

The Alpha's Contract

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Chapter 0566

'Mentioned it like a warning?'

I nod

'Most likely has a spell on it. We won't know until we are up there.' He heads in the direction of the path that will take us up to the top.

There was nothing to hide us from sight. Everything was open but Xavi continued anyway. The sounds of the water grow and it's not long before I see the water coming from another larger cliff, opening up and blocking the castle and its walls from us.

Familiar clothes are abandoned on this side, but there is no sign of Brax anywhere.

Xavi doesn't mention the clothes and moves closer to the river. He places a foot into the fast flowing river and quickly removes it.

'It's been a long time since I have seen anything like this.'

"Like what?" I ask as I study the walls. No one seemed to be watching us.

'It's a deterrent. No one can cross it. Actually, that is not entirely true.' He moves along the river, putting his feet in at random intervals. 'We just need to know the exact point that she crossed it.'

Xavi takes a step forward, and appears to be standing on top of the water.

I'm not sure what kind of spell this is,' he moves forward carefully, but I bet she wasn't expecting Witch Hunters. "How are you doing that?" I demand 'I'm not, it's the same way as we can see that dark magic has been used. It leaves a trace. Faint, but still a trace, the others are unable to see it. Follow me foot for foot.'

As my foot hits the water a flash of light circles my boot and it's only now that I can see the same around Xavi's feet.

Our feet hit dry land and as I turn back to the river, I watch it flow over the edge, the water hitting the rocks below. "How the hell did you do that?!"

I turn to see a woman with a hood pulled up over her head, golden eyes peeking out from underneath.

'WITCH!' Xavi roars through my head and charges forward.

Brax appears from nowhere, tackling Xavi to the ground. "Go Indy, I've got this."

She runs to the edge of the cliff, throwing herself down on her stomach, disappearing from sight.

*Brax, stop!" I demand

*Not if this asshole is going to attack her. We need Indy!"

*Brax, let go of my mate!"

He cocks a brow at me. "Your mate?"

"Yes!" I growl, "Now get the hell off of him." I glare at him and tell Xavi to listen to what Brax has to say.

The sound of metal locks puts all of us in silence. We turn to face the opening gate.

"We need to move now!" Brax whispers at us. "Come with me."

He copies the woman and runs over to the cliff edge. "Come on then you idiots!"

Rushing forwards, we do as he tells us and are ripped over the edge of the cliff and dragged back into a hole, completely out of sight.

A man with thick dark hair drops Xavi and stares at us. The woman is further back, almost hiding behind him. Xavi settles on my legs, guarding me as he lets out a low growl.

"It's okay." I reassure Xavi, "Brax wanted us here to help."

Brax nods and points to the woman. "Half breed, but mostly Wolf. Her name is Indy. This is Orion, a Wolf" He points to the guy. "Thalia cut out his tongue so he can't speak."

I point to Xavi. "Cursed by Thalia to live forever as a Wolf. I'm Klaus, a Witch Hunter. Now does someone want to tell me why we are in a hole in a cliff?"

"It's a tunnel," Indy whispers, lowering her hood to reveal shocking white hair that was almost as bright as Xavi's fur. "It takes us to my house."

"But before we move, there are some things that you need to know about this place." Brax tells me as he watches Xavi, "Though it seems we all want the same thing."

Chapter 0567

Silas

After my talk with Damien, I found myself in my own little bubble, talking to Lyall, trying to understand the possibility that Damien might be right. Each and every time, I feel a pull in my heart that told me he was wrong.

I longed for the woman I loved, the child I loved. I just wanted us to be together again. And if Dane didn't want her here, that was fine, we could go it alone.

Sitting at the kitchen table, watching. Damien, Samara and his little girl act like one happy family. Damien spins the kid around the room, making her laugh until she cries.

I wanted my happy family. I wanted everything to make sense.

I scratch my head as Dorothy stops to chug some water. She drops into the chair across from me. Bright green eyes stare at me. She carefully slides a muffin across the table. "These always make me feel better."

"I'm good."

She shakes her head, "You are sad."

"I miss my family." I reply. I didn't know much about her, but for a young kid she was on the ball.

"Your real family?" She asks curiously

"My only family. Dane is my brother by blood, but we are not a family, not really, we barely know each other. He has chosen his family."

