

Brother's Best Friends Are My Mates

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Chapter 161

I turned to leave-

But then I heard something at the end of the hallway.

From Felix's room.

I walked over, pushed the door open.

Moore was sitting cross-legged in the middle of the plush carpet, carefully building a small block city.

It was the birthday gift I had given Felix.

"Daddy!" Moore's eyes lit up.

"Can you help me build? I want to make it really tall!" READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT FindN()vel.net

Then he looked up at me, hesitant.

"Also... can I live in this room?"

A sharp pain stabbed through my chest.

Just last month, Felix had looked up at me the same way.

"Daddy, will you build with me?"

And what did I say?

"Daddy's busy. Later."

But later never came.

Because my attention was always on Suzanna and her son.

I ignored Felix over and over again.

“This room doesn’t belong to you,” I said, my voice raw.

“Get out.”

Moore blinked, confused. “Daddy?”

“I said get out!” I snapped.

“And don’t ever set foot in this room again!”

Tears welled up in his eyes. He took a step back, frightened.

“Alpha Foster!”

Suzanna rushed in, shielding Moore in her arms.

“Do you even realize how terrifying your tone just was?!”

“Crash-!”

The block city collapsed.

Pieces scattered across the floor.

Among the mess, a small clay figurine rolled to a stop at my feet.

I froze.

It was the one we made together at Felix’s first parent-child activity.

He had held it up proudly that day, saying:

“This is Daddy. This is Mommy. And this is me.”

I even joked:

“Then you better keep it safe. The three of us have to stay together forever.”

Now the little sculpture was cracked in two-

Like a silent mockery of everything I once promised.

I couldn't hold it in anymore.

I sank to the floor, covered my face, and broke down in tears.

I had lost them.

“Alpha Foster...”

Suzanna's voice came from beside me.

She crouched down, gently placing a hand on my shoulder.

“I know this is hard. But you still have me. And Moore. Luna Summer and Felix leaving might be a good thing for you—”

Disgust surged in my chest.

I shoved her hand away, my voice a growl.

“Get out.”

At that moment, a low voice echoed from the doorway.

“Alpha. You're back.”

I turned sharply, eyes blazing.

Sean stood at the door, his expression torn.

I stormed over, grabbed his collar, and slammed him against the frame.

“Why didn't you tell me?!”

“Alpha-”

“Why didn't you tell me Summer took Felix and left?!”

My roar shook the hallway. Suzanna went completely silent.

Sean's voice was steady, but low.

“We tried to contact you immediately... but you had blocked the mindlink.”

I froze.

Last night flashed through my mind-

The dim lights in the suite.

Suzanna's bare shoulders.

Her whispers in my ear.

Yes.

I had cut off the mindlink on purpose—so I could “relax.”

The realization made my stomach churn.

I nearly threw up.

“Alpha?” Sean asked cautiously.

I didn't respond.

I leaned against the wall, crushed under the weight of regret.

Summer... I'm sorry.

I finally understood-

I had driven them away with my own hands.

Just then, Aksher's voice growled in my head.

“Pathetic. What good are your tears now?”

“If you're still an Alpha, go get her back. Don't just sit here.”

He was right.

I took a deep breath and straightened up.

“Sean. Pull the passenger manifests for all outbound flights in the last three hours. Now.”

Sean's eyes sharpened. “Yes, Alpha.”

He turned and left immediately.

I slowly turned back to Suzanna, my expression ice-cold.

“You and your son. Out of the Alpha House. Now.”

Her eyes widened, color draining from her face.

“What?” she whispered. “Alpha Foster, what are you saying? You can’t-”

“Guards!” I barked. My voice cut through the air like a blade.

“Come in. Pack up their things. I want them gone within thirty minutes.”

Two Omega servants pushed the door open, bowed, and nodded. “Yes, Alpha.”

I didn’t look at her again.

I lowered my eyes, staring at the ring in my palm.

No matter how far she’s gone-

I’ll bring her back.

Even if I have to risk everything.

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As soon as the plane touched down and I powered on my phone, the notification chime went off like a machine gun, threatening to shred my last nerve.

The screen lit up with dozens of missed calls and voice messages—every single one from Alpha Foster.

He’d been blowing up my phone since last night, sending a message almost every hour:

At 7 PM, his first “apology“:

[Summer, last night was my fault. I lost control.]


[I bought gifts for you and Felix. I’m coming home soon.]

By 8 PM, desperation crept in:

[Summer, why can't I reach you?]

[Where are you and Felix? Please, just reply. I'm worried.]

By 10 PM, the mask came off:

[Summer, I really messed up. Don't ignore me, please. I can explain everything...] For original chapters go to find novel.net

[Come home. I can't live without you... without Felix.]

Voice messages flooded WhatsApp, each one a full 60 seconds long—like they were trying to drag me back from the edge I was finally escaping.

I frowned, disgusted, and shoved the phone back into my bag.

Every word he sent was a cruel reminder of how foolish I'd been—how I was the one who led Felix and myself into that abyss.

If the divorce wasn't still pending, I would've blocked him ages ago.

“Was that Alpha Foster?” came a deep, smooth voice from the driver's seat.

I looked up and caught Alexander's gaze in the rearview mirror. His emerald eyes were full of concern. I tried to keep my tone steady. “Yeah.”

