

# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 111

### Chapter 111

Maia

'Maia,' Grace says.

Yes, Grace?" I smile at the young girl in front of me.

Can we come to your forest and meet Ember one day?"

'Sure. I'd love to show you my home. And I'm sure Ember would love to meet you, I say excitedly and smile.

"Perhaps when this war is over, Vivian says, exhaling and folding her hands in her lap. The girls nod and run off again.

Vivian?" I say, 'Where's your mate?' I ask.

Only werewolves have mates. Humans have husbands. I had a husband: it was love at first sight: His name was Derrick.

We were married a few weeks after meeting and had our girls not long after. When they were two, he died in a mining

accident. The mine collapsed and killed him and twenty other men, Vivian says, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

Oh. I'm so sorry,' I say, watching her dab her eyes.

'I don't know if I could love another man. I know Derrick would want me to. He'd want the girls to have a father, but I just

haven't been able to move on. I've courted a few men over the years, but it wasn't the same, she explains, and I nod,

stand up, refasten the clasp on my cloak, and tie the strings together.

Tea has been lovely, Vivian. It has been so nice seeing you again. I must go home now, I say.

The girls run up to me and squeeze me in a tight hug. Please say you'll come again, Maia, Grace and Ella chime.

I will. I promise,' I laugh, open the front door, and step into the cool night air.

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As I trudge through the forest toward my cave, a group of thirty men, dressed in the same armour as the men from

Wellmore market, camp around a fire.

Start at Darkpaw, and we'll start at Mystic Pride. Then, after you've wiped out the small packs, meet at Ravencull village,

and together we'll decimate the village, a man with a very long beard in war attire says.

His companions listen and nod, and I lose my footing and crunch a twig under my boots.

Who's there?' The man says, and they all stand, poised, ready to defend themselves.

Holding my breath, I stay as still and as quiet as possible. The men pull their swords from their sheaths and slowly

approach my position. I run.

'Get him!' Someone yells.

Running, I leap over rocks and duck under low-hanging branches before falling and hitting my head on a large rock. A

hot trickle of blood escapes my forehead and runs down my face. I'm disoriented, and my vision is blurry, Three men approach me cautiously, staring at my dress, cloak, and bloody face.

Her eyes are violet!' One man shouts.

"Who are you? Another asks.

'My fair maiden. The gods have blessed us tonight!' A third man says his expression one I have not seen before. This man

grabs my arms and pins me against a tree, breathing heavily near my neck. He places his hand on my leg and runs it up

to my thigh. I quiver and squirm,

kick him or hard as iron between the legs, and he falls backward onto the ground holding his groin.

He yells and falls again,

I don't get very far before I fall again, near a river, and a cliff-edge, with the men right behind me, their swords ready to

kill. Instinctively, I throw out my hands, and a gust of wind knocks the men over. I imagine fire and feel a power surge

through my body. My palms light up with a ball of flame hovering in each palm. I throw the fireballs at the men, and

flames engulf them both. They jump into the river to extinguish themselves. The rest of their companions have reached

us, and they watch on as their comrades heal their burns in the stream.

'She's the Forest Princess,' someone shouts, and the men gasp.

'I thought it was just a fairy tale,' someone says.

Over the cliff-edge surges a large river with a strong current; the drop is more than one hundred metres.

I have two options: jump and hope I don't drown in the current or be captured. I jump off the cliff and fall into the river.

I'm thrown around violently by the swells and the rapids, unsuccessfully reaching for low-hanging branches to cling onto.

I am slammed into a rock and instantly lose grip when the water pushes me along. Not knowing how to swim, I

instinctively take breaths when I can. It isn't long before the world fades to black, and I'm unconscious, floating along

with the current.

A soldier

In Mystic Pride and Darkpaw, we talk about the Forest Princess. It will be interesting to see what King Fenris has to say about her. We knock down front doors and trespass inside pack homes, slitting everyone's throats regardless of age or gender.

We impale any who attack with our swords, place their heads on victory spikes, and plarft them on a small hill in the heart of the village.

Inside a house in Darkpaw village, a boy of around eight years old hides from us underneath the floorboards in a bedroom. My comrades, hearing his crying, rip up the floorboards and discover him. His father, an Alpha wolf called Ezra,

has just been slaughtered by my kinsmen. We burden his neck and wrists with a gaol chain to contain him.

'Who are you, boy?' | ask. The boy looks at his father lying in a pool of blood on the other side of the room.

'Zayden, Alpha Ezra's son,' he says softly, tears streaming down his young cheeks,

'An Alpha pup. We could get some good coin for you.

You'd make a strong slave.' I tell him, and we drag him behind us

out of the house. The werewolf heads are spiked on the hill in front of us monumentally

With the number of men we have lost, we decide to avoid Ravencull and instead return to West Wallow for more soldiers.

On the way to West Wallow, we reach a town called Shadowguard, and the locals applaud us for our victory. We've

defeated two packs and the wolf pup we drag behind us is a testimony of our strength and power.

An auctioneer auctions off orphan children to whoever can afford them. Most will be employed as maids and as

farmhands. I go over to the auctioneer, with Zayden in tow.

"How much for the boy?" I ask the dishevelled, broken-toothed man.

"Six gold for the boy – twice what slaves usually fetch," "Ten! He isn't just any boy. He's an Alpha's boy. He'll be much stronger than the average wolf," I explain.

"Eight I have to make a profit too. Otherwise, you can wait here all week and sell himself yourself," the auctioneer says.

"Done. Sold," I say, handing the chained boy to the auctioneer, who pushes Zayden into a cage and locks it with a key.

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**mitte**

**Beta Troy**

**In Shadowguard, a slave auction is about to commence. Twenty-five children between the ages of five and**

fourteen stand side by side in a row, with their hands tied with rope. They're bruised, dirty and malnourished. A man walks toward a small cage, and a growl emits from within it.

Excited and shocked, the crowd is divided between those who view the wolf pup as a commodity and those who view him as an animal to be feared.

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The auctioneer drags the young boy out of the cage and demands he stands. The boy is so exhausted and weary

that he falls over into the dirt. I'm disgusted but must know the fate of this poor boy

After lunging at the crowd of spectators, the auctioneer punches him hard in his stomach, winding him, and

knocking him over. I make eye contact with this young soul-defeat and grief blaze in his eyes.

'A real genuine wolf pup! Not just an ordinary wolf pup! This one has Alpha blood. He'll be the strongest

farmhand you've ever had, the auctioneer announces loudly. 'The bidding will start at eight gold!

'NINE GOLD!' Someone yells.

'TEN GOLD!' Another yells.

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**ELEVEN GOLD! Final offer,' the first man says. Annoyed, the second man recounts the coins in his hand to see if he can bid more.**

**'FIFTEEN GOLD, and I will take him now!' I yell, disgusted by this barbaric scene playing out. The crowd are**

**shocked, and they step aside as I push through them and throw a bag of gold coins into the auctioneer's outstretched hand.**

**The man holding the boy tells me he comes with the chain.**

**Thanks, but that won't be necessary,' I say, scooping the boy up and carrying him away.**

**'Excuse me,' I say, spotting a middle-aged woman digging in a garden.**

**'Hello,' she says warmly and smiles.**

**'Is there a river or bathhouse nearby?' | ask.**

**'Yes, near Bramblemore. You can get to it through the forest border,' she says kindly, eyeing the boy and going**

**back to her digging.**

**Reaching the river, I put the boy gently on the ground and swing my backpack down off my back, handing him**

**the bread and the cheese I have brought. He takes it gratefully and scoffs it down. I dunk my drinking pouch**

under the water and let it fill before taking it back over to him so he can have a drink.

‘Thank you,’ he whispers, sculling the water, clearly dehydrated.

‘I’m Troy. You’re safe with me, and I will not harm you. You can wash in the river if you want to. Or rest and regain

your energy.’ I tell him, smiling. He yawns, and his eyelids close. He rests his head on my lap before he falls

asleep. I throw my travelling blanket over him and let him sleep.

‘Are you feeling better?’ I ask him when he wakes. He nods. He looks better than earlier, not as pale or as forlorn.

‘What’s your name? I’m Troy, the Alpha King’s Beta,’ I say, holding out my hand to him.

‘The Alpha King’s Beta? Wow, I’ve never met anyone from the royal pack before,’ he says before adding, ‘I’m

Zayden. Alpha Ezra of Mystic Pride was my dad, he says sadly,

“Was?

‘Some soldiers came and killed everyone in my village,

I’m so sorry, kid, I feel for you, truly heartbroken for him.

‘What is the Alpha King’s Beta doing on human land?’ He asks.

I’m on a special mission. How did you end up at the

**slave market?**

**'The soldiers who killed my parents sold me to it,' he explains with a straight face.**

**I'll keep you safe. Your father was a good man. Not much older than me. I met him many times at Alpha meetings.' Thold Zayden and let him grieve as he cries into my chest a while before he calms down. I pat him on**

**the back and assure him everything will be okay. He strips his clothing, discarding it in a heap next to my pack,**

**and runs into the river to wash. I throw him a washcloth and a plain bar of soap. Afterwards, we make camp for**

**the night. I outline my mission to him, giving him only diluted information. I inform him he is my new assistant**

**and will serve as communications between Alpha King Damon and me. Zayden is very excited to be part of my mission and asks many questions about Alpha King Damon.**

**'Is your mate at Moon Crest Castle? Does she look after pups? Or does she fight with the warriors?'**

**Zayden asks, curious.**

**"My mate, Amy, and my pup died when she gave birth to him seven years ago. He would have been around your**

age if he lived,' I say, a neutral topic for me now, after such a long time.

I'm sorry,' Zayden says sympathetically.

'It's okay. Sadly, we have much in common.' I say, giving him an empathetic smile.

"Maybe we can be a family?' He says optimistically while smiling.

'If that is what you wish?!' I smile, returning his optimism.

