

Sofia's P.O.V.

I wake up from the sunlight in my eyes and my entire body is sore. Slowly the memories of last night come back and I can barely keep myself from screaming.

Lucas is still standing in front of my cage, his eyes roaming my body and when he sees that I am awake a smirk appears on his face. "Goodmorning, Sofia. I hope you have enjoyed last night as much as the rest of us."

The guards in the room chuckle and it takes me a moment to recall that they all had come back as soon as Lucas and Kijani had entered my cage. They had watched as they had forced themselves on me, over and over again.

They had laughed every time Roger's Wolf had roared or whenever I had cried out in pain. Lucas and Kijani had been relentless in their actions and I know that before my time is up, I will have endured whatever my Brother did to a female.

I still don't know how Lucas found out what happened to Perryn, but there is no doubt in my mind that he knows every detail. I also wonder how many of these guards have been wronged by my Brother in one way or another.

Through the mind-link I ask Roger if he knows the answer and he roars as my question sinks in. He had not made that connection until I asked him and I can see that his eyes are scanning every guard.

Aziza's P.O.V.

I had my dinner in my room, after which I continued reading the files and notes on Roger's Father. Just before midnight I had decided that it was time to get some sleep and somehow I fell asleep pretty fast.

I just took a quick shower and now I am getting dressed for a brand new day in the Pack's Archive. I want to see if I can find more evidence against Roger and sifting through the Archive might give me a lead on where to search next.

For a moment I contemplate on skipping breakfast and head straight for the Pack's Archive, but my stomach starts to grumble. Looks like I am going to have to face Ragnar and his Squad.

My eyes are on my tablet as I make my way in to the dining-room and I feel five pairs of eyes on me and I wish them a Goodmorning without looking up. I am still trying to wrap my head around the fact that Roger's Father had eleven chosen Mates and they were all from his own Pack.

There is no record on his death in the Pack's Archive and I was unable to find any records on him in the Council's Archives after Roger took over the Pack. Does this mean that he is still alive or did Roger deliberately forget to inform the Council?

"Aziza, why are you looking so difficult?" Kaiden asks and I finally look up from my tablet, we are the only ones in the dining-room. "Well, I have been going over everything I could find on Roger's Father and it has given me more questions than answers." I reply.

I tell them what I have found out so far and they are as puzzled as I am, we just sit there in silence as we think about Roger's Father. There was one thing I had not told them and I wasn't sure if I should mention it, because I am not fully convinced it was malicious intent or even a crime.

Gunnar seems to be able to read me as those thoughts run through my mind, because he asks what I am not telling them. "It might be nothing, just a strange coincidence and that is why I didn't mention it.

All of his Mates were eighteen, when they were marked and mated. I know that usually females tend to wait until they are close to thirty, but I also met quite a few females over the years that chose a Mate before they became of age."

"I doubt it is coincidence, Gyanna and Perryn were also eighteen and Meara was nineteen." Ragnar says and I understand that he thinks there is a pattern in behavior for both men.

Hunter tells us that Samyrah was eighteen and Kaiden confirms the same for Freyja. "Well, Ragnar. It looks like you are right, it isn't a coincidence after all. Like Father, like Son." I say the last words through gritted teeth, as Jenny is growling in my head.

Ragnar's P.O.V.

My Lycan is giving me a headache, he has been demanding to see Aziza ever since Chase told us about his conversation with her about the Pack-doctor.

For some reason he doesn't like it that she was upset, while we were not around. No matter what I told him, he didn't settle down until we listened at her door to hear her steadily breathing.

She walked in to the room with her eyes glued to her tablet and after she told us what had been bugging her, my Lycans attitude has become insufferable again.

We can all see that her Wolf is trying to push forward and she is gripping the armrests on her chair, my Lycan pushes forward enough to put our hand on her hand.

She doesn't pull back and I leave my hand in place, hoping that she can draw strength from it. "Why would someone want such a young Mate?" Gunnar asks and for a moment the room is quiet.

"For control, for obedience, for dominance and everything else in that category. So take your pick, it will all probably be a part of the reason." Aziza mutters and I think that she nailed the answer.

"We know what Roger was capable of when it came to his Pack-members, if Tayla is an indication on what he did to the females here. What if he just followed in to his Father's footsteps when it came to that?" I reply and I feel that Aziza stiffen even further.

"Aziza, we are aware that there are certain things you do not want to know about. My investigation is already completed and I have send you the file on Perryn, so I will take over Chase's extra assignment." I say, she just nods her head.

The others leave the room to continue their own investigations and I lean closer to Aziza as I ask her if she is feeling okay. "Once this investigation is over, I might start to feel okay again. Right now, I wish I could rip that jackass to pieces.

I know that there are guards that will beat up convicted Wolfs and Lycans as they are awaiting their trial and for some reason I hope that his guards will make his life a living hell." She says and I can tell that she means every word she said.

I keep holding on to her hand, until I can feel that her Wolf has settled down. "Let me know if there is anything I can do for you." I whisper in to her ear before I get up and leave the dining-room.



Wait! I Have Something to Say!



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