

107 THE ULTIMATE DISCOVERY

Erik walked down the hallway. 1

It was already almost dark.

The Alphas had begun to murmur about Xaden's no-show.

Erik pushed open the doors and went into the strategy room.

All the alphas turned around and saw him.

"You requested my presence?" Erik asked them.

"We requested Xaden's presence. Not yours."

James, the Alpha of the Cold pack, said. "Where is he? He has kept us waiting for too long."

"I'm his gamma," Erik said. He is busy with other things. When he is ready, he will present himself. In the meantime, I am here to see to whatever you want." 1

"We said we want to see Xaden! Not his puppet!"

Alpha Brian, the Alpha of the sand pack, said.

The entire crowd of Alphas cheered in agreement and uproar.

"I've said it already. Xaden can not be seen." Erik



said, ignoring their insult. "Whatever you have to say, say it to me."

"We don't talk to underdogs!" Another Alpha spat in arrogance. 1

Erik took it in.

He knew what they meant by underdogs.

He was a scarce and almost extinct Breed of wolves called the Sefs.

The other wolves and Alphas had looked down on them mainly out of jealousy.

Compared to how the Lycan were hunted, the Sefs were made outcasts and looked at with disdain.

Originally enslaved wolves, they had been bought by a King about three centuries back and had paid solitude to him. 1

Eventually, they gained their freedom, but the rest of the wolf world kept the same mindset toward them.

They were also jealous of them because, unlike other wolves, they could retain their status as Alpha even though they had been taken over.

"If you won't speak to me," Erik said. "Then I'll



send my regards to the Alpha."

Another Alpha was about to complain when the king, who had been watching the entire argument, lifted his hand.

The entire room went quiet.

The King sat up and said. "Where is Xaden? I want to see him. He has to answer to me. It's within my power."

"But it's also within the rights of an Alpha when he is within his pack to dictate his own rules," Erik said. "Xaden is busy at the moment. What you have to say to him can be said to me. Here I am him."

The King said nothing, and then he tilted his head. Alexander stepped from the shadows with a patch on his eye but no hand.

Erik gave a coy smile.

"I have enquiries about what happened to my nephew." The King said.

"That's a matter between Xaden and Alexander," Erik replied.

"But you were present when this occurred, weren't you?" The King asked. "Xaden is



beginning to lose his mind. He hurt my blood. Royal blood over her a mere enslaved person. Slaves are gifts and offerings to all sorts of wolves. Xaden himself has been party to slaves whenever we are having an orgy."

"This slave is special," Erik said. "She belongs solely to Alpha Xaden as the marriage bond ties them."

There were whispers amongst the people.

"No one is allowed to touch her except him," Erik said. And forgive me, Your Majesty, but with all due respect. You married into the Royal Wolf family. You, in fact, aren't Royal blood, neither is Alexander." 1

There were some gasps and murmurs from the crowd.

"So Xaden didn't exactly break any law. He didn't harm Royal blood," Erik said.

He knew that he had beaten them at their game.

The King's face was expressionless, and then Alexander looked ready to burst into rage.

"How dare you and your dirty underdog say that?" Alexander spat. "You're not even a wolf."



"That's enough from you." The King said, and Alexander was forced to be silent.

Then, the King turned to Erik.

"Where is Xaden? If he isn't present for the halo festival, this would be considered treason. We wolves wouldn't be able to survive if the final ritual was performed, and I would be forced to follow my rules. I will kill Xaden and all of his command, including you, and then I will annex the crescent pack. You already know this, don't you?" 1

"I'm aware." Erik nodded.

"You're dismissed." The King said.

Erik bowed and walked out of the room, but not before holding firm eye contact with Alexander.

Erik walked back into Loren's room and found them still working on the dead assassin's body.

"Tell me you guys have got something," Erik said.

"It's already nightfall. We're about three hours from midnight. The King has promised to kill us all if we can't find we don't bring Xaden."

"Rushing me isn't going to help or change anything," Loren said, prodding her lungs.



"Well, there wouldn't be anything if we didn't do something," Erik said.

"It would have been better if I had more help than Elena. But someone thought it best to send away my assistant." Loren said, glaring at Damian, who turned his face away.

"Has she still not returned? I'll go out and look for her," Erik said.

"No, don't." Elena said. "Leave her for now. She needs the space."

They resumed working, and it was barely thirty minutes before midnight.

"We're dead." Damian said, giving up.

Erik had been itching his hair and contemplating sending his daughter away to safety.

"No, we're not." Loren said, getting all their attention.

He pushed under her heart, and he pulled out a tiny object.

"Is that what I think it is?" Elena asked, approaching him.

They all circled him.



"What *is* it?" Damian asked.

"It's payment. It's a special mode for the desert wolves. They are assassins, so they hide it under their hearts. After their work, they turn into wolves, and they take it out." Loren said, then he turned to Damian. For someone who doesn't know everything, you have a big mouth."

Elena collected it and closed her eyes over it.

Then she opened it, and it was white.

She closed it and took in a deep breath.

"I know who sent the assassin." She said. 1