Her brow wrinkles up and she chews on her bottom lip. "I miss my other Daddy. I'm sad." She shrugs her shoulders, "I know he is doing a job and that is important."

When she realises I'm not eating the muffin, she looks over her shoulder as she pulls it back towards her. Carefully pulling off the wrapper she takes a bite. "Maybe you just have to find a way to help. That's what Daddy has always told me."

"I don't know how I can help other than what I have told them."

"Maybe when the foggy brain is better." She gazes at me. "Maybe then you won't be sad. Maybe then you can help." She grins and little dimples appear in her cheeks

'Foggy brain?' Lyall mutters, There is nothing wrong with our brain."

Music blares out and Dorothy jumps to her feet, abandoning the half eaten muffin. "My favourite song." She disappears through to the lounge and dances with Samara as Damien takes her place.

"You kid is weird." I mutter

"I know, but I wouldn't have her any other way. What did she say to you?"

"You weren't listening?" I was surprised, though I would never hurt a child.

"I wasn't paying attention."

*She accused me of having a foggy brain."

"Interesting description." He muses and casts a glance over his shoulder to look at Samara and Dorothy giggling. "Is she always so..."

He faces me, his expression becoming unreadable. "I suggest you think before you mutter the next word."

"I didn't mean.... I just... Has she always been intuitive?"

"Yes."

*Are all the kids here like that?"

*No. Dottie is different. And that is all you need to concern yourself with."

I frown, "Quinn is much younger than her, and being around Dorothy makes me miss him even more to the point it hurts. I hope Brax finds them. I hope they are alive. I need to be with them."

He studies me, "You still don't believe what we are telling you, do you?" He scowls, "I think Dottie is right, you do have a clouded mind. I think that the possibility sounds so insane to you that you just cannot see it for what it is. Nothing is insane any more, Silas. Just when you think you have a grip on reality, something else throws a spanner in the works. Trust me, I have seen a lot since I was turned."

*Brax will bring..."

*Brax will kill Thalia the moment he gets a chance." He tells me. "He won't save her for the sake of keeping you happy. He will kill her to save all the people living here and possibly those that are living there. What are you going to do? Go to war with an entire pack or accept that this is reality?"

"My son."

"You don't have a son."

I lean around Damien. Dorothy is standing on her tiptoes, chewing on her bottom lip. Her bright green eyes hovering on me as her fingers wrap themselves up in each other.

Chapter 0568

"You don't have a son." She repeats

*Dottie you can't say things like that."

"But it's true." Her eyes don't leave mine. "I see him." She points at me

Clearly I had given her more credit than what was required. Possibly, she was a little nuts.

"Darkness?" Damien asks her an edge of concern to his tone.

She shakes her head. "Just sadness and it's all empty."

"I can't listen to this!" I snap, getting to my feet.

Dorothy grabs my wrist. "Look for the light!"

Pulling my arm free, I leave the house, slamming the door behind me and step out into the evening sun.

'I don't understand her,' Lyall mutters, 'Is she some kind of Witch?

'She's Brax's kid, so I'm assuming a Hunter, but she is young, she doesn't even have her Wolf yet. How can she say we don't have a son? I've already lost one, I can't lose another."

Thear the door of the house open and close. Light steps make their way towards me as I turn my face to the sky. *Are you okay?" Samara asks quietly

I turn to look at her. A fresh mark sat on her neck, one that had already healed. She casually presses a hand to it and smiles, "He marked me earlier when you were out of the house."

"Thalia's sits a little lower on her collarbone." I murmur. The funny thing is, I don't actually remember giving it to he., "Are you happy?"

"I couldn't be any happier." She steps in front of me, "Dorothy confused me at first. She sees things in a different light to others, but she is a good kid. What may seem obvious to you, may not to her and vice versa. She doesn't always know when she should keep things to herself. She sees things on a deeper level. I mean, I don't even know what she fully sees, maybe souls like Brax, maybe more. What I do know is, she has never been wrong."

*She is just a kid that has no filter." She adds with a smile.

*She is saying that my son isn't real!"

"I know. I'm sorry."

*I paraded my boys around White Cliffs the day they were born. Showing them off like the proud father I became. Finally, I had people that were related to me by blood, the family that I had been so desperate to have." I sigh," After Jarret, I spent so much time with Quinn and now I'm expected to act like none of that is real, that it is what, a lie? What was I carrying around, a sack of

spuds? What would you do if they told you that your children were just in your head?"

