

4. A beautiful name

William.

“Alpha prince, I am begging you on my knees, you cannot take that thing out of here. I will be damned!” Hephaestus said in a shaking voice. “She is a curse to the mansion and to the great domain of the alpha king!”

I faced him, rage written all over my face.

“That thing?! You dare to call her that way?! Do you even know who you are talking to?!”

The woman in my arms moved and moaned in distress when she heard my voice.

“Don't you dare call her that way!”

Hephaestus wept. “But alpha prince, I am telling the truth! She is an abomination! There is a reason Alpha Killian locked her own daughter in this dungeon!”

My eyes widened as I looked into the woman who was as cold as ice in my hands. So this is the other daughter of the alpha? I thought she was dead? All along, she'd been imprisoned here in the cell like a cruel animal?

The thought ignites an intense emotion in me that I did not know I was capable of feeling.

How dare they do this to my mate?! I will never spare them!

“Please alpha prince, hear me!” He went down to my feet again. “Bring Alana back into the cell or else the alpha will kill me!”

Alana. Alana is her name. What a beautiful name she has and these people, especially her own father, are just treating her like this! unacceptable!

“Hephaestus, you listen to me,” I said, my teeth grinding, my face lit in indescribable cruelty. “Ask me again to take her back into that damned place and I will gouge your eyes myself. Beware of any word you say before me. Are you forgetting who I am?!” My voice thundered through the walls. Alana squirmed in my arms in shock so I lowered her immediately.

“I am the alpha prince and I could do whatever I want, you heard me?!”

The man nodded, frightened by my aura.

“I'm telling you that you should be more afraid of me than your alpha because I can kill you without remorse and without batting an eyelash.”

The omega of the BrookeFields pack hid his tail behind his back and nodded as I put him in his place.

“William, what are you trying to do? We don't know her! She must be carrying a disease or what?” Lucas said when I began walking back into my room, the woman in my arms writhing in pain.

My heart is bleeding for her. I never thought I would meet my one and only mate this way. I imagined it to be a once-in-a-lifetime experience. I imagined that I would be spotting her in one of those balls my mother organized. I would see her in her beautiful gown as I approached her.

“I will carry her for as long as I like until I make sure that she's safe. I will not allow anyone to touch her again, Lucas.”

I imagined her to be all that but not like this. I never for once thought that I would be rescuing her from a dungeon, beaten, frail to the bones, abused, and almost dying.

“William, let me carry her. It would be a blot in your image if someone sees you carrying a girl like this.”

I stopped just halfway into my room. “She is my mate, Lucas. The one I have been yearning to see for decades! You know how desperate I am now!”

My personal guard nodded, understanding my feelings in an instant. He knows how far and wide I have searched for years only to stop when I did not find her. It's because she is here all along, chained to the ground.

“I am sorry for intruding, William. I am only thinking about your reputation. There are eyes around. I am only concerned about you and your name.”

“Nothing matters to me more than seeing my mate and making sure she will be nursed back to health.”

I looked down at my woman in my arms and felt extreme pity and sadness for her situation.

Lucas sighed and bowed before me. “What do you want me to do, alpha prince? Tell me anything you want me to do.”

I gently put Alana down in my bed, uncaring if she is soaked in her blood and dirt. Her long hair is still covering her whole face so I still have no idea what she looks like.

“I need nurse aids. Two of them.”

He nodded. “What else William?”

I sat on the bed and touched a part of a deep scar in her thigh and a painful memory came in. It was Alana being whipped by her own father repeatedly and then crying herself to sleep as I sustained so many injuries and wounds in her body.

I pulled back my hand, beads of sweat on my head down to my back. I cannot continue to see her suffering. The pain she endured is just unbelievable. What kind of evil can do this to his own child?!

“I want to get to the bottom of this. I want Killian's presence now!” I said in a voice so low to keep Alana from shivering in shock but so firm that Lucas could only nod back and forth.

“A doctor. Don't you want one? She needs to be immediately healed.”

“I do not trust anyone here now. I will heal her myself.”

Back in the castle, I received personal lectures from our resident doctor. I think I can heal her. I will heal her and restore her health.

“I will go now to see to it that your wishes will come true, alpha prince.”

As Lucas left, I stared back at my little mate on my bed, sleeping soundly. The thought that it is the first time for her to lie in this so comfortable cover just brought me to tears.

I took her hand, making sure I did not have the intention to read her memories. I just want her to feel that I am here now by her side. She now has someone to love and protect her.

“I have found you now, my woman. I will make sure those who did it to you will pay the biggest prices with their lives.”