“Do you want me to step in?” he asked gently, his voice calm but carrying a steel-like resolve.

I glanced down at the sleeping little boy in my arms—even in sleep, his dark lashes quivered slightly—and shook my head. “No. I can handle it. You've already done more than enough.”

“I'll never see helping you as a burden, Summer.”

His words were like thunder cracking through my chest. I couldn't breathe.

I thought he'd moved on. After everything, after we both walked away so cleanly, I believed whatever had once connected us had long withered. But the way he said my name... it didn't feel distant at all.

I didn't know how to respond. I didn't even want to consider the possibility of developing feelings for anyone again. Alpha Foster had shattered my heart into pieces—it would take time to heal.

Thank god for Felix.

“Mommy?” Felix stirred in my arms, rubbing his eyes groggily. “Are we there yet?”

I let out a breath, grateful for the interruption. “Almost, baby. Just rest a little longer.”

As we crossed the mountain ridge, the Blackwood territory finally came into view.

I had never seen anything so breathtaking.

The Blackwood Packhouse wasn’t a house—it was a fortress. A masterpiece carved from earth and sky. Classical limestone columns stood side by side with sleek glass facades—contrasting, yet somehow harmonious. The setting sun cast golden light over its metal trim, making the structure glow with quiet authority.

Inside, polished marble floors reflected the warm light beneath our feet. A massive crystal chandelier hung overhead. Priceless artwork adorned the walls. The air smelled of luxury... and of Alexander.

“This way,” Alpha Alexander said, guiding us through hallway after hallway, all while eyes followed us.

Every Omega. Every warrior. Every unmated wolf...

They were all watching me. Watching Felix.

“Summer Winstler?” A surprised male voice called out.

I turned to see Beta Ethan striding toward me, handsome features lit up with shock and delight. “It really is you!”

Before I could react, he pulled me into a warm hug. “It’s been so long.”

I smiled and hugged him back. “Yeah, it has.”

And then I felt it—that burning gaze behind me.

I turned to find Alexander watching us, his expression unreadable, lips tightly pressed together, his eyes practically nailing Ethan’s arm in place.

Was he... jealous?

“Ahem.” Alexander cleared his throat, his voice tinged with something subtle and sharp. “Let me show you to your room.”

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

He gently placed a hand on the small of my back.

The touch was barely there, but it sent an electric jolt through me. His warmth seeped through the fabric of my shirt, making my heart race.

We turned a corner, and Alexander opened a carved oak door. I held my breath.

The suite was stunning.

A wall of floor-to-ceiling windows revealed rolling hills bathed in moonlight. Velvet curtains shimmered in the soft glow of crystal sconces. The king-sized bed was dressed in pristine Egyptian cotton, inviting and impossibly plush.

“The bathroom’s to your left,” Alexander said, gesturing to a marble-clad doorway. “An Omega will come up to help you settle in. If you need anything...”

He hesitated, and a flicker of something passed over his face. “Call me. Anytime.”

I swallowed hard, trying to find my voice. “Thank you, Alexander.”

“You know you never have to thank me,” he said softly, reaching out to ruffle my hair like he used to.

The familiar gesture shattered something inside me.

Tears welled up before I could stop them. My shoulders trembled as I looked down.

“I’m sorry...” I whispered. “I shouldn’t have pushed you away. If I had handled things differently, maybe...”

“Shh.” Without hesitation, he pulled me into his arms—wrapping me in strength and warmth. One hand cradled the back of my head, the other stroked slowly down my spine.

“It’s over. Let the past stay in the past.”

I leaned into him, burying my face in his button-up shirt.

His scent—cedar and lavender—wrapped around me, taking me back to a simpler, happier time.

I don’t know how long we stayed like that.

Slowly, my sobs subsided. But every second, his body heat, his scent, his heartbeat against my cheek—it all felt too close.

Too intimate.

Damn it, why did it feel so good to fall into his arms again?

Then I noticed the damp patch on his shirt from my tears.

“I... I’m sorry I ruined your shirt.” I tried to pull away, but his arms only tightened.

“Summer...” His voice was rough and low, his breath warm against my ear. “You think I care about a shirt?”

My heart skipped a beat. His fingers brushed against the back of my neck, sending a shiver down my spine.

“What I care about...” he paused, his other hand wiping the last of my tears away, “is why you were crying.”

“I...” I looked up at him, only to be caught in those deep, burning eyes. They were too intense. I looked away quickly. “It’s late. I should get cleaned up. You should rest too.”

He let me go, but just before he stepped away, his fingers lightly grazed my chin—as if he needed one last touch.

“Goodnight, Summer.”

I practically fled into the room, pulling the heavy door shut behind me.

Leaning back against it, I could feel my heart thudding. My ears, my cheeks, even my collarbone felt like they were on fire.

“Mommy, why is your face all red?” Felix asked from the velvet armchair, blinking sleepily. “You look like a tomato.”

“Uh... probably just a little warm,” I said, forcing a laugh and pressing a hand to my burning cheek. “Come on, let’s get you ready for bed.”

He tilted his head, clearly unconvinced. I grabbed his overnight bag and led him to the bathroom.

Once he was clean and tucked under the down comforter, I leaned over to kiss his forehead. “Sleep well, baby.”

“Goodnight, Mommy.” He yawned wide and drifted off almost instantly.

I climbed into the massive bed on the other side, but sleep didn’t come.