"I probably wouldn't believe it either."

*Damien tried to convince me that Thalia killed Jarret and that made absolutely no sense to me. She is their mother. How am I expected to believe that my sons were never here in the first place? Three years I have been raising Quinn. It sounds..."

"You feel like you are losing the plot, right?"

I nod. I was more than confused. There was no evidence and it was starting to sound like I had fallen into a trap. Maybe they were trying to get information from me. But then why bother bringing me here, to the pack I was born in?

Then there is Dorothy, surely they wouldn't use her for something so low? I don't think they would, I see how much Damien and Samara care for her. I've seen the other children go to a makeshift school.

And then there were the gaps in my mind. The lack of memories surrounding me marking Thalia. Heat, the twins birth.

I think if it was a trap, they would have tried to kill us by now." Lyall tells me. I didn't want to admit it, but everything they were saying was just....

*She knew Cooper, right?" A woman with her hands in her pockets steps out from behind a tree on the outskirts of the forest. She looked similar to Neah except the short dark hair and brown eyes. "Your mate knew him?"

*Silas, this is Blair." Samara sighs. "Eavesdropping?" She tuts and her arms quickly fold up over her chest.

*If you must know, Ryken told me to wait here. You and your big mouth make it hard for me not to listen." She sticks her hand out to shake mine "Blair, Neah's half sister."

Chapter 0569

*Really? You are calling yourself her half sister now. She doesn't even talk to you unless it's to put you in your place!" Samara glares at her.

*Ladies, calm down! I don't need to be caught up in this, I have more important things on my mind."

Blair groans, "Regardless of this cow. You might want to consider that not everything is what it seems."

"You were one of the prisoners who got away?" Damien had mentioned it to me but until now, I hadn't met her.

"That's the thing. I didn't get away, I was let out and then she took me in under false pretences." She jabs a finger in Samara's direction

*Yes, and I held my hands up to that. I was lied to as well you know, tricked into believing it was my duty!" Samara snaps back at her. She turns to me. "I have apologised over and over, but she refuses to accept it. No matter what I do, she paints me as this villain. But she forgets all the stuff she did such as the time she caused havoc and tried to claim Neah's position for herself.

"She doesn't even seem to remember that Cooper screwed me over as well as so many others. Or that I was the one who ripped off his head. Something she can't even deny because she was in the forest at the time! That's right! I saw you!"

I don't think I have ever seen a more hateful look than the one Blair is giving Samara. Her eyes narrow to slits as she clenches her jaw. Her cheeks pulsate as her lip curls up, showing her gritted teeth.

"I think both of you need to go. I just need some time to think."

*Sure, you know where I am if you want to talk." Samara tells me. She turns and heads in the opposite direction as Blair stares at me.

*And you. Go."

"You think you can make the decision for me. You are not an Alpha. You are not in this pack."

'This one has a right attitude problem. Maybe it was a good thing she wasn't taken in at White Cliffs, something tells me that she would already be dead.'

Lyall muses

"I never said I was." I stare back at her.

"Blair!" An older man calls as he comes out of the forest. "Let's go!"

She rolls her eyes and stomps in his direction. Neah's half sister. Not a Kitson. An ex prisoner of Coopers. Thalia would have hated her just from the way she spoke. But then again, she didn't have many friends and now I questioned why.

*I would keep your distance from that one." Dane tells me as he walks up behind me.

*She is a problem, isn't she?"

*She has her moments. She didn't exactly get off on the right foot when we first met her. She is part of the reason why Jenson did what he did to Raven. He marked Blair because she looked like Neah. Then Blair slowly made his life not worth living, but instead of it ending there, Jenson took his twin down with him. Blair is very lucky to be alive after the shit she has pulled, but she is trying. A lot of people despise her."

*This family is a mess." I scoff. The only sane thing seemed to be Dane and Neah's mate bond.

"Welcome to the club." He smacks me on the back.

*You were listening to all of what they were saying, weren't you?"

"Yes. I was on my way back to the hospital and heard the commotion."

I shove my hands in my pockets, Dorothy told me that I don't have a son." I frown, it sounded wrong to say.

"Okay."

"And that my brain is foggy." I sigh though I felt fine. "Lyll doesn't agree."

*Clouded." He mutters.

*She told me to look for the light?" I mutter in confusion

"I know."

