

Forged In The Flames By Karima Sa'ad Usman

Chapter 1

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 1 The Take Over

Aliana's POV

"Come out, come out, they have arrived!" A voice rang in my head, and I did not need to know why my father's Delta would call us to come out in the middle of the night.

The day was hectic because my father used most of it to move from the big house to one of the tiny houses in the pack compound.

The big packhouse used to be a palace.

My father had taken over the pack after the werewolves in our territory had joined forces and sacked one of the Lycan kings that plagued our lands.

I learned the man was evil, and he never showed mercy.

It was imperative to defeat him because his belief that Lycans were superior to werewolves led him to take steps leading to the enslavement of my kind.

It was my father, along with his friends, that liberated us.

I sat up in bed, a bit reluctant to go out, but if Delta Israel was right, I had no choice but to come outside.

My father had broken the sad news to me in the morning about him having to concede to the challenge the savage prince of rogues, Nikolas, had given him.

My father said he could not allow people to die because of his pride. He further told me that he had negotiated with the Rogue Prince, and the prince agreed to care for the pack members if my father swore by his wolf to submit.

I doubted if the Lycans could be trusted, but my father was hopeful because he knew we wouldn't win a war with them, and he was right.

Alpha Nikolas was a rogue Lycan of unknown origin that made a name by conquering every pack in our territory.

We were the only ones standing, and we knew it was only a matter of time before he came calling.

Obviously, we were his primary target because he ensured he conquered every pack around us to isolate and trap us, pending the time he would strike.

Unlike the other alphas, my father chose peace over his pride and dignity, and I hoped he wouldn't regret it.

I learned the savage prince grew up in the wilderness, packless and grew his army by creating a pack of rogues.

They were a mix of savage Lycans like him, known to be deadly and ruthless.

I wondered how my father could give his pack away to such people. There was no guarantee they would keep their promise, but it was better than fighting to the death.

I managed to get off the bed and headed outside my room. I saw my father approaching, and it was clear he was coming to me.

"Aliana," he said almost in a whisper, and I frowned at him.

He walked to me with a smile, but his eyes spoke otherwise; he looked afraid and hopeless. He placed both hands on my shoulders and made me look up at him.

"I know you are brave and determined. But I need you to be a coward," He said, and I frowned at him, wondering why he was telling me this. It went against everything he taught me.

"Listen to me, Aliana," He said with teary eyes.

"These people are savages. They grew up in the wild and lack empathy and patience. One wrong move, and we are dead. I did not sacrifice my dignity to watch you die. Gwendolyn will not forgive me if anything happens to you. You are the only family I have left, Aliana, the only family that has not been killed.

Please stay alive, for my sake.

It is only those alive that can fight another day. There is no defeating these savages. I have done this so we can continue to exist. Please promise me you will not aggravate them and always keep your head bowed. Promise me that your wolf will not challenge them. Promise me that you and Raven will not disobey and disrespect the rogue prince," he said with misty eyes. Tears welled in my eyes because I knew life wouldn't be easy under the savages.

Still, my father needed me to promise, so I reluctantly nodded.

"I want you to swear on your wolf," he said sternly, and I looked at him with disbelief because that was extreme.

"Father?" I said, and he looked at me.

"I want you to remain alive, and this is the only way," he said; I knew he was right.

My father was in his fifties and did not have many warriors anymore because of all the warriors we sent to help the neighbouring packs during the attacks.

If we defied the savages now, we would die.

"I promise, father, but I won't swear by Raven," I said, refusing to swear by my wolf, and my father sighed, knowing he would have to make do with my promise as is because he wouldn't get more than what I had already offered.

I was twenty-one going to twenty-two, so I should be mated, but helping my father by carrying out the luna's duties kept me single. As things were, I doubted I could ever leave my pack.

I had planned to leave and go on a journey to find a mate worthy to come home with me and rule in my father's stead, but that was a lofty dream now.

Being unmated and unclaimed at my age was a disgrace, but it was bearable as long as I was around to care for my father. The takeover will be a hard pill to swallow for all of us.

"Come on, let us greet the new Alpha," my father said, and I could hear the fear in his voice.

My father knew this was wrong, but it was the best option. It was a matter of choosing between the devil and the deep blue sea. In this case, he chose the devil.

We went out, and they asked us to line up.

I wished we had moved outside the pack compound because only those living in the pack compound were asked to line up. Ordinary pack members were sleeping in their homes. I noticed all our pack elites were in the compound and realised it might have been the rogue prince's request.

"Where is your alpha?" I heard a deep voice say, and everyone looked in the direction of the voice.

A brawny man with a scar across his left eye, dark hair and honey-coloured eyes walked out.

He was about six feet seven inches. It was no doubt he was a Lycan.

He had a chiselled well-sculpted body, tanned skin and hints of tattoos on his neck and hands, visible only where his shirt did not cover.

Other than the scar, there was nothing savage about the man. He looked neat and civilised. He did not look like a man that grew up in the wild. He had indeed come a long way.

I stared too long until he caught my gaze, and I quickly averted my eyes. I was glad he ignored me because he didn't say anything or approach me. I was insignificant.

"I am Nikolas, also known as The Prince of Rogues and now, your Alpha.

As you all know, I own all the packs in the territory, and Alpha Gabriel has signed his pack rights and power over to me. He has sworn by his wolf to serve me and be loyal. I will expect the same from all of you.

Henceforth you all answer to me.

Disobedience and defiance will be seen as treasonous, equating to death. Any rule broken will be seen as treason, so be careful to keep my rules." he said sternly, and everyone was silent.

"Alpha Gabriel Nowak, step forward," he said, and I watched my father reluctantly step forward with his head bowed.

It was difficult for him to do because even though he wasn't a lycan, he was still an alpha.

My father walked out, and Nickolas's men began to laugh.

The Alpha maintained a stern expression, and I could hardly figure him out.

"Kneel, old man, and show your submission and allegiance," He said, and people started to murmur. What he was asking my father to do was disgraceful.

"Kneel, old man," he repeated, dangerously looking at my father.

My father was in front of me in the centre, so his back was facing me, and I saw his hands shaking on his sides. He did not want to kneel.

"Shall we fight then?" Nikolas asked, and my father shook his head, trying to still his hands, trying to force his wolf, Jack, to comply.

“This is too much. He has given you the pack and his position already. There is no need to humiliate him like this,” I said, and everyone went quiet. I could hear a pin drop if I tried.

“Who are you, and who asked you to speak?” Alpha Nikolas said, and my father shook his head.

“Pay her no mind. She is nobody,” my father said quickly, trying to protect me, and the man refused to listen.

“Who are you?” He asked me calmly, never losing his cool. But the evil in his tone rang through, and I knew whatever his intentions would be, they would be cruel and insidious.

“Alpha Gabriel’s daughter and acting Luna,” I said, and he smirked, but the smile did not touch his eyes.

His eyes turned completely black and cold, and I felt the need to step back, but I dared not. If I did not stand my ground now, the bastard would never respect me.

Against my better judgment, I let Raven take over, and we stared back at his dark orbs with my golden orbs. We refused to let him scare or dominate us.

“Where is your Luna?” Nikolas asked my father, and that was a topic my father often avoided, but I knew he had no choice but to answer.

“She was killed five years ago,” My father replied with a heavy heart.

“So you let the girl carry out her mother’s duties,” Nikolas said, referring to me as a girl. I was a woman, for goddess’ sake. He heard of my mother’s demise, and that was all he could say. I was furious.

“No wonder she feels she is a woman,” Nikolas said, and his men chuckled.

“Both of you, kneel,” he commanded, and my body shook.

I have always heard that the Lycan’s presence is intense. Their command was irresistible, and one could not remain defiant to their command for long. I was experiencing all that at once.

I shook, and I felt my knees going down. I fought it, but Raven complied. “No, Raven, don’t,” I told my wolf.

“We are not dying today, Aliana” She shot back, and my knees touched the ground. I had only one thing to do. Look at him from where I knelt. I refused to bow my head.

My father fell to his knees too, and tears welled up in my eyes.

This was the highest humiliation an Alpha could endure. They usually surrender and move away from their packs or die in battle. This was unheard of. As the most powerful werewolf Alpha, this was indeed humiliating.

“Throwing away life for the sake of pride is foolish. Knowing how to stay alive and survive your oppressors is wisdom. This is me, humbling myself so you all can live and have a fruitful life. Remain peaceful, Aliana” My father linked me.

“Bare your necks,” Nikolas said, and my father and I did as he commanded.

I could hear the others weeping and his people laughing. Tears welled in my eyes, but I fought them and won.

They knew what Nikolas was doing to us.

He had demoted us from leaders to slaves with those orders.

Everything my father fought for was gone. All werewolves were back to where we were before I was born; slaves. I dreaded the days ahead.

My father and I bore our necks gracefully. Nikolas had done his worse.

“Good; henceforth, you all answer to me, my Beta, Gamma and Delta. No werewolf is above a Lycan, and it will remain so. You might have created a haven for yourselves here by stealing another man’s kingdom, but I am here to restore it,” he said, addressing everyone.

I could not believe we would be answering to a bunch of criminals and savages. That was what rogues were: criminals cast out of their packs.

“If you act as this girl did, you die; if you try to run, you die; if you refuse orders, you die; if you are caught plotting, you die. In fact, if you do anything against Alpha Nikolas or any of us, you die; the only reason she is still breathing is because of the Alpha’s mercy,” a gingered-haired man said, and I figured that was Nikolas’s Beta. If this was mercy, I wondered what the savage’s wrath would be like.

Nikolas’s gang of criminals looked ruthless and evil; I dreaded the coming days. I have heard of the rule of the Lycan kings. The Forest Territory was the only safe place for werewolves, but not anymore. Our days of bliss had ended.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 2

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Chapter 2 Moving Back

Aliana's POV

We remained on our knees, waiting for the new Alpha's orders. We were now slaves, so there was no point acting brave anymore. I did not want my father's sacrifice to be in vain, so I chose to keep my promise to him and behave myself. I knew things would get more complicated from then on, and I needed to be strong.

