

CHAPTER 170

Lucas: Rites LUCAS “Everything’s ready for the pack rites, but are you sure our Luna won’t be there?” Delta Ryder looks as exhausted as feel. Aside from the moments I stole to be with Ava at the expense of my pack duties, I’ve had no sleep or rest. My wolf has been silent in my head since she left. We don’t have the connection that Ava seems to have with Selene—our conversations aren’t as in depth, and he doesn’t feel like a completely separate entity as their bond is—but he still feels the loss of his pack children keenly. He doesn’t even have a name, and I can’t believe I’ve never asked him about it. I’ve always called him my wolf. “No. She’s intending to visit with her mother again and see if she can glean any more information.” Not that I’m sure why. I want to tell Kellan to drag her back to Westwood at all costs, but that’s a terrible way to keep her trust. Despite having a magnet for trouble, I need to let her make decisions for herself. Rubbing between my eyebrows, I shuffle through more reports. Another dead scout, though we can’t find his body. Ryder has a few humans he trusts in the Unregistered city, but we 17:30 – 0 15 170 LUCA Rame have no word from them and no way to check on them. They don’t have a mind link like we do as shifters. It is limited by distance, but still helpful. While the city of vampires is as modern as they come and do business with the outside world, they are almost completely closed to any of the large wolf packs. Even the rogue shifters allowed within their city limits have no interest in working with an official pack. Bloodshed is more likely than words exchanged. Ryder’s tension in front of my desk tells me everything I need to know about the contents of the reports. Nothing. All this time and we haven’t manufactured a single lead outside of what Ava’s learned from her little vampire friend. “So we can’t find even a rumor on this Mad Prince? That’s what you’re telling me?” “We have yet to even verify he exists,” Ryder agrees quietly. “Are you absolutely positive on the intel?” “Positive,” I grit out, unable to contain the flare of irritation at a delta daring to question their Luna. Even if he has no idea who gave me the information. The delta’s hands go up in a placating gesture that has my mental hackles rippling. “I didn’t mean to question you, Alpha.” A frustrated growl tears from my throat as I scratch at my beard. and lean back in my chair, the weight of responsibility crushing my chest. After a few moments, I force myself to rein in my temper. 17:39 “Stand at ease, Ryder.” He obeys immediately, but the tension radiating from him mirrors my own. “What else can you tell me about the pack rites?” The words feel like sandpaper on my tongue. A funeral for all the young wolves lost in that massacre... children ripped from their families too soon. “The Silvermoon beta and their Elder Healer arrived an hour ago to show solidarity during the service. Ryder’s voice is steady, but I can see the pain in his eyes. “Your funeral clothes are ready for you in your quarters.” [www.novelworm.com](#)

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Fury lashes through me, hot and sharp. All those innocent lives lost, and for what? I have nothing to tell their families, no justice to offer them. No way to ease their grief. “Lisa’s parents have been calling every few hours for updates.” His too—calm words pull me from my spiraling thoughts. I sigh heavily, running a hand over my face. “I’ll call them in the morning.” Even though we have no news, no hope to give them. Their daughter is still missing, likely suffering at the hands of a sadistic vampire, and we’re no closer to finding her. “They insist on the local police being part of the investigation.” Another sigh escapes me. “I’ll talk to them.” Though I already know what a disaster that will be. Humans have no idea about the supernatural world. They’re not equipped to handle this kind of threat. Even if the Granite City police—who are well aware of their jurisdiction and would only send someone sensitive to the 170 less Brand supernatural issues at play—were to join the investigation, it would be as nothing more than a gesture No human can investigate a supernatural crime. It’s only asking for more bodies to add to the death toll, and the Unregistered don’t play nicely with any government entity at their door. “Any human joining the investigation is likely to have a hard time,” Ryder points out, echoing my thoughts. “I know,” I snap, my frayed nerves getting the better of me. Taking a deep breath, I force myself to relax. “I’m sorry, Ryder. I shouldn’t take this out on you.” He nods in understanding, but I can see the strain on his face. We’re all pushed to our limits, desperate for a break in the case, some way to strike back at the monsters who did this. I stand abruptly, needing to move, to do something. “I’m going to check on the preparations for the rites. Keep me updated if anything changes.” for “Yes, Alpha.” Ryder bows his head respectfully as I stride past him, my mind already racing ahead. The hallways of the pack house are eerily quiet as I make my way outside. Even the usual bustle of activity is subdued, everyone lost in their own grief and anger. I pause at the sight of the funeral pyres being built in the courtyard, the scent of fresh-cut wood and incense heavy in the air. So many pyres. Too many. 17:39 paved hulle rally inside me, echoing the ache in my ches * Alph, it’s my dry to lead the rites, to honor our fallen and off comfort to these left behind. But how can comfort them when I have money? No justice on the horizon? There’s only one idea that tries to rear its ugly little head, and I quash it beneath my heel without a second thought. There has to be another way. Comentario Deja paca este capduc Vote FANDOM Deslizar a la izquierda para continuar > Ver todos > [www.novelworm.com](#)

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