"Damien already linked you?" I ask

"Yes." He dips his head

"I just want to know the truth."

"Maybe there is a way we can find out."

Chapter 0570

Dane

I walk a few steps to Damien's house and knock on the door.

*How am I going to find the truth in there? Silas demands

"I said maybe there is a way we can find out. It's a long shot, but it's all I have right now. Witches are not exactly easy to find and the one reliable source I had is likely no longer with us."

Damien pulls open the door and I already see Dorothy sitting at the table, shoving food into her mouth. "She said she will try and help. But if she gets upset or it's too much, we stop."

"That's fair." I nod. She was still young, it was unfair to put this much on her, but it was the only thing that I could think of that might help him. I was certain that her abilities were more powerful than Brax's and there was a reason Neah had Dorothy sit in with her when the Lycans were arriving. "We will stop whenever she wants."

He lets me in and Samara offers me a coffee. A fresh mark sits on her neck. I cast a glance in Damien's direction, 'Happy?' I link him. I hoped this was the right choice for him.

His eyes lock on mine and he nods as he moves behind Dorothy. Damien places his hands on her shoulders." Anytime you say stop. We stop. I promise. No one is going to make you do anything that you don't want to do." Damien had told her those exact words so many times since he rescued her.

"I know Daddy. I want to help. I can try to look." She smiles and those dimples appear.

"Sit!" I order Silas. He rolls his eyes at me and settles into the chair opposite Dorothy.

"Hopefully this will be what he needs to hear." Aero murmurs. He was fed up with trying to convince Silas and has told me several times to let him go so he could figure it out himself.

I watch Dorothy chew on her bottom lip as she stares at Silas.

"Dorothy," Her green eyes shift to me, "why do you think his mind is clouded?"

She refocuses on him, her brow creasing while her shoulders drop. She wrinkles up her nose, "When there is thunder the sky gets dark. I thought it was bad, the noise scares me. They are so loud. Daddy told me it's just hiding the blue skies and the sun."

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Silas's booming voice makes her jump and I see how Damien glares at him.

"Your light is blocked." Dorothy tells him. "I can see a little bit, trying to break through." Tears appear in her eyes making the green of her irises shine bright. "You are full of sadness."

"I miss my family." He tells her.

She shakes her head at him. A tear rolls down her cheek. Damien is quick to wipe it away. "We can stop," He whispers.

She shakes her head. "I'm a big girl." She takes a sip of juice and settles her attention on Silas. "I don't know why you can't feel it. You are sad and it will hurt."

"I do feel it." He tells her. "I feel it everyday."

Dorothy shakes her head at him. "Not really." She turns to look at Damien. "I don't know how to say it."

"I do." Samara quietly puts her mug down and turns to Silas as she takes a deep breath. "I was thinking about what you said and now, listening to Dorothy, it makes perfect sense. You are not allowed to feel what you are

supposed to feel. The clouded head. Unable to recognise it, unable to feel it, unwilling to believe it. You have some sort of spell on you, but not the kind that makes you lose everything. The kind that makes you blind to the truth."

Silas glares at her. "It's....."

Dorothy shakes her head at him, the tears threatening to spill over. "The Witch is bad. She's not who you love." Everyone's attention shifts to her, but she doesn't notice. I glance at my twin, who was Dorothy talking about? Who did Silas really love? He had only ever expressed his feelings about Thalia and his sons.

"I've loved Thalia since I first met her." Silas protests. He drops his gaze, a frown appearing.

"The clouds are working hard to make you forget. Blocking your thoughts" Samara mutters. "Was there someone else before Thalia?"

"No. Thalia and I have been together for five years. I..." His brow dips as confusion fills his crimson eyes. "The twins..." A part of me felt sorry for him. Why were there so many people in this world acting like this?

"When?" Damien asks him. "What date did you meet her?"

"L..."

"You should be able to remember," I add, "It's a Wolf thing. Dates stick in our heads."

He shakes his head at us. "It's not clear. So many things are not clear anymore"

"Look for the light. It's trying to grow." Dorothy mutters. She looks up at me. "Don't worry uncle Dane, it's not dark. Just fuzzy clouds."

Silas keeps his mouth closed, his jaw clenched as he stares down at his balled hands. I could see him crumbling as his breathing changes. Breaths become deeper and quicker, his body trembles. He opens and closes his fists as a low growl rumbles through him