"Get up," Nikolas said, and my father and I stood up.

Nikolas walked up to my father and stared him in the eyes until my father averted his gaze.

"Good. I do not want you to leave this place. If you do, I will end your girl," He said, saying that last part as if I were an object. My father nodded, and Nikolas moved towards the entrance of the packhouse. His Beta walked to us and yanked me from my father's side.

"Henceforth, you serve the alpha," the Beta said, and my father looked up with surprise and fear.

"That wasn't part of the deal, Alpha," My father said, but Nikolas remained cold and unmoved. He stood by the entrance, and I could see he was mind-linking his men.

"Something to keep you in check," The Beta said, squeezing my upper arm a bit too tight for comfort. I stifled my voice. I would not give him the satisfaction of screaming.

My father was afraid and sad.

He was a mix of emotions, but I doubted Nikolas had a heart to appeal to.

Nikolas knew we could not fight him. Other than strength and speed, Lycans had abilities we werewolves could only dream of. The takeover my father led in the past only succeeded because of years of meticulous planning and the moon's blessings.

They were an evolved version of us, and there were rumours that some had the ability to turn werewolves into Lycans, but those were rumours as it had never actually happened and might not.

We also never breed with them. Although it was a possible mix, we were considered inferior gene carriers and thus not a good choice for mates. Werewolves mated with only werewolves, and Lycans mated with only Lycans. The laws and prohibitions were endless, and we were at the bottom.

The forest was our home where all werewolves were free, but now, just like the snow and hill territories, the forest territory was no longer a safe haven for us.

Nikolas looked like a man that would ruin anything he wanted, and now I was somehow on his list of objects to destroy.

“Please, Alpha, allow her to have a normal life. She is all the family I have. If you take her, I will have nothing,” My father pleaded in tears.

He was powerless in this regard, and we all knew it.

I wanted to tell him not to beg, but even I did not have the heart to face what Nikolas would subject me to. I was also afraid.

“I doubt you show your enemies the same sympathy. She will serve me until I feel generous,” Nikolas finally said, and my father shed tears for the first time.

“No one would want her if you do this. She will lack honour. If you must, then just claim her,” He said with difficulty; I wanted to say no, but I knew my father was right. This bastard will get his way whether we like it or not.

“Never!” Nikolas said as if I weren’t worth it.

“She will never be my Luna. She will never bear a Lycan’s mark; she will be my property to use as I see fit. I can never mate with a werewolf. Never! She will have no honour, and that is final!” he said, and the tone in his voice made me know that he meant what he said.

It also sounded like there was hatred in his heart, and the hatred was towards my father and me.

What did we do to him to make him want to go this far and ruin my life? He took over the neighbouring packs and never took any of the Alphas’ daughters for himself. He allowed them to continue to live on the land as slaves but never took their daughters. Why me? Why was he doing this to us?

“Get your things and move back into the packhouse, Little girl. Alpha has plans for you,” the Beta said and let go of me, then walked back towards the structure we used to call our packhouse.

This was indeed going to be a hard life for everyone. The Forest Territory, Riverhead Pack and I would be the sorest losers.

Everyone returned to their homes after the Alpha had given the order. I had a bitter taste in my mouth and knew it would only worsen.

I went into the house my father and I moved to and began to gather my bags. Fortunately for me, I did not unpack.

My father entered the room and sat on the couch. He bowed his head, and I knew his heart was in his mouth.

“I failed you, Aliana,” he began to weep.

I stopped what I was doing and went to him immediately.

“No, you did not, father. You kept me alive. You kept all of us alive. We would have died like the other packs who refused to surrender, but you stood your ground against the Lycans and made sure we lived at the cost of your pride. You are a great man.

Your humility is bravery, father. There is no alpha brave enough to do what you did,” I said, holding him, and he wrapped his arms around me.

“He wouldn’t give you the honour you deserve,” he said, and I smiled at him even though my heart was breaking too.

“I am not as fragile as you think, father. I will survive Nikolas and his gang. I promise you. I won’t let him break me,” I told him and told myself. I was determined.

I was slow about leaving, and after two hours, one of Nikolas’s men came to get me.

He was vulgar and arrogant. He lacked manners, and I knew that would be what I would deal with daily. He treated me like trash, but I expected it from a lycan.

I carried my bags and followed the savage back to the packhouse.

I had left that place with my father in the morning and returned there in the night as the Alpha’s property.

They gave me the room beside the Alpha’s quarters. The man who came for me did not talk after we left my father’s house.

“May I go and get the rest of my belonging?” I asked, and he growled before nodding. It was unnecessary, but he believed it made him look strong. What a joke.

I returned to the house and told my father where they had placed me. I knew I dared not stay long. I could feel their eyes on me when I was leaving. So I carried my bag and headed back to the packhouse.

I returned to the room allocated to me, where I finally broke down.

I had held my tears to keep my father strong.

I had hidden my fear to take away the Alpha's satisfaction, but now that I was alone in my allocated room, I could cry.

"We will be okay, Aliana," Raven said, and even though she said it, I could feel her fear too.

"Look at the bright side; we are alive," she said, but I continued to cry, unable to get over my fear.

I finally slept, not knowing what would be expected of me the next day.

I woke up late in the afternoon, freshened up, wore simple shorts and a t-shirt, and left my room.

I wandered the hallways because no one had spoken or told me what to do.

I dared not actively seek the Alpha or his top-ranking officers. They behaved barbarically, and I did not want to be at the receiving end.

I walked through the corridor until I stood by the railing linked to the stairs.

I could see the entrance and the foyer clearly from that view.

I saw everyone entering the packhouse.

There was a cluster of people in the foyer, mainly women in sheer clothes, and I could smell their Lycan stench.

I was disgusted that we wouldn't only have to deal with the criminals but their whores too.

They were all staying in neighbouring conquered werewolf packs. I believed their Alpha had sent for them.

Lycan women hated werewolf women, so I knew we would not have peace in Riverhead.

I wondered what else they had in store for us.

"Ladies!" I saw one of Nikolas's men from last night say, addressing the women. So I figured Werewolf women were girls while their women were ladies. Noted.

"Welcome to the Forest palace. The werewolf Omegas will lead you to your quarters. You will be summoned when needed by the Prince or his officers," He said, and they seemed excited about what he said. I wondered if Nikolas had screwed all of them. I let the thought leave my mind immediately. It wasn't my business.

Deciding I had seen enough, I decided to walk away when a huge box was brought into the packhouse or palace, whatever they wanted to call it now.

It caught my attention because a growling sound came from inside. There was a wild animal in it.

I was appalled by the treatment. Was this how they punished themselves?

“Little girl,” I heard a voice behind me, and I turned to see Alpha Nikolas. He wasn’t smiling, but neither was I.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 The Prince and Me

Aliana POV

I bowed my head to show respect, but I hoped Nikolas would stop calling me ‘Little girl’ and just use my name instead.

“What are you looking at down there?” he asked me, and I looked up.

“Nothing, Alpha,” I said, and just then, two ladies came up the stairs. They bowed to the Alpha and then looked at me.

He must have told them something I wasn’t privy to. This was the disadvantage of the mind link.

“Link me if she causes any trouble,” he said, and I knew that part was to my benefit.

He walked away, and the crowd of women in the foyer bowed to him as he walked down the stairs.

“Let us go,” One of the Lycan women told me, and I did not want to cause any trouble, so I followed them quietly.

We returned to my room, and they closed the door behind them.

“The Alpha said we should prepare you for tonight. We will go through the beauty regiments and then dress you up. When we are done, You will be taken to his room,” One of the women said, and the horror of her words struck me.

I gasped, and the women giggled.

“It is an honourable thing to be the Alpha’s mistress. He has never taken a werewolf before. You will be the first.

Appreciate his kindness and focus on showing your worth tonight.

It will determine whether or not you will be one of his favourites or a mistake. Many women would do anything to be in your position right now,” One of them said.

I was disgusted by what she said but did not want them to report me, so I held my tongue.

We spent a while scrubbing, cleaning, waxing, and scenting. Name it, they did it all, and my body felt sore when they were done.

The women were pleasant and told me about their first time. The savagery they practised made my stomach churn.

Werewolves did not mate with Lycans; why would he want me?

I kept the women’s names.

The blonde one who seemed to be in charge was Ania, and the one with red hair was Lisa.

Ania told me they had been assigned to serve me when I was alone and with the Alpha.

They were the only Lycans I was allowed to interact with.

When I moved back to the packhouse under Nikolas’s orders, I thought I would serve people; I did not know it would only be the Alpha.

“We will take you to his room now,” Ania told me, and I became nervous.

They dressed me up in revealing clothes, leaving nothing to the imagination.

The moment we stood by the door of my room, Ania touched my hand.

“Alpha is a hard man; try to make things easier for yourself and your people by not aggravating him,” She said, and I could see a haunted look in her eyes. I wondered what Nikolas did to her people, seeing they were of the same kind. The look disappeared, and she replaced it with a smile.

“I know you are defiant; I can see it in you. Please be careful so you do not end up with a brand for general use,” she told me, and I gasped.

They made me inhale and exhale and led me to the Alpha’s quarters.

I was taken to his room and left there.

I wanted to run away.

I did not want this.

Doing this to me without claiming me would be dishonourable, but he had told my father that I would have no honour, so I should expect the worst. I also felt it was too early, but he did not seem the patient type.

“Put yourself together. When he comes, I will take over, so you won’t deal with him,” Raven offered, but I refused.

My father had done what he could. It was now my turn to make sure my people did not experience the wrath of the new Alpha.

It took about two hours before the Alpha returned to his room. I was hungry by then, and I dared not speak.

He did not spare me a look. He just went to the bathroom.

I tried to listen to what he was doing in the bathroom, and when the shower came on, I knew he was taking his bath.

My tummy growled, and I tried to control myself.

I wondered why my father had not linked me.

I tried to link him, but I met silence and became worried.

Had something happened to him?