King Fenris

Commander James and half of my soldiers return to the training field exhausted and victorious. They have

successfully conquered Mystic Pride and Darkpaw. We have lost some men, but this is a huge victory, and I am pleased.

A princess, you say? With the power of air and flame? With rare beauty and eyes of violet?' I say, intrigued, from inside a tent adorned with furniture.

My men nod, adamantly assuring me they speak the truth.

If this is true, having her by my side would benefit West Wallow greatly,' I say, tilting my brandy glass on an angle

on the arm of my chair; the contents subsiding while I ponder the idea.

**Sir Hugo enters the room and presents me with the scrolls of signatures.**

**‘My King,’ Sir Hugo says, bowing. ‘If these numbers are correct, your army will have grown to thirty-five thousand**

**men,’ Sir Hugo says triumphantly.**

**“Good work, Sir Hugo. I knew I could count on you to increase our numbers,’ I praise him, and he nods,**

**I relay my soldiers’ encounter with the Forest Princess to Sir Hugo, and he guffaws at it.**

**‘What hogwash! A magical princess with powers,’ Sir Hugo says, rubbishing the tale.**

**Everyone else is stoic and serious, registering the expressions on their grime-encrusted faces, Sir**

**Hugo composes**

**himself. The soldiers inform Sir Hugo. They all indeed saw her, that she summoned fire with her hands.**

**I recall my grandfather’s stories from when I was a child. The tale of witches, sprites, mages, fae, vampires and**

**even orcs has been a tale in every generation. My men stand around with their hands on their hips,**

**awaiting my**

**next instruction.**

**“Do you all recall the tales, as children, about supernatural species that supposedly once roamed the lands of**

**Mysteria?’ | ask my men, swigging the contents of my glass before my squire refills it again.**

**‘This alleged Forest Princess could be a fae or a sprite we have been told about in the stories, The lent buzzes with chatter and the toing-and-froing of differing opinions among the men.**

**‘Find her and bring her to me,’ I say, indulging in the possibility this tale could be true. My men nod except for Sir**

**Hugo, who stands with his arms crossed, unamused,**

**‘Sir Hugo! I say, watching him dithering.**

**‘Yes, my King,**

**You’re to go with the soldiers, track down this girl, and bring her to me. If she does exist, tell her I offer her safe**

**lodgings at my castle during this war,’**

**‘Surely not, my King?’ He asks.**

**‘Most certainly,’ I say. I’m not being flippant. I glare at him.**

**‘And if I find her and she refuses to come? Or if these alleged powers are true?’ He asks a hint of fear in his voice.**

**Then restrain her with iron cuffs and bring her by force. Iron is meant to be a weakness against the fae and the**

**sprite. It will diminish the power she wields.’ I say.**

**Sir Hugo storms out from the tent, climbs upon his horse and follows my other men.**

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#### Chapter 113

Alpha King Damon

We don't stand a chance at winning this war with fifteen thousand warriors, so we stop at Mist Falls and Wolfwell, recruiting everyone able to fight and increasing our number to eighteen thousand.

After a few days, we reach Thornwell, a town halfway between our packhouse and the forest border. We decide to train the recruits for a few days there. Thornwell is a decently-sized village with a river running through the forest border and into human lands.

For the past few nights, I've had the same dream of my mate. I see only the back of her long dark hair, and every time I try to get closer, she vanishes.

I haven't been able to stop thinking about her. The war should have my full, undivided attention, and yet, here I am,

pinning after a girl I don't even know. I yearn for her: to touch her, to kiss her, to smell her violet and honey scent, to hold her in my arms.

My wolf has been uncontrollable because our unspoken mate bond is driving him insane. I haven't been sleeping well, and I'm

always frustrated. I'm constantly on edge and unable to regulate my emotions. I shift and let my wolf out for a run,

making him less agitated during the training we must do the next day.

Returning to camp after my run, I walk past a tent and overhear some of my comsades discussing my recent emotional

state. Some call me absent-minded, some haven't been affected by my behaviour at all, and some sympathise with me.

Those who suggest replacing me temporarily with another Alpha, they state who has his head screwed on, anger me.

It was easy for them to say all this when they found their mates years ago. They don't know the pain I feel each day, and

it gets worse as time goes on without her. My wolf is always fighting me for control. And the pressure of not only being

Alpha, but a King as well – no one in their right mind would cope.

I mind-link my close circle and tell them I'll be back tomorrow. I shift and follow the river and run as fast as possible in the moon's direction.

After a few hours of running, I find a nice spot by the river and collect sticks to make a fire. The wind suddenly picks up,

bringing a waft of violets and honey, a scent so alluring and intoxicating. I drop the bundle of sticks.

Mate!' I say, sniffing the air around me.

The moon glows brighter, and I see her not far from me, washed up on the riverbank. Knowing she is within my reach

makes my heart beat quickly, but I'm soon filled with dread as I run toward her and her still body. I kneel on the ground

beside her.

She has the same long dark hair that I dreamed of. I brush her hair aside to see dried blood on her forehead and cheek.

I pick her up and hold her in my arms, feeling chemistry and magnetism I have never felt before. Despite her wet clothes, her body is warm, and this warmth radiates through me like magic.

My heart feels it's combusting with love. I'm elated and euphoric. It's like no other feeling I've ever felt. I feel complete

and whole for the first time. I've lusted for no one this strongly. Of all the villages I've been to, of all the lands I've seen,

I've not come across such beauty. I can't take my eyes off her.

I lay her down on the dry ground and light the fire to keep her warm. I then inspect the wound on her forehead and wash

the dry blood from her face, drying it with my shirt. With my eyes narrowing in on her nape, I want to mark her, but being

a gentleman, I wouldn't dream of marking her while she lies unconscious on the ground. Instead, I nuzzle my face into

her neck and hair, holding her close and drift off to sleep with the smell of violets and honey

Maia

I'm so warm and comfy that I don't want to wake yet. I just want to lie in this warmth and enjoy this feeling I've never felt

before. I feel warm tingles all over and butterflies in my belly.

The events of the day before come crashing down on me, and my forehead throbs with pain. I open my eyes, squinting,

and wait for them to adjust to the sunlight.

My arms and legs have a few minor scratches and bruises. A fire beside me has only recently gone out My dress and

cloak are dry

I'm not alone: a tall, well-built, attractive man lies on the ground asleep. I freeze, and he lets out a cute whimper.

I dare not move, afraid of waking him. I find myself in a trance, staring at his handsome features. Sculpted by the Gods,

surely. He has a chiselled face, short brown hair, a straight nose, and full lips with a possible hint of dimples if he was to smile.

My eyes lower further to see a very large bulge under his breeches. I don't think men have the same anatomy as women.

I want to touch him and caress him. I don't know what to make of this feeling because I've never experienced it before.

He yawns and stretches his arms into the air as he wakes. Then, finally, his brown eyes open. I quickly stand and run back a few metres. The handsome man stands up and looks at me.

He takes a step toward me with a big smile. I take a step back, and he then frowns. I begin to breathe heavily. I start to panic.

Who is this man? Why is he staring at me like he knows me? I pull my olive-green cloak around myself tightly

'It's okay. I'm not going to hurt you. I'm Damon,' he says, 'Your eyes are so beautiful. I've never seen anyone with violet eyes before. The Moon Goddess has blessed me.' he smiles.

I don't know what he means about being blessed, but I'm gradually feeling more relaxed.

Minutes pass, and I realise we have been staring into each other's eyes: my expression changes to worry and confusion.

'It's ok. It's just the bond,' he says, reassuring me. I tilt my head in confusion. Realisation dawns on his face.

'Are you human?' He asks. I shrug my shoulders to indicate I'm not sure.

He scratches the back of his head as if in thought and smiles at the fact I gave a response.

'That's ok. I'm sure we'll figure it out in time,' he says, smiling.

I'm confused. Why does he want to help me? What does he mean by in time? I'm going home to my cave and to Ember.

Feeling more comfortable, I have a weird need to sit on his lap and let his huge arms hold me. I decide to sit down after

taking a few steps closer to him.

I'm Maia,' I say. My cheeks flush, and my body feels hot.

Damon stares at me intently. One hundred thoughts are going through his mind. He steps closer and sits, closing the

large space between us

Maia. How did you end up in the river? You're injured. You could have drowned,' he says, concerned,

‘Some soldiers in the forest chased after me. My only choice to get away was to jump off a cliff into the river,’ I explain,

my hands clasped in my lap. ‘If I didn’t jump, one man would have touched me again in ways I did not like.’ I add,

remembering how disgusting the man’s hand on my thigh felt.

‘I’m sorry that happened to you. I’ll kill anyone before they try and harm you again,’ Damon says protectively.

He says it as

though I’m his responsibility. I nod in agreement and wait for him to speak!

‘What happened after that?’ He asks.

‘I remember being knocked out by the water. Then I woke up here and saw you,’ I say. It’s almost twilight.

‘Where do you live?’ He asks.

I don’t know if I should answer or not.

‘Where am I?’ I instead ask.

‘Near Thornwell,’ he says, smiling

‘Thornwell. I’ve never heard of it before,’ I say

‘You’ll love Thornwell. It’s a beautiful village. Everyone will be so excited to meet you,’ he says, grinning

‘It would be nice to meet your friends, but I need to go home.’

I stand and look around, trying to figure out the way home to the cave, and decide if I follow the river in the opposite

direction, it

washed me in, I should find my way home.

‘Thank you for helping me. It was a pleasure meeting you. We might cross paths again,’ I say. Damon takes my hand,

igniting fuzzy warm sparks throughout my whole body when his skin touches mine.

‘Maia, your home is with me now,’ he says. ‘We’ll visit your old home soon,’ he adds sincerely. I step backward, taken aback by his words.

‘I can’t live with you. I don’t even know you,’ I say, taking more steps backward, away from him. He quickly and gently takes my hand and puts it on his chest.

‘You feel it too,’ he says, and I feel his heart beating under my hand. Warm, crackling electricity consumes me, and I

wonder if he refers to his heart or the bursts of tingles and sparks.

