

## Why My Mate Cries Chapter 61 - Tips

0 5 minutes read

### ALIYAH'S POV

I snapped my eyes open, feeling the cold sweat forming on my forehead. Blinking slowly, a soft gasp escaped my lips. The searing pain in my head was evident, making me unable to think clearly. It was as if my mind was haywire, and all I could do was look around the room I was in.

That was when I realized I was lying on the cold, dusty floor. My heart pounded fast the moment my eyes darted to the familiar tiny window where I used to put my white daisy. I sucked in a breath, tried to rise a bit using my shaking body, and as my eyes surveyed the room, I figured out I was inside the old attic... the familiar old attic that used to be my cage at home.

"No... no..." I began shaking my head. "This can't be possible... why am I here?"

My chest tightened as I became fully awake, recalling what had occurred before I got here.

The witch... the witch attacked my pack mates... she hurt Reid with a silver bullet, and abducted me afterward. Fear leaped in my throat as I remembered my husband, who went unconscious right after the witch attacked him. The dread twisted in my gut, thinking that something bad might have happened to him after that encounter.

With that, tears pooled in my eyes. If something happened to Reid, I wouldn't be able to forgive myself. He was the only person I had... I'd die if he died...

Terror stabbed me when the door slammed open. Eyes widening, I looked up at the familiar brute face of my brother, Shawn, who was grinning from ear to ear. I could hardly believe that he was the one behind this mess. He teamed up with that rogue witch to hurt my pack mates!

"How could you do this to me?! What did I do wrong to you!?" I screamed at the top of my lungs as I looked at him angrily.

I was so furious that I could feel the wrath running through my veins. Shawn tilted his head to the side, standing proudly in front of me, as if he was

seemingly telling me that I was no match for him; that he could do more than fvck my life if he wished so; and that I was under his mercy.

“What’s wrong with taking you home, wench? Tell me.” He crouched in front of me and pushed my forehead using his index finger. “Do you think just because you married the Alpha of that fvcking Jewel Pack, you’d be able to escape your family? I’m sorry to burst your bubble, but you’re mine, mutt.”

“You’re too much, Shawn!” I scowled at him.

He licked his lower lip and smirked. “Yeah, maybe a little too much, but your mate deserved his death anyway.”

His statement broke my heart into a million pieces. My body felt numb, and the only sensation I could muster was utter horror. I sobbed aloud at the thought that Reid had died because the witch had taken advantage of his weakness to knock him down. It felt like a huge piece of me was being ripped apart.

“You’re lying!” I yelled straight at his face, crying. “He can’t be...” I shook my head. Clutching my chest, I gasped. “He can’t be dead...”

“Samarra used a silver bullet and buried it in his body. No werewolf can survive that, wench.” He laughed devilishly and stroked my hair. “Anyway, I’m not sorry for your loss.”

“You’re evil! How can you do this to your own sister?! I just wanted to live!” I gasped and couldn’t say anything else because the pain in my chest was getting worse.

Reid... I would never believe that he died just like that. He was stronger than Shawn, I was sure of that. He couldn’t let himself die... He couldn’t...

Shawn shot me a dark stare. I screamed in pain when he forcibly pulled my hair. His eyes were widening in anger as he looked at me, and it made my scalp prickle. I tried to remove his hand from my head, but the more I tried to do so, the tighter his hand gripped me.

“You should blame yourself for why it happened. You’re so stupid for not hiding better, mutt,” he remarked in his dangerous voice. “Don’t ever think of

escaping again. I'm going to kill your baby if you don't listen to me. Do you get it?!"

I whimpered. My lips quivered as I clasped my hands together. I did not know how he found out that I was pregnant, but his threat made me so weak. I couldn't let him hurt my baby...

"Please, I'm begging you, Shawn... I'm still your sister no matter what happens... For my baby's sake, please don't hurt me..." I pleaded.

He laughed, as if I had thrown him a greatest joke. He then finally let go of me, and I used that opportunity to crawl away from him. I held my abdomen and eyed him carefully.

Still laughing, he stood up and shook his head.

"You see, a wench like you doesn't deserve to have a child. You're worthless, Aliyah. The same goes to your filthy child," he said ruthlessly.

I covered my mouth with my own hands, trying to suppress the loud whimpers that were about to escape my throat. My brother's words were too much to handle. They were like knives that continuously cut me through the bones... and at the same time, my heart yearned for Reid, my mate.

It seemed like fate only made me feel a single fleeting happiness. Just when I thought that I could already move on from the traumatic past I lived through... just when I thought that I had already started a new life with a new home—the Jewel Pack—and with the man I was mated with who gave me the priceless gift, which was the baby in my womb, the Moon Goddess slapped me with the reality that I could never be happy.

It was like I never deserved to be... and she only made me live with it temporarily.

She only made me feel loved temporarily.

And now she is taking everything back...

She took Reid away from me...

"Once you're done mourning, go downstairs and cook us food," he commanded. "By the way, dad missed you so much that he prepared his long

strap for wh!pping. He's going to come up here anytime, so you better embrace yourself."

After saying those words, Shawn left the attic.

My c.hest moved up and down as I sobbed loudly, thinking about what happened to Reid and what awaited me now that I was back in hell...

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 62 - Tips**

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### **REID'S POV**

Gasping, I forcibly woke myself up from an unwanted nightmare. Beads of sweat were dripping down my head as my c.hest moved up and down to catch my breath. I sat upright and began looking around the familiar bedroom back in the pack house. The place was a bit dark, and the only thing lighting up the room was the moonlight pouring through the window.

Swallowing hard, I tried to remember what happened. The vivid memories of how the witch blocked us on our way home and how she attacked every one of us made my eyes burn.

"Aliyah..." I called my wife's name as I surveyed the room again. "Aliyah!"

I was about to stand up when I felt the throbbing pain in my stomach. I looked down only to realize that I was terribly wounded due to the silver bullet that the witch used to knock me down. However, I gathered all my strength and forced myself to rise to my feet. Slowly, I walked out of the bedroom and called out to Aliyah once more.

I couldn't stop gritting my teeth and clenching my jaw because the discomfort I was in combined with the fact that I couldn't find Aliyah anywhere in or around our house made me increasingly irritable. As I continued to consider the possibility that the witch had caused harm to both my wife and our child, I began to feel a growing sense of panic. That couldn't be...

Inhaling heavily, I went out of our place and walked downstairs. Every step was slow and careful. I have been into countless fights, but only this time I had trouble healing fast since the witch used a silver material, which is one of our weaknesses. I gr0aned as I took the last couple of steps up the stairs and then proceeded to the main living room.

That's where I saw my pack mates, Alice and the severely wounded Sage. She was massaging Sage's arm that was filled with gauze. Even Alice had a gauze pad on her head. They were both surprised when they saw me, but I ignored their reaction as I wanted to see my wife.

"R—Reid, why did you leave your room?" Alice immediately assisted me and helped me sit on the couch next to Sage.