I tried to link Delta Isreal and met the same silence. I knew then that it was a blockage.

“There is no use, little girl, I determine who links who around here,” I heard Nikolas’s deep voice in my head, and I shut my eyes immediately. I knew Lycans had abilities that werewolves could only dream of, and sensing who was trying to mind link and blocking the connection might be one. I felt helpless.

Nikolas came out in shorts and shirtless.

I averted my gaze from his body. He had tattoos, but I did not look long enough to know what it was.

“Look at me,” he said sternly, and I looked at him. He had covered his body with a robe.

“There is no need to be shy, little wolf,” he said, and I did not know how to respond.

He clearly wanted to touch me, and I knew he would.

He moved close to me, made me stand up, then lifted my chin and gazed into my eyes.

His eyes were cold, and I felt chills down my spine.

“You are mine for now. Just because we will be f*uc*king does not make you shit. You aren’t important to this pack or me. Got that? If you aggravate or defy me, I will take it out on your people.

Your compliance and good behaviour would determine my hospitality towards your father and people.

Above all, do not fall in love with me or anyone and do not get pregnant for me or anyone.

You are not allowed to fall in love or date.

If you make the mistake of getting pregnant by me, you will regret it.

A baby won’t make me change my mind. I will not father a mixed breed and a bastard.

If you break any of the rules, you, your father and your people will be dealt with. Am I clear?” he said, and I nodded.

Falling in love with him was impossible. I could never fall for his kind.

He did not have that hold on me, so he had nothing to worry about in that department.

“Will I be given birth control?” I managed to ask, and he looked at me.

“Do I look like a physician? You figure it out on your own,” he said coldly. It was unfair because he was putting me in an impossible situation. I made a mental note to figure it out quickly. I did not want to get pregnant, either.

Nikolas was too close for comfort, and I wanted to step back, but the wall wasn’t far behind, so I remained.

“When you are not with me, you are to care for the person in the cage that was brought in. She is to be fed and cared for at all times. On no account should anything happen to her under your watch. Ania and Lisa will help you out,” he said.

I remembered the wild growl coming from the cage and became scared. How was I going to care for a wild animal?

“I have no history of caring for wild animals,” I said.

As soon as I finished that sentence, I regretted it because his eyes turned completely black.

He reached for my neck. The lace gown tore and he pushed me against the wall, pressing the side of his arms against my neck.

I had to stand on my tip-toes. So he would not disconnect my head from my body. My eyes stung. I wanted to cry from fear and pain, but I held it.

I felt him crushing my windpipe, and I tried to gasp for air.

“Never call my mother a wild animal again,” he warned me, and the pain was so much that unwanted tears streamed down my face.

How was I supposed to know he had his mother in that cage? I managed to nod while blinking the tears away, and he released me.

I coughed, trying to breathe.

I thought that was it, but he began huffing and puffing from rage as if his actions weren't enough.

Lycans had an issue with their temper, and he was displaying it for me.

My back remained against the wall wishing I could sink into it.

I was shaken and afraid.

He tried to touch me, and I screamed.

I did not want his hands on me after he had almost crushed my windpipe.

Nikolas trapped me between his arms and hit the wall with his palm.

I did not know what to do. I knew of the Lycan's rage, but this was my first time seeing it.

He growled and moved close to my neck. I was scared.

I felt him breathe in my scent, but his touch was unwanted at that moment.

“Place your hand on his chest to calm him wolf down,” Raven said, and I refused. I dared not touch this psycho. It was a miracle we were still alive.

“Do it now, Aliana!” Raven commanded, lifting my shaky hands and placing them on his bare chest.

He growled, and I pulled my hand away, but he caught the hand and put it back there, holding my hand in place.

He bent towards my neck where a mark should be and k*issed it lightly. I was too scared to react to the sensation. He travelled with his hand to my waist and pulled me to his body. His robe was opened, and I felt his warm skin. His body vibrated, but I was stiff. I held my breath, afraid that he might lose it again.

“Relax, little wolf,” he whispered in my ear, and I felt current shoot through my body. I shouldn’t feel this way, but I did. He nibbled my ear and k*issed my neck again, making an uncontrollable moan escape my lips when I tried to exhale.

His actions made me dizzy, and I pressed my thighs together to relieve the ache between them. I felt something poke my stomach, and he stepped back immediately and covered his robe before I could see what it was. His reaction hinted at what it was, and I was embarrassed.

I looked up, and he stared down at me.

Slowly his breathing steadied, and his eyes turned back to normal.

Nikolas moved away from me immediately and went to sit at the foot of the bed.

I stood still, not knowing what to do, but it was safe to say I had just had a near-death experience mixed with pleasurable sensations. A peculiar mix.

There was a knock on the door, and trays of food were brought in by Ania and Lisa. They kept their head bowed and left the room.

“You need to eat,” Nikolas said calmly.

I wasn’t fooled by his calmness.

The episode I had just experienced remained with me, and I was still shaken.

I was also saddened that he did not proceed. My body wanted him in those moments, and the residue of the need lingered. I could no longer coordinate myself anymore.

I ate a little and left the rest.

“I won’t need your services tonight,” he said, and though it should be music to my ears, my heart sank. It was bruising to be rejected like this, but I controlled myself.

At the same time, I was worried that I had failed and would get branded and end up somewhere bad.

“Should I go and care for the Luna?” I said quickly, trying to refer to his mother as respectfully as possible so he does not try to hurt me again. He looked at me and then shook his head.

“No. You can attend to her tomorrow,” He said and stood up; his eyes were completely black again, and I felt the urge to bolt.

Nikolas walked to me and touched my ripped nightgown.

I knew my neck would be red because of how he handled me, but it was okay. I was alive.

I watched his eyes flicker between his wolf and his normal colour. I held my breath, still afraid.

I knew he knew I was scared, but there was no shame in it. I was just a Beta werewolf and was allowed to be afraid for my life when facing an Alpha Lycan wolf. A savage at that.

Nikolas lifted me gently with wolf eyes and carried me to the bed.

I froze, but he pulled me to his body and cuddled me.

How could I relax in his arms when my body wanted more?

Ania and Lisa said no one slept in his bed. This was a new behaviour.

“When am I to leave, Alpha?” I asked him, afraid and not wanting to overstep.

“Never,” he replied with a sleepy voice, and before I could say anything, he had fallen asleep.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 4

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 4 Mine To Ruin

Nikolas POV

I had finally achieved my dream. Taking over the forest territory had been embedded in my mind for years.

My mother, Isabelle, blamed my father, Mathias, for being lenient and kind. Unlike the Lycan King of the snow territory, my father allowed the werewolves to live freely in his Kingdom.

His kindness had given them the bright idea of making Forest their haven. Led by Gabriel Nowak, they destroyed my father's Kingdom and murdered him in cold blood.

The day my mother finally lost her sanity remained embedded in my mind.

I would have lost my left eye, but I was lucky.

I tied my mother in chains and cared for her.

She never spoke to me again; she never recognised me again. She was an empty shell.

Every day, I would check on her, hoping, just like before, she would snap out of it, but she never did.

Bane, my wolf, came to me when I turned fourteen. It gave me hope that I could reverse my mother's predicament by becoming her Alpha, but it never happened; she never regained her sanity for me to absorb her into my pack. I spent my time caring for her and training myself.

Slowly my father's goals became my goals. My mother's revenge became my revenge, but I knew it would be impossible if I did it alone; that was when I decided to start my pack, and rogues were my choice for members.

I met Qusack, my Beta, when I turned fifteen, and we have remained friends ever since. We started building the pack when we turned sixteen. He had been loyal ever since we met.

My pack members needed me to keep their sanity, and I needed them to enact my revenge.

After almost thirteen years of building a pack and conquering packs to take over their lands and carve a niche for myself, I had finally taken over my father's territory.

I had finally conquered the people that destroyed him.

I had taken away the freedom he gave them and treated them as they should have been treated; as slaves.

The werewolves were nothing but slaves, and Forest will no longer be their haven.

Looking at the man that led the attack on my family humbling himself before me gave me some joy, but it did not cure my pain.

I knew killing him wouldn't be better than letting him live to suffer the consequences of his actions.

He had the effrontery to ask me for mercy where his daughter was concerned, but did he have mercy on my pregnant mother?

Did he give her her honour and cover her shame?

He asked for what he couldn't provide. I planned to make him pay for everything he did. I knew I would have no joy until I had restored my family's glory.

I woke up and saw the girl lying in my bed. I was mad that I let her stay the night. It was the rule I never broke, and Bane knew it, so I was angry at my wolf for wanting her in our bed.

She might have successfully calmed my rage and piqued my interest, but she was nothing and no one.

I did not care how well my wolf and body responded to her or how much I wanted her.

I did not care.

She will always be the daughter of my enemy and of a treacherous race. I would banish my want for her and treat her as I planned.

Only my Luna will sleep in my bed. Only my Luna will bear my mark. I growled with rage, and she woke up immediately. She was disoriented, and I waited for her to gain her senses.

Her eyes fell on mine.

No matter how pretty she may be, the girl was an offspring of my enemy and the one that lived the life that was stolen from me. Her suffering will break Gabriel. I pushed away my want and desires and allowed my thirst for revenge to replace it.

"Get out!" I said to her sternly, and she scrambled to her feet in fear. She left the room immediately, and I felt alone; the feeling was from Bane, and it was overwhelming. It was weird, but he made me feel her exit and feel I was unfair, but I had a goal, and she was just a means to an end.

"You didn't have to be cruel. I was the one that asked her to stay," Bane argued, and I did not care.

I ignored my wolf and decided to freshen up. I had a meeting in the morning with my officers, and I could not go there reeking of a slave.

“What do you plan to do with her?” Bane asked me curiously, and I chuckled under the shower.

“What should be done to a slave whore. Have some fun and then pass her around, but never grant her her freedom,” I said, and Bane growled in my head.

“She is mine, Nikolas. Don’t you dare,” he warned me, and there was so much force in his voice that I knew my wolf would not share. I did not know what was with him, but the girl seemed to be on his good side.

