



## Chapter 203

### XAVIER'S POV

That bitch. Thea Lyall. The bane of my existence.

My father had been on my case ever since New Dawn's Alpha called him and told him what I did to Thea. Didn't matter that she was asking for it. No one should've known because my Alpha command should have worked on her. Something wasn't right with her. No female should be able to withstand a male's command.

Everything was fine until that day. I'd hidden my predilections well. I did most things my father would disapprove of in the city. No one had any idea what I was doing. That's what I needed until I took over as Alpha. Then it wouldn't matter. As soon as he passed the title to me, I'd be stronger than him. I could kill my father, and no one else would be able to challenge me. Until then, I had to sate my needs where no one would see. Once I had my Alpha tone, I could do minor indiscretions at home and school, and I didn't have to worry about getting caught. As long as I didn't kill anybody there, I was fine.

It was Thea's performance at the talent show that set it off. I usually don't think twice about females, but that body, that face. Her smell. Everything about her. She's a fantasy. Fantasy enough for three brothers to share her in front of everyone. The way her face looked when they kissed her, touched her—I knew she'd be a fantasy in bed.

I thought I could take what I wanted and get her out of my system. I didn't expect her not to want it. I knew she enjoyed what the triplets did to her. Anyone could see that. I definitely didn't expect her to fight. No one ever fought. I found I liked it when she fought me. I liked having to work for it. Seeing fear in Thea's eyes was like winning the lottery. I don't



think anyone else has ever seen that. It was exhilarating.

Too bad the triplets came in right before I got what I wanted. Then she tattled on me, and that was the beginning of the end.

My father locked me in the dungeons for weeks. He let me out when he couldn't find proof of other indiscretions. I covered my tracks well. Still, he wanted me to prove myself to him. Make amends, whatever. He was concerned that I didn't show remorse for what I'd done to Thea.

I'll admit it was a lot more challenging to do what I wanted after that, but I still managed. He wouldn't find evidence that I'd done anything he considered wrong. I thought maybe in time I'd convince him that Thea had lied, but he didn't believe me.

Instead, he was getting suspicious. He said he wouldn't give me the Alpha title if I thought it was okay to abuse the Alpha tone or if I couldn't show the good judgment of maintaining a good relationship with our neighbors and the most powerful pack in the area, New Dawn. I couldn't give a convincing enough performance that I didn't think it was okay to abuse the Alpha tone. Could I play the part of a good neighbor and get on New Dawn's good side?

One hoop to jump through. Apologize to Thea. Prove that I could maintain the relationship between packs. The bitch wouldn't accept the apology when we talked at lunch. I knew that was it for me. Garret would tell our father that I failed, and my father would pass the title to Garret, his obedient lap dog.

Little did I know it would be much worse than that. After I left, she-wolves approached Thea because of what she said. I don't know how she worked it out, but she did. By the afternoon, my father knew.



I wasn't going back in the dungeons. I left. I went into the city. I was a wolf. An Alpha. I would do whatever I wanted. No one could tell me otherwise.

I had to get revenge on Thea, though. She took my Alpha title from me. I came back and roamed the woods between our pack lands—neutral territory—trying to figure out their patrol schedule so I could sneak onto their land and get to Thea. Eventually, she came to me. She had a wolf. I underestimated her. She is strong. She beat me. Then her goons joined us, and it was over. They dragged me to their dungeons. My father and brother came and took me back to our pack lands.

My father tied me to the poles. When he announced my crimes, he didn't know half of what I'd done. I didn't expect him to rip my canines out. I didn't think he had the resolve.

It was the worst pain I'd ever experienced. Everything about it was awful. My wolf died. I could feel the magic leaving me. I was withering into something weak. Then Thea came to gloat. At least that's what I thought. What she did was much worse.

I'd take getting my canines ripped out over what she did to me. I don't even know what it was she did. Or how. Witchcraft?

She made me feel.

I had never experienced anything like that before. It was awful. I wanted to die. Being able to feel what the people experienced when I did what I did to them. The fear, the pain, the horror. Feeling what the people who loved them felt—not knowing what happened to their loved one, thinking the worst. Then there were all the victims who were still alive. Feeling the loss of power, the loss of autonomy, being disgusted with yourself, feeling dirty, used, like you're not good for anything else.



I did that.

I did that to a lot of people, and not one of them deserved it. I ruined their lives. I hurt them in irreparable ways. Suddenly I understood that. I felt it.

I cared.

Deep shame and regret. Horror as things replayed in my mind. My brother and father came to me. I don't remember what I said. It's all a blur. I begged for death. Whatever they said, I didn't want to live. I couldn't live. Not like that. Not knowing the things I'd done. Not caring. It felt like an eternity until everything finally, mercifully, faded away. 1



Samantha Doyle



Author

*There's another update coming today*

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