

# Chapter 45 Only you can help us

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AMALTHEA'S POV

"Did you know?" I asked Throb on the phone, and his silence was enough to tell me he knew about the incident but didn't tell me.

"Can I know why you thought it was a better idea to keep the incident hidden from me?" I asked, and he sighed.

"I am sorry, Amalthea. I didn't exactly want to hide it. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to go there and try to stop them. If you would've known, you would've surely gone there. And don't tell me I am wrong because I am not. There were around 50 rogues, and do you seriously think you would've fought all of them? Stop being delusional, Amalthea. I didn't want you to get hurt by hindering their plans. The rogue head is already looking for you, and if you keep meddling in their business, then it won't be long before he'll come looking for you," Throb said, and I scoffed.

"You didn't want me to get hurt? Then why the hell am I lying on this bed wounded because an explosive exploded near me? Why are you worried about the rogue head finding me? Or is it you are with them and are deliberately with me to hinder my plans?" I said before rolling my eyes as I winced slightly, moving my hand.

"You are wounded? Wait, what? How the hell did this happen? What the hell were you doing there in the first place? How do you always reach the wrong places?" He asked.

"If I wouldn't have been there, then how would I have known about the incident, and why do you think I am so pissed off? I almost lost my life today, and one of the main reasons is that you didn't tell me anything about the plan. Now you better don't give me, I am not with the rogue



head talk, because I know you had known about this plan long ago. You had mentioned something about having fun with Lycans. Don't take me as a fool, Throb, and never try to double-cross me. I can be nastier than I look," I warned him as I took out the gun from my jeans before checking the bullets as I played with it.

"I am sorry, Amy. I didn't know it would become problematic for you. You are right. I had known about this plan long ago because they formed this plan more than a month ago. We were thinking about destroying the annual market for a long time. I am sorry for what you had to go through, but believe me, I did not know they would execute it today," Throb said, and I hummed before ending the call.

He didn't know they would execute it today? He surely takes me for a fool. He knew the plan was about the annual market. I am sure they had planned the day too.

This can't be it. It looks like I can't trust this Throb too much. Not only is he an ex-member of the rogue head's core team, but he has a deep hatred for lycans. Though I dislike Lycans too, his hatred is different, and if he came to know that I am associated with Lycans and am helping them to kill rogues, he can turn his back on me anytime, which can turn really bad for me.

Huh, I will have to be wary of everyone around me. I thought before looking towards the gate of the medical room.

'Amalthea, I am hungry,' Crystal suddenly said, and I pressed my lips into a thin line.

'Hungry? You are hungry at a time like this? There is no one here to tend to our wishes. How am I supposed to ask someone for food?' I asked her, and she scoffed.

"I don't know how you will get it. I want food. Stop acting like you are wounded so heavily that you can't move. You have healed all your minor injuries, and I will heal the major ones by tomorrow. You are in a perfect condition to walk to the kitchen and prepare something for us," Crystal said, and I sighed helplessly.

'Are you sure you are not saying all this because you want food?' I asked, and she hummed.

"I am indeed saying all this because I am hungry, but what I said is true nonetheless," She said, and I huffed before taking the help of the side of the bed to stand.

Once on my feet, I took a deep breath as I tried to take small steps before sighing in relief.

She is right. I can move perfectly without any issues, but from what I remember, I was heavily wounded and was bleeding profusely. Does that mean my healing abilities surpass that of a Lycan? I thought before grinning excitedly.

Walking out of the door, I looked down from the railings of the first floor and noticed a very anxious Charles running out of what looked like a basement.

"Joseph, it's not good. King is going out of control. He will kill all the prisoners at this rate. We will not get any information. We can't let it continue. Do something about it," Charles said, and I squinted my brows.

"I can't do anything, Charles. He is beyond angry, and I don't think we can control him. Honestly speaking, if you want to stay alive, I suggest you not provoke him. The only person who can stop him right now is - well, never mind," Joseph said, and I descended the stairs slowly with the help of the railing before looking at them.

"I am hungry," I said softly, as I felt a bit tired.

As if they were not expecting me to be there, they looked at me shocked, and Joseph immediately rushed to my side before holding me sideways, making me lean my head on his arm.

"Why did you come down, Amalthea? You know you are not in a condition to move like this, don't you? You could've just pressed the bell, and someone would've come to tend to you," Joseph said, and I hummed before looking at Charles, who was looking at me with a guilty but urgent expression.

"What is it?" I asked him, and he looked away before biting his lips.

"What is wrong with Mr. Dominic? Is everything okay?" I asked Joseph, remembering they were talking about him.