Your heart?’ I wonder,

‘No, this,’ he says, cupping my cheek with his hand. I instantly swoon and feel lightheaded. What is this feeling

‘The Moon Goddess has chosen you as my mate,’ he says assuredly. I freeze. Mate? Only werewolves have mates.

My heart racing, I ponder this could not be true, that Damon could not be a... Werewolf!

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Alpha King Damon

Maia wilts like flower petals under my touch when I put my hand on her face but stiffens when I mention the word mate

'My kingdom has been waiting a very long time for their Luna and their Queen,' I say. Her breathing is heavy, and she is starting to panic.

She is my mate. She should be just as excited as I am. I'm struggling to restrain my wolf, and here she is, reacting unexpectedly to our connection.

I tilt her head up with my hand under her chin, forcing her to look at me. Her mesmerising violet eyes stare into my wolf

eyes, and I register her fear. She screams, then runs. Forest detritus, dirt, leaves, and twigs swirl around her as she runs.

and I'm knocked backward by a strong gust of wind.

I am in disbelief and awe, wondering how she could do that with the wind.

I pull my clothes off and discard them in a trail, continuing the chase in wolf form.

Even in wolf form, I can only just keep up with her as she follows the river, presumably home.

Knowing I can cut her off with a shortcut, I run in a different direction. She might think I've given up and slow down. I

know I've overtaken her because her scent intensifies as I reapproach her. Choosing the right moment, I pounce on her gently and shift back into human form.

I pin her down on the ground with my bodyweight and hold her wrists in my hands high above her head.

We're panting

and trying to catch our breath. Lowering my face to hers to speak to her, our lips are almost touching

You're my mate,' I say, in between breaths,

'No, I'm not,' she retorts. It hasn't escaped my notice that I'm lying on top of her stark naked

I do not move because I don't want her running off again.

'I'm not going to hurt you. I just want to know why you are running away from me and how you were able to manipulate

the wind like that? We are mates.' I explain.

My hands, still on her wrists, suddenly feel very hot. I look at my hands pinning down her wrists and see balls of flames in her hands.

'Impossible!' I say, falling back off her in surprise.

'I am not your mate! I'm going home, and you won't follow me!

Two flame balls whoosh through the air at me and grow as they get closer. I dodge one, and the other just hit my arm.

'Argh! I run to the river and drop to my knieece, awkwardly leaning into the water to cool the burn.

Good thing werewolves heal quickly.

Main ja gone I can't ace her

Where are you, Maia? Please don't be afraid of me,' I shout, heartbroken that I might have just lost her for good.

Shilling back into my wolf, I howl in sadness.

Maia

A werewolf? I'm mated to a werewolf? I'm not a Werewolf. How is this possible? Of all the werewolves, Alpha King

Damon?

Running with the river, I see the forest up ahead. Thank goodness I'm almost home. It's dark, a storm is brewing, and I'm teary.

Waiting for the storm to pass, I find a small cave and sit down on its cold stone floor, thinking about Damon. I marvel at

how our skin feels when we're touching and pressed against each other. I want to touch him, and I want him to touch me

because I know it would feel different to the way the soldier touched me. I wonder if this is how husbands and wives

think about each other? How much contact do married couples make? I'll have to ask Vivian when I see her.

Ember sprints toward me almost home and leaps into my arms against my chest.

'Hello. I'm so sorry. You've probably been so worried about me. I missed you so much,' I tell him, burying my face in his

fur behind his neck. We cuddle together on my bed, and I fill him in on my travels. He nuzzles my face with his furry face

to comfort me. He is telling me I'm safe now.

I sit by the base of the waterfall outside my cave and enjoy the sounds of the forest: the water splashing into a small pool,

the birds singing, the trees rustling, and the breeze blowing through my hair.

I think about Damon, how he spoke to me, how he made me feel he cares, how he pinned me down on the ground, and

how he stared into my eyes. Men must not have the same bodies as women – there was definitely something between

his legs pressing into me when I was pinned under him. He is the Alpha King! Werewolves are ferocious evil creatures. I can't believe I fell for his sweetness and his sincerity. He

would probably kill me and feed me to his pack.

I have to ignore my need to be near him. I need to distract myself so that I can forget him.

I subconsciously draw circles in the water with my pointer finger, and instead of the water moving aside. It forms spirals

where my finger has been. I intuitively stand, still drawing circles with my finger, and the water levitates in an ongoing upward spiral. I wave my hand around like I'm waving a magic wand, and the stream of water follows and spirals around me. I laugh in amazement.

'Ember, are you seeing this?' Ember nods and is just as excited as I am.

Wanting to explore my new power, I focus on the water at the foot of the waterfall and, using both hands, levitate a large amount of water in a wave high above me, eventually forming a giant sphere of water. I clap, and the sphere of water explodes into myriad drops of water that pour down on me like rain.

Ember and I prance around joyfully. I'm basking in how every drop feels when it lands on me. Time feels like it stands still.

I'm left saturated and happy. I sit on the wet grass, and I'm showered in water drops again when Ember shakes himself off

All I can do is laugh.

Ember runs to a large boulder. It's one I always complain is in my way. I follow him, lean on the boulder, and watch him scratch at its surface like he is digging for gold,

‘Ember, there’s no way you can dig a hole in this rock...’

I touch Ember’s scratches on the surface and feel myself focusing again, entranced. The boulder vibrates and sinks into

the ground, lower and lower, until it’s at grass level and no longer in my way

‘Are you seriously telling me I could have moved this boulder this whole time?’ Ember brushes his head against my leg.

affirming my question

What else I can do I kneel on the ground, place both hands on the soil and focus

A small vibration intensifies before the earth underneath my hands rumbles and quakes, causing nearby trees to sway

erratically, some even toppling over | shriek at the big earthquake I have just generated.

‘Ember! Go to the cave!’ I shout, thinking of his safety We run inside the cave, and the ground outside continues to roar and split subsiding a few moments later

Oops,” I say

Alpha King Damon

Troy mind-links Eric and me about an eight-year-old boy named Zayden who is now in his care after buying him from a

slave auction in Shadowguard. Zayden is the sole survivor of the Mystic Pride massacre, and his father, Alpha Ezra, is dead. Troy is somewhere near Bramblemore, and Eric is at Moon Crest Castle

Maia said there were soldiers in the forest. They must be the ones who attacked the small villages. I say Who's Maia? They ask me in unison.

My mate.

The girl from your dream? Eric asks, incredulous

The exact one. I say

I can't wait to finally meet our Luna! Troy says excitedly.

There's one problem there, Troy. She ran away

What? What do you mean she ran away? Troy asks, confused.

Eric is also confused. I inhale and exhale sharply before responding. My brain needs the extra oxygen to explain this next bit.

She doesn't seem to be a warewolf. I can't sense or smell her wolf. She doesn't smell human either. Her eyes are violet,

and she has the power to create fire and control the wind. When I told her we are mates, she became scared and ran off. I

say.

Her description is the same as the girl in the tales I heard about in the villages. Troy says, quickly relaying the story of the

Forest Princess to Eric and me.

The Forest Princess is my mate? I ask, surprised.

Sounds like it. Troy replies.

I'm in the castle library, looking through a history book.

It has tales we heard when we were children. You know the ones

about the witches, mages, vampires, fae, sprites and ofc6? Maia's description matches the description of the sprites

mentioned in this book. Eric says.

A sprite? I ask. Are they insane? Eric continues.

It says here there are five types of sprites, four of whom have the power to control one element only. The main four are

Pyrokinetic sprites, Hydrokinetic sprites, Aerokinetic sprites and Geokinetic sprites. The fifth is extremely rare and is born

only through the Primal sprite's royal bloodline. The Primal aprite has power over all four elementa, They're so rare that

primal sprites skip a few generations before another is born. A Primal sprite is rare and equivalent to a mage who can

also manipulate elements. The difference is that some mages can also cast certain spells, whereas a sprite cannot

So, my mate is the forest princess and a rare primal sprite?

Correct! Eric replies

We're silent and in disbelief, trying to process all this new information.

Alpha King Damon! She's the answer! Mala is meant to help us fight this war! With her powers, we can defeat King Fenris!

Troy says excitedly

Troy, I don't know about that, auie, it sounds great, but you're forgetting something. She. Ran. Away! I say Eric sighs.

You need to find her, and you need to persuade her to help us. Show her you need her by your side as your mate, Luna

and Queen. Eric says. I pause in thought.

I'll look for her. I won't give up on her. I also need to check the smaller villages to ensure they're okay. Troy, meet me near

the forest border with our new recruit. I tell him.

We'll see you soon, Alpha. Troy replies.

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 115

### Chapter 115

Alpha King Damon

In Thornwell, while sitting in a communal tent and holding a pint, I give my pack the good news about meeting my mate I

tell them a little about her, how I don't think she is a wolf, and how she became scared by my claims of our mateship

before running off. A few ask me how I will find her. I tell them I don't know but that I will.

They roar and cheer and chink their pints against mine in congratulatory gestures. They're relieved and happy they'll

finally have a Luna

I yearn to have her beside me. If i could just hold her in my arms like I did when I found her by the river, it would make

me the happiest man and wolf in all of Mysteria.

We head to Mystic Pride, passing through Moonstone River, east of the forest. We smell the stench of death before we

see the bodies. Alpha Ezra's head has been placed on a spike, and a crow pecks at him. I shoo the crow away, pull the

spike out of the ground, and add it to the growing pile of heads and bodies my men and I have retrieved from the

houses to burn. I light a torch, throw it onto the dead, and we walk away, bereft, and empty.

In Darkpaw, the scene is much the same, and we burn the dead and leave. We send any surviving she-wolves and pups

we find hiding to Moon Crest Castle, where they have protection until the war is over.

Sitting in my tent in Thornwell, i mind-link Troy and Eric and then the pack army, and they're devastated to hear just how

many have been wiped out.

