whispers in a low hiss. "That's what I feel without my son, but unlike me,

you can still do something about it."

She tosses a file into my car and it falls right onto my lap.

"That's what I could gather on your grandson and his family," she adds, adjusting her glasses over her eyes. "If I were you, I would take care of this before your reputation takes a hit," she smiles, rolling up her window. "Oh, and by the way, is that a new scar?" She giggles, pointing at her cheek. "My word, Alex. You've let yourself go. I remember a time when you were once the great Alpha of Scarlett Haven, Alex the Untouchable. Guess not so untouchable now, are we?" She snickers before driving off into the country-side.

I stare at the thin file on my lap, desperately trying to contain my anger.

"I don't trust Sara," I mutter, tossing the file out the window. "I want you to investigate everything she said and report back to me," I tell Marco, who nods

obediently. "Now take me inside. I need a shower after being in that w***e's presence."

If what Sara says is true, I tell myself as the gates to the villa open. Then there is war on the horizon.