I did not blame him. He wasn’t with me for the years my mother was sane. He did not see what happened when she lost it and how I had to survive. He wasn’t a part of the true pain of my past. It was understandable that my wolf would have a soft spot for her even though we shared the same memory.

“Okay, Bane. I was just joking,” I told my wolf, and he relaxed.

I will tease him about it one day.

“We have to be careful, however. Werewolves are treacherous. Mother told me all about them. It will be sad if I end up like my father because we got too attached,” I said, and my wolf receded.

I got dressed and headed out.

“Where are you?” I asked Qusack, my Beta.

“In the alpha’s office where you should be,” he replied, and I chuckled and headed towards the alpha’s office.

It was easy to find.

The office was on the ground floor after the entrance.

I went in, and Qusack was behind the desk.

He stood up immediately so I could sit on the chair.

The office was empty, and I figured Gabriel must have cleared the place. Did he think I could not read? I might have grown in the wild, but I could read and write.

My mother was educated, and she made sure I was educated too. She stole books for me to use, and I will never forget the pains she went through raising me.

“So, what is going on here?” I asked him, and he sighed.

“Well, now that you are the Alpha of the Forest territory, we can start applying for your Kingship.

It is rightfully yours, but you did not inherit this place. You conquered it, and what they had was a leader, not a king. We must apply for your Kingship, and the Hill King and Snow King must agree and recognise you as their equal for that to be established.

“Okay, that can wait a bit. I will want to play with these wolves for a bit before I move to do that. I want to make Gabriel suffer for his crimes,” I said, and he looked at me a bit worried.

“I understand the need for revenge, but you should take it easy on the girl. She wasn’t a part of it,” Qusack said, and I growled at him.

“Was I a part of their grudge? But I was made to suffer, Qusack. I had to chain my mother like a dog at the age of ten. I can never forget it. I have a scar that would always remind me of it. That girl is a part of it, just as I am, and she would pay for her people’s crimes,” I said, and he nodded.

“And when you finally have a Luna, what will you do?” He said, and I smiled.

“I will send her back to her father; used. No one would mate with what I have touched. No werewolf would touch a Lycan’s leftover. She will never be mated and will never have children. His lineage would die. They will be wiped out of existence,” I said, telling him what I planned to do.

“The girl would never have honour. I will make sure of it,” I promised.

Qusack sighed and looked at me.

I knew he had something to say, and he was contemplating speaking.

“Go on. I won’t bite,” I said, and he nodded.

“Between us, Nikolas. Are you speaking from your heart or from the rage of your thirst for revenge?” he asked me, and I suddenly could not answer.

I could say it was from my heart, but I knew it wasn’t. Holding her in bed felt right. Even though I fought Bane for it, it felt right.

I had never slept so well in my life. I did so for the first time but dared not admit it.

Neither could I say it wasn’t from the rage of revenge because that was the truth. I was angry, and I wanted to please my mother’s wishes. I wanted to do everything she hoped I would. I wanted to realise her dream for her. I wanted to reward her for doing her best to bring me into the world and raising me. Another woman would have given up when

her mate was eliminated, but she held on for my sake. I wanted to reward her for it. My heart's desires and needs meant nothing.

"So you have no reply," Qusack said, and I was silent.

"I will advise you to be careful, Alpha. We have taken everything and ridiculed the man. You have tainted his child and ruined her life. You have gotten what you wanted, but do not hurt yourself in the process," he warned me as a friend and not my Beta.

I looked at the ginger-haired guy.

He had been my friend for fourteen years now. Just like me, he was born packless, his parents were exiled and turned feral. He was left alone to fend for himself when I found him. We built our pack together, and he has been loyal regardless of the situation. I also knew he wouldn't lead me astray. I trusted him.

"I didn't touch her," I told him, and his eyes softened, realising it was unlike me not to carry out my threats. I wondered why I did not touch her too.

"Maybe you have a heart after all," he said, and I did not find it funny because showing weakness would give the werewolves a chance to revolt and destroy us.

"I wasn't in the mood last night," I lied because I was hard, and I wanted her; Bane wanted her. It took a lot of self-control to hold back.

"But she will be ruined," I told Qusack, and he nodded.

I will touch her because she belongs to me now. Nothing anyone could say or do would make me change my mind.

She was mine to ruin.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 5

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 5 Meet His Mother

Aliana POV

I almost peed on myself when the Alpha ordered me to get out. I was pressed. I did not sleep comfortably, and my body ached severely. I was worried about losing myself in my sleep and waking him up. It was a difficult night. I left his room in a hurry and returned to mine. I tried to link my father, and I got through to him this time.

“Hello father, I hope you are fine?” I said quickly, not sure when Nikolas would block the mind link.

“Aliana,” my father said, and my heart melted. I was glad to know he was all right. I entered the shower and turned on the water.

“Yes, father, I am here, and I am fine,” I said, and he was silent. I was worried that Niokolas had blocked our mind link again, but he spoke and put my mind at ease.

“I am sorry I could not protect you, Aliana. Had I known he would do this, I might have fought him to the death,” he said, and tears welled up in my eyes.

“If you had, we would have all been dead. At least this way, we can one day run away when they are not watching us,” I told him, and he was silent.

I turned on the water to rush through the shower routine, so I could finish quickly and care for Nikolas’ mother.

“Forest was the safest place for our kind, Aliana. It still is. Nikolas is evil, but he is nothing compared to the Snow King or the passive Hill King, who allows the Snow King to interfere in his business. We have to remain here. I will find a way to plead with him on your behalf,” he said, and I quickly stopped him.

Remembering how erratic Nikolas behaved when we were together last night, I did not want him to lose his calm with my father and kill him.

“Don’t, father; I like it here. He is nice to me,” I lied, and my father was silent.

“Are you telling me the truth?” he asked.

“Yes, father. I have two Lycans that serve me. It isn’t as bad as it seems. He has a soft side to him,” I lied, and my father was quiet.

“Are you sure you aren’t lying to me?” my father asked, and tears welled in my eyes because I had never lied to him before, but I did not want to risk letting him speak to Nikolas. My father was better off away from the mad Alpha.

“I won’t lie to you,” I said, letting the shower wash away my tears.

“Please stay in touch; hopefully, he will let you see me,” he said. We both closed the mind link before Nikolas discovered that we had communicated.

I finished, exited the shower, and found Ania and Lisa in my room with food. They were smiling at me, and I bowed my head.

They were lycans, so even if the Alpha asked them to serve me, they were still my betters, according to Nikolas, and I wasn't ready to be dealt with.

"Tell us how it went. No one has ever slept in the same bed with Alpha before. He usually does his business and asks them to leave. You must have made a huge impression." Ania said, then squinted, looking at me.

"Your neck," she said, and I held it and smiled. I dared not report to them. They were not on my side; they were my watchers.

"Kinky," she said, thinking it was linked to pleasure, and I shook my head immediately. The look in their eyes showed that they did not believe me, and I wasn't ready to elaborate.

"Come and eat so we can start our day. We are to care for the queen in her room. Do not worry; she has been chained to the bed," Lisa said, sounding a bit worried, and I knew why she would be concerned. It wasn't every day a werewolf was made to care for a feral lycan. I also did not miss the fact that they called her queen. These people were deluded.

The feral woman might be the death of me. I just knew it.

While eating, I mustered the courage to ask them for a favour.

"Do you know where I can get birth control pills? Anything I can take to stop me from getting pregnant?" I asked, and their smile dropped.

"There isn't anything, but there is a tea I can brew for you to drink before s*ex. It has a painful effect, but what it does is that it kills all his swimmers," she said, and I dreaded it.

I did not know if it was okay for me to step outside the packhouse or the compound. I would have sought the help of our physician, but with all that had happened, I doubted he would have such things lying around the place, and I doubted it would get to me if I sent for it.

"I would like to take the tea," I said, and she smiled at me.

"You will drink it a few minutes before intercourse. It is painful," she warned again, and I nodded.

The last thing I wanted was to have a baby by a monster, and besides, if I had a child by him, the child would not be referred to as a Lycan, and I did not want to bring a child into a world like this. I will drink the tea as many times as required of me.

"Okay, I will brew it for you before you go to Alpha tonight," she said, and I thanked her. We finished what we were doing and headed to the room the 'Queen' was kept.

My heart was in my mouth. I was afraid and could feel my air supply cutting off, but I tried to force myself to breathe and relax.

“Relax. We cannot panic around ferals. It triggers them,” Raven warned me, and I composed myself.

I was led into the room, and the curtains were closed with dim lights.

I saw the woman on the bed. She looked thin, her dark hair matted to her forehead with sweat.

Although the air conditioning was on, she was still sweating. She looked gaunt, and it was clear she was underfed.

I couldn't blame the people feeding her. Just so little could be fed to her in that condition. At the rate she was going, she would starve to death. I did not know if I should help her or just do what they usually do and watch her fade away.

“First, we will bathe her by wiping her body with a towel, then try to feed her. She doesn't eat much, but we try to get some food in her. I will show you how it is done before you step in,” Ania said, and I nodded.

Ania brought a bucket of water with soap and another with ordinary water.

“We will wipe her with the soapy water and then wipe her skin with clean water before applying the lotion,” She told me, and I nodded.

She did her legs, and then I took over. Soon, I fell into a rhythm. I wondered why she wasn't growling.

“Why isn't she reacting?” I asked, choosing my words carefully, and Lisa glanced at her.

“She is sedated every morning, so we can clean and feed her, or else we won't have it easy,” she said, and I was grateful they sedated her before we tended to her.

We cleaned her, and Lisa helped me to feed her. They fed her meat.

They left me to watch her while they attended to other things.

While I watched the woman, I was nervous, but I had no choice.

I sat on a chair in the room and watched her.

After two hours, she began to growl at me, and I did not know what to do. I hoped someone would say I was done for the day and could leave, but I knew that would never happen.

I remained seated until Ania and Lisa returned with her food.