Alexander’s voice, his expression, his scent—it kept looping in my head like a stuck record.

Cedar and lavender still clung to the air around me.

I turned over with a frustrated sigh.

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God, I really wish my wolf was awake.

She would know what to do.

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The moment the water touched my skin, a biting chill cut straight through me, like a blade slicing into my bare soul. The cold coursed down my spine, dousing the wildfire of desire that had been raging inside me—at least for now.

With a sweep of my arms, I glided through the water, my body slicing clean lines beneath the surface.

Ripples shimmered beneath the moonlight, casting sharp shadows over the water—broad shoulders, chiseled chest, and defined abs surfaced and submerged again like a predator moving through the night. If there were any females standing on the edge of the pool right now, they wouldn't be able to tear their eyes away. The weaker-willed ones? They'd be soaked just from looking.

After all, I'm every she-wolf's fantasy—Alexander Blackwood, current Alpha of the Blackwood Pack and the highest-ranking Alpha in the North American Council. The most powerful resources of the largest wolf pack in the world are under my command.

But I don't care about any of them.

The only one I've ever wanted is Summer.

She was the flutter in my chest when I was young. Even though we're not fated mates, my wolf chose her when I first caught her scent at seventeen. I thought we'd bond, build a life, raise a pup together.

But that dream shattered the night of the Moonlight Festival, when she met Alpha Foster—that bastard who never even looked at her properly. She knew he didn't love her. Still, like a moth to flame, she threw herself into his arms.

When she told me she was going to marry him, I nearly lost my mind. We fought, tore each other apart. The connection we once shared splintered into pieces, and I swore I'd never say her name again.

But when I saw her at the airport, I realized—I never let her go.

She's not the same Summer she used to be. She's thinner now, her eyes dimmer, a shadow clinging to her that won't let go. The proud, radiant woman I once knew—gone.

I didn't ask questions. I just told Ethan to dig. Before the plane even left the tarmac, I had him activate our most discreet intel network. I needed to know what happened during the six years she vanished from my life.

My wolf growled, yanking me out of my thoughts.

[You should be on your knees at her feet, licking her wounds, not in here trying to suppress your instincts.]

[I can't,] I gritted my teeth, jaw clenched tight as my Adam's apple bobbed. [She's still healing. If I go to her now, I'll scare her away.]

[That's bullshit,] my wolf snarled. [She wants you. I can feel it.] The source of this content is find•novel.net

My fingers curled into fists, grabbing the towel beside me and wringing it hard. I thought of holding her earlier, how that long-lost closeness had surged through me like electricity. My cock had hardened instantly, thick and aching with need.

My wolf had howled in my head, begging me to pin her against the wall, to mark her, to take her—make her mine again. Make her my Luna.

But I didn't. I couldn't.

I was terrified of chasing her off again.

I could've summoned any compliant she-wolf in the pack to my bed within fifteen minutes, as I had on countless other nights.

But I didn't.

Because she was here. Under this roof.

So I swam. Again and again, trying to burn off the desire boiling in my blood.

My wolf growled in frustration. [Coward. Keep stalling like this, and another male will slip in.]

“I won't let anyone touch her,” I snarled under my breath. “But I won't hurt her either.”

“Alpha.” Ethan's voice rang from the edge of the pool, cutting through my clash with my wolf.

I opened my eyes and turned to him. He stood tall in a black suit, expression grim, a thick folder in his hand.

“The report’s ready.” He handed it to me, his voice as calm as ever, but I could see the fury burning beneath his eyes.

I climbed out of the water, wrapped a towel around my waist, and took the folder. Droplets slid from my chest onto the cover as I flipped it open, my fingers trembling.

Her life in the Silver Creek Pack was appalling.

All of her assets had been seized by the Foster family. Her title as Luna? Nothing but a hollow name. She wasn’t even listed in the council registry. Not once had she been allowed to represent the pack. She was treated like furniture—no, less than that. Even low-ranking Omega servants had more presence than her.

“This is real?” My voice came out low, a rasp scraped from the depths of my throat, each word edged with barely contained rage.

Ethan nodded, his eyes heavy. “Confirmed by multiple sources within the pack. On the surface, Silver Creek appears legitimate, but under the table, they’re dealing in black market trades. And the worst part—” He flipped to the next page, pausing. “You need to read this yourself.”

I looked down.

My eyes scanned the densely printed lines, and my fingers tightened, knuckles turning white.

During her pregnancy, Alpha Foster had administered high-dose suppressants to regulate her heat and hormone cycles, deliberately destabilizing fetal development. She suffered a miscarriage last year—premature labor—but was denied any proper recovery time. Instead, she was forced to continue fulfilling administrative duties within the pack.

My chest split open.

A raw, bleeding wound.

“He’s a dead man,” I growled, the sound torn from deep within my chest. It was harsh, primal—thick with rage.

My wolf echoed with a snarl. [Tear out his throat. Now.]

I forced myself to breathe, clenching my fists until the folder crumpled.

“Don’t worry,” Ethan said coldly, his voice like frost creeping across winter glass. “Alpha Foster will pay for this. But you need to stay focused. She’s not free of him yet... Not legally.”

“We have the best legal team in the world,” I said, voice like ice. “She’ll get her divorce. I can wait. But this time, I’m not letting her go.”

This time, I’ll make sure the world knows-

She’s mine.