We will kill King Fenris and spike his head! Someone yells, and the rest roar and cheer at his words. More yells fill our

connection

We will burn West Wallow to the ground! Someone else says.

I round up my warriors, we leave Thornwell and set up camp at Thistle Well, a large village close to the forest border. It is

the best location from which to defend Moon Crest Valley

Arriving in Thistle Well, we can do nothing but freeze as the ground shakes and rumbles under our feet, and cracks

appear in the dirt, felling nearby trees and grazing local huts, Not knowing how long it will last, my men and I hold onto

trees. 'What was that?' Someone asks the rest of us. That would be my mate,' I say.

What do you mean?' They ask.

'Alpha King Damon has lost it. He thinks his mate is an earthquake! Someone says, and a roar of laughter breaks out

among my army

'Haha! Very funny. I'm going into the forest to look for my mate. In the meantime, keep training the recruits.

Prepare for

War. A group of you will escort me to the forest border, where you'll keep post,' I instruct, and the men scatter like mice,

obeying my orders I'm escorted to the forest border by ten warriors.

"Set up a lookout, mind-link me if anything happens, and inform the army if you need back up,' I tell them.

They nod

proceed into the forest alone and look around at the breathtaking scenery in the forest in search of my beautiful sprite

princess

Maiu

I'm tired after accidentally causing the earthquake, and my balance is off

'Aa fun as all that wag, Ember. I've drained my energy Let's rest for the night.' I tell him, and we snuggle up together on my bed, we fall asleep, and I dream.

I'm standing in a field where thousands of wolves and humans are fighting Bodies of the dead are scattered everywhere.

Swords impale wolves, and wolves rip into human flesh. It's an awful, violent, bloody battle. A wolf is skewered on someone's sword, and blood spurts all over me. I

fall to my

knees and stare at my bloody hands

Soldiers hoist me up under my arms and drag me toward their army. I scuffle and try to shrug myself free to no avail.

Finally, growling wolves pounce on them and rip their heads off.

They shift into their human form and drag me toward their base. I scuffle and try to shrug myself free of them, too!

summon the wind and force them backward, knocking them onto the ground. I run to the forest.

To calm myself, I sing. Two hands plant themselves on both of my shoulders. I spin around to see a tall, blonde, smiling

man with blue eyes and a few small scars on his face, who is otherwise quite handsome

He is wearing the same royal armour as the Wellmore Village soldiers and a red velvet cape clasped over his collarbone

with a gold pin. A gold, red, rubied crown sits on his head, matching his cape.

Alpha King Damon appears in a different kind of uniform. He is dressed as a warrior and stands on my right-hand side.

Seeing him, my heart races, and I'm instantly put on the spot and presented with two choices

'Come with me, my love. I will protect you and keep you safe from the wolves,' the blonde haired man says, reaching his

hand out to me and smiling

'No!' Alpha King Damon shouts, offering his hand to me.

“You’re my mate. We’re destined to be together. Please take my hand,” he says desperately. I rescind from them both

‘I don’t understand. Who are you, and why do I have to choose? What if I don’t want to choose? What if I choose wrong?’

I ask.

Both men evaporate into thin air, and I wake up drenched in sweat. Ember is sitting on my chest, staring at me.

Realising it was just a dream, I compose myself and shake it off. I decide to go to Vivian’s house, where I can ask her

some questions and hopefully get the answers I need.

Arriving on her doorstep, I knock and wait for her to answer. She swings the door open, and I am greeted with a great big

smile. She wears a long-sleeved, Noor-length green dress. She has been baking,

“Maia! You’re back. How lovely to see you. Come in, come in. You’re just in time for some bread,” she says, closing the door behind us.

‘The Forest Princess! The Forest Princess is here! The twins chorus together, hugging my arms and giving me a

greeting fit for a queen

“Hello, Grace and Ella.” 1 g mile.

I sit down in my usual kitchen chair and drape my cloak over the back of it. Unfortunately, since washing up in the river,

my dress and cloak are torn in places and look worse for wear. Vivian notices this and frowns

“Mom, do you only have one set of clothes?” She asks, surprised

“Yes, I say, accepting the cup she hands me ‘Thank you, I smile.

“You need more than one set of clothes, darling. How do you manage?’ Vivian asks, concerned.

‘I manage just fine,’ I say, smiling.

How are you otherwise?’ She asks.

‘I’m good,’ I tell her about the dream I have just woken up from

That’s not a very nice dream, is it?’ She asks.

‘Girls. Lunch,’ she says, breaking the loaf of bread into parts,

‘I want to know a few things,’ I say, readying myself to ask Vivian all sorts of questions

‘Go on,’ she says, smiling.

What do men look like under their breeches?” I ask innocently, and Grace and Ella laugh and giggle animatedly

Vivian wasn’t expecting my question.

‘Well, men are different to women. Women have breasts and lady gardens, and men have no breasts, and appendages –

girls, if you're finished with your food, run along and play in your room' Vivian says, not wanting them to hear what she

says Grace and Ella get down from their chairs and run into their bedroom

"As i was saying, men have appendages that we don't have,' she goes on

'What do they do with it?" I ask, needing more details,

'Well, there is a thing that exists between man and wife called sex. Have you heard of this before?

"No, I haven't," I say, feeling rather foolish that I don't know what an appendage is.

"Sex is what man and wife do to create babies. It is what I did with my husband Derrick so that we could create Ella and

Grace,' she says, smiling I feel myself frowning and pulling a very odd expression

"During sex, men's appendages are pushed into our lady garden, releasing their seed inside,

"When do people have sex?' I ask.

"People have sex when they feel a desire towards one another,' Vivian explains.

'Desire?' I ask, surprised.

'Yes, it's a sense of wanting to be close to someone, to want to touch them and wanting them to touch you,'

Vivian explains.

'Sex is lovely if you do it with someone who gives you butterflies,' Vivian says, smiling

‘Is it always lovely? Can it ever be dangerous or scary?’ I ask, not sure.

“Between a man and a wife, or two people who love each other, it will mostly always be lovely. Have you got someone in mind, love? She asks.

“No. I don’t,’ I say with blushing cheeks,  
She smiles

Vivian fills a large basket with two dresses, a shawl, a wool blanket, and a pillow stuffed with straw and hands the basket

to me before I leave. I thank her and say goodbye.

Returning to the cave with the basket, I empty it. I put the straw-filled pillow and the wool blanket on my makeshift bed

The dresses and shawl are placed on a tree stump stool

I go for a walk to think about Damon and everything Vivien said I spot a fairy ring of tiny mushrooms, plant my hands into the soil on either side of the fairy ring, and focus They instantly grow to their full size

“Yayr I yell excitedly. I pluck them out of the soil and put

them in the wicker basket Vivian gave to me and decide

to pick some fruit if any has grown.

Coming across a plum tree, I place my hands on the tree trunk and stare up into the branches. Plums sprout and grow to

their full size. I swipe the air, making the plums fall to the ground. I fill the basket with fallen plums and return to the cave

and Ember. I tell Ember about my latest abilities.

I leave the fruit basket on the tree stump table, go back outside, sit on a rock, and daydream.

Suddenly I'm yanked back by grimy, rough hands that pull me onto the ground. The man they belong to hovers over me.

It's the soldier from last time who touched me in a way I didn't like.

This man is suddenly knocked off me by a werewolf, who bites into the man's throat and kills him instantly—blood

splatters over me, the rock beside me, the grass, and forest detritus.

The wolf shifts. It's Damon, who covers his anatomy with two hands, not being dressed.

The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf updated its latest chapter Chapter 115 on [At The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 115](#), the male and female leads are still at their peak. The series [The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Jazz](#)

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 116

### Chapter 116

Alpha King Damon

Following Maia's scent, I come across a beautiful plum tree with many fresh, ripe plums on the ground deep in the forest

I pick one up and bite into it. Its wine-coloured juice runs down my chin messily. I suddenly hear a scream and know it's

Maia. I quickly undress, shift into my wolf, and run towards Maia, which leads me to a spot with a cave. A soldier I do not

know hovers over my mate. I pierce the flesh of his neck with my fangs and rip a large chunk out, killing him instantly

Maia sits up and looks at me in fear. I shift back into human form and cover myself with my hands. I slowly approach her.

'Your safe now.' I say gently. 'I won't hurt you.' I assure her. Her shaking subsides. I gently pick her up sparks form where

our skin touches. I walk over to the waterfall and step in until I am chest-deep in the water.

She stares at my chest, and my body hardens. Thank goodness she can't see her effect on me under the water. The water

washes away the blood while I caress her face and stroke her hair

'Are you okay? Did he hurt you?' I ask her, concerned.

'No,' she whimpers, washing the remainder of the blood off her face. 'Have I missed any?' She asks, asking me to inspect

her

"No,"

"How did you know I was here?" She asks.

'I didn't I just happened to find you,' I tell her honestly.

"I've heard werewolves are bad,' she says.

'Not all Only some,' I say.

Why are you here?

'I was looking for you.'

Why?'

'Because we are moles, I want to be near you. I feel protective of you, and I feel happy when I'm with you,' I say,

desperately wanting to caress her face again.  
'I haven't been this close to a man before,' she says,  
and I sense she is beginning to trust me.

'It's okay,' I say, inching closer to her  
There are many things I don't know I haven't had  
parents to teach me Although I've just returned from  
Vivian's house, she  
explained many things' she explains.

Who

Vivian? I ask.

My friend. She lives in Welline Village,' Maa complains

Do you have

her caregiver I ask her

'I don't know,' she says with my fox Ember put her she has no  
parents, and she lives in Welline Village, and she has a fox  
on my chest

over my heart

slept close to her, take her

"Do you feel that?" I ask her, knowing she feels my  
heartbeat beneath her fingers. I gaze into her violet  
eyes. She is so

sweet and innocent.

'I do. It's so fast. Why is it so fast?' She asks, surprised.

'It's fast because I'm happy,' I tell her, softening how I  
feel about her so I don't scare her off.