I winced as I felt the searing pain in my wounds. I bet it would have slightly opened, seeing how the gauze began to turn red because of the blood trying to come out.

"I—I am fine." I groaned a bit and breathed in heavily. After a few deep breaths, I glanced at them. "Where's Aliyah? Did the witch hurt her?"

I remained silent while I awaited a response from them. However, their expressions both changed. Their faces turned pale, and they seemed to be aware of something, but they were unsure how to convey this information.

"Don't make me repeat my question!" I demanded.

I did not like what I was feeling right now. I felt a rush of terror course through my body, and the longer they kept me in the dark about what was going on, the more my chest contracted.

"Answer me!"

Alice almost jumped from her seat. She looked at me with a sheer amount of sadness and sympathy. Shutting her eyes, her mouth opened.

"W—We do not really know what happened to Aliyah, Reid," she answered.

My brows furrowed. I could not seem to understand what she said. How come they did not know?

"What are you talking about, Alice?" I asked firmly.

They both looked at each other. I noticed Sage clenching his jaw too. I looked back at Alice and eyed her intently.

"Alice!" I called her as I was getting impatient already.

"Yesterday, when all of us were attacked by that rogue witch, doctors found and helped us. When we all woke up, we did not see Aliyah. The doctors said she was not there. We tried looking for her at the same location where the encounter happened, but we can't really find her," she explained, and her tears began to fall.

"What?" I asked with my faint voice. I could feel my bones turning into water. "Are you saying that my mate is missing?"

"Reid, you have to calm down—"

"How can I fvcking calm down!?" I growled.

Something within me started to shatter and fall apart. It was even more agonizing than the throbbing ache that my wounds caused me to experience. Just the thought that Aliyah had been taken away made it difficult for me to breathe.

I was overcome with terror, and at the same time, a searing pain shot through my body, as if multiple silver bullets were driving themselves deeper into my bones.

I heard footsteps running in our direction, and I didn't have to guess who they were. Klaus immediately held my shoulders, gripping me so I could calm down, but I shoved him away.

"Where is my mate!?" I shouted at them.

Breathing heavily, tears formed on both sides of my eyes. My lips and chin were shaking as I tried to recall what happened yesterday. All I knew was that the witch attacked me... and I didn't know anything after that.

"Reid, you are fvcking bleeding!" Charlotte yelled and immediately checked on my wounds. "Stay still, will you?"

"I—I need to find my Aliyah! Move away!"

I was about to walk, but she pushed me to the couch. "You are not yet healed, Reid! You can't go anywhere in this state!"

"Aliyah is missing, Charlotte!" I shouted back with the sheer amount of anger. "How can I relax when my mate is not here? She's pregnant for fvck's sake!"

“And can’t you see that you’re severely injured?” Charlotte countered in frustration. She looked at me angrily. “I am the pack doctor here, and I know what’s best for you right now, Reid. You have to stay here until your wounds get better!”

I shook my head and pushed her away. I was so furious that I could hurt any of them if they blocked my way. All I needed was Aliyah... I needed to find her... She was pregnant and might be terrified in a place she wasn’t familiar with.

“Reid, please! Listen to Charlotte. We can’t afford to lose an Alpha too,” Alice begged. “We will find Aliyah once we all get better.”

“Alice is right. We also need a concrete plan, man,” Klaus added. “I have a suspicion that his brother, that fvcking Shawn Harper, is the one behind this mess. If my hunch was correct, we have to prepare accordingly as this might cause a new war.”

I looked at him intently. He had a point, and his suspicions regarding what happened finally made sense to me. No one had a strong reason to attack us that way except for Shawn Harper, who was determined to get Aliyah back to his pack.

“Fvcking bastard!” I growled. My claws and fangs immediately grew out because of the fury I felt. “I am going to k!!! him. Fvck! If he lays his finger on my mate, I swear I’m going to k!!! him!”

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 63 - Tips**

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### **ALIYAH’S POV**

I’ve always felt that fate was trying to fvck my life over and over again. My emotions were all over the place. There were many questions whirling around my head that remained unanswered.

Why did it have to end this way?

Why did the Moon Goddess let it all happen?

Why was it always me who needed to suffer?

I've spent so much time crying in the attic. My heart and soul were ripping apart at the thought that Reid was already dead. A big part of me was hoping that he was still alive after what the rogue witch had done to him, but a voice in my head kept whispering that no werewolf could survive a silver bullet inside his body.

Shawn made it clear. That rogue witch used a werewolf's weakness to knock Reid down and kill him, and I wasn't able to do anything to help him at all.

I just sat inside the Wrangler, and watched... watched how the rogue witch killed him mercilessly.

And now I feel like dying as well. I could never accept that my mate had died because of me... I could never forgive myself for not doing anything to save him...

"Reid, please be alive..." A soft whimper escaped my throat as I embraced my knees and buried my head on them. With tears falling down my face endlessly, all I felt was sheer emptiness. "Please... please, this isn't true..."

My head only lifted when the door swung open again. This time, it was my father who entered the attic wearing a contempt and disgust look on his face.

"Happy to be home again?" he asked in his usual cold yet terrifying voice.

"No," I replied.

He leered. "Oh, come on, Aliyah. You should be glad your family took you back."

"Family?"

I caught the disgust in my tone. He never treated me fairly ever since I was born into this world. I was four when he told straight in my face that he hated me; that he always wished me gone for I was the reason why my mother died. Then, a year after that, he and Shawn started to enslave me without any remorse. They made me feel unwanted. They never loved me, not even once.

Right now, here he was, mentioning a family that didn't exist.

"I don't exactly feel the family in this house," I continued, every word dripping with anger.



“Neither do I in you,” he countered as he clicked his tongue. “It’s your damn fault that Lena died. You have no right to be happy.” He shook his head and added, “The least thing you could do is pay for what you’ve done. Your life should be devoted to us, not to anyone else.”

I looked at him in disbelief. “Is that the reason why you sent a witch to attack us?”

“What do you think?” He crouched in front of me, and then tilted his head. “I heard from Shawn that your mate died. Now you know how it feels, Aliyah. Do you feel like dying?”

I gasped. Hot tears pooled in my eyes as I looked at him in anger. I could feel my heart being wrenched, making me unable to breathe.

“Do you feel like a big part of you is being ripped apart?”

“Stop it, dad...”

“Answer me!” he shouted in my face. “Do you feel like your life has turned upside down? Because that’s exactly how I felt when Lena died because of you!”

“No!” I sobbed heavily and covered my ears with my hands. “I don’t want to hear it. Please, stop...”

He then laughed out loud. His eyes reddened in both pain and satisfaction. It was like he was on the verge of breaking down because of the pain he felt when mom died, and at the same time, he was satisfied to see me getting so overwhelmed and devastated because of what they did to Reid.

I felt everything he asked me... I damn felt it.

It was so excruciating that I wished it wasn’t real.

“Keep this in your mind, sh!thead.” He grabbed my chin as he growled. “You’re the reason your mother and mate died. Do not forget it.”