I immediately realised this was the reason why she was skinny.

they only fed her meat and there was no way we could feed her in this condition.

Lisa placed the steak close to her lips, and the woman bit it like a rabid dog.

She chewed it very fast. Once she had eaten most of it, Lisa stopped feeding her.

I noticed the woman was still hungry, but Lisa was worried about the woman biting her fingers, so this was safe. She had fed her enough to keep her alive.

I did not say anything but planned to feed the woman more once I got around their routine and methods.

I knew her survival would keep the Alpha happy. I planned to suggest some things about her feeding to him. Hopefully, he would approve. Because it would go a long way to restore her physically; as for the mental part, it was beyond anyone. This was what happened to wolves that had been cut away from their alpha and pack for a long time.

“Let’s go; another set will come and care for her. We won’t be returning until tomorrow,” Ania ordered, and I followed, but I could not take my eyes off the ‘Queen’ until we had left the room.

Having lost my mother, I could only imagine how Nikolas felt about this. There was no way he could be normal having to deal with this. Most people put feral wolves down, but how can he put his mother down? It was a hard thing to do, and I had to respect his love and dedication to his family. Too bad he was a villain in this story.

I returned to my room to await my next assignment. Time passed, and it was evening.

I tried to link my father but could not get through to him. Knowing that Nikolas must have blocked it, I relaxed and tried to sleep.

It wasn’t long after I laid down when Lisa entered with a mug of something hot.

I knew it was the infamous tea Ania had told me about. It also meant that the Alpha had sent for me.

I did not want to go. The last night I was with him, I felt things I shouldn’t feel towards an evil man. My body responded to him too quickly. I didn’t trust myself not to succumb to his touch, but I had no say in the matter.

I drank the bitter tea, and they cleaned and dressed me up.

It took thirty minutes, and by then, my stomach hurt badly, but I held the pain to the best of my ability.

They led me to Nikolas's room, and Lisa stroked my back to help me calm down.

The moment we got to the door, the door opened, and two topless women that reeked of Nikolas walked out, shooting daggers at me. I felt a tinge of hurt and jealousy, but I could not act it out. I bowed my head immediately so I did not offend the Alpha by seeming disrespectful to his women. I shouldn't feel jealous. I shouldn't feel anything, but I did. It was subtle, but it was there.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 6

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 6 A Deal

Aliana POV

I entered, and Nikolas was sitting on the couch shirtless with lipstick on him. I tried not to care and buried all my emotions. He was a monster, and I should not want him.

Whatever it was, I knew it was physical and I would get over it soon. Alphas had a hold on other wolves and I knew my body and wolf might be responding to his pheromones. Lisa and Ania greeted him and excused us. I greeted him and kept my eyes on the ground.

"Did you carry out your tasks today?" he asked me sternly, and I kept my head to the ground.

"Yes, Alpha," I said, and he laughed.

"I am not your alpha little girl but your master," He said, and I looked at him with surprise. Had he not done enough?

I refuse to call him master.

"Were you seeing someone in your pathetic pack?" he asked, and I bit my tongue, contemplating compliance or defiance. I chose defiance.

"No, Alpha," I said, and he growled, stood up, and advanced towards me.

I stepped back until my back was against the wall but maintained eye contact. He was so surprised that he pinned me to the wall again. My heart was beating fast, enjoying his body's proximity and warmth. I knew I had stepped on his toes; I was afraid and

thrilled at the same time. He needed to know he had limits with me. I would not call him master. "Do not tempt me, little girl," He said, and I remained silent.

"I am your master, and you are my slave," he said, and I refused to respond. "Am I clear?" he roared, and I held my tongue.

He pressed my cheeks on both sides with his thumb and index finger.

He pushed hard until my lips formed an O shape, and my cheeks hurt.

I refused to cry. I refused to say yes, master. In fact, I enjoyed that he was upset.

I stared deep into his eyes, and something faltered in them, but it was only for a second. He released me and punched the wall. Then stepped back to look at what I was wearing.

"Take off the robe," he said, and I took it off. I had simple underwear on. He looked at me as if he wasn't interested.

"Not impressive," he said, and I did not care because his eyes said otherwise.

"Go to the bed," he said, and I refused to move. He was shocked by my behaviour.

"Do you have a death wish?" he asked me, and I shook my head.

"I refuse to have my first time on a bed you just finished using with two women," I said, and I meant it. I had resigned to it, but it would happen on my terms.

"At least you know they are women," he said, and I did not falter.

"Now you are giving your terms huh?" he said, and I nodded.

He laughed and carried me.

I did not know what he was going to do. He placed me over his shoulder and threw me on his bed.

"You do as I say, little girl," He said with a boyish grin, but I did not let it fool me. The monster in him remained.

"Do what you want," I said, fearlessly showing him he couldn't break me any more than he already had, and he pulled back.

"Do not push him too much, Aliana. Any wrong move he would take it out on our people and father," Raven warned me and I knew I needed to calm down.

Had it been just me, I would have defied him to the very end, but I had my father and pack members to worry about.

I knew he wanted to go ahead, but something was holding him back. I did not know what it was, but he was battling himself. "Leave my room, and prepare for branding tomorrow. You are useless to me," he said, and I knew he meant it because he pulled away.

"See what I was telling you," Raven said, "Instead of winning his heart so we can help our people, you had to push our luck," she scolded me, and I became scared.

"Why, what did I do?" I asked, and he did not respond.

He was headed for the door when I stopped him. He growled at me, and even though I was scared, I held still. I didn't want a brand. I would give anything not to be branded. He stared at me, and I looked at him.

"It's just that I have never done this before. I am nervous; please don't brand me like cattle. I know I am not worth anything to you, but if you just let me prove my use," I said, and he studied me for a while.

"And what will that be?" He asked me.

"Your Mother. She is underfed, if you permit me, I can ensure she gets to a healthy weight," I said, and his eyes faltered. He squinted a bit and looked at me.

"How will you succeed where many have failed?" He asked.

"Dedication and a need to prove myself, if you permit me. Allow me to force-feed her. Let me mix her meals and give me trusted men to hold her so we force-feed her. It sounds brutal, but it will get food in her in the right quantity and mix. Meat alone won't help her gain weight; she needs carbs, vitamins, minerals." I said, and he cut me off.

"And if you harm her in the process?" He asked, and I sighed

"Then my life is forfeit," I said, and he laughed.

"Nice one. Your life is already forfeit. A s*e*x slave with no honour. How sweet would it be for you when you get to kill the only person I care about? You would have stabbed me where it would hurt the most and that even in death, you will be victorious," he said, and I knew he was right, but those weren't my intentions.

"How about this," he said and looked at me. "If you hurt her, your father and his men will pay the price. I will make you watch them die an excruciatingly painful death," He said with a promise, but I did not know if I should agree. Gambling with my life was one thing, but with the lives of others was something else.

“Very well, what will happen if I succeed and she is healthy?” I asked because there had to be a reward for both outcomes.

He stared at me long and hard. “I will make their lives a little easier as a sign of gratitude,” he said

With that, I knew something was happening outside that I wasn’t privy to, and it was possible that it wasn’t good. I swallowed and nodded. “Very well, I will give you a chance,” he said. The door opened, and the women that left the room earlier walked in. They smiled at the Alpha and eyed me.

They went towards the bed, and he followed. “You can watch; maybe you will learn a thing or two from real women,” he said, and his words cut deep

I guess I drank the tea for nothing. I was still in pain.

I wondered if these women drank the tea too, but I doubted he would have any problems getting them pregnant; they were Lycans like him; I was the werewolf and inferior race.

I was surprised that he did not touch them.

They danced and entertained him but were not allowed near his bed, and I could see they wanted to please him by all means, but he did not seem interested in touching them. Soon, they were done, and he ordered them to leave. Having seen enough, I tried to go with them, but Nikolas stopped me.

He made me change his sheets while he went to shower.

Like the night before, I slept in the bed with him holding on to me tight.

I wondered what the deal was with him, but only time would tell.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 7

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 7 The Mark Of Exemption

Aliana POV

I woke up and snuck out of Nikolas’s arms. For someone so hateful, he seemed to be holding on too tightly.

I also felt his c*oc*k poking my back. I gently pulled the sheets to see what he had underneath, and even though he had shorts on, I could tell the size was huge.

He was packing. I wondered if it would even fit. He stirred, and I got startled and dropped the sheets, then waited for him to wake up. While I waited, I snuck to his bathroom to use his mouthwash. I did not want my mouth to stink when I spoke to him, I did not know why it mattered, but I cared. I cared a lot. Nikolas did not wake up until thirty minutes later. He woke up and looked at me where I sat. I stood up immediately.

“I will leave now, I just wanted to discuss your mother’s feeding with you,” I said before he asked me to get out again, and he frowned. I guess I was talking too fast. It took a few seconds for him to figure out what I was saying.

He got off the bed and went to the bathroom. I could see his hard-on. I guess he did not care this time.

He spent at least thirty minutes there and returned wearing his bathrobe. Then he sat on his bed and looked at me. “What do you want?” he asked with a low voice, and a yawn followed, which made me yawn in return. I tried to control it, but I believe that thing was infectious.

“What do you want?” he asked me with a stern expression on his face.

“Men that can help me hold her and feed her. I also want them to get and prepare specific meals for her to be fed three times a day. We will start with soups and gradually move to solids, but everything will be blended so it goes into her system,” I said, and he sighed. “What if she is sedated?” He asked, and I nodded.

“Then I will spoon-feed her the soup blends and fruit mixes,” I said, and he looked at me.

“Remember what I warned you about, little girl. If anything happens to her, then you and your treacherous people will be in a mess,” he said. I frowned at him, wondering why he would use that word, but what offended me the most was him calling me a little girl.

“With all due respect, Alpha, I am a woman, and my name is Aliana,” I said, and he chuckled. I was offended. He made me feel stupid. I exhaled quietly, not wanting to overstep.

“Yet you can’t do what women do,” he said, and I was pissed off understanding his statement.