'Do you desire me?' She asks, and it's a question I  
wasn't expecting. Maybe she does know about the  
birds and the bees.

'I do, Maia. I do, in the deepest way,' I tell her, staring into her eyes. She bites her lip and contemplates my answer. I don'

t know what she is thinking.

Once we're clean, I follow behind her out of the water, and she goes inside the cave.

'Give me a second. I just need to fetch my clothes,' I tell her running to where I left my tunic, breeches and boots. I retrieve my clothes and dress quickly, hurriedly pulling each boot onto each foot before sprinting back to her

cave.

Thousands of glow worms illuminate the cave inside. It is quite beautiful.

I make my way through the cave until I spot Maia, a fox and a basket on top of a tree stump, being used as a table. On

the ground not far from this is a makeshift bed with a straw-filled pillow and a wool blanket. Daylight shines through a

square hole in the cave wall, and water cascades over it outside. It's the waterfall that runs into the pool we just bathed

in.

Maia moves to her bed and lies down flat on her back, on top of the blanket. Her fox cuddles in the curve of her waist

beside her.

I lie next to her, and she lifts her head and instinctively rests it on my chest. She turns onto her side and moves closer to me, so our bodies are pressed together, and I wrap my free arm around her tightly. No words at this moment are needed.

I have been dreaming of this for a very long time. I smell her hair and bask in the scent of violets and honey, and we fall asleep.

The next morning, when I wake, we are in the same position Ember is licking my face. I scratch him between the ears, and he makes a sound similar to a cat purring, but almost a chuckle.

Maia stirs. I let her roll from her side onto her back. She gently pushes Ember away, and with her eyes closed, she speaks.

'Ember. Don't wake me. I'm so warm and comfy. I'm going to stay like this forever,' she says dreamily. Her eyes fit open, and she stares at the cave's ceiling before turning her head and looking into my eyes. We're breathing in tandem, and she knows we both know this.

'Good morning,' say, smiling, and she returns the smile. 'You are still here?' She asks.

'I'm your male,' I say softly and calmly.

'I'm not a Werewolf, though. Only werewolves have mates,' she says, rubbing her eyes.

Vatru. Any species can have a mate. Love is universal.' I say, taking her hand and placing it on my chest over my heart so she can feel my heart beating for her. Maja keeps her hand where it is and ponders what I've just said. I know what you are, Maja, I tell her, clasping her fingers. She smiles at the sensation, 'What do you mean you know what I am?' She asks. You're the one in the forest.. you're the Forest Princess,' I tell her gently and smile. "Oh, I know that," she says. 'I know much about you. Hundreds of years ago, it wasn't just humans on these lands. There were also orcs, witches, vampires, fae, sprites and mages. You're a sprite,' I tell her. 'A sprite?' She asks, frowning again. There are five kinds of sprites. Four who control an element each. They're Pyrokinetic, Hydrokinetic, Aerokinetic, and Geokinetic. The fifth sprite is called a Primal sprite. A Primal sprite controls all the elements,' I explain. 'I'm a Primal sprite?' She asks, her face instantly alight with excitement. Yes,' I assure her, smiling. 'Primal sprites are of royal blood, I say. "Royal blood?" She asks. 'Well, it means you're a sprite princess,' I smile.

Maia sits up and crosses her arms in consternation and ponders what I've said. Then, after a moment, she relaxes.

'What happened to the other sprites? Why am I alone? How did I get here?' She asks.

"My Gamma, Eric, is doing some research, so I'll answer your questions soon,' I say, slowly reaching for her hand and

waiting for her to drop her hand in mine. 'But you're not alone. Not anymore,' I say, staring deeply into her eyes. She

blushes and looks away, and attempts to withdraw her hand from mine.

"Please, don't pull your hand away, my love I would never harm you,' I tell her earnestly. She looks into my eyes intently, trying to read me

'Why are you so frightened of me, Maia? What makes you think werewolves are evil?' I ask her.

The humans said your kind do awful things. I heard many stories. The worst one: how you rip children apart in front of

their mothers and eat them,' she says.

I place my hands on her face, and she flinches out of fear and from the sexual energy between us.

'Maia, please look at me,' gently plead with her. I told you I would never harm you, and I mean it. What you heard isn't

true,' I tell her earnestly. She holds my wrists in her hands and looks at me.

'It's not true?' She asks, her walls lowering as she begins to trust me.

We would never harm anyone unless we had to. But, even then, we don't enjoy it,' I explain, I'm sorry, I thought-' she mumbles.

'It's okay.' I say, smiling at her.

'What happens now?' She asks apprehensively

I know you don't want to come home with me yet, so maybe I can stay here a little while, and we can spend some time

getting to know each other?

'I guess. What if I still don't want to go with you?' She asks. pause, not expecting the question

We will worry about that bridge if we come to it,' say.

'Okay,' she agrees

Do you want to show me around the loves<sup>17</sup> Your favourite spots, maybe? I ask

'Okay,' she smiles and stands, and I take her hand, 'Lead the way,' I say, smiling.

We walk around the forest and climb a tree together, at one stage, racing each other to see who can climb higher. Of

course, Maia is the victor when it comes to tree-climbing.

My feet, in my boots, constantly slip off the branches, and she laughs and shrieks when she thinks I might fall.

I carefully and awkwardly pull my arms out of my tunic sleeves and hang my tunic over a branch. I unbutton my breeches, lift each leg carefully out of them, and hang them over the branch with my tunic. Without warning. I shift into my wolf and scale the tree effortlessly, joining my princess at the top, where the branches are thinning out. My wolf knows how to balance.

Maia doesn't know what to think, so I gently nudge her hand with my nose, prompting her to reach out and pat my fur.

We make our way back down the tree, and on firm ground, Maia, who is more relaxed around my wolf, pats me and puts her arms around my neck, embracing me.

"You're just a bigger version of Ember," she laughs. I lick her face playfully and shift into my human form again. Maia hands me my clothes.

We walk to the edge of the forest, near Moonstone River,

and stop at a field of sunflowers

'I bet you can't find me in this field,' she says, running ahead

I'm sure I will, I say.

The smell of the sunflowers makes it hard to track her scent, but not impossible.

'Found you!' I announce, and she squeals and giggles, surprised.

We lie down on the ground among the sunflowers and stare into each other's eyes. She is beautiful, and her violet eyes

are almost luminescent under the sun. We sit up and savour the silence before she leans her head on my shoulder and

sighs. The chemistry and magic between us do not go unnoticed by either of us, so I cradle her face in my hand and plant

a kiss on her lips, our kiss growing more and more passionate. I lift her onto my lap, and she instinctively wraps her legs

around me-the fabric of her long dress bunches up around her waist.

'Is this okay? Are you okay?' I ask her, breaking away from the kiss to see if she is comfortable with the pace.

'This is okay. I'm okay,' she says, smiling,

I put my hands around her waist, and she places a hand on my cheek. Her other arm is already instinctively around the

back of my neck / slide one hand up her long dress and caress her back, making her moan. I kiss and nibble her neck. We

both feel the electricity every time we kiss or touch.

We then spend minutes gazing into each other's eyes

She pulls my face toward hers to kiss me, and I hear my wolf howling with happiness through mind-link. I want to stay

like this forever with my love, mate, and Luna

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 117

### Chapter 117

Maia

Damon tucks my long black hair behind my ear.

'We should go to my cave,' I say, and he lifts me and tells me he will carry me home. I have butterflies in my stomach, and

Vivian mentioned butterflies. I put my arms around his neck and rest my head against him as he walks.

We sit beside the waterfall to watch the stars and admire the moon. Ember curls up on Damon's legs and soon falls

asleep. With our fingers, we draw pictures in the air by forming lines between one star and the next. Damon asks me to

guess what he is drawing.

'A fish?' I guess

'No. How you got a fish out of that, Maia, I don't know. It was a fox,' he says, and we laughed.

The night is warm, so we both undress and leave our clothes near the cave while slipping into the pool beside it. Ember

sits on a rock, watching us. I flick a heap of water at Damon,

'You're in trouble now, Princess,' he says, laughing.

'Really?' I ask him playfully.

He splashes me repeatedly before ducking under the water so I can't splash him back. I wait for him to resurface. A minute passes, but he hasn't resurfaced, and I worry 'Damon Where are you?' I ask, wading through the water, hoping! can at least feel him at leg level. I hold my breath and submerge myself in the water. I swim underwater for about ten seconds before we resurface together. As soon as he does, I plant my mouth over his so quickly that he can't breathe. We kiss passionately for a few minutes. He wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me into him. I wrap my legs around his waist. 'My wolf wants to do several things to you right now, Princess,' he says, in a tone, I'm unfamiliar with He grazes the skin on my neck with his teeth, making me moan. Then, he stops over my pulse, and growls desirously. I push him from me with all my strength, as it feels like he is about to bite down into my skin. "What are you doing?" I ask him, shocked. He stands there, breathing heavily, with black eyes and fangs bared. 'I want to mark you, and make you mine,' he says. What do you mean? You can't bite me like you're biting into an apple,' I say. I rescind from him and get out of the water 1

don't even know if I could love a... 'I explain, gaging his reaction, which isn't a good one. He looks hurt, and his arms are crossed against his chest.

A?' He says

A werewolf,' I whisper, and my shoulders drop, in self-disappointment, for fear I have offended the only person I have

ever felt attached to He stands in front of me and exhales. His eyes are their deep brown again, and his Feeth have returned to normal.

ould you Id never harm you. You gay you don't think you could love me. What do you think you've been feeling this whole

afternoon? He asks, annoyed

dont understand love I don't understand lust – this is the first time I have ever felt like this. My body burns for you,

but I don't know how I feel in my heart, I say

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. As for you loving me, I know you will, if not now, but one day" He says smiling

I'm sorry. I don't know enough about werewolves yet,' I say

'It's okay,' he says.

'I think we should go to sleep.' He says, and we dress before he scoops me up and takes me inside the cave.