I wailed in despair. I clutched my chest as it felt like it was going to explode at any moment. The contentment in my father’s eyes was so evident that it added to the grief that consumed me. After saying those words that

completely shattered my soul into dust, he then stood up, told me to go downstairs as I needed to serve them dinner, and then finally went out.

“Why...” I whimpered, fisting my hand. “Why?!” I screamed in hopelessness.

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All those tears that fell down my cheeks had gone dry. My body felt so numb, weak, empty, but I knew I had to start moving. I had to start doing what I used to do for this household. Otherwise, my father would wh!p me.

Walking downstairs, all I could think about was Reid. All those memories I’ve shared with him were the ones that completed my life. I wished I had told him how much I loved him before it got too late.

Loud m0ans and giggles filled the living room as I went down.

“You’re the best, Shawn...”

I stiffened when I heard the familiar voice of a woman. It was the voice that sent chills down my spine, and made me recall everything that happened when we left the a.ssembly.

I turned to the people making out on the couch.

My eyes widened when I saw the rogue witch who k!lled Reid. She was sitting on Shawn’s lap as they made out. Even though she wasn’t facing me, her body frame, voice, and black long hair were enough for me to recognize her. Every single minute, I was haunted by her entire appearance and so, I wouldn’t forget her.

My fury rekindled all of a sudden.

“Y—You!” I screamed, and that made them stop what they were doing.

Both of them look at me. Shawn growled, and shot me a glare, but my gaze did not leave the rogue witch who leered at me without any guilt.

“You are that rogue!”

She stood up, faced me, and said, “It’s nice to meet you again, Aliyah. My name is Samarra, and yes, I am that witch who k!lled your mate.”

Samarra.

I hate her.

She killed my mate!

“How dare you!” I screeched.

I didn’t think twice and shifted into my wolf form. I ran to attack her; to bite her neck with my own teeth and tear her apart. I growled and was about to jump on her, but with just one wave of her hand, I just felt a powerful force that pushed me so I ended up falling to the floor. I felt my arm cracking because of what she did, and all I could do was howl.

Coming to my senses from the shock, I glanced up at her. Her eyes looked so cold and ruthless. Anyone who would look at her would shiver the same way I did as we locked our gaze.

“Well, look what you made me do,” she said.

“How could you...” I trailed off in my faint voice, and then my tears fell down once again.

She offered me a sweet smile. “Try to attack me one more time, and I will use a spell to curse you, dog.”

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 64 - Tips**

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### **ALIYAH’S POV**

Two days had passed. I was at the point where I cried myself to sleep at night, and began waking up from the nightmare of how Samarra shot Reid with a silver bullet the next day. I felt my body weightless, my head empty, and my heart-wrenching every single minute of my life.

I was in total grief. At the same time, I had no choice but to serve my ‘family’ and the witch who killed my mate—that Samarra, who I started to observe whenever my mind stopped being fuzzy.

Apparently, she became Shawn’s fling. I didn’t know how she was able to get into this territory without getting attacked. As far as I recall, my father loathed

witches more than he hated vampires and humans. He even ordered the warriors to k!ll every other creature who would dare enter this land. Now, I could not seem to understand why he let a witch live in this house who bluntly s.educed Shawn, as if my brother didn't have any reputation to protect.

I learned that Samarra wanted to become the Luna of the pack. My father and Shawn were completely into that idea and had been trying their best to win the approval of the other high ranks in the pack, which I found very strange. I knew they would never let a witch have a position in the council or become a Luna of the pack. So, there had to be a catch, as something did not sit right with what was happening in the house.

Sure, I could not trust my father and Shawn, but my gut feeling was telling me that Samarra was way more devious and untrustworthy compared to them.

"What are you frowning at, dog?"

I held my breath as she turned to me. For the past two days, I had been obeying all her demands even though she was a complete stranger and a k!ller to me. It included cooking for her and now brushing her long black hair like I was her servant. She was sitting in front of the vanity mirror, and I was standing up behind her holding a comb.

"I am not a dog," I replied.

I didn't know where I got the courage to act b.ravely towards her. Though I looked like someone who had given up on life from the outside, there was no doubt that I could feel the intense rage coursing through my veins from the inside. If only I could use this comb to attack her. However, I was aware that I wouldn't have a chance against her power.

She laughed. "So you want to play b.rave again, huh? Would you like me to tell Shawn that you're being rude to me? I bet he'd love to wh!p your back until it bleeds."

My jaw locked at what she said. I swallowed the lump in my throat, and mustered the courage to ignore what I heard. I then shook my head, as that was the only thing I could do.

"You should know your place." She raised her eyebrow and then looked back at the vanity mirror. "Do it fast and don't waste my time!"

Sucking in a breath, I nodded my head, holding back the tears that were about to fall from my eyes. I had to be strong. My lips firmly closed, thinking it was the best thing I had to do in order to survive this hell of a house.

"Samarra?" I heard the familiar voice of my brother, and then it was followed by a knock on the open door.

The witch stood up, ran towards Shawn, and kissed him roughly on the lips. The sight of them disgusted me so I looked away. I was still wondering how Shawn fell for Samarra's charm.

"I will be attending a pack meeting with dad. We might go home late today, so if you need something, just ask Aliyah to get it or do it for you," he told her.

"That sounds fun!" Samarra shrieked in glee. "You're going to tell them that we're about to get married, right?"

My forehead creased when I heard of it. I looked back at them and noticed that Shawn froze for a bit as he stared down at Samarra, but then he nodded his head like a robot.

"I will, my love," Shawn answered in a strange tone.

"That's great!" Samarra jumped in delight and kissed him one more time.

When Shawn finally left, she turned around to face me. "What are you looking at?"

"What are you doing to my brother, Samarra?" I asked, completely puzzled and angry.

Her lips curled into a smirk. "Can't you see that he's smitten with me?"

"He hates witches..." I replied.

"Well, it looks like that has changed now. Shawn wants me to become his Luna."

My eyes narrowed. Yes, he looked very smitten at her and was very decided to make her his Luna, but still, something didn't make any sense to me.

Breathing deeply, I realized I should no longer be bothered by whatever my gut instinct was telling me. I should not care about Shawn. He contributed to the reason Reid died in a hopeless battle...

"Fine," I simply said in defeat. "I will go downstairs to cook your food."

"Go ahead and make sure you don't put poison in my food. I'll have you eat it if you did," she remarked warily.

Didn't she realize that she was only giving me a suggestion? Sighing, I nodded my head and walked downstairs. I took a few steps toward the kitchen, and even though I didn't want to cook for a k!ller, I was forced to do so.

While moving around the kitchen, I couldn't help but recall those precious times I've spent with Reid in the main kitchen of our pack house. He, among all our pack mates, loved and appreciated all the food I cooked and recognized my sk!ll in cooking more than the people around here.

Just one thought of him and my tears were pooling in my eyes again. It felt as though my grievance would be the longest phase I'd ever deal with, and I could hardly tell whether I could move on from it.

