



Chapter 12: Cedric

My mind was all over the place. How could I have been so wrong about Tana? How could I have not realized that she was something other than an Alpha she-wolf? I run for hours, trying to reconcile what I know about her and the power surge I felt when I sank my canines into her neck.

I'm a Lycan. Werewolf royalty. I'm used to being the most powerful being in the room. What could possibly be more powerful than I am? Apparently, my mate.

Once my mind begins to clear, I start to think about other things. The pain and hurt on her face at my reaction. I didn't reject her, but I'm sure that's how it came across, my shock causing me to speak without thinking. And then, of course, I ran off, leaving her.

I left her. Fuck! I need to get back to her. We need to talk. I need to apologize for running off and we need to have a lengthy conversation about what she is, and I should probably clarify that I am a Lycan, not a regular werewolf. I guess we both need to come clean about what we are. I'm just as guilty for not telling her about what I am. Perhaps I should have pushed us to talk before I claimed my mate. I just never realized how strong the pull would be.

By the time I make my way back to the cave, it's early in the morning. I shift and walk up, sniffing the air. Her scent is weaker now than it was when I left. "Tana?" I call cautiously, not wanting to startle her.

There is no reply.

"Tana?" I say a bit more urgently, maybe she's sleeping. However, I'm getting a bad feeling in my gut.

"Tana!" I rush into the cave. She's gone. I realize she's been gone awhile and that's why her scent is faint. She must have left soon after I did.

I turn, going back outside, intending to track her. She can't run from me.



We are bound together now. I claimed her. No matter what she is, she is my mate.

I follow her scent around to the other side of the mountain before it just stops. I sniff everywhere, but it's gone. Oh my goddess, please tell me she didn't jump. I rush down the mountain, continuing to sniff the air, hoping to find her scent and not have it mixed with a lot of blood. When I reach the bottom, her scent is nowhere to be found.

I lift my head up to the sky and howl my pain, the pain I've caused my mate and the pain that I'm feeling for having lost her. I run back up the mountain, sniffing around again, trying to find any trace of where she might have gone, but I come up with nothing.

I lay down, hoping she'll return. Eventually, I fall asleep. When I wake up, I realize, she's not coming back. She thinks I rejected her, and she ran. And now, I have no idea where to find her. 2

It's time for me to go home. I need to rally my pack and begin sending out search parties for my mate. I also need to figure out who survived the hunter's attack and who has been leading the pack in my absence. I know my parents were killed. I'm hoping some members of my pack survived. However, I'm not hopeful. If the pack had survived, they would have come for me. 1

It takes me three days to get to my pack lands. When I arrive, it's not at all what I'm expecting. The pack looks like it's running with a full pack. I stop, wanting to get my bearings before I walk in. If the pack is alive and well, why didn't they come for me? 2

I find a spot where I can hide and watch. It looks like the pack members have been forced into servitude. Whoever took over the pack is working them into the ground. I haven't seen anyone that looks like a leader, only workers and those that monitor the workers. The Monitors, as I've termed them, have clubs and whips and are beating the workers if they don't keep up the pace they want them to keep.



After a day, I can't take it any longer. These are my people, my pack. Whoever has taken it, will pay with their life.

I make a plan to attack the Monitors that are closest to the edge of the pack lands. I wait until the sun goes down and watch as the people are put into cages and sheds with locks. The Monitors walk in the direction of the packhouse, laughing and joking.

When they are gone, I carefully make my way over to the cages. When I get there, the people inside flinch away from me. "Don't be afraid. I'm here to help. Who is leading this pack?"

At first, no one answers me. Finally, an older gentleman looks at me. "You can do nothing. Get out of here while you still can, save yourself."

"What is your name?"

"Not that it matters, but my name is Silas."

"Silas." I think for a minute. "Your mate is Kerris, your pup is Wyatt."

He narrows his eyes at me. "My mate is dead. I have no idea where my pup is or if he's still alive."

"I'm sorry about your mate. She was a good she-wolf."

"Who are you?"

I look at him and then at the others. I don't see even a flicker of recognition on any of their faces.

"I'm Alpha Cedric. The rightful Alpha of this pack and I'm here to take it back."

"Alpha Cedric is dead. He was killed by hunters over a year ago."

"My parents were killed. I was taken and thrown into a fighting ring where I'm sure I was expected to die. Yet here I am. Now I understand



why no one came for me."

I reach over and crush the cage's lock in my hand, opening the door. "Go and hide."

Silas and several others begin shaking their heads, emphatically. "That is suicide. They will hunt us down and kill us for trying to leave."

"Smart man. We would hunt you down and kill you slowly, using you as an example of what happens when you try to escape." I hear a voice behind me. I should have been paying closer attention, but I was busy trying to get this group to leave.

I stand and turn around to face those that have taken over my pack.

"Look what we have here, boys. We have ourselves fresh meat. Looks like we'll be getting a lot of work done over the next couple of weeks."

"I don't think so." I state, my hands closing into fists.

The man standing in front of me nods, his head gesturing as if he sort of believes me. "Well, I guess we could make an example of you. Use you to show the others what happens when you go against the Alpha."

I snarl at him. "I am the rightful Alpha here."

The three men in front of me laugh. "Is that so?"

"Yeah, that's so. You and your so-called Alpha are trespassing on my pack lands. You've enslaved my people and every one of you will pay for that."

The head guy continues to chuckle. "What's your name, Alpha." He says sarcastically.

"I am Alpha Cedric, son of Alpha Ace and Luna Scarlet." I let my claws come out. 1



just as I'm about to kill these imposters, I hear a fourth person walking up.

"Hello, brother. I assumed you were dead." 2



Cooper



Author

*Well, Cedric walked into a mess at his pack! Updates Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
I apologize for the double upload of chapter 10, it has been corrected.



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