Forever.

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

I barely slept a wink. When I finally drifted off, the sky was already beginning to lighten.

The ceiling above me was unfamiliar and white. The room held none of my scent, none of my presence. For a split second, I was disoriented—until I remembered.

I was in Alpha Alexander’s territory.

I was still trying to gather my thoughts when a small body suddenly launched itself onto the bed.

“Mommy!” Felix squealed, diving under the covers with a burst of energy only a child could summon. His little arms wrapped around my neck, and his scent—warm oatmeal and wildflower honey—soothed something feral deep inside me.

“You’re finally awake!”

I pressed a kiss to his tousled hair. “Good morning, sweetheart.”

A soft knock on the door interrupted our moment.

A female Omega stepped in—elegant, composed, her posture respectful.

“Good morning, Miss Winston,” she said with a gentle smile. “Breakfast has been prepared in the dining room.”

After washing up, Felix and I followed her.

The Blackwood Pack’s dining hall looked like something out of a lifestyle magazine. Sunlight streamed through tall windows, casting golden halos over a long obsidian hardwood table. The place settings were already arranged: pancakes drizzled with maple syrup, soft-boiled eggs, sautéed mushrooms, crispy bacon, thick-cut sausages, a pot of freshly brewed coffee, and a bottle of warm milk. For more chapters visit [find•novel.net](http://find-novel.net)

Alexander sat at the head of the table. Beside him, stoic as ever, was Ethan.

Felix clambered into his seat, already reaching for a pancake. Pure, innocent joy lit up his face.

“Mommy, aren’t you eating?” he asked between bites, staring up at me with his puppy–dog eyes.

I forced a smile and picked up a piece of toast, chewing slowly. But my stomach was a tight knot. Every bite felt like swallowing glass.

A sense of dread coiled around me. My entire body was screaming a silent warning.

After breakfast, we were going to the hospital.

And I knew–this wasn’t going to be a routine check–up.

What if the truth was worse?

What if he could never see again?

“Hey. Come back to earth.”

Alexander’s voice cut through the storm swirling in my head.

“Breathe, Summer. Don’t spiral.” He was looking right at me, steady and calm. “Blackwood has the most advanced medical facility in North America.”

There was something about his voice– so grounding, so sure that I actually felt a hint of peace.

I nodded and sipped my coffee, using its bitterness to keep myself awake.

After breakfast, we drove to the Blackwood International Medical Center–a breathtaking building of glass and steel, equipped with the most cutting–edge technology in the world.

“Miss Winster, we’re ready to begin Felix’s initial data intake and full diagnostic testing,” the doctor said, approaching with a professional yet kind smile. “I assure you, he’ll be perfectly safe throughout the process.”

Felix squeezed my hand tightly and whispered, “Mommy, I’m not scared.”

I ran my fingers through his hair, feeling my chest ache.

I should be the one comforting him, but instead, he was comforting me.

“You’re so brave, sweetheart,” I said softly, choking back tears.

He grinned up at me, his soft hair brushing against my cheek. A nurse gently took his hand and led him through the frosted glass doors.

As soon as he disappeared, the silence collapsed over me like a wave. I sat frozen on the cold silver bench, hands restless in my lap, rubbing my palms together in a futile attempt to dispel the anxiety buzzing in my bones.

Every minute dragged like an eternity. My heartbeat was deafening in my ears.

What if he never saw again?

Was his life already irreversibly changed?

“Summer.”

His voice found me again.

Alexander sat beside me, his hand enveloping mine. His palm was warm, rough, grounding.

“We’ll find a way,” he said gently, voice low but unwavering. That quiet certainty had always been part of him. “You’re not alone in this.”

I nodded, inhaling shakily.

Then the door opened.

The doctor stepped into the corridor. His expression spoke volumes before he even said a word.

“Miss Winston,” he began, his tone formal, eyes solemn, “we’ve completed the scans. Felix’s eyes were surgically removed. The optic nerve damage is severe.”

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The morning air was crisp as we made our way deeper into the borderlands, our boots crunching softly against the fallen leaves that carpeted the forest floor. Three days into our reconnaissance mission, and I was already missing Sera with an intensity that caught me off guard.

“Focus, Damien.” I shook my head, trying to push away the image of her sleepy smile from this morning when I’d kissed her goodbye. The way she’d looked in our bed, her dark hair spread across the pillows, one hand unconsciously resting on her still-flat belly where our child was growing.

“Alpha?” Lucas fell into step beside me, his voice low enough that the six warriors behind us couldn’t hear.

“The tracks we found yesterday are definitely fresh. Rogues were here within the last forty-eight hours.”

I nodded, forcing my attention back to the task at hand. “How many?”

“At least a dozen, maybe more. They’re being careful about covering their trail, but…” He paused, glancing around at the dense pine trees surrounding us. “Something feels off. The pattern doesn’t match what we’ve seen before.”

“What kind of pattern?”

“They’re not hunting. Not really moving with any particular purpose.” He crouched down, pointing to a set of paw prints in the soft earth. “Look at this. They’re circling, like they’re waiting for something. Or someone.”

A chill ran down my spine. I pulled out my satellite phone, checking the signal strength. Still strong enough to reach home base, which meant I could contact Sera if needed. The thought eased some of the tension in my chest.

“Pack up, I ordered, my voice carrying the unmistakable tone of alpha command. “We’re moving out. Now.”