After cooking lunch for the witch, I went up to her room to serve her food, only to find her sleeping on the bed peacefully. I put the food on the side table next to her. As I looked at Samarra, I was consumed by the thought of k!lling her while she was asleep.

The way she shot Reid with a silver bullet replayed in my mind. I knew if I didn't do anything right now to avenge his death, I'd regret it for the rest of my life...

With tears falling down my cheeks, I grabbed the bread knife on the tray and raised my hand that was holding it. Swallowing my saliva, I stared down at her neck. If I moved fast, she'd not be able to use her magic on me...

"This is for what you've done to Reid," I uttered and didn't hesitate to try to stab her neck.

However, before the knife could touch her neck, she opened her eyes and muttered something, which made me float in the air. I gasped as the pang of fear went through me. Another unfamiliar word came out of her mouth, and a

powerful force pushed me to the wall that made me feel the tremendous pain and made me cough blood.

“Why, why, why you haven’t learned a thing, dog?”

She stood up, raised her hand, and motioned it as if she was twisting something. I then screamed out loud when I felt my abdomen being twisted, and I cried so hard when I thought about how dangerous it could be for my baby.

“S—Samarra, no! Please, not my baby!”

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 65 - Tips**

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### **SAMARRA’S POV**

From the dust, the witch would rise...

Samarra Bryn is my name, and I came all the way from the Moon Witches tribe to this place with one goal in mind: to avenge the death of my mother.

Being a werewolf-witch hybrid, I must confess that I encountered a hard plight. Every day I had to find a way to survive and become powerful so that no one would disparage me for being different.

This wasn’t the situation during my childhood, for I had lived a normal life in the pack which was led by my father. He was an alpha, and he loved me and my mother so much.

However, everything turned upside down when my mother told me the truth about our identity; that she was a hybrid, a half werewolf and a half witch.

That made me the same.

All my life I thought I was a full-blooded werewolf that was raised in a royal family of a well known pack, but those were all lies. My identity was tainted, and at first, I hated it. I hated my mom. She hid it from me and my dad.

“I know I should not have kept you from the truth, but I can’t let your father kill you once he finds out that we’re different.” I recalled my mother saying those words while she cried, begging for my forgiveness for keeping me in the dark.

That time, I could not seem to understand what she meant. But, after hearing it for the first time from my father—how he despised witches and would not hesitate to kill them if he came across one—I realized that my mother had only been trying to protect me all along.

I asked my mom why hybrids were hated by the full-blooded werewolves, and I could remember clearly what she told me, “Full bloods cannot accept the truth that hybrids are way more powerful than them, carrying both the powers of two bloods that can defeat them all at once. They fear the witch, Samarra. They are egoistic creatures who cannot accept that their powers have limits and that witches, like us, can withstand them with just one snap of our fingers.”

With that in mind, I hid this secret from my own father. I loved our family so much, to the extent that I’d chosen to hide the truth from him to keep our relationship intact. My mother was happy that I finally accepted who I really was.

It served as a new start for me to explore what I was capable of. She taught me everything about witchcraft secretly, and as the years passed by, I learned a lot about my magic, how to control and use it discreetly to help our pack mates.

It was true that the witch’s magic was way more powerful than the ability of a werewolf, though I was still proud that I had the blood of a royal werewolf running through my veins, and I never discredited what werewolves were capable of.

I thought we could keep our secret until we died, but I was too naive to even think it was possible...

Augustus Harper, who was still the Alpha of the Silver Moon Pack back then, was friends with my father. Out of all the creatures, he was the one who found out that I was a witch, one night during a banquet in our mansion.

When I was in the garden picking up flowers as a gift for my father’s birthday, a werewolf boy hurt me, making the blood flow from my head. In my anger, I used my magic, lifted him in the air, and threw him forcibly onto the wall. That scene was witnessed by Augustus.



“You’re a monster,” I remembered him saying those cruel words to me.

Because he was an alpha, he was able to grab me by the neck in a flash. His eyes were smoldering, his fangs slowly growing out, like he was ready to tear me apart.

“Let me go!” That were the exact words I said, crying in fear as I tried to shove his hands away from my neck.

I was close to passing out. I couldn’t breathe anymore... and when my parents arrived, shocked at what they’d witnessed; Augustus did not hesitate to tell my father the truth.

“You’ve raised a witch, Keith! This girl tried to k!ll my son using magic!”

Of course, my father did not believe it at first, but when Augustus put his claws on my neck, slowly digging them into my skin, it made my mom furious. In one move of her hand, she made Augustus let me go. I felt my mom’s rage. She wasn’t able to control herself and used her magic to attack my father’s friend.

However, because mom lost her mind, she wasn’t able to protect herself from my own father, who tore her neck with his own claws.

That night, I lost her...

If not for the Moon Witches who helped me escape the pit of fire that was set to burn me alive, I wouldn’t be where I am today and would probably have vanished into thin air like ashes.

Augustus Harper and his descendants should all pay the price for what he did.

My family was ruined.

My mother died...

He led my father to plan my death...

Those things were unforgiveable, and I’d do everything to avenge what happened to me and to my mother.

“Samarra! P—Please, let me go! Don’t hurt my baby... please...”

My thoughts were ripped out when Aliyah, Augustus' daughter, cried in pain as I used my magic to clutch her abdomen. I did not flinch at her words. She was still stuck at the top of the wall, screeching in agony as I continued to hurt her.

She was the daughter of the werewolf who ruined my family, and so she deserved to be punished too. She had to experience the same terror I felt, the same agony that kept me haunted at night.

"Do you really think you can k!ll me with your bread knife?" I said smoothly.

"I—I'm sorry, ahhh!" Tears streamed down her cheeks as she fought back my magic in order to keep her abdomen in place. "Please, don't hurt m—my baby... D—Don't take her away from me too..."

The vivid memory of my mom's amber eyes before she shut them forever flashed in my mind. As I looked at Aliyah, I could see a mother's will to protect her child. A searing pain engulfed my chest, knowing it was the same emotion I'd seen in my mom's eyes right before she died.

My jaw locked. Breathing heavily, I put down my hand and at the same time, she fell on the floor, coughing and crying while clutching her abdomen.

"No... Please tell me you didn't k—k!ll my baby. Please, tell me my baby's safe..." she wailed in despair.

"No, I didn't k!ll the baby inside your womb," I said coldly. "But if you try to attack me one last time, Aliyah, I won't hesitate to k!ll your little one."

She shook her head and begged, "P—Please, not my child... I—I just want to leave this house. I just..." She sobbed, this time in grief. "I just want to return to my new pack..."

"You should stop hoping that you can return to your new pack. Accept the truth that you're going to rot here for the rest of your life." I laughed and walked past her. Her cries gave me satisfaction.

They will taste the sting of my revenge now that I have dedicated my entire life to avenging my mother's death.

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 66 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

## ALIYAH'S POV

The roaring thunder woke me up. Blinking, I realized that my body was trembling due to the cold breeze that was entering through the small open window. It was raining heavily outside, which made the night sadder and emptier.

