

Hated By My Mate: The Finale | Chapter 4

Wolfgang

The chill of the dungeon staircase made me shiver, but it wasn't just the cold. Anticipation prickled my skin as I descended, my beta, Max, close on my heels. His claws clicked against the stone steps, a steady rhythm in the otherwise silent space.

We were on a mission to interrogate Alastor, Wendell's brother. We needed to uncover his treacherous plans against our kind.

The dungeons were a grim place. Alastor's muffled cries echoed from a distant cell, and the air was thick with the stench of despair. The dim light barely cut through the gloom.

"Get up, Alastor," I growled as we reached his cell. "We need to talk."

Alastor slowly rose, his hair matted and eyes bloodshot from the torture he'd endured. "What do you want?" he spat.

"We need information," Max snarled, his fur bristling. "Your brother is plotting against our pack. We need to know what he's planning."

Alastor's eyes flicked between us. "I won't talk," he finally said, his voice shaking.

I stepped closer, baring my teeth. "You will talk," I said, my voice a low threat. "Or we'll find other ways to make you."

Fear flashed in Alastor's eyes as Max grabbed his injured arm.

"We could always clean your wounds with salt water," Max suggested, his voice dangerously soft. "Or let some of the other wolves have a bit of fun with you."

Alastor winced as Max's grip tightened. "Okay, okay," he finally gave in. "I'll talk."

I moved closer, eager to hear his words. "Tell us everything," I commanded.

“Wendell’s working with human hunters and witches,” Alastor said, his voice shaky. “They’re planning to wipe out all wolves. He’s hiding in Fairbanks, in an underground lab. He’s creating a serum to make us weak and vulnerable.”

Anger surged through me as I listened. “We need to stop him,” I said to Max. “I’ll go talk to Aurora.”

As Max left to rally the pack, I turned back to Alastor. “You’re staying here,” I said, my voice icy. “And if we find out you’ve lied, we’ll be back.”

Alastor’s whimpering followed me out of the cell, echoing through the desolate dungeons.

Sierra

I stood in the foyer, my heart pounding as I waited for news from Wolfgang. He’d gone to interrogate Wendell’s brother, and I was ready to fight whatever threat they uncovered.

As I turned toward the front door, I bumped into someone and nearly lost my balance.

“Whoa there, watch your step,” a deep voice said.

I looked up into piercing blue eyes. The man in front of me had short, dark hair and wore a leather jacket. A crossbow was slung over his shoulder. It was Jordan, the leader of Wolfgang’s crossbow unit.

“Jordan,” I said, my voice barely a whisper.

“Sierra,” he replied, a smile spreading across his face.

Our eyes locked, and a jolt of electricity shot through me. Time seemed to stop, the world fading away until it was just the two of us.

“I think we’ve met before,” he said, his voice husky.

“I think we have.” My heart pounded with anticipation.

Then it hit me—we were fated mates. The connection was undeniable. We were meant to be together.

Jordan stepped forward and pulled me into his arms. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and we kissed, our lips meeting in a fiery embrace.

"I can't believe it," I said, breathless. "I've been waiting for you my entire life."

Jordan smiled, his eyes sparkling. "Me too, Sierra. Me too."

As we pulled away, I knew we had a battle ahead of us. But with Jordan by my side, we could face anything.

"We're gonna kick some hunter and witch ass," Jordan said, his voice filled with love and determination. "We're gonna be amazing."

I grinned, adrenaline coursing through my veins. "You bet we are."

Wolfgang

I walked through the palace courtyard, my mind filled with thoughts of Aurora.

As I turned a corner, I nearly collided with Sierra.

"Wolfgang!" she exclaimed, a smile spreading across her face.

"Sierra," I replied, nodding in greeting. "How are you doing?"

"I'm doing great," she said, her eyes shining. "Actually, I wanted to tell you something."

I raised an eyebrow, curious. "What is it?"

"I found my mate," she said, a grin spreading across her face. "His name is Jordan, and he's amazing. I feel so lucky to have found him."

Of course, it had to be Jordan. The man was an amazing warrior, one of our very best.

I couldn't help but smile at her excitement. "That's wonderful news, Sierra. I'm happy for you."

She looked at me for a moment, as if considering something. "Wolfgang, I want you to know that I'm here to stay."

I smiled at that. I'd worried she'd want to return now she'd found her mate. But we needed numbers.

"I know that I came to the Blood Moon pack specifically to find a mate," she continued.

"But I want to help you win this war. The Night Walker pack swears our allegiance to the Blood Moon pack."

I felt a surge of gratitude and admiration for her. "Thank you, Sierra. Your support means a lot to us."

"I just want to do my part," she said, her voice filled with determination. "We have to fight for our freedom, for our right to exist. And I want to be a part of that fight."

I wrapped her in a quick hug before heading towards the clocktower. I had a hunch that Aurora would be there, her hair dancing in the wind.

And there she was. As I approached her, my heart filled with an overwhelming sense of her serene beauty.

"Hey, you."

Her lips curved into a smile at my greeting.

"I've got some news about Wendell."