No one questioned the order. Within minutes, we had our gear secured and were heading deeper into the forest, following the rogue trail that seemed to wind endlessly through the dense undergrowth.

The first day had been almost pleasant clear skies, good visibility, and the comfortable camaraderie of warriors on a mission. We’d found evidence of rogue activity, yes, but nothing that seemed immediately threatening. I’d even managed to contact Sera twice through our mindlink, sharing brief moments of connection that made the distance between us bearable.

By the third day, everything changed.

The fog rolled in sometime before dawn, thick and unnatural, clinging to the forest floor like something alive.

Within hours, visibility dropped to maybe twenty feet, and even my enhanced senses struggled to penetrate the unnatural mist.

“Alpha,” Lucas called out, his voice tight with barely controlled panic. “I can’t see the trail anymore. I can barely see you.”

I could hear the fear creeping into the voices of the other warriors as they called out positions, trying to maintain formation in the disorienting white void that had swallowed our world.

“Everyone stop moving,” I commanded, my voice cutting through the fog with supernatural clarity. “Form a circle. Hold positions.” Discover more novels at [find*.novel.net](http://finda*.novel.net)

The mist carried an acrid, almost chemical scent that made my wolf recoil in disgust.

“Stay calm,” I called out, injecting every ounce of alpha authority into my voice. “We’ve been in worse situations. Lucas, can you reach anyone on the radio?”

Static was the only response when he tried, and my satellite phone showed no signal at all. We were completely cut off from the outside world, trapped in a bubble of supernatural fog with no way to call for backup.

“Sera.” I reached out through our mindlink, desperately hoping the connection could penetrate whatever was blocking our other communications. But there was nothing.

“Listen to me,” I said, moving toward the center of what I hoped was still our circle formation. “We are not lost. We are not trapped. This fog will lift, and when it does, we’ll continue our mission. Until then, we stay together, we stay alert, and we trust in our training.”

A chorus of “Yes, Alpha” answered me, stronger and more confident than before.

“Good. Because I’m going to get every single one of you home to your families. That’s a promise.”

The words had barely left my mouth when the first howl echoed through the fog.

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The howl hit us like a slap.

Close. Too damn close.

My wolf Alex went wild inside my chest. Every instinct screaming danger. This wasn’t random. This was a trap.

“Stay together!” I roared.

But the fog was wrong. All wrong. It moved like it was alive. Chemical stench burned my nose. Made my eyes water.

This was magic. Dark, twisted magic.

“Alpha!” Lucas’s voice cracked with panic. “I can’t see anyone!”

More howls. From everywhere. All around us.

Fuck.

“Listen to me!” I let my alpha power explode outward. “Back to back! Fight as one!”

The first rogue came out of nowhere.

Massive. Teeth like razors. Eyes glowing yellow death,

I shifted before I could think. Bones cracking. Muscles expanding. My human form melting away.

The beast slammed into me. We rolled, Claws raked my shoulder. Pain flared white-hot.

But I’ve been fighting since I was fifteen.

I clamped down on its throat. Bit until I tasted copper. Hot blood filled my mouth. The rogue thrashed. Went limp.

Dead.

“Lucas!” I called out, still in wolf form. “Where are you?”

“Here! Two of them on me!”

I bounded through the fog. Found him dancing between two snarling rogues. Blood streaming down his gray fur.

He was tiring. Fast.

I hit the nearest rogue like a freight train. Sent it flying into a tree. Crack. It didn’t get up.

The second one turned. Looked at me.

My blood froze.

This wasn’t mindless rage. This was intelligence. Planning.

Someone had been training them.

The rogue feinted left. Lunged right.

I was ready. Caught it mid-leap. Jaws around its spine. Crunch.

Another one down.

I shifted back to human. Naked. Didn't care.

"Lucas! How many are left?"

"Five!" he gasped. "Maybe six! The fog-I can't tell!"

Five warriors. Out of twelve.

Rage burned through me like acid. Pure. Blinding.

"Where's the nearest cover?" I snarled.

"Ridge. Half mile north"

Another howl. Closer.

Time was up.

"Everyone retreat!" I roared. "North ridge! Stay together!"

What came next was hell.

Pure, blood-soaked hell.

We fought through the forest like wounded animals. Every few yards, another wave hit us. Rogues melting out of the mist like ghosts.

I lost count of my kills. Blood slicked my hands. Mine and theirs. Every muscle screamed.

But we kept moving.

Had to keep moving.

"Almost there!" Lucas appeared beside me. Supporting Derek, who was bleeding bad. "I see the rocks!"

The ridge was perfect. Natural fortress. Granite and pine. Limited approaches.

We collapsed behind the biggest boulder we could find. Gasping. Shaking.

Final count: Five warriors. All wounded.

Derek was worst. Deep gashes across his back. Blood everywhere.

Lucas had a nasty bite on his forearm. Wouldn't stop bleeding.

I had claw marks across my shoulder. Pain with every breath.

"First aid," I commanded. Voice hoarse. "Patch up what you can."

While they worked, I stared at the forest below. The mist was thinning. Whatever spell created it was fading.

But the rogues were still out there. Waiting,

"Sera." I reached for our bond. Desperate. "Sera, can you hear me?"

Nothing.

The connection was barely a whisper. Like a candle in the wind.