"Well, I don't know how to put it. He is angry. And we are afraid he will kill all the people in the dungeon. Some people haven't committed any serious sin and don't deserve to die," Joseph said, and I understood their predicament.

"Oh, okay. I came down because I was hungry. Can I get something to eat?" I asked Joseph, and he looked at me for a few seconds before sighing and looking at Charles.

"Here, take this juice," Charles said as he brought some mango juice from the living room, and I smiled at him thankfully before taking a sip from it.

"I am sorry, Amalthea," He said, and I looked at him confused before taking another sip.

"I am sorry for asking this, but can you go to Augustus and persuade him to stop?" He asked me, and I spat the juice on Charles before looking at him, shocked.

"I am sorry, Charles," I said before turning to Joseph.

"You are joking, right? You are his friend, and you are afraid of going in front of him. What gives you the impression that I'll be able to calm him? I just escaped death. Do you think it's okay for you to ask me such an atrocious thing?" I asked, and he looked at me helplessly.

"Please, Amalthea. We could've asked Scarlett to go there, but she is pregnant, and you know that we can't risk her baby like this. We know he won't hurt a girl like this, and that to be an injured one who saved his life. Please try it," Joseph said, and I looked at Charles to interrupt and object to it like he always does, but he looked at me with the same urgency, and I bit my lips.

F\*ck my luck! Why did I have to come down at a time like this?

"I don't know why, but I feel like that chicken who is fed before being slaughtered," I said while looking at Charles, and he smiled awkwardly before looking away.

"Fine. Take me to him. I will need some support to go there. I can't move too well. And remember, if something happens to me today, then my evil soul is going to haunt you guys for the rest of your lives," I said helplessly

"I will help you," Joseph said as he held my hand and helped me move down the stairs, making me scrunch my brows when I smelt the smell of wet soil mixed with a pungent smell.

"Is there some kind of garden down there? Why does it smell like wet soil?" I asked, and Joseph nodded.

"People who die are mostly buried in the left section of the dungeon," He said, and I gulped.

Walking along with Joseph, I looked at him when he paused suddenly, and I followed his gaze, my gaze falling on Augustus, who was beating the damn out of a rogue with a whip, making him bleed as the rogue was rendered unconscious because of the beating. I noticed how he threw the whip before sitting on the metal chair like some mafia while around twenty rogues were chained with silver cuffs and chains on the wall.

"Are you not going to speak?" I heard Augustus's angry voice as he took a sword from the table and pointed at one of the rogues before plunging the sword into his heart, making me wince at the sight as I cringed and felt like vomiting.

"Amalthea, please. Only you can bring him out of this phase," Joseph said encouragingly, and I nodded, feeling uncertain.

"I'll leave you here. He might get angrier if he sees me here," Joseph said, and I looked at him, horrified.

"Where are you going? I won't even be able to run if he decided to kill me. Don't leave me alone like this," I said as I held his hand as if my life depended on him, and he smiled helplessly before removing my hand.

"You'll be able to do it. Don't worry," Joseph said, and I looked at him with disbelief as he retreated, making me sigh as I looked ahead, feeling a bit scared.

'Don't worry, Amalthea. Move forward. He won't do anything to us. Believe me,' Crystal said, and I felt a bit motivated by her words as I stepped forward while taking the support of the wall.

"Mr. Dominic," I hurried when I saw him pointing his sword at another

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rogue.

 +120 Points at most

"Mr. Dominic," I said again when I saw him pausing momentarily.

As if disturbed by my voice, he turned around with dark brown eyes that were blazing with anger color, and I felt a bit terrified.

However, as if his wolf recognized me, his eyes immediately turned amber, and he came out of the cell, walking toward me in long strides before stopping right in front of me.

"Amalthea? What are you doing here?" He asked me, and though his voice was still cold and terrifying, there was a hint of softness in it, and it was enough for me to hold on to it.

"Mr. Dominic, I am hungry. I don't know who to ask for food," I said, and his eyes immediately softened before he looked down at his hands that were soaked in blood.

"Do you mind?" He asked me with a soft hint in his cold voice, and I shook my head before smiling softly at him, pretending to be weaker and more sick than I actually was.

"As long as you buy me a new one," I said, and it was all the hint he needed as he picked me in his arms, bridal style.

Placing my head on his chest, I took a deep breath. I escaped death two times today. I think I should be thankful to the moon goddess. I thought before closing my eyes as I felt tired for real, my body relaxing in his arms.

A/N- Please keep commenting and supporting. Your comments are my only motivation to write more.