The room was engulfed by darkness. Only the moonlight pouring through the window lit the tiny space of the attic. My gaze surveyed the place, and I did not understand why this room that became my cage for most of my life was giving me a strange feeling. It was just the same as far as I recalled before I escaped the last time, but now it felt so foreign, too different.

My body had not recovered from Samarra's attack earlier. It felt so heavy that I could not move properly. I could still feel the trauma lingering in every part of me, particularly from my lower abdomen, which she purposely clutched using her magic. In an instant, my eyes welled up.

Because of my poor attempt to k!ll that devious witch, I put the life of my baby in danger. I let my selfishness consumed me, and it resulted in me making impulse decisions that only backfired on me.

"I'm sorry..." My hand was trembling when I moved it down my lower abdomen. "I know you can feel me... I'm sorry... M—Mommy didn't mean to make you feel hurt..."

I exhaled loudly. My emotions were welling up inside, thinking that I had disappointed my baby for making an abrupt decision just to seek revenge. But painfully, I was disappointed in myself. I had already lost my mate, and still did not learn and almost lost my child.

"If only your father was here." I sucked in a breath and shut my eyes. "This is my entire fault..."

I slowly stood up. Every slow movement caused me to whimper, but I forced myself to walk even if my legs were unsteady. Embracing myself, I walked in front of the window and gazed up at the night sky, where I could see the silver moon glowing perfectly despite the heavy rain.

Hot tears formed on both sides of my eyes as I began to wonder whether the Moon Goddess was looking down at me right now. My tears fell down my

cheeks at the thought that she had found solace in seeing me slowly dying down here.

With my lips trembling, I whispered, "Please have mercy on my baby...."

If there was someone who did not deserve any of this, that would be my child. All I ever wanted was to escape and make us safe, but if it was too much to ask and would cause harm to my child, then I would stay here. Even if this house was like hell, I would endure it.

I would do anything and everything to keep this precious gift I received from Reid.

"Reid..." I drew in a long breath and gazed up at the moon again. "I love you..."

My stomach rumbled, and I knew it was time for me to eat. Even though I did not want to go downstairs as I would see the cruel face of the witch in the house, I focused on just one thought—that I had to survive so that my child could live.

With that in mind, I went downstairs. Thankfully, I was able to reach the first floor in one piece despite my legs wobbling. I briefly looked around, and realized that Samarra was already having dinner alone since my brother and father had attended an important meeting.

She looked over at me. A vicious smile escaped her lips.

"I can smell your hunger, dog. Do you want a food?"

I took my time to gather enough energy. When I did, I took a few steps towards the table where she was, and saw that there was meat and vegetables served for dinner. I instantly swallowed hard, and felt my stomach rumble loudly this time.

"Too bad. This house does not have any dog food for you." She wickedly giggled.

My palm twitched at what she said, but I pretended not to hear it.

"C—Can I have some?" I asked softly.

My heart pounded in my chest, and it was so painful to the extent that my chest tightened. I know. I really did not want to ask and beg for food, but there was a baby inside my womb that needed to remain healthy.

“Apologize first,” she answered. I could see the amusement in her eyes. She used the fork to get the steak on the plate and waved it in front of me. “To make it more exciting, kneel.”

I remained still, and shivered, envisioning myself begging for her to give me the steak while on my bended knees. The scene was so disturbing that I had to shut my eyes briefly as I sucked in a breath. I knew that I could not take it, but what choice did I have?

I heard her laughing devilishly, which made me open my eyes to look at her.

“Come on, dog. Entertain me. Just kneel and apologize. This steak will be yours,” she said.

I opened my mouth to speak, but there were no words coming out of it. My emotions were so high that I could no longer gather what I wanted to tell her, and perhaps the situation worsened what I felt, that I just wanted to remain silent.

Still, I needed to do what I had to.

Without thinking further, I slowly knelt next to the table. My body was shuddering at the sheer amount of mortification striking me. I shoved my pride aside and just did what would make the witch happy, if that was the only way I could eat, and live.

“I apologize,” I said.

A cruel smile flashed across her face. “Why, why why is your tone so dry, dog? Where is the fun in that?”

“Samarra, please... I’m sorry... f—forgive me,” I pleaded.

She inclined her head, folded her arms against her chest, with arrogance radiating in her eyes. Samarra looked like someone who had won the battle, and seemingly bragging that she had the upper hand in this situation.

I would not disagree. She really had the upper hand, for she was a witch. What would a werewolf like me be able to do to harm her if she was more powerful than I was? It was a hopeless battle, and so I decided not to mess with her and hoped for the best that I'd be able to keep my baby from any harm.

"Remember this, Aliyah." She leaned down and grabbed my chin forcibly, which made me whimper in pain. "Try to k!ll me again, and I will drag that baby inside your womb using my claws, and cook it for you to eat. Understood?"

"P—Please, no... not my baby..."

She then threw me on the floor and finally stood up.

"Go ahead and eat. Do it fast before Shawn goes home or else he'll beat you up," she said, laughing before she left to walk upstairs.

My knees were shaking as badly as I tried to stand up. I immediately wiped my tears away, sat down on the table and ate like I'd never eaten for such a long time. True enough, Shawn had been providing me with bread and water, which did not suffice for my starvation.

I just reminded myself that my baby needed this... that I had to forget my pride and obey Samarra so that she would not hurt me.

Anything... anything for my child.

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 67 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

### **ALIYAH'S POV**

Everyone who was fed up with darkness and cruelty would find a way to escape. I've done that before. My unwanted past pushed me to run away from my own family, and I decided to face my death outside the borders.

I could feel that my wolf wanted me to do the same thing right now; to escape the hell of a house I was serving again and pray to the Moon Goddess that I'd be able to come back to the Jewel Pack territory in a complete state.

Yes, it's easier said than done. The question was, could I possibly do it right now? My life was different now that I was pregnant. As much as I wanted to flee and return to where I truly belonged, I was afraid Samarra and Shawn would make things worse for my baby.

The next day, Samarra was so happy regarding the great news that Shawn announced in the house. He was able to convince the council to support his decision to marry Samarra. The unification would be held two weeks from now, and right after that, Samarra would become the Luna of the Silver Moon pack. Even my father was happy about the outcome of Shawn's conversation with the council. I was the only one who found the situation strange at this point.

I am not against a witch becoming a Luna for a pack. However, it made a lot of difference knowing that it was Samarra. If I hadn't known how wicked she was, I might have congratulated her. I still could not believe that the council agreed on this, and right now I was starting to pity this abrupt decision Shawn made. I felt that once Samarra took the role as his Luna, the pack would be in danger and later on would be chaotic as hell.

I let out a sigh of defeat. Who was I to be even bothered with their decisions?

"Can you walk faster, dog?!" Samarra turned to me and shot me a deadly glare.