Something was wrong. Seriously wrong. Find the newest release on Find*Novel.net

Our bond was iron-strong. It shouldn't be this weak unless-

No. Don't think it.

Sera was safe. Home with Adrian. Had to be.

"Focus," I told myself. "Your men need you."

"How bad, Derek?" I crouched beside him.

He tried to smile. Failed. "I've had worse, Alpha."

Bullshit. He was dying. We all knew it.

"If Sera were here..." The thought hit like a punch to the gut.

She could heal him. Heal all of them. Those golden hands working magic.

But she wasn't here.

I was alone with five bleeding warriors. Cut off from everything. No backup coming.

The longing was so intense it nearly knocked me over. God, what I'd give for her here. Not just the healing.

Her presence. Her strength. The way she looked at impossible situations and found answers.

We could fight together. Side by side. Like we'd dreamed.

Instead, I was trapped on a mountain. Men dying. No way home.

"Alpha," Lucas settled beside me. Arm bandaged. "What's the plan?"

I looked out at the forest. Shadows moving between trees. Still hunting us.

"We survive the night." My voice was rough. "Come morning, we figure out how to get home."

It wasn't much. But it was all I had.

Lucas nodded. Grim understanding.

"And if they come again?"

I pulled my silver blade. Tested its weight. Still sharp despite the blood.

"Then we send them to hell."

The sun was setting. Long shadows across our refuge.

I tried the bond again. "Sera. Please be safe. Please be smart."

Still nothing. Like shouting into an empty void.

My chest ached. Not from the wounds. From fear.

If she was in danger while I was stuck here...

The thought made me want to howl. To rage. To tear apart everything in reach.

“Hold on,” I whispered into the darkness. “Just hold on. I’ll find a way back to you.”

Brother’s Best Friends Are My Mates

The shock of ice-cold water hitting my face jolted me into consciousness like a lightning bolt. I gasped, choking and sputtering as the liquid invaded my nose and mouth, my body jerking against restraints I couldn’t yet comprehend.

“Sister dear.”

The voice was sickeningly familiar, dripping with malicious satisfaction that made my blood run cold even before my vision cleared enough to identify the speaker.

“Valerie.”

As my eyes adjusted to the dim lighting, the reality of my situation crashed over me in waves. I was tied to a chair in what looked like an abandoned storage room-concrete walls stained with mold and God knows what else, rusted metal shelving, and the overwhelming stench of decay and human waste. My wrists were bound behind the chair with rough rope that bit into my skin, and my ankles were secured to the chair legs.

I tried to speak, to demand answers, but only a hoarse croak emerged from my throat. My mouth felt like sandpaper, my tongue thick and unresponsive.

“Having trouble finding your voice?” Valerie stepped into the weak circle of light cast by a single bare bulb hanging overhead. She looked different.

“Don’t worry,” she continued, circling my chair. “That’s just the aftereffects of the drugs. They’ll wear off soon enough. We need you awake.”

“Where...” I managed to rasp out, my voice barely audible.

“Where are we?” Valerie laughed, the sound echoing off the concrete walls with genuine delight. “Oh, Sera, you always were slow on the uptake. We’re in my new kingdom, courtesy of some very accommodating new friends.”

She gestured grandly at the squalid surroundings as if she were showing off a palace. “I have to say, I’ve found the rogue lifestyle quite liberating. No more pretending to be the perfect little pack member. No more bowing and scraping to alphas who think they’re better than everyone else.” Fresh chapters posted on Find~Novel.net

“The new Luna,” I whispered, the pieces finally clicking into place.

She leaned down until her face was inches from mine, her breath hot and rancid against my cheek. “Don’t care about me, dear sister. You should be much more concerned about yourself right now.”

Before I could respond, she drew back her hand and slapped me across the face with enough force to make my ears ring. The sharp crack echoed through the room, and I tasted blood where my teeth cut into my inner cheek.

“That’s for stealing my life,” she snarled, all pretense of playful banter vanishing. “For taking what should have been mine. For making me look like a fool in front of the entire pack.”

Another slap, harder this time, snapping my head to the other side. “That’s for seducing Damien with your pathetic omega act. Did you really think someone like him could love someone like you?”

I spat blood, meeting her wild gaze with as much defiance as I could muster. “He does love me. And you know that’s what’s eating you alive, isn’t it?”

Her face contorted with rage, and for a moment I thought she might hit me again. Instead, she laughed.

She straightened up, smoothing down her filthy clothes with mock dignity. “I have something much more... creative in mind to treat people like you.”

The sound of heavy footsteps in the corridor outside made my stomach drop. Multiple sets of boots, moving with purpose.

“Ah, perfect timing,” Valerie said, clapping her hands together with childlike excitement. “I’ve been telling my new friends all about you, Sera.”

The door creaked open, and three massive figures filled the doorway. Even in the dim light, I could smell them—the rank odor of unwashed bodies.

“Boys, Valerie said sweetly, “meet my darling stepsister, Seraphina.”

“She’s prettier than you said,” one of them rumbled, his voice thick with lust and cruelty. “This is gonna be fun.”

“Now, now,” Valerie chided, though her tone held no real reproof. “Remember what we discussed. I want her broken, not dead. At least not yet.”

She gestured toward the rogues, who began moving into the room with the coordinated movements of predators who had done this before.