He flings the blanket back, and we lie down on the bed, on our sides. With him lying behind me, he cuddles close to me

His arms are wrapped around me protectively. I feel safe. He falls asleep quickly, and I lie awake, sorting through my inner

thoughts. What happens if I don't fall in love with Damon? What if I don't want to be his Luna and Queen? I know! have

these feelings for him, but is it just lust, or am I genuinely developing feelings for him? Am I even capable of being a Luna and a Queen?

Alpha King Damon

We wake up in each other's arms and stay there for a while, enjoying each other's warmth. I rub my nose against hers,

making her giggle. I kiss her cheek and make my way up her neck, enjoying her moans before she gently pushes me back

I'm enjoying this, but I need to know about the war.

What are you going to do about it? Maybe you could talk to King

Fenris and sort it out?'

'I had a meeting with him many moons ago, and it did not go well. He made it very clear there'd never be peace between

our species. Right now, I have my army training close to the forest, in Thistle Well. We're currently in defence mode. ready

to defend our lands from any humans who enter.

Unless there is some kind of miracle, war is inevitable, I'm afraid. The

human army outnumbered us, and they use weapons of silver which is one of our weaknesses. We normally heal very

quickly, but silver-inflicted wounds heal slowly, which means we're more likely to die from the injuries.'

explain

What will happen if you lose the war? There has to be another way Or some way I can help stop the war? She says.

concerned

There is a way you can make our army stronger and give us a better chance of winning the war,' I say

"How? What?' She asks.

'Accept me as your mate, and take your position by my side ps my Luna. Having a Luna will make the pack twice as

strong. It will aid strength, stamina and agility, and with your elemental powers, we can finish this war,' I explain.

I don't think I can use my powers to hurt anyone. I have friends in West Wallow who are human. I can't help you fight this

war. I'm not ready to commit to being your Luna, mate, or the Queen just yet.' she says.

A dull ache shoots through me at her words. If only she knew the pain her words inflicted on me  
I don't know if I can win this war without you by my side. I don't want to see my pack die or be wiped out. I feel miserable  
when you're not near, and I've been so happy since we met. I feel a warmth I've never felt before. I become lost in your  
smile and your eyes. I feel so strong with you. Maia. You're my Luna and the queen of my heart, and you always will be  
even if you don't accept me. My heart will always belong to you,' I say earnestly  
I don't know what to do i hove feelings for you. I do care deeply for you I'm hoping with time, it will become clearer  
Being your mate, the Luna of your pack, and the Queen of Moon Crest Valley, it's a lot And I'd have to leave my home  
and verything I have over known,' she says.  
'I need to sit by the waterfall and think about this Before I go, let me do one thing,' she says, and pulls my face to here and smasheg her mouth on mine I wrap my arms around her body as tightly as I can without hurting her,  
and we break apart and share into each other's eyes peck her on the lips, making her giggle, so I peck her a few more times until she tells me to stop.

She leaves the cave and sits by the water, dipping her feet in. She has a lot on her mind. I stand away from her, just

watching and admiring her. I'd love to hold her, to pull her close to me, but I know she needs her space.

Alpha. Zayden and I have arrived at the forest border, and we are following the river. Where are we meeting?

Troy mind

links. No one could find this cave even with directions.

I know where the river is from here. I'm not far from you. I'm actually with Maia. She isn't afraid of me

anymore. She just

needs more time to process everything. It will be great to have you two, to reassure her we aren't bad like she has been

told. I reply.

Zayden and I will wait for you then, Alpha. I can't believe we're about to meet our Luna. Troy mind-links, I crouch down

beside Maia to speak to her.

'I have my Beta, Troy waiting by the river with a pup boy. I'm going to get them and bring them back here.

They're very

excited to meet you, I say excitedly. Maia

smiles

'Okay. I look forward to it,' she says with a beautiful smile.

The The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf novel series Chapter 117 is one of the best works of author Jazz Ford. At Chapter 117 The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf the male and female protagonists have solved the problems for each other. The heroine's love is so noble, at The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 117 finally the male lead realizes his feelings. Will their love conquer all? Follow The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Jazz Ford Chapter 117 at [en.readerexp.com](http://en.readerexp.com) today.

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## The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

### Chapter 118

#### Chapter 118

Maio

I draw figure eights in the water with my feet while I'm deep in thought. If Damon is telling the truth about werewolves, why is there going to be a war? Villages have been told stories that aren't true! Would the war still happen if humans knew wolves are kind? Will I have to help defend Moon Crest Valley? What happens to all the innocent people like Vivian and her children?

A very broad, bulky man with black, dirty, scruffy hair appears in front of the trees. He is bigger than Damon, at least half a foot taller. He has brown eyes and doesn't look very friendly. I stand up, face him, focus and summon fireballs in my hands.

'You're definitely the Forest Princess with those flames and those violet eyes,' he says with a husky voice, 'Don't come any closer, or I will hurt you!' I yell.

'No need to yell. I'm not here to hurt you. I'm here to talk,' he says, sitting down on a rock near the waterfall. I close my hands, extinguishing the flames.

'Who are you? What do you want?' I ask,

'I am Sir Hugo, Knight of West Wallow.' Sir Hugo sits down again on the rock

'What do you want?' I ask as I close my hands and extinguish the flames in my hands.

You've become well known in West Wallow. At first, I didn't believe the stories. A forest princess of beauty and power? Yet

here you are, in the forest, definitely beautiful and powerful. You were going to set me on fire,' he says, amirking.

'And?' I say, awaiting more information. He grins and crosses his arms,

'King Fenris would like very much to meet you and offer you lodgings at his castle, to keep you safe during the war and

from the werewolves,' he informs me.

With my brow furrowed, and my arms crossed, I ask,

'Why would I want to meet a king who starves his people? And why

would I need protection from the wolves? The werewolves are the innocent ones here,' I goy.

Sir Hugo pausea, plants his hands on his knees, and inhales ateadily.

"King Fenris is a fair and great ruler, and he isn't starving his people. He la protecting them by saving them from the

wolves, They will wipe kill all humans if they win this war,' he says.

'That's not truel They want to live peacefully, and they don't like killing anyone unless they absolutely have to  
'I say.

You know thin how? Have you met any werewolves?'

He argues.

Actually, I have I've met Alpha King Damon,' I say proudly. Bir Hugo's mouth falls open.

You've met Alpha King Damon?' He looks at Brille and folds my arms across my chest.

'Yes, and he isn't how the stories paint him to be. He is so sweet and kind and gentle and, 'I feel myself blushing slightly.

thinking of him-Sir Hugo bursts into laughter

Don't let me see you have a cry over him) It must be the Alpha King Damon I'm thinking of, I can tell you right now, kitten, he is

putting in a good word and intimidating YOU NO he can't take away your powers in this war. When he has won the war and wiped

you out he will forget about you or may even just kill you He isn't just fooling you so that he can control you would use your

\*#pigloo dereol King Fenrikt Sit Hupu concludes, hurting me deeply

I look at the ground so he can't see how much he has hurt me.

Damon wouldn't lie to me. He wouldn't pretend to be kind to me, would he? Does he really only want me for my powers?

I haven't met any other werewolves to know. But he does know I'm a primal spirit

Confused, I realise it's quite possible Damon could be fooling me. Maybe werewolves really are ruthless creatures.

‘I don’t want to believe you,’ I say. Sir Hugo smirks and walks over to me.

‘You can believe what you want, kitten. King Fenris has ordered I find you, and you are to lodge at his castle,’ he says

‘Well, you can thank King Fenris for his offer, but I’ll be fine right here,’ I say. Sir Hugo grins.

I was hoping my sweet charm would persuade you to let me escort you back to King Fenris.’

‘Sorry, but you lack the sweet charm. Better luck next time.’

My response angers him, but I stand my ground because I don’t fear him “Alpha King Damon will be back here any

minute, so I suggest you leave before he returns. Or before I set you on fire.’ I shout

He doesn’t flinch and glares at me with his arms folded across his chest. Sir Hugo grabs my wrist and snaps a thick, heavy

iron cuff around it.

‘Let go! What are you doing?’ I yell, quickly casting a flame in each hand. The iron cuff burns my skin. I cry out in pain and

close my cuffed hand to extinguish the flame. Clunk.

Another iron cuff, attached to the first

one by a chain is snapped onto my other wrist.

The only way I won’t burn myself is to refrain from using my powers.

‘Take these off me!’ scream. Sir Hugo smirks at me.

“Every time you try to use your powers, the iron cuffs will burn you. Iron is a sprite’s weakness,” he says.

Ember runs toward Sir Hugo and bites down hard on his ankle.

“You little!” He yells, picks Ember up, and throws him a fair distance.

Before I can see if Ember is okay, Sir Hugo scoops me up, drapes me over his shoulder, and walks away from the cave.

“Stop! What are you doing!? Where are you taking me?”

I demand, kicking and screaming and punching his back until I feel

a sharp, unexpected sting on my backside.

I wince in pain from the slap.

“Be quiet, it’s a long trek back, and I don’t want to hear you carry on like a feral cat!”

My eyes well with tears, and I try to summon any of the elements to use against me, but my wrists begin to burn in

harnessing the energy. I cry in defeat while draped over Sir Hugo’s shoulder. We approach a large thoroughbred with the

glossiest, jet, black mane. He is beautiful, too beautiful to be owned by this big smelly brute

Sir Hugo flings me over the front of the horse, in front of the brown leather saddle, and hoists himself up behind me

on the horse.

“I’d rather walk, please,” I say quietly, sobbing

Well, I'd like to get to West Wallow Castle within the week and not a month,' he snaps

Well, I'd rather walk and get there in a month than sit this close to a smelly, disgusting, repulsive old bruler Too bad, kitten' He says, reaching for the reins, gives the horse a nudge with his heel, and Nicks the reins, telling the

horse to move

New tears appear when I think of Damon and how he will find an empty cave when he returns with Bela Troy and his

companion. What if he thinks I've run away again? And what if Sir Hugo is telling the truth, and he was lying to me? I'm

hurt and confused.