The witch was so excited about the upcoming unification that she wanted to buy a wedding dress today. She looked like she was planning to buy a lot of things for the event as she tugged me in as her slave who would carry her things.

"I'm just right behind you," I answered.

She locked her jaw and raised an eyebrow. "Just in case you have plans to escape, forget it because I will definitely kill you if you do."

Sighing, I just nodded my head. I've heard of such threats several times already that I'm getting sick of hearing them.

"I have no intention of escaping," I said dryly.

If only she wasn't a witch, then an escape plan would be possible.

"Well, good. It looks like you're already learning," she countered as she rolled her eyes, and then spun around to start walking.

My eyes could not help but roam around this big market place within the territory. It was the first time I'd stepped foot here, and I was surprised to see a lot of shifters living their lives as if they were in survival mode. This was completely different from the market in Jewel Pack territory.

I guessed that the personality of the leader truly matters.

My heart sank as I remembered my mate. I clutched the part of my ragged long skirt, controlling my emotions and trying not to breakdown in here. The thought that I'd live with the searing pain and grievance every day made me want to die... if only there was no new life forming inside my womb.

"Dog!" Samarra called me. Her voice was demanding and angry.

I immediately followed her. She pulled my hair because I walked so slowly. Even though my scalp was hurting because of what she did, I didn't fight back.

"I didn't bring you here for you to walk slowly. You're my slave! You should know the drill!"

Fvck. Fvck this life that I had to endure...

"I—I'm sorry!"

She then let me go. This witch had a serious anger issue just like Shawn. That might be the reason why they clicked together. Clenching my jaw, I just followed her when she walked into a shoe boutique. In one instance, her mood brightened upon seeing elegant sandals that were displayed everywhere. She grabbed two pairs of glass sandals and then sat on the couch.

"Put them on my feet so I can see if they fit," she ordered.

Even though deep down I knew my soul was crushed to serve this k!ller, I obeyed her command. I crouched in front of her and put the first pair of sandals on her feet.



“Perfect!” She giggled as she looked down at the sandals that perfectly fit her feet.

The second pair did fit her as well. Once satisfied, she stood up and brought the sandals to the cashier.

“Look at me,” she commanded the cashier. “You’re going to give me these sandals and you will forget that we came here today.”

The cashier seemed to have frozen in her place. She only looked at Samarra directly in the eyes, and then nodded in a robotic way.

My forehead creased as I witnessed how she began casting some kind of a spell on the cashier so she could take the sandals for free.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

Samarra smirked as she turned to me. “Can’t you see? I’m using my power to my own advantage.”

“A—Are you for real? This is stealing...”

“I will become the Luna of this town, Aliyah. What I want, I get. Understood?”

What she said made my mouth fall open. I could not believe that I was hearing all this from her. She was too wicked! Internally, I wanted to teach her a lesson for her to realize that what she did was wrong. But I knew it was pointless. Samarra wasn’t the type of creature who would listen. I have only known her for a few days, but it seems that I’ve seen enough of her wickedness.

All I could do was fist my hand. Samarra handed me the sandals after the cashier had finished putting them on a paper bag.

“I can’t believe you...” I said in my faint voice.

With a smirk, she moved closer to me. “You see, I use my power to my advantage. What’s the purpose of it, anyway? It wasn’t given to me so I could be soft and weak. I might as well use it to get everything I want.”

“Y—You are using it in a wrong way.” I gritted my teeth.

“Who cares, Aliyah?” She laughed. “This is my power, and I only follow my own rules.”

“Do you really want to live like that?”

The smile on her lips faded away. I could see in her eyes that she was mad and wanted to hurt me. My heart pounded fast inside my chest. However, even though the fear started creeping into my bones, I wasn't going to flip my principles. She was wrong and evil...

“Stop looking at me like you've done great all your life, dog.” She tilted her head. “You're nothing but a weak dog whose life turned upside down after the death of your mate. Who was he? Oh, Reid!”

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 68 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

### **ALIYAH'S POV**

My hand formed a fist. I could feel the rage burning inside my chest. It was so extreme, and it made me desperate to shift, fight her, and win.

Why did she have to include Reid's name in this conversation? How dare she speak his name like she never did anything wrong with the man I loved?

I clearly remembered how she killed him... and yet there was no remorse in her eyes. All I could see in her was pure evil, and she was hungry for a fight.

Biting my lower lip, I wished that I could lean into my wolf side. I hoped I was powerful enough to seek revenge for what she did, and that I wouldn't force myself to be submissive to her. But here I was, sucking it all in. This whole thing caught me off guard.

“You better stop ruining my mood, Aliyah.” She shot me a deadly glare as her eyes narrowed. “Let's go!”

She stormed out of the boutique like a spoiled teenager. I turned to the cashier, who seemed to have awakened when Samarra left. Guilt washed over me. Her actions were usual, a reminder that she could not remember what that witch did a while ago.

“May I help you, Miss?” the cashier politely asked.

I just smiled at her, but it didn't reach my ears. Even if I told her what happened, she might only think I was crazy and making up stories. I had to be careful in everything I did, as Samarra could kill me if she got furious.

Shaking my head, I told the cashier to have a good day and then finally went out to follow Samarra, who then entered another boutique. This time, it was a boutique for elegant wedding dresses that totally changed her mood in a flash.

All I could do was sigh, imagining that she would do the same thing she did back at the first boutique we visited. I was like a slave to a teenager who picked whatever might please her. If the situation had been different, I may have enjoyed spending time with her. But every time I looked at her eyes, the scene where she killed my mate kept flashing in my mind, making me want to stab her.

The scent of the lovely fabric softener and the sweet perfume of the dresses lingered in my nostrils. Suddenly, I remembered the excitement we had during the preparation we had for my unification with Reid. It was one of the memories that brought happiness to me.

I walked to one of the elegant wedding dresses. As I touched its shimmering beads, my eyes went teary, recalling the sincerest vow I heard that day of unification. Reid was the most genuine man I've ever known, and I still could hardly process that he had already left me in this world.

"Hey, I'm going to fit into these dresses. Stay here!"

My thoughts were ripped out upon hearing Samarra's high-pitched voice. I blinked my tears away and then turned around to face her. She was holding three beautiful wedding dresses, which I looked at in a daze.

"T—Those seem expensive," I uttered softly.

"Who cares about the prices?" She rolled her eyes. "Stay here. I'll be back."

I nodded and watched her proceed to the fitting room. I could only shake my head because of her disgusting behaviour. Not only was she a killer, she was also a thief who was only brazen because she could use her magic to manipulate and outsmart everyone.

My attention was diverted to the exit door. All of a sudden, I felt the urge to escape from her. I knew it was my wolf trying to convince me to run away from the witch while I had the chance. My lips tightened, my hands fisted, and I glanced at the fitting room.

It would take a few minutes for Samarra to fit one dress, and since she brought too many with her, it meant I had more time to leave this place and escape from her. My heart raced fast as I contemplated. Any abrupt decision could lead me and the baby to danger. I looked at the exit door once again. I knew that if Reid was with me, he'd force me to run.