“You are the one unwilling to take what you want. Don’t blame me for it,” I said, and he pulled me back to the bed and placed me between his arms. Hovering over me, he growled to my face. It was scary and arousing at the same time. His face inches from mine. His eyes stared deeply into mine.

He was indeed handsome.

He had perfect features. His eyes were sharp, his face was chiseled and contoured in the right places. His eyes had a tenderness he tried to mask. His breath was fresh mint. His l*ips parted slightly. I wanted to k*iss them. They looked that hot.

The familiar ache between my legs began, and I tried to close my thighs together, but he stopped me and rested his knee on the bed between them to keep them apart. He sniffed the air and looked at me. By then, my l*ips were parted.

I wanted something but could not say it because I felt guilty. I am not supposed to want this man. He was a monster, he stole my home and ridiculed my father. He stripped me of my honour, yet my body and Raven wanted him. Nikolas sniffed the air and smiled.

“Your body wants it,” he said, and I had no choice but to maintain eye contact and look back at him as if I felt nothing. He bent to k*iss my neck, and I bit my l*ips so I did not m*oa*n.

He held my hands together over my head with just one hand and reached into my pants with his other hand while maintaining eye contact. I gasped when he touched and parted my l*ips with his fingers, gently brushing my c*li*t. He closed his eyes and then opened them and stared at me intensely. He began to rub gently, and I was already coming apart.

His eyes remained on mine, and I dared not look away, but I could not hold it anymore.

The pleasure was intense. A m*oa*n soon escaped my l*ips, and he slid down my s*li*t with his finger and placed it in my p*uss*y.

“So w*et, tight, untouched,” he said, and I could not speak. My body wanted it.

“More,” Raven m*oa*ned in my head, and I dared not let the word out.

“You will submit, little wolf,” he said, and I began to m*oa*n uncontrollably with my eyes closed.

He pumped with his fingers, and I felt his thumb caress my c*li*t.

My hips began to move on their own, and I became wild.

No one has touched me before. Even the pleasure I gave myself was nothing compared to this. It was like giving me a snack after starving for a while.

“More,” I m*oa*ned, and he continued.

I opened my eyes to look at him. I was m*oa*ning uncontrollably, and his eyes were pure black. He continued what he did with the proper exactitude, and I felt my release coming. I turned my head to the side.

“Look at me, little wolf,” he growled, and I turned my head back.

“Do you like it?” he asked me, and there was no point lying.

I m*oa*ned a breathy ‘yes’, my hands still held above my head, feeling helpless. He picked up the pace and turned me into a m*oa*ning mess.

I knew he wasn’t pushing his fingers because it would have hurt if he did, but it was deep enough to make me lose control. “Ahhh,” I m*oa*ned, and soon the orgasm erupted. He continued what he was doing, and I began to shake.

He pulled his finger out of my p*uss*y and out of my pant and tore the panties off me, growling.

I could see his need reflect in his eyes. He wanted me, too.

My heart was pounding because I anticipated he might take what he wanted now. My knees were weak, and I did not know what he planned to do or how he planned to start. His eyes flickered from his wolf to his normal eyes until they became normal.

He traced my hips with his fingers. His touch tingled, increasing my anticipation and need. I tried to control my breath, but I couldn’t. My chest rose and collapsed with air, my body waited to be taken, and he looked at me down there. I was too eager to feel shame. Then he rolled off me and got off the bed. I was stunned by his actions, and my heart dropped. I felt rejected. I felt unwanted, and I knew that was his point.

Tears stung my eyes, but I held them.

I could not let him see that his action got to me. It made me snap out of the dream I was in. I was back to reality.

He had taken me to strip me of my honour and make me suffer for reasons best known to him, and it was silly of me and my body to want him in those moments when he gave me pleasure.

“Only a woman would know what to do at this stage, little girl,” he said and went into his bathroom.

The moment he entered the bathroom, my tears fell.

I gathered what I could of myself, including my torn underwear, and headed for the door.

Once, I was told no one would ever want me because of my domineering and defiant nature. I always thought they were wrong, and once I put myself out there, I would find

him. The right one. I was supposed to go on that journey to find the right one this year, but now, that will never happen.

I had resigned myself to whatever life Nikolas would subject me to as long as my father was well and my people were safe, but the degrading thing he did to me this morning made me realise my life would be worse than expected. I felt ugly, I felt ashamed and unwanted.

I left his room in tears. One thing I was glad about was that he did not see my tears. I returned to my room and headed to the shower. Turning on the water, I sat under it and wept.

I knew Lycans felt superior to werewolves, but this was degrading. I held my thighs together and scolded myself for m*oa*ning and wanting him. I scolded myself for asking for more and Raven for reaching out.

How did I lose myself in those moments? "I am sorry, Aliana. It's that I feel pulled towards his wolf. I can't help it. I will control myself better next time. We are worth more than what he says, Aliana." She said, but I continued to weep. I wasn't hurt that he didn't find me attractive enough to go all the way, I was mad that I responded to his touch. Angry at myself for being easy.

I spent an hour in the shower gathering myself, even though I heard Lisa and Ania enter. I remained in the shower until I felt strong enough to face the day.

I exited the shower n*ake*d.

"Aliana," Ania said, and I looked at her. I greeted them, and they pointed at the tray of food. I wasn't hungry, really, but I nodded with gratitude.

"What is that smell?" Lisa said, giggling, and I knew it was a private joke between them.

I did not bother to ask. It wasn't my business. I just moved to my bag that I was still yet to unpack and took out something simple to wear.

Shorts and a white T-shirt. I packed my hair in a ponytail and sat at the table to eat with them.

"You must have made an impression on Alpha, he has never marked any woman with his scent before," she said, and I paused what I was doing.

"What?" I asked, and Lisa looked worried. "You didn't know?" Ania asked, and I was confused.

“Well, be happy because it means you won’t be branded. He has marked you with his scent so no Lycan or werewolf would dare touch you,” she said, and I began to sniff my body.

“It doesn’t work that way, Aliana,” She said, giggling.

“Only other people would pick the scent. You are his now,” she said and squealed as if it was a good thing, but I could not smile. I knew exactly why he did this.

He meant what he said by taking my honour. He wasn’t going to mate with me, and no one would.

Maybe tease and punish me occasionally, but never give me what I need. And when he is tired, he would brush me aside.

I had resigned to never bearing anyone’s mark, but being celibate was a huge commitment. One I wasn’t ready for.

I became despondent.

“I am so unfortunate,” I said, letting my tears escape.

I might be a virgin, but I wanted to experience everything.

Initially, Nikolas declared I would have no honour, so I prepared for it. He said he wouldn’t father bastards, and I wasn’t allowed to get pregnant by anyone. I was okay with it because I would save a soul from a miserable life, but being celibate wasn’t something I wanted. After what he did to me this morning, my touch would never be enough. He was a sick bastard, and I hope he suffers.

Ania looked at me as if she was disappointed.

“What is with you? Being exempt from branding is a huge honour. All the women that serve the Alpha have never been marked by his scent. They could be branded and demoted to maids at anytime.” She said.

Ania packed her hair with her hand and turned her back to me.

There was an ugly burned mark on the back of her neck that made me gasp. “You do not want to know what branding is like.” She said, and I was in shock.

“I will never be regarded as an equal to my kind. And because weres and Lycans don’t mix, I will never be touched. I will never be mated. I will never have children. Do you want to know why?” she said, and I could not speak.

“It was because Delta Grant said I was useless. He said I could not please him. When they brought me, I was taken to the Alpha, but I wasn’t a good dancer, so he passed me to Beta Qusack. The beta said I wasn’t good at chess, so I wouldn’t be a good companion, and he passed me to Gamma Ingham. The gamma did not like my scent. He said it was too flowery for him and less impressive, so they passed me to the Delta, which sealed my deal. That was why I pleaded with you to make sure you make a good impression on the Alpha. Had I known then, I might have put in some effort, but I was lycan, I did not expect to be discriminated against by my own. My only crime was I lived in the forest territory where werewolves ruled. It made me seem like a traitor to my kind.” She said and wiped away her tears. I knew there was more to her story than she let out, but my heart went to her.

“You are blessed, Aliana. No one would ever touch you wearing his scent. You should be happy,” she said and stood up.

“Alpha said you requested three men to help you feed the Queen. Kindly inform us what you want us to have prepared and everything you need,” she said, and I knew she was a bit mad at me. I did not know if I should apologise, so I held my tongue and faced the task.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 8

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 8 Irrational

Nikolas POV

The heated moment I had with Aliana got to my head. Bane wanted her badly, and I did not know how long I would deny him.

I feared she might become an addiction once I started because my wolf never craved someone so much. Teasing her like I did calmed him down a little.

I did not want to lose sight of my mission and my revenge.

I knew refusing to seal the deal got to her. I saw the pain in her eyes even though she tried to mask it.

I wasn’t sorry, she shouldn’t have expected anything more.

I suspected she was yet to understand her predicament, and it was because I was lenient on her, but not anymore.

Aliana always has the nerve to reply whenever I say something. I do not know where her confidence comes from because clearly, she is afraid of me. Soon she would know that silence and obedience would serve her better in her predicament.

She would submit to me whether she liked it or not. When her father realises the hardship and turmoil she is going through, he will feel helplessness and pain, just like I have been feeling for nineteen years.

I heard Aliana rush out of my room, and I heard her sob. I exhaled while I worked on myself. I wouldn't deny that I was tempted to finish with her, but this was more rewarding. I would be betraying my mother if I allowed myself to please Aliana.

To think she had the effrontery to make suggestions on feeding my mother. Thinking of her explaining her plans made me laugh. Her father and kind were the reason my mother was in that situation in the first place.

I wondered how she planned to fix it. Something that even Lycans could not do I only allowed her to prove a point, and when she failed, I would turn up the heat on her people a little higher and let them know why.