“Have fun, boys,” she said, heading toward the door. “Try to leave her conscious. I want her to remember every second of this.”

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The door slammed shut behind Valerie with a sound that made my heart race. Her footsteps echoed down the hallway, growing fainter and fainter until all I could hear was the heavy breathing of the three disgusting men surrounding me.

“Well, well, well,” the biggest one wheezed, his belly hanging over his belt as he rubbed his hands together.

“Looks like Christmas came early, boys.”

I tried to keep my voice steady, but I could hear the tremor in it. “You don’t have to do this.”

“Oh, sweetheart,” the second one interrupted, his yellow teeth gleaming in the dim light as he leered at me.

“This is about having some fun.”

The third one, skinnier than the others but with dead, cold eyes, licked his lips. “Been a long time since we had ourselves a pretty little omega to play with.”

The fat one laughed, a wet, disgusting sound. “We’re just men with needs. And you, princess, are gonna help us with those needs.” The fat one reached out with his grimy fingers toward my face.

The moment his skin touched mine, something inside me exploded.

It was like lightning struck my soul. Every cell in my body ignited with power I’d never felt before. The ropes around my wrists didn’t just snap—they disintegrated into dust.

I was on my feet before any of them could blink.

My hand shot out and grabbed the fat bastard by the throat, my fingers closing around his neck like a steel vice. His eyes bulged as he realized he couldn’t breathe, couldn’t break free, couldn’t do anything but stare at me in absolute terror.

“You made a mistake,” I growled. It was filled with authority, with dominance, with the kind of power that made grown men wet themselves in fear. “I’m not omega.”

“What the fuck—” the yellow-toothed one started to say, but his words died in his throat.

The fat man in my grip was turning purple, clawing desperately at my hand. But I might as well have been made of iron. His struggles were pathetic, useless.

I released the fat one's throat and he collapsed to the ground, gasping and choking like a dying fish. The sound was deeply satisfying.

"Run," I said quietly, but my voice carried the unmistakable command of an alpha. "Run now, and maybe I'll let you live."

Instead of running, the yellow-toothed one pulled out a rusty knife, his hand shaking. "You think you can scare us, bitch? We've killed alphas before!"

"Have you?" I asked conversationally, taking a step toward him. "Because I'm about to kill you."

He lunged at me with the knife, probably expecting me to cower or scream.

I caught his wrist mid-swing and twisted.

The snap of breaking bones echoed through the room like a gunshot. His scream was even louder.

"Oh God, oh fuck, she broke my arm!" he shrieked, dropping the knife as he cradled his mangled wrist against his chest. "She fucking broke my arm!"

The skinny one tried to run for the door, but I was faster. I grabbed him by the back of his shirt and hurled him into the concrete wall with enough force to crack the surface.

He slumped to the ground, blood streaming from his nose. "Please," he whimpered. "Please don't kill me."

"Why not?" I asked, stalking toward him. "You were going to do much worse to me, weren't you?"

"We weren't gonna kill you!" he babbled, tears mixing with the blood on his face. "Just rough you up a little!"

Have some fun!"

"Fun?" I grabbed him by the front of his filthy shirt and lifted him clean off the ground with one hand. "You call rape fun?"

"No! No, I didn't mean-"

"Yes, you did." I slammed him back against the wall, hard enough to rattle his teeth.

The fat one was still on the ground, gasping for air. The yellow-toothed one was sobbing over his broken arm. And this piece of garbage in my hands was about to piss himself.

Pathetic. All of them.

“Where did Valerie go?” I demanded, shaking the skinny one like a rag doll.

“I don’t know!” he wailed. “She just said to wait here! She didn’t tell us nothing else!”

I could hear his heartbeat hammering against his ribs. Smell the acrid stench of his terror. He was telling the truth.

“Wrong answer,” I said anyway, and drove my knee into his stomach.

He doubled over, retching. I let him fall to the ground where he belonged.

The fat one had finally recovered enough to speak. “You crazy bitch!” he wheezed. “You can’t do this to us!”

We’ll tell everyone! We’ll—”

I was across the room and standing over him before he could finish the threat. “You’ll what?”

His bravado crumbled instantly. “Nothing. We won’t do nothing.”

“That’s right,” I said softly. “Because if I ever see any of you again, I will hunt you down and tear your throats out with my bare hands. Do you understand me?”

They all nodded frantically.

“Good. Now tell me where Valerie is.”

“The old railway bridge! She said she will go there.”

“If you’re lying to me—”

“We’re not!” the skinny one gasped from where he was still curled up on the floor. “We swear we’re not lying!” Chapters first released on [find\(N\)ovel.net](http://find(N)ovel.net)

I gripped the metal and twisted. The lock mechanism screamed in protest before giving way completely. The door swung open with a satisfying creak.

The corridor was long and narrow, lit by a single flickering bulb that cast dancing shadows on the peeling walls. I could smell Valerie’s cloying perfume lingering in the stale air, mixed with the scents of rust, mold, and decades of decay, I found an exit at the end of the corridor, a heavy

metal door that opened onto the night air. In the distance, I could see the dark silhouette of the railway bridge spanning the ravine like the skeleton of some prehistoric beast.

And there, standing at the center of the span, was a familiar figure.

Valerie.

She was facing away from me, probably expecting her hired thugs to deliver my broken body sometime around dawn.