I drew in a breath. My stomach was beginning to sink because of my anxiety. In the end, I chose to escape from Samarra, and so, I sprinted to the exit door and ran away as fast as I could.

Running, I could not help but check over my shoulders to see if Samarra was following me, but even her shadow wasn't visible among the crowd in the market. However, I couldn't be nonchalant about the situation. I ran as fast as I could. I had no time to waste, as if the witch found me, I would be doomed.

I didn't even mind even though I was already bumping into the shoulders of the other shifters. The only thing that whirled around my head was to get away; to go back home.

Mud was splashing on my legs and skirt as I continued to run. Seconds later, I gasped, feeling the cold and dripping rain against my skin as it slowly made my body soaking wet.

"Are you blind? Look at your fucking way, child!"

"I—I apologize!"

I didn't exactly know where to go. Thanks to my father, who caged me at the house for years, reason I wasn't familiar with this place. Confused and out of breath, I let my feet decide which way to go, and that was to exit the market and cross the road so I could run into the woods.

The heavy rain started to blur my vision, which I didn't see that there was a motorcycle driving on the same road where I crossed. Before I even realized it, I heard a booming, loud beep, which made me fall to the muddy, wet ground.

It felt as though my heart had stopped beating. I froze, completely terrified that the motorcycle could have hit me if the werewolf who was navigating it wasn't fast enough to hit the break.

Shuddering in both fear and adrenaline rush, I forced my body to stand up, reminding myself that there was a witch who was probably looking for me now.

"Hey, are you alright?" said the man in a gravelly and appealing voice.

I looked up and saw a godlike man who had a perfect nose, jaw line, bright blue eyes, thin lips, and messy blonde hair that looked so attractive even if it was damp. For a brief moment, I was stunned by his looks. But my wolf seemed to have her own way of making me realize that I needed to run away, and so I went into an instant panic and decided to run.

However, the man grabbed me by the arm.

"L—Let me go!" I snarled.

"Not when your knees are bleeding," he said in a hard tone.

His eyes dropped to my knees. I followed his gaze and realized that I'd gotten some wounds when I fell to the ground after almost getting hit by his motorcycle.

"I—I'm fine."

"No, you're not, miss."

Hot tears escaped my eyes. I tried to remove his hand from my arm, but he only gripped it tight.

"Please, I—I'm in trouble. If she finds me, she will k—kill me..." I begged, my legs getting weaker because of the fear sucking the small amount of energy remaining in my body.

His brows furrowed at what I said. Seconds later, he said firmly, "Then let me help you."

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 69 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

## ALIYAH'S POV

I swallowed hard, trying to clear my mind and think. Because of the fear that was rising under my skin, I was battling to keep my breathing under control. My legs trembled as I feared Samarra would locate me and k!ll me at any minute.

“Miss...”

My gaze was drawn to the marketplace's exit. As I swallowed once more, my breath became faster. This wasn't good. My anxiety was becoming stronger with each passing second.

“C—Can I trust you?” I looked back at the werewolf in front of me, whose worried gaze was locked on my face.

I didn't feel threatened in his presence. Even my wolf didn't seem bothered by him offering his help, but I couldn't stop myself from asking because I was anxious how he'd respond. I wanted to see it in his eyes that he had no intention of hurting me....

“Try me. I'm not as bad as you might think.” His eyes dropped to my knees. “You can't run fast in that state. Your wounds aren't healing fast.”

He was right. My wolf was weak, resulting in me having a very slow healing process. He then narrowed his eyes on me. At the same time, the rain poured more heavily. I wouldn't be able to run farther at this point, and so even though I was still hesitant, I decided to accept the help he offered.

Shaking with fear, I said, “Please, take me farther from here. She's going to k!ll me. “

I noticed how he clenched his jaw before nodding. He then took my hand in his and we walked up to his motorcycle. He hopped on it and then turned to face me.

“Hop in, now!” he said in his urgent tone of voice.

I didn't waste any time and did exactly what was asked of me. He then started his motorcycle's engine and drove as fast as he could. I was so shocked that my heartbeat frantically became chaotic inside my chest. I was obliged to put my arms around his waist out of fear of falling.

“Whoever is chasing after you, she has to be a great runner.” The tone of his voice was rough, yet I could feel that I was safe around him for some unknown reason.

I held onto him tighter when he sped up faster. My face leaned on his firm back. He smelled of citrus, a little sweat, and alcohol. His scent somehow comforted me, but the fact that he was driving his motorcycle in a life or death race was making my face pale and my chest too tight. Our speed was making it hard for me to breathe properly.

After almost half an hour of driving, the motorcycle finally stopped. That was the only time I opened my eyes again and let go of him. My body was shaking so badly after his intense, fast driving. Gathering the remaining energy within me, I forced myself to descend to the wet ground.

The man parked the motorcycle just right next to a big tree. As my eyes began to survey the place where we were, I realized that he had taken me into the middle of the forest. Embracing myself, I turned to the man with a confused look.

“W—Why are we here in the forest?” I asked. My voice was shaking because the cold had already engulfed my body.

“This is where I live,” he replied as he breathed out, and then checked the area, ensuring that no one had tailed us. “I think you’re safe here. No one can follow your scent since the rain erased it.”

“I—I hope so... thanks,” was the only thing I said.

“Follow me. You’re freaking cold,” he said.

We followed a trail that brought us to a cabin. This could be his house, but I couldn’t focus on inspecting it closely because my eyes kept looking back on the trail, afraid that Samarra somehow found out what I did and had followed me all the way here.

But it was impossible.

I hoped it was impossible.

The man opened the door and invited me in. As I stood very next to the door frame, I started rubbing my arms to warm myself up. He then approached the fireplace and lighted some wood, warming the entire living room.

His cabin was small, comfortable, and smelled strongly of rust. It was sufficient for a single werewolf but not for a family. I assumed he was living alone because the place was very quiet.

“Have a seat. I’ll get you some clothes and tea,” he said.

I nodded as I swallowed.

The man was kind enough to let me borrow his clothes. After changing inside the bathroom, he then served me a tea, which brought warmth to my stomach. We were both seated on the different couches in the living room. The door was locked and the curtains were closed. He was making sure no one would be able to see me, and I thanked him for that.

“T—Thank you for helping me,” I said with my eyes teary.

He nodded. “What’s your name?”

“Uhm, A—Aliyah....”

“My name is Jaxon Hunter. I am the gamma of the pack,” he introduced himself in his low tone of voice.

“G—Gamma?” My eyes suddenly widened. My anxiety seemed to have spiked dangerously high. I was with a werewolf who worked for Shawn!

Shit. Shit. Shit....

“I can sense your fear.” He tilted his head to the side. “If you think I am as bad as the Alpha and Beta, you better get rid of that idea because I’m not.”

“How can I be sure of that?” I stood up and stepped back.

I didn’t mean to sound suspicious, but it came off that way as I couldn’t help but think that he would only turn me in once he found out that I was Shawn’s sister, and I couldn’t let that happen.