Alpha King Damon

Troy and I are mutually happy to see each other, and we pat each other on the back and laugh because we're in good

humour and good company.

Zayden trails a couple of metres behind Troy and is a little reserved, given all he has been through.

'You must be Zayden,' I say, crouching down to his eye level and putting my hand out to shake his. Zayden kneels lower

still, on the ground in front of me.

'Alpha King Damon. It's a real honour to meet you,' he says with a beaming smile.

‘Most people just call me Alpha Damon. You can too if you like,’ I say, smiling at him-Zayden nods and smiles. ‘I can’t wait to meet our Luna! Let’s go,’ Troy says excitedly.

We arrive back at the waterfall, and there is no sign of her.

‘She must be resting inside the cave,’ I tell them, and they follow me into the cave. They’re in awe of the thousands of

glow worms inside. We reach the small room with her bed and the tree stump table and stools, and she isn’t there.

‘How strange. Maybe she has gone to pick some fruit?’ I wonder aloud. We leave the cave and go to the plum tree, which

has remained unchanged since I last walked past it. I start to worry, and Troy is also concerned.

‘I don’t understand. She was right here, by the waterfall. I told her I wouldn’t be long.’

‘Alpha... you don’t think she’s run away, again, do you?’

‘No, no, she wouldn’t. She wasn’t scared, and she was looking forward to meeting you both. There isn’t a reason she

would leave me again, wait! Do you smell that?” I ask, Troy sniffs the air in the direction I’m sniffing in and walks forward, still catching a whiff of something.

‘Human,’ he says. ‘One in desperate need of a bath at that!’

‘Shit! I don’t understand. She would have used her powers if she was in danger. Unless she might have gone willingly?’ I suggest.

The bush beside us rustles, and Troy, Zayden and I let out a growl, ready to shift into wolf form if we need to ‘Ember!’ I yell as he pokes his head out from the greenery. Ember limps toward me with a sore back leg. You’re hurt. What happened, you poor thing? Where is Maia?’

I pick him up and hold him in my arms, cuddling him, Wriggling, he indicates he wants to be put down on the ground, He

limps a small distance before lifting a front paw and pointing in a certain direction. Troy and I undress.

‘Troy, we might be able to catch them in wolf form! Zayden, hop on Troy’s back, and hold our clothes,’ I tell them both,

throwing my clothes and boots to Zayden, who catches everything, and bundles our boots inside the clothes for safekeeping

We run as fast as we can following Maia’s scent  
The The Alpha’s Mate Who Cried Wolf Jazz Ford  
Chapter 118 series has been updated with many new details. Parallel to that personality trait is the mood of a person who loves life, loves life, wants to escape from a dark and tragic life

situation. In chapter The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 118 has clearly shown. It can be said, The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf novel Chapter 118 is the most readable chapter of this The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf series.

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 119

### Chapter 119

Maia

Arriving in Wellmore village, Sir Hugo drapes his enormous cape over me, hiding my hands in the iron cuffs.

I'm grateful for his cape, I haven't got my olive-green cloak, and I'm freezing.

Villagers stop in their tracks and stare at me with wonder and amazement.

'Her eyes!' Someone shouts.

'It's the Forest Princess! Others exclaim.

‘Such beauty!’ Someone else adds.

The crowd forms around us, and Sir Hugo’s blocking our passage.

‘Move! Out of my way! Sir Hugo demands.

The crowd doesn’t move, and more people gather.

‘Maia?’ Vivian shouts, and I watch her push her way through the gathering.

Vivian!’ I yell, in obvious distress. Many people look at Vivian and wonder how we know each other.

‘Are you okay?’ She asks.

‘I’ve been kidnap-,’ I say. A sharp blade pokes my back in a warning to not speak.

‘I have the Forest Princess! Sir Hugo announces, and the crowd cheers. ‘Her powers will protect us from the werewolves

and help us win the war!’ I’m shocked by Sir Hugo’s announcement. The crowd roars and cheers

triumphantly. Some bow,

thanking me, while some gently touch my feet and legs.

‘Sir Hugo, please. Please, stop. I don’t want to fight. I don’t want to hurt anyone, Please don’t tell them that.’ I beg.

I look at Vivian, who looks more and more concerned by the second.

‘King Fenris has offered permanent lodgings to our Forest Princess at his castle. So, move along, and spread the word:

with our strong army and the Forest Princess, we will lead a victory! He yells.

Everyone, but Vivian, cheers wildly, and people move out of the way. Villagers hand Sir Hugo bread, cheese, wine and other food. He accepts their offerings and puts them in his saddle pack behind him. The thoroughbred leads us through

the rest of the village, uninterrupted.

Shadowguard is a few hours away. We'll make camp here for the night,' Sir Hugo says, getting down off the horse, pulling

me down. He links the chain, on my cuffs, around the base of a tree. Aside from this one tree, there isn't much else

around. There's lots of dirt, a few random tufts of grass, and a few tiny, brittle, leafless trees, with random dead sticks and

twigs surrounding them.

That'll stop you from running off," he says, stuffing the cuff key in his breeches pocket.

'Look around, you fool! There's clearly, nowhere for me to run. I may as well be in the middle of the desert!' I tell him.

Looking around, he says. Good point, but you can stay there anyway, and walks around, bobbing down now and then,

collecting twigs for a fire.

The moment those iron cuffs come off, I am going to kill him or at least summon the wind and blow him off the edge of

the earth.

The fire crackles in front of me. Sir Hugo sits on the ground next to me, and I'm infuriated because I can't even shuffle very far from him.

'I'm not going to bite you,' he says.

'I don't know about that,' I say. He hands me some bread with a chunk of cheese.

'Eat,' he says, and I devour the bread and the chunk of cheese.

After eating, Sir Hugo goes over to the saddlebag to fetch his cape. He drapes it over me and lays down next to me.

'I'm not sleeping next to you,' I say, knowing my luck has waned because I'm stuck beside him for the night. You're chained to a tree. There's nothing you can do about it,' he says, and within minutes, he is snoring thunderously. I'm

surprised all of West Wallow can't hear him.

Tired, I lie down and try to sleep as comfortably as possible while cuffed to a tree. My wrists sting from the self-inflicted

burns. I roll onto my side, so I'm not facing him, and watch the moon until I fall asleep.

A tap on the back abruptly wakes me.

'Wake up,' he says, unfastening the cuffs from around the tree, with his cape back on.

He picks me up and drapes me over the horse in the front of the saddle again. He hoists himself up and sits on the horse, nudging it with the heel of his boot, and flicking the reins, once before the horse takes off, and we're moving again.

In Shadowguard, we stop at the tavern, and he pays the tavern owner a few gold coins, He wants his horse fed, a room, and some wine for the night.

We enter our room and judging from the ruckus I can hear, locals crowd around, hoping to get a glimpse of me, and the scenes are much the same outside when I look out the window at all the people queuing to get into the tavern. There is a knock on the door.

'Who is it?' Sir Hugo asks.

'It's Irene, Sir, the tavern owner's wife,' Irene says, opening the door slowly.

"I've just come to fill the tub with warm water,' she says, looking at me in fascination, and at Sir Hugo, for a reply.

'Yes, alright.' Sir Hugo says, drinking his wine.

Irene smiles and nods her head at me. I return her smile weakly. She's in and out a few times with a big bucket of hot water filling the tub.

“Can bathe you, princess?” She asks me. I look at her, confused, ‘You might struggle to bathe yourself,’ she says, looking at the cuffs on my wrists.

! ‘I thought the bath was for him. He needs it more than I do,’ say, straight-faced. Irene tries not to laugh.

Just get her into the damn bath, and wash her, so she’s presentable for the King! Sir Hugo snaps.

‘I’m not leaving the room, so you won’t be able to say anything you shouldn’t,’ he says before turning around in his chair’.

and facing the wall with his wine pouch.

“Princess, may I offer you a dress that would be much more elegant on you?”

‘Vers, please! This one is falling apart,’ I say. ‘My name is 19 Maru. You don’t have to call me Princess,’ I tell her, lowering myself into the warm water. I’ve never had a hot bath

before, and it feels nice.

” Pos Maia il is, stie’ AY!

‘No, just Maia,’ I explain politely.

“Ow,’ The water stings where my wrists have been burnt. Sir Hugo spins in his chair quickly.

What is it?’ He asks.

‘I’m fine. The water just stings my wrists, is all,’ I say.

Irene washes my back with a sponge and soap, and rubs rose petals into the skin on my arms. They smell delicious. She

rubs the soap through my hair and lathers it up before asking me to tip my head back, so she can rinse the soap out,

pouring bathwater on my hair from a pewter jug. She helps me out of the tub and dries me.

T'll just fetch the dress from my room,' Irene says before returning moments later with a long-sleeved, deep-red, corseted dress and a small bowl.

Irene pulls at the crisscrossing strings at the back of the dress, accentuating my waist and pushing in my rib cage to the

point I can barely breathe. If men desire breasts, mine are definitely on show. The cuffs on the dress are adorned in white

lace, and I've never seen anything so fine.

Irene asks me to sit on the bed, and she sits beside me and takes my hands in her lap. She dips her fingers into the small

bowl of salve and massages it into the skin near the cuffs.

This will help with the pain and soothe the skin,' she says before looking at Sir Hugo.

'Do you think you can loosen the cuffs a little so that I can apply this salve on her burns?' Sir Hugo laughs.

'No,' he says. Irene looks at me sympathetically.

'It's okay. I appreciate your help. I really do. Just do what you can. I'll be fine,' I say, feigning a smile.

After applying the rest of the balm, she brushes and styles my hair to one side and drapes it over my shoulder, decorating it with a violet.

Thank you so much, Irene. I'll always remember your kindness,' I tell her, smiling, this time, genuinely.

'It's the least I can do if you're going to protect us from the werewolves,' she says happily, and I instantly feel downcast.