I would make her suffer and ensure her people blamed her for their suffering. Gabriel would not dream of defending or rescuing her. It will be heart-wrenching, and he will feel pain. Qusack might say I had already won and should move to get the kingship recognition, but I wasn't satisfied yet. I wanted them to suffer like my mother did, raising me alone. Like I did, being forced to grow up at ten and take care of her. I want Gabriel to feel unimaginable pain, and he would feel it through Aliana.

I did not care what my wolf wanted, I would deal with the Nowaks and Werewolves for their crime against my family.

Once I was done in the bathroom, I linked the two maids I assigned to Aliana and gave them instructions, then, I allocated three men to the cause.

They were to report everything to me. I planned on giving Aliana a month and punishing her for failing because I knew she would fail. She might think she could warm my cold heart by trying, but she did not possess the fire for that. I decided to join Qusack outside. We were trying to renovate the kingdom and build a mega city, and I planned on using the werewolves as slaves to do the job. Qusack and I planned to draft them that morning.

I planned to reserve the more complex work like stone cutting and transporting to Gabriel and his crew.

They would have little or no help, and I would give them an impossible goal. Once they failed, they would be dealt with mercilessly.

I planned to make them realise how good they had it with my father. I want them to regret betraying him because no one would have taken over the Forest territory if they had a king.

Qusack stood in front of the pack house, and there were two long lines, one for men and the other for women. Gabriel stood in front of the male line while a woman, whom I did not care who she was, stood in front of the female line. I cleared my throat, and they all bowed with respect. I had men standing scantily on each side of the line with silver thorns on whips. They would use it on the werewolves if they acted defiantly like Aliana.

I was carrying Aliana's scent because of our encounter this morning, and I hoped Gabriel would recognise the scent.

It wasn't a plan I devised, but since it had happened, I might as well use it to my advantage.

I had touched her because I wanted her, I wanted to know what she would feel like, and she felt good. So damn good that I marked her with my scent.

I wasn't going to share what is mine, that much I had made clear, but now I had her scent, too. It would fade away after a while, but it was okay because Gabriel would know. He would know that I had kept my promise and ruined her.

I stood and cleared my throat, and I saw Gabriel look at me with haunted eyes. His little girl wasn't a little girl anymore, she was now one of my playthings, and I wanted him to know. He bowed his head immediately, and I walked to him.

"I meant what I said, Gabriel, your daughter will be a w*ho*re. Soon once I am done, I will pass her around for general use, just as she should be," I said, and he didn't utter a word. I wanted a reaction from him, but nothing happened. "At least she is making herself useful, it is time you make yourself useful," I said and waited. I could feel him vibrate with rage, but he controlled himself.

The man behind him held him to calm him down, and he relaxed, but I did not miss the tears that escaped his eyes. It was satisfying to watch because I remembered how my mother cried every day, especially at night when she thought I was sleeping.

At least his daughter has a bed. We had to sleep on straws in caves.

"Today, we will be drafting you to work. You will have to earn your keep. Some of you will farm our food and raise our cattle. Some of you will keep the territory clean, while others will work on the building projects. As payment, you get to keep your current homes and are entitled to two meals a day, nothing more," Qusack said, and they were silent. I could see the dread in their eyes.

"We will divide you all now, and then you can all resume your duties following the Lycans in charge of your teams,' He explained, and they were silent.

Qusack and I drafted everyone.

The moment we drafted Gabriel to work with the masons and transporters, people began to plead on his behalf, claiming he was ill.

"I will do the work, Alpha," Gabriel said with boldness, and I knew he had a death wish.

"If you die in the process, your daughter's life is forfeit," I warned him, and he had horror in his eyes. It was stupid of him not to think I would figure out his reason.

Once we were done and I had had my fun, I returned to the packhouse. Qusack followed me and tried to catch up to me. "Were you serious about passing her around, Nikolus?" he asked, a bit worried.

I sighed and looked at him. I did not want to give him a definite answer, so he led me to the Alpha's office.

"She is a werewolf, and they are beneath us, but leaving her as a maid will be okay. Passing her around would be extreme. She ..." Qusack said, and I shut him up.

"Why are you protecting this girl? Did you think I spent all these years planning to fight and conquer my father's enemies only to play with a werewolf b*itc*h? The daughter of the b*astar*d responsible for my family's destruction? I did it for a purpose," I shot at him, and he sighed.

"Then apply for kingship. You have already enslaved all of them. Send her to her father and let them work on the projects together," He said and sighed.

He rubbed his ginger curls gently, seeming frustrated, then began to pace in the office. "I do not know, Niko, but I feel this is wrong. That girl.." he said, and I shut him up.

"My revenge, my rules," I said, and he nodded.

"If you planned on doing that, then why give her your scent?" he asked, and I could not respond. "I hope you know what you are doing, Niko," he said and sighed.

"I know you want to exert revenge for your family and please your mother. I know what Gabriel and his people did was f*uc*ked up, and they are paying for it now. But do not lose your soul completely. We might act cruel and hard to these people, and they might call us savages, but in the end, we are just us, Niko. Lycans that tried to make something of the mess given to us," he said, and I sat on my chair. Then looked at him.

“I will give her back to her father when I am satisfied. But she won’t be mated, and she won’t have children. The Nowaks lineage must end. My mother wanted that so badly, it is the least I can do to thank her for everything,” I said, and he patted me on the shoulder and sighed. He did not like my words, but he knew it was best to drop the topic.

“Alpha, the slave is force-feeding the queen, and it seems like she is k*ill*ing her. She also refuses to stop,” One of the men I assigned to help Aliana said, and I left what I was doing and decided to head to my mother’s room.

I told them to refer to her as queen because this was her kingdom, and she was the queen until Gabriel and his friends usurped power.

Aliana had told me she would force-feed her, but I had asked them to sedate my mother so she could spoon-feed her. The b*itc*h might just be taking out her anger on my mother. I rushed to the first floor and went to my mother’s room.

I opened the door and saw Aliana pouring food down a small funnel with a tube. My mother though feral, seemed in pain, and rage rose in me. I moved quickly and pushed Aliana away from her with force. Then pulled the funnel out.

“And you were all watching this?” I asked everyone there, not caring to see what had happened to the b*itc*h I pushed. I knew she would take out the anger of my rejection on someone, and she dared to take it out on my mother.

Ania and Lisa knelt and bowed their head immediately.

“Alpha, Aliana was able to get the queen to eat more than she normally does. That was why we allowed it. She wasn’t sedated when we arrived. This was the only way we could handle the situation,” she said, and I could feel their fear. I looked at my mother, and her eyes were red. She was crying and snarling with w*et hair and food dripping from the corner of her mouth. She had blood on her l*ips, and it wasn’t hers.

“Why wasn’t she sedated?” I asked Ania, but she wasn’t the one I was supposed to ask.

I wondered why the physician did not do his job, knowing she would be impossible to care for in this state.

Ashamed of my actions, I turned to look at Aliana and noticed she was passed out on the floor. The wall had some blood and a little crack on it. I must have used brutal force on her. I lifted her and told the men to get the physicians to attend to my mother while I carried Aliana to her room.

I believed she deliberately hurt my mother with the tube down her throat. My mistrust of the werewolves caused me to act irrationally, and I promised myself to look at things critically next time.

I opened the door to her room and laid her on the bed. She had a bite wound on her arm, and I figured my mother did it.

Aliana must have been desperate to risk it. Her eyes were shut close, and I knew she was unconscious. Werewolves healed slower than us, but I knew she would be fine.

I instructed the maids to attend to her and left the room.

Forged In The Flames Chapter 9

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 9 Keeping His Words

Aliana POV

I woke up with a terrible headache. The window was dark, and I knew it was nighttime. The memory of what happened came to me, and I was afraid. I wondered what must have made Nikolas rush into his mother's room like he did. I had told him I would have to force-feed her unless she was sedated. When I saw she wasn't sedated as expected, I believed Nikolas wanted to make it difficult for me, so I devised other means to carry on. The woman had bit me in the process.

I felt for my arm where she had bitten and saw it had already healed.

I became apprehensive.

I did not know if I should go and check on her or look for Nikolas. I decided to remain in my room.

I got off the bed and decided to sit under a cold shower to help with my headache. I also felt a slight fever, but I kept it to myself. It was best Nikolas believed I was still asleep.

The fever reduced after I had left the shower. I returned to my room, n*ake*d, and found Nikolas sitting on the bed.

I screamed from shock and ran back to the bathroom to wear the bathrobe. I returned feeling embarrassed. I was also afraid that something terrible had happened.

"Come here," he said calmly, and I walked close to him quietly.

"She wasn't sedated, I just wanted to get food into her. I swear, I had no malicious intent," I said quickly, pleading my case before the opportunity to do so was taken from me. He nodded and waited for me to reach him before he spoke.

"Next time you find her in that state, you should link me," he said, and I nodded quickly.

Then he looked at me with a tinge of concern in his eyes.

“How are you feeling?” he asked, and I opted to lie.

“I am all right,” I said. Nikolas assessed me and then nodded and stood up.

“The doctor will bring you some medicine. Try and get some rest. You can take tomorrow off,” He said, and I refused to take the day off. If I were idle, I would sink into depression. I needed to occupy my mind

“I would prefer to continue my work, alpha,” I said, and he sighed.

“Suit yourself,” he said and walked out.

One Month Later.

Alpha Nikolas stayed away from me for a month. He never asked to see me, but I knew he had company in his room every night, and Ania believed he had lost interest.

I would see him while passing the corridor, and he would not spare me a glance. Sometimes he would look at me and then look away immediately. He also seemed highly occupied, which made me wonder where he planned to attack next.

I would be lying if I said his indifference and distance did not get to me because they did, and surprisingly it hurt a bit. I should be happy about it, but I wasn't. It felt like more was taken from me.

I was unhappy about it in the first week, but fell into a rhythm and let it go.

I fed his mother and stayed with her longer than required. She had gained weight and was eating now. She was also a bit less aggressive. I believed hunger was part of the reason why she behaved that way. With her tummy always full, she had no need to act wild. The woman responded to me and allowed me to spoon-feed her even though she wasn't sedated. It was considerable progress.

