



33 Chapter 33 The Alpha's Rescue

Dominic 1

I finished handling the last pack alliance meeting and rubbed my temples.

My head was pounding. Something felt wrong.

The three northern packs had finally agreed to the new territorial boundaries, but my wolf couldn't focus on the victory. He kept whining, a low sound that meant trouble.

"Is there still a flight tonight?" I asked suddenly.

My assistant looked surprised. "Alpha Dominic, you want to change your flight to tonight?"

"There's one at 11:30 PM, but isn't that too late, Alpha?"

I checked my phone again. No reply to the message I'd sent hours ago.

In all my years as an Alpha, I'd learned to trust my wolf's instincts. Right now, they were screaming danger.

"Change it," I said firmly. "11:30 works."

"Right away, Alpha," my assistant replied.

I grabbed my jacket and phone, heading straight



for the parking garage.

During the entire drive to the airport, I couldn't shake my worry about Elara.

When I finally got home at 3:30 AM, the empty bedroom confirmed my worst fears.

Elara's bed was cold and untouched. No sign she had come home at all.

I stared at my phone screen, at the message I'd sent at 9:30 PM. No response. Nothing.

Where the hell was my mate?

My Alpha instincts were screaming that something was very wrong.

It was too late to wake Linda, so I tried calling Elara again. Straight to voicemail. I paced the living room like a caged wolf.

My wolf wouldn't let me sleep as worst case scenarios played through my mind. When Linda arrived hours later to make breakfast, her shock at seeing me was obvious.

"Alpha, weren't you supposed to be inspecting the mountain packs?" she asked, clearly surprised.

My voice came out rough from no sleep. "Where is my mate? Didn't she come home last night?"

Linda hesitated. She could sense my darkening



mood. "Yesterday afternoon, Luna Elara told me not to prepare dinner for her. She said she had plans out."

"She's not here? She didn't come back all night?"

Linda went quiet as she watched my expression grow darker.

Without another word, I grabbed my car keys and drove straight to Elara's old apartment.

Maybe she'd decided to stay at her own place while I was inspecting the other territories.

But standing outside her door, calling her phone over and over and pressing the doorbell, I got no answer.

My wolf was now snarling. The primal need to find our mate was overwhelming every rational thought.

I found the building manager and showed my ID. The Alpha authority in my voice made him immediately comply when I demanded to see the security footage. It confirmed my fears. Elara hadn't been to her apartment at all yesterday.

By this point, worry had turned to pure panic. My wolf was practically clawing his way out, ready to tear apart anyone who had touched our mate.

I immediately called Xavier, Vincent's cousin and



the youngest Pack Intelligence Chief in North America.

At only twenty-eight, he'd already proven himself invaluable to the North American Pack Council. His ability to track any werewolf through their digital footprint was legendary among our kind.

"I need a location trace on Elara's car, now. My mate is missing," I growled into the phone. My Alpha voice left no room for questions.

"Shit, Dominic. When did you last have contact?" Xavier's voice was instantly serious.

"Yesterday evening. The mate bond feels... wrong. Cold."

"On it," he said. "Give me fifteen minutes. I'll tap into the pack surveillance network."

True to his word, fifteen minutes later, I had the information I needed.

Xavier's voice was grim when he called back. "Her car's GPS shows she entered the Vance family estate last night around 8 PM. But here's the thing, Dominic. There's no exit record."

I knew about her toxic relationship with her stepfather's pack.

There was no way she would willingly spend the night there.



Author

Elara didn't know how long she'd been unconscious. Her throat felt like sandpaper, raw and burning, making it impossible to call out. Through the cracks in the old wooden storage room, faint rays of light filtered in.

She figured she'd been trapped here all night. Dragging herself to the door, she knocked weakly against it.

Her limbs felt like lead, but she refused to just lie there and wait to die. Maybe, just maybe, one of the house staff would hear her.

She had no clue how long she'd been tapping against the wood, her energy draining away bit by bit, when she heard it - a deep, familiar male voice from the other side.

"Elara, Elara, are you in there?"

Her heart nearly stopped. That voice... it couldn't be.

She forced her heavy eyelids open and kicked the door with her foot, trying to respond.

"Elara, if you're in there, knock twice!" the voice commanded with unmistakable authority.

She weakly complied, using what little strength she had left.



"Good. Now move back from the door. I'm going to kick it down. Stay clear - I don't want to hurt you."

Elara crawled backward, her voice coming out as barely more than a rasp. "Ready."

The next sound was like thunder.

With a powerful crash, the old wooden door splintered open, light flooding into the dim room.

Alpha Dominic's imposing figure filled the doorway, his eyes scanning frantically until they locked onto her.

He took one look at the pale, collapsed woman on the floor and his expression went deadly cold. In an instant, he was beside her, gathering her into his arms.

"It's okay now. Don't be afraid," he murmured, his voice gentle despite the rage burning in his eyes. "I'm here. I've got you."

His wolf was practically clawing to get out, demanding blood for what someone had done to their mate.

The protective instinct was so fierce it took every ounce of his control not to tear the house apart looking for whoever was responsible.

"How..." she whispered, her voice barely audible.



33 Chapter 33 The Alpha's Rescue



"Later," he said firmly, lifting her as if she weighed nothing. "I'm getting you out of here first."

Comment ⁰



Leave the first comment for this chapter.



Vote



Send Gift

Swipe left to continue >