His expression changed. He wet his lips and gave me an intimidating gaze.



“I helped you all the way here. Isn’t it enough?”

He had a point. I bit my lower lip and continued to carefully look at him. I couldn’t remember if Shawn had brought him to the house before, as this was the first time I’d ever seen his face. There was no doubt that he looked... kind, but I couldn’t let my guard down.

“And who is chasing you, anyway?” he asked curiously.

“A witch....”

“A witch?”

Tears pooled in my eyes as I nodded in response. I gasped for air. I still couldn’t believe that I managed to escape from Samarra, let alone be still alive right at this point.

“There’s only one witch lurking alive in this town. Do you mean the Alpha’s lover?”

My gaze was still locked on him when I nodded. “Y—Yeah...”

He made a low growl. “Why would his witch chase after you? Did you do something?”

“I can’t tell you...” My voice was raspy as I gasped. Again, I shouldn’t lower my guard because this man was still a stranger to me. I shouldn’t trust anyone in the pack, not even him.

He leaned forward, both arms on his knees, and gave me a lethal look while attempting to maintain his patience.

“Piss me off, and I won’t hesitate to find that witch and hand you over to her.”

“N—No, please,” I begged as my tears streamed down my face. “I’m pregnant. She’s going to k!ll us. Please, don’t....”

“That can be negotiated.” He held my gaze like I was a captive. “Now, tell me who you really are and how come that fvcking witch is chasing you.”

## **Why My Mate Cries Chapter 70 - Tips**

0 5 minutes read

## ALIYAH'S POV

My wolf swirled inside. It was like she wanted me to trust this werewolf sitting across from my seat, despite the fact that we'd only met an hour ago. I remembered that day when I first escaped from this territory, Reid interrogated me too. While I didn't feel any regret that I escaped for the second time around, I could not help but feel so pissed that I had to go through interrogation again.

If only Reid was the one who was questioning me, I would not mind answering all his questions even if it took us forever to get done. But in front of me was the Gamma of the Silver Moon pack, whose dangerous, impatient eyes were darted on me and seemingly wanted to pin me down at any moment. I swore I thought he was kind, but the moment he heard me talking about Samarra, his behaviour changed, and I did not understand why.

I wiped my tears away as I sucked in a breath. I guess I had no other choice but to somehow trust my wolf about her gut feeling for this man.

"Are you ready to talk?" he asked in his domineering voice.

Reluctantly, I replied, "Y—Yeah, but promise me you won't hurt me...."

I swallowed as I held my abdomen. I noticed that his eyes dropped to where my hand was, and then his jaw clenched as he drew in a long breath.

"Little wolf, I'm not the bad guy here."

Little wolf... Reid used to call me that.

I could feel the pang of pain inside my chest as I remembered my mate. I missed him so badly. I would never get used to living a life without him. I felt like I was going to die too, if not for our baby, who deserved to see a bright world.

But would there really be such a place for my baby to live?

"I'm getting impatient," Jaxon said in a low growl as he ran his fingers through his blonde hair.

I licked my bottom lip, and then stated, "I—I am the alpha's sister."

"Sister?"

I nodded. I looked at his bright blue eyes, and I could see the disbelief in them. I did expect his reaction, though. Most of the shifters in this land had no idea I existed because my family had kept me hidden my entire life. They did not even know that Shawn had a younger sister. I was only introduced to a few friends of my father who shared the same wickedness as him.

“Shawn did not ever mention that he has a sister,” he remarked.

“T—That’s because they loathed me.” I huffed weakly and then continued, “I—I actually managed to escape from them. I lived with the Jewel pack and found my mate there, who’s also an alpha. But he got killed by that witch Samarra...”

My tears rapidly fell as I recalled that terrifying moment again. Samarra killed Reid, and I did not do anything to save him. The searing pain inside my chest made my breathing heavy. My lips quivered, imagining the pain he felt that day and how that pain slowly sucked the oxygen inside his body until he was unable to breathe. I sobbed, thinking that Reid had suffered so much, and I wasn’t able to do anything to at least relieve all his pain.

“...and now, they took me back in here to make me suffer again,” I added before I used both of my hands to wipe all my tears away and breathed hard. “Samarra, the witch, took me to the market as her slave because she wanted to prepare for the unification. I grabbed my chance to escape from her... and then I saw you.”

Jaxon stood up, and I was shocked when he cursed so loudly. He seemed mad, but I could not figure out why. I watched him as he palmed his face, and then he gazed back at me.

“I’m sorry for your loss,” he said. “I know how it feels to lose a mate. I’ve been there. That witch killed my mate.”

I blinked at what he said. Then he knew how it really felt....

I could feel my chest slowly being ripped open by the searing pain. My tears started to fall again. The pain wasn’t even fading, and I didn’t think it would ever leave my heart, as the moment they confirmed Reid’s death, my world was engulfed by the darkness alone... and there was no way out for me anymore.

"It hurts..." I sobbed in despair, clutching my chest as I tried to control the pain, but to no avail. "It hurts that I wasn't able to protect and save him... It pains me so much that he died because of me... and do you know what's worse? I served the people who killed him..." I let out a painful whimper as I shook my head. "...that's why I ran away. I—I can't live in that house. I just can't...."

"You're not going to live there anymore." Jaxon's words were spoken like a promise. He crouched in front of me. His eyes were filled with determination to help me. "I will help you return to the Jewel pack."

Tears pooled in my eyes again. "I—Is that true?"

"Yes. I will help you, Aliyah," Jaxon said. "But we have to create a plan so they won't find out about it." His expression hardened. "Anyway, do you notice anything unusual with your family while Samarra is living with them?"

"They seem to be head over heels with her," I said as my brows furrowed, trying to recall things I observed when I was with them. "Whatever Samarra wants, she gets. In the market earlier, she used her magic to get her shoes for free. It's like she can hypnotize people with one word."

"That's what I've been suspecting all this time. I think she's using her power to become the Luna," Jaxon remarked, and then he stood once again. "She's using her power to manipulate the members of the council."

I watched him walk back and forth. He seemed totally engrossed in his suspicion towards Samarra. I thought I was the only one who saw that there was really something wrong with how Shawn and my father treated that witch, but it turned out that the Gamma of the pack had been observing them for quite some time already.

"She'd only make this pack more chaotic," he said. "I need to do something. More importantly, I have to avenge my mate's death."

"It's dangerous," I warned him. "She's too powerful."

"Even a witch has a weakness." He clenched his jaw and stared down at me. "I just need to know what her weakness is. I won't let her make this pack messier."

Looking at Jaxon, I could see his determination to seek revenge, and to protect the pack against Samarra. He was the only shifter who had a genuine intent to save this pack from the possible danger. Even Shawn could not see how dangerous Samarra was, probably because his mind had been manipulated by her all this time.

I only hoped that Jaxon could do something to save this pack from her. Otherwise, even the innocent lives would suffer, just like how our mates died in Samarra's hands.