'Is everything okay, Princess Maia?' She asks. Sir Hugo is distracted by the crowd outside and is swigging the rest of his wine. I lean toward her and whisper, 'It's not the werewolves you should be afraid of.'

What do you mean?' She asks, and I can't answer for what happens next surprises us both.

Sir Hugo strips naked in front of us and jumps into the wooden tub of water. The bathwater spills over the sides,

onto the wooden floor, revealing a back covered in scars from past lashings..

'What?' He asks nonchalantly, clearly not caring about his nudity, scars, or bath-time theatrics. We both look away, and

Irene says goodbye to me and walks toward the door.

'Make sure you lock the door,' Sir Hugo tells her.

Irene nods and leaves the room, and we both hear her key turn in the lock, I exhale sharply, knowing an escape would be

impossible while he is in the wooden tub and the door is locked.

You might as well nap on that bed before we go. We have a long ride ahead of us, yet Sir Hugo says. I look at the bed, never having slept in a proper bed before, and hastily accept the offer. I wrap my arms around myself and fall asleep.

The The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf Chapter 119 novel series by author Jazz Ford has updated the latest chapter. Here, author Jazz Ford has focused on the main character of the novel The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf so that readers can better understand the male and female feelings in the content Chapter 119. Will the male and female leads at Chapter 119 The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf get together, or meet another problem? Follow The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf novel Chapter 119 right at website [en.readerexp.com](http://en.readerexp.com)

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# The Alpha's Mate Who Cried Wolf

## Chapter 120

### Chapter 120

Alpha King Damon

In Wellmore village, we shift back into human form and quickly dress before walking through Wellmore market and

taking in the happenings around us.

'I can smell her scent here,' I tell Troy and Zayden.

'I can smell something wonderful... rosemary and lavender. Mmm...' Troy says, sniffing the air.

'Uh, no. Her scent is violets and honey... I correct him.

Troy is a little off, and his eyes dart around, searching.

'Are you okay, Troy?' I ask him.

'I'm not sure. My wolf is hyped up. I'm trying to calm him down,' he says.

'Ok. Let's focus and pull yourself together,' I tell him.

'Is it me, or are all the villagers talking about Maia?' I ask them, and we pause and listen, with our wolf hearing.

'She is so beautiful. I wish I had her eye colour,' a young blonde girl of about fifteen, with a pale blue shawl over her

shoulders, tells her companion at a wooden table as they nibble on apricots.

We are so lucky she has come to help with the war,' her blonde haired, blue-eyed companion says.

'I can't believe she is real!' The first one says, gushing again.

'I wonder if she will marry the knight she was with or King Fenris?' The second girl says, and the two friends are giddy

with excitement. Everywhere we turn, someone is talking about her: middle-aged women are whispering about her in

groups, middle-aged men comment on her looks, and children tell their parents they've seen her.

I mind-link Troy and Zayden so no one else can hear us.

Why are they saying she has come to help fight the war? It doesn't make any sense. Who is this knight she was with? I ask them.

I have no idea, but I'm struggling to control my wolf. I need to follow this scent, Troy says before leaving Zayden and me

and following the scent that has him captivated through the village. Zayden and I follow him up a street and stop in front

of a row of quaint little cottages. Troy is standing on the doorstep of one particular house.

I need to know who lives here. Troy says, knocking on the door.

'We don't have time,' I tell him.

A moment later, the door opens and a pretty woman of around twenty-five years of age, in a green dress, appears in the doorway.

Mate! Troy says. Zayden and I look at each other in disbelief.

The lady is about to scream. Zayden and I look at each other in worry. I enter her home and gently pull her in.

Troy and

Zayden follow. I quickly close the door behind us. Troy, did you just call this lady your mate?" I ask. The poor lady is

shaking. Troy is staring intently at the lady. "Men the Moon Coddens blessed me with a second chance, mate?' He saka in disbelief.

'It seems so, I say. I tum to the lady. I am so sorry about this.

She is breathing heavily and says in a posh accent, 'I think I need to sit down... before I pass out.'

Troy immediately pulls a chair out from the table with a smile. The poor lady pauses in thought.

"Actually, I would prefer this chair right over here...'

She says slowly as she walks to the chair furthest away from us.

Troy looks a little hurt. I felt the same pain when Maia kept stepping back from me when we first met. I gave Troy an empathetic look.

‘Are all three of you... werewolves?’ she asks. We all nod and smile at her. She begins to fan herself with her hand.

‘I think I need a drink...’ she says.

Troy turns to see a pot with water boiling over a fire. ‘I’ll make you a tea.’ he smiles.

‘Actually... I think I will need something much stronger.’ she says.

Troy looks glum at her response. She stands up and opens a small wooden door not far from where she was sitting and reveals a pouch of wine.

‘I’ll get you a cup!’ Troy says as he tries to be helpful and woo his mate.

‘I don’t normally do this as it’s not very ladylike or custom for a lady to drink straight from the wine pouch, but I’m going to put my lady mannerisms aside for once and drink it straight.’ She says.

Troy looks defeated and upset. He wants to be helpful and make her happy. I mind-link Troy. She is a human and in

shock. She needs time to process all this. From what Maia told me, humans are petrified of us and think we are ruthless

murderers. She needs to see we aren't here to harm her and have no intention of hurting anyone.

Troy nods.

'My name is Troy, this is Alpha King Damon, and this is Zayden,' Troy introduces us, and we each shake her hand. Vivian

thinks about our names for a moment.

'Alpha King Damon, you say?' she says, looking at me, 'the ruler of the werewolves,' she adds. We nod, smiling at her.

Her breathing becomes ragged, and she fans herself with her hand.

This is the first time I've had werewolves in my home.' She says in disbelief.

'I'm sorry. I didn't introduce myself. I'm Vivian,' she says, sipping the wine from the pouch. Why does Vivian sound

familiar? Where have I heard this name before? Ah yes. Maia.

You know Maia, don't you, and you are friends?' I ask Vivian, smiling, connecting the dots.

Troy has his eyes glued to Vivian, and it's starting to unnerve her, Troy – stop staring at her. You're freaking her out. I

mind-link him, and he blinks a few times before looking away.

Yes, I know, Maia, Is this about her?" Vivian asks. Troy looks at me funnily.

You know Maia?' Troy asks, marvelling at how small the world is,

Of course, I know, Maia. She is my dear friend. She visits my twin girls and me every few days,' Vivian explains, smiling.

You have twin girls?' Troy asks, surprised

'Yes, Ella and Grace. A friend is minding them,' she adds.

You have a husband then?' He says, downcast.

'My husband died in a mining accident a few years ago,' Vivian explains.

Troy sorry That must have been very difficult. I once had a male. Unfortunately, she died giving birth to our son,' Troy

says, sympathising with her.

I'm so sorry. That must have been awful,' she says, sympathising with him.

'I assumed werewolves were beasts. You're quite charming, Troy,' she says, clearly impressed with him.

Troy straightens in

his chair, pleased with himself.

Vivian, who was Maia with? Was she ok? Do you know where she is going?' I ask, pleading for answers.

'She tried to tell me she had been kidnapped. But I couldn't help her. She was chained to the horse's reigns. She drew a

crowd. They were in awe of her. The knight said Maia is here to save us. From your kind,' she says.

“He told everyone he was escorting her to King Fenris’ castle, where she will lodge during the war,” Vivian says.

“I wish there were something I could have done,” she says, in distress. Troy leans toward her in his chair and places his hand over hers.

“It’s ok, love. We’ll find her and bring her back home here,” Troy says, comforting her. She looks at him admirably.

“What’s the quickest route to West Wallow Castle?” I ask.

“Through Shadowguard, then through the outskirts of Garnet Falls. It’s the route most people would take,” she says, smiling

Troy and I thank her.

“It’s getting dark, and we probably should eat to restore our energy. We will set up camp for the night and leave first

thing in the morning.” I say to Troy and Zayden. They nod.

You may stay here the night instead. I just need to collect Ella and Grace. They’re just a few houses up. I will be right

back,” Vivian says. We nod and bide our time in her absence

She returns, holding their hands: they're adorable, identical twins with blonde curls and blue eyes. They must look like

their father as Vivian has brown hair and eyes.

'Ella, Grace. I'd like you to meet Troy, Damon and Zayden, Vivian says, and Ella and Grace curtsy for us in matching dresses.

'Hello everyone,' they chime.

Well, I'm very pleased to meet the three prettiest ladies in all of Mysteria,' Troy says. Vivian blushes, and the girls giggle.

Zayden here is only a few years older than you girls,' Vivian says, and the girls run off to their room with Zayden to play. I

will cook us some supper, then,' Vivian says, smiling. Everyone smiles and nods. Vivian takes some fresh vegetables and begins to chop them up for soup.

'How do you know Maia?' Vivian asks me.

'Mamma – when will we see the Forest Princess again? The twins chime.

Hopefully soon, Vivian says.

'Maia is my mate,' I tell Vivian

'I asked her if she had someone in mind when she came to see me the other day. I guese she does,'

Vivian says, smiling knowingly

Oh, yes? I ask, curious about their conversation

“She’s an orphaned girl who lives with a fox. I filled her in on a few things,” she says, smiling, and I know exactly what the

means

“I only just met Maia a few days ago,” I explain.

We sleep through the night and awake just at sunrise.

We get ready to leave. Zayden hugs Ella and Grace goodbye in the

hallway, grateful to have made new friends, and Troy stands near the door, holding Vivian’s hands.

“When I return, we’ll get to know one another, my love and-” Troy says before Vivian continues.

“Actually, I’ve decided we’re coming with you to find Maia,” Vivian says, smiling. I smile at them both and nod.

We follow Vivian to the stables behind her house, where two palominos stand eating hay from an erected wooden box.

I help Ella and Grace onto their horse while Troy hoists Vivian onto hers and thanks him. Once we left Wellmore village,

Troy and I shift into our wolf forms. Zayden climbs onto Troy’s back holding our clothes. We all race towards Shadowguard village.

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