I smiled as I stepped out of the shadows and onto the bridge proper. My footsteps rang against the metal grating, the sound carrying clearly in the still night air. Valerie's head snapped around, her eyes going wide with shock as she saw me walking toward her.

"Hello, sister," I called out. "Miss me?"

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The sound of footsteps on the metal bridge made my heart leap with joy. Finally. Watching that bitch steal everything that should have been mine, it was time for payback.

I turned around with my sweetest smile, ready to greet my soldiers.

The smile died on my lips.

"Hello, sister."

Seraphina stood there like some avenging angel, her black hair flowing behind her in the night wind, those damn emerald eyes blazing with fury.

"Sera?" My voice came out as a pathetic squeak. "How did you... but you were..."

Sera's fingers were wrapped around my throat like iron bands, squeezing tighter with every passing second.

Her green eyes blazed with a fury I'd never seen before.

"Please," I gasped, clawing desperately at her hands. "Sera, please... I was just... I didn't mean..."

But her grip only tightened. The alpha power radiating from her hit me like a physical force, making my wolf cower and whimper in the deepest recesses of my mind. This wasn't the pathetic little omega I'd grown up tormenting.

“You didn’t mean what?” she snarled.

Black spots danced at the edges of my vision. My lungs burned as I fought for air that wouldn’t come.

“How did she get free?” I thought frantically, “The ropes were supposed to be silver-lined. She shouldn’t have been able to break them.”

“Sera, please,” I wheezed, my voice barely a whisper. “We’re... we’re family.”

Her laugh was harsh and bitter. “Family? You’ve never treated me like family a day in your life, Val. But don’t worry.” Her fingers shifted slightly, finding new pressure points that made stars explode behind my eyelids.

“I’m going to treat you exactly like you deserve.”

Panic clawed at my chest. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go. I was supposed to be the one in control here. I was the Luna of the rogue pack. I was the one with power.

But as consciousness began to slip away from me, as Sera’s inexorable grip tightened around my windpipe, I realized I had only one option left.

“Voss!” I screamed through the mindlink, putting every ounce of desperation and terror I felt into the mental call. “HELP ME! SHE’S GOING TO KILL ME!”

For a moment, there was nothing but static silence across our mental connection. Then Voss’s voice slammed into my mind with the force of a freight train.

“Where are you?”

“The bridge... basement level... bring the wolf poison!” I managed to project, even as Sera’s grip tightened further. “Hurry! I can’t... I can’t hold on much longer!”

“Calling for pathetic.”

your master?” Sera asked, her voice dripping with disgust. “Look at you,” Sera continued. “So

I couldn’t speak. Couldn’t breathe. The world was starting to go gray around the edges, and I could feel my wolf retreating deeper into my consciousness, preparing for what looked like inevitable death.

Just when I thought it was over, when I was certain I’d draw my last breath with Sera’s hands around my throat, the sound of splintering wood filled the room.

The storage room door exploded inward with a crash that shook dust from the ceiling. Through my rapidly failing vision, I saw Voss's massive frame filling the doorway, his eyes blazing with murderous rage as he took in the scene before him.

"Get your hands off her, you bitch," he snarled.

Sera's head snapped toward him, her grip on my throat loosening just enough for me to drag in a desperate breath. But she didn't let go entirely.

"Stay back," she warned, her own alpha authority crackling through the air like electricity. "I'm not done with her yet?"

Voss stepped into the room, and I could see the syringe gleaming in his massive fist. The wolf poison. Thank God he'd remembered to bring it.

"I don't think you understand the situation here, sweetheart," he said, his tone conversational despite the violence radiating from every line of his body. "You see, that little piece of trash you're choking happens to be mine. And I don't share my toys."

Sera's eyes narrowed. "Your toy? Is that what you think she is?"

Voss's smile was all teeth and malice. He moved faster than I'd ever seen him move before. One moment he was several feet away, and the next he was right behind Sera, the syringe already plunging toward her neck. Official source is

"Let me show you what real consequences look like," he whispered.

Sera tried to turn, tried to defend herself, but she was still holding onto me and the awkward position left her vulnerable. The needle sank deep into her neck, and Voss's thumb slammed down on the plunger.

The effect was immediate and devastating.

Sera's eyes went wide with shock and pain.-Her grip on my throat went slack, and I collapsed to the floor, gasping and choking as blessed air rushed back into my lungs.

"Wolfsbane, darling," Voss said casually, tossing the empty syringe aside. "A little concoction we rogues have been perfecting for years."

Sera took another step back, but her legs were already beginning to shake. The wolf poison was working its way through her system, attacking her enhanced strength and speed, reducing her to something barely above human levels.

"You see," Voss continued, stalking toward her as she struggled to maintain her balance, "we've had to deal with plenty of alpha assholes over the years. That's the key tool."

Sera's knees buckled, and she crashed to the concrete floor with a sickening thud. She tried to push herself back up, but her arms gave out beneath her.

He reached out and grabbed her left hand, pinning it against the floor. Then, with deliberate cruelty, he placed his boot on top of her fingers and began to press down.

Sera screamed.

"That's it," Voss crooned, applying more pressure until I could hear the delicate bones creaking under the strain. "Let me hear that pretty voice break."

"Alpha's daughter, are you?" Voss ground his heel down harder, and the sound of snapping bone filled the room. "Damien's precious little Luna? That just makes me want to hurt you more."