On the first day of the fifth week of treatment, we got to the queen's room and found Nikolas sitting by his mother's side and feeding her with a spoon.

I had seen him but had not spoken to him in a while. I wondered if talking now would be overstepping.

I remained silent and stayed away from the bed I watched him feed her with care and even wipe food from the corner of her lips. She did not recognise him, and she did not act like an intelligent being, but she was calm and easy to manage.

She looked like someone who had lost her memories but wasn't acting mad anymore. He finished feeding her the beans and then got up.

I know he knows I was there, and I expected him to ignore me just as he had been doing, but he turned and looked at me.

"Follow me," he ordered, and I reluctantly left Ania and Lisa and followed him.

He led me to my room. We entered, and he sat on the couch while I remained on my feet.

"So, you were right," he said, and there was nothing to gloat about, I was just glad the woman looked healthy.

"I am happy she is looking healthier now," I said, and he nodded and looked at me.

"You know this won't get you or your people freedom, right?" he said, and I nodded. "Forest is our home and the only place we can still live. We have all resigned ourselves to our fate. I didn't do this with the hope of freedom. I did not want her to continue suffering the way she did," I said, speaking my truth, knowing he would not keep his end of the bargain.

"Very well," he said and stood up. "I will keep my end of the bargain. I will reduce the suffering of your people. It is only fair after you have reduced my mother's suffering," He said, and I could only imagine what my people, especially my father, were enduring, but I bowed my head and thanked him. He moved close to me, and I stepped back immediately. I did not want to go down that path with him again. "Wear something nice tonight, we will be eating together," he said, leaving the room. He also seemed in high spirits, and I wondered what he had up his sleeves.

The one-month period during which we did not interact was painful and rewarding at the same time. Both had conflicting emotions, but that was true.

Painful because I was a bit attracted to him and enjoyed our brief moments together, but rewarding because every encounter with him had ended in tears, and since I had no interactions with him, I had not cried in a bit. I wondered how the evening would go.

Evening came, and Ania entered my room with that awful tea again. I only drank it once, and the experience was painful, and it was a waste in the end because he did not touch me.

I knew tonight would be the same, so there was no need, but she insisted. So, I waited until they had dressed me up and then drank the tea.

They did not wear lingerie and robes this time around. They dressed me in a silk gown with nothing underneath. My hard nipples showed, and I wondered what the deal was

with the clothes Ania picked for me. But I thanked her. The tight dress had a long s*li*t that went up my thigh almost to my hips to show my legs. The fact that I had nothing underneath made me a bit uncomfortable.

“Why didn’t you get me something better, Ania?” I asked her.

The truth was Lisa and Ania had become my friends now. We were an unlikely mix, but soon, I had come to see them as friends.

They had my back every time and did not double-cross me or do things to get me into trouble, it let me know I could trust them. Ania giggled and admired the dress on me. “Alpha chose well, it looks exquisite on you,” she said, and I frowned.

“Alpha?” I said, and she nodded.

“He was the one that picked the dress,” She said, and I felt butterflies in my stomach. Then she gave me a note.

“Your father asked us to give this to you. Please destroy it after you have read it, or Alpha will know we are helping you communicate with your people,” she pleaded I wondered why my father sent me a note when we linked each other daily.

I nodded and opened the letter to read. “Aliana,

How are you? I know we speak daily, but this is the only way to communicate honestly with you. Alpha Nikolas is very powerful and can tune in to mind links, that is why I haven’t been able to discuss with you freely that way. He hears everything channeled through the links.

Kappa Bright found out the wrong way when he planned to run away. He was caught and executed yesterday.

I wish he knew better and had listened to my warnings. Anyway, that isn’t the reason why I am sending you this letter.

Thank you for what you did for us, Aliana. Nikolas has the heart to appeal to. You are the key to getting to him. After making us work as slaves for over a month on the farm, raising cattle, cleaning the territory, and building him a megacity with our homes and two meals a day as payment, he announced that we would also be earning wages and our jobs would be easier. Also, no Lycan is allowed to inflict pain on us unless we break the rules.

He said we owed the improvement to you, and everyone is rejoicing. I do not know what is between you and him, but I am grateful for your effort.

He might not be the monster we think he is. Thank you immensely for making this possible. The werewolves in Forest are once again still better off than the weres in Snow and Hill. Thank you so much, princess, and please be mindful of what you mind link others. With all the love in my heart, your father,” It read, and I held the letter to my chest and wept.

I had mixed emotions. I felt pain learning all they had been enduring for a month and the relief that Nikolas was honourable to keep his word. I had never been so eager to see the Alpha since this started, but I was eager to see him tonight. He had appealed to my heart without knowing it. I soaked the paper in water until it was completely soaked, then flushed it down the toilet. I was given a minute to compose myself and then taken to Nikolas’s room. The tea hurt my stomach, but I tried to calm myself.

I knocked, and he asked us to enter.

I entered the room, and he was sitting on the couch close to the table with food on it.

He wore a silk shirt that he did not button up, so I could see his bare chest and tattoo. Looking at his pants, I knew they were loosely fitted slacks. He looked at me without emotion, and Ania and Lisa excused themselves.

“Join me,” he said, and I fought the smile that was creeping on the corner of my lips.

He tried to seem hard, but deep down, he was soft, even though I knew he would not admit it. I went to him, and he asked me to sit beside him. Then instead of asking me to plate our food, he served my meal, which was unusual. While he plated the food, he spoke.

“Thank you for helping my mother. I would like to join you to feed her in the evenings. It has been a long time since I have cared for her at that proximity, and I am grateful for it,” he said, placing his hand on my bare thigh. I did not like the fireworks sparking under my skin because they made me seem needy. I swallowed and exhaled, then smiled. If I allowed myself to feel, I would want more, and I know I wouldn’t get precisely what Raven and I wanted.

He pulled his hand away, and we ate quietly. I was too nervous to taste the food but ate it without complaint.

“Is there anything more you feel we can do for her that might make her more comfortable?” he asked, and I swallowed. I was afraid to make suggestions he would hate.

“Speak freely, little wolf,” he said, and I nodded and exhaled.

“It would be nice if you could have silver bracelets forged instead of holding her in the chains. They should be galvanized, so they won’t burn. We will wear them on her ankles

and wrists. She won't harm anyone, but she won't be restricted. As you can see, I have manicured her nails. The only reason she acted wild was that she was underfed. I will also like to read her stories. She enjoys it a lot. I do not know if it is working, but her brain and memory are somewhere, maybe it might trigger a memory or two and snap her out. I am unsure, but it is the least I can do." I said careful enough to state that there was no guarantee it would work, but there was no harm in trying.

He placed his hand back on my thigh and looked at me.

"Why do you want to help the mother of a man that ruined your home, humiliated your father, and stole your honour?" he asked. I stared at him and saw he anticipated an answer.

"She does not deserve to suffer like that. I do not know what happened, but I suspect she is also a part of your pain. No one should see their parents in that state." I said, and he sighed and averted his gaze from mine.

"Very well, we will try all your theories together. I know you do not promise anything like you did with the feeding part, but I am willing to trust you," He said, pulling his hands away. Then placed his hand on my cheek and caressed it gently.

"Gabriel does not deserve you as his family," he said gently. I did not know why he hated my father so much, but I held my tongue. "If only his blood did not course through your veins, Little wolf, I would have damned the rules for your sake," he said.

I was confused, but my heart was pounding fast. Hoping he would touch me again. I saw his need and knew he saw mine, but could he put aside his hatred and go for it?

Forged In The Flames Chapter 10

Forged In The Flames

Chapter 10 Moments

Nikolas POV

Alianas' reasons touched my soul, and I could not express myself without compromise.

What she achieved was unbelievable, and she made me realise how negligent my kind has been where my mother was concerned.

I could sit beside my mother and feed her for the first time in years. She looked like she did when she was all right, and I wished she would gain her sanity in those moments.

I have learned how meticulous Aliana was with her. She had nursed her diligently, and it had paid off. I might have wanted her if she weren't Gabriel's child.

I deliberately stayed away from her to get my need for her out of my system.

Ever since we met, there has been a silent fire between us that only our wolves could understand. The few times we were alone together, we had broken barriers between us.

Knowing it wasn't good for my agenda and not wanting to hurt myself, I distanced myself from her for a month to get her out of my mind and focus on the things that matter. The truth was that it was a futile effort. I found myself thinking of her, her scent, her voice, her defiance, her confidence, and her beauty.

I thought of her response to my touch, her m*oa*ns.

I knew she wasn't faking it. Every moment, reaction, expression, and emotion with her were genuine. It was sad that we were on opposite sides.

Since I met Aliana, I had lost interest in other women, but she did not need to know that. It was my cross to bear. I had sometimes listened to her communication with her father, and she never spoke badly of me or complained.

I had thought she was playing a game, but her progress on my mother made me realise otherwise.

I looked at her for a bit and decided to live in the moment, just for tonight.

"Are you allowed to drink wine?" I asked her, and her cheeks coloured with embarrassment.

Her complexion had been going from pale to blush since she sat beside me, and I knew I had the same effect on her.

"I am allowed to drink, but I can't handle alcohol well," she replied, and I got up to get two wine glasses and a bottle of merlot and served both of us.

She raised an eyebrow when she collected the glass from me, and I smiled at her for the first time.

"Just for tonight," I said, and she nodded and took a sip.

"Delicious?" I asked, and she smiled.

"Fruity," she replied, which was an ingenious way to describe the taste.

At that moment, I wanted to unburden myself and live in the moment. So, I switched on the music and stretched my hands toward her to dance. She gulped down her wine completely and took my hand, blushing.

“You shouldn’t have done that, little wolf,” I said, touching her waist and pulling her close to my chest. She gasped, and I held her hand with my other hand on her waist while I tried to sway to the classic instrumental playing.

“Ever danced before, little wolf?” I asked, and she was still a bit tense, but I felt her relax. I was rewarding her for being kind to my mother and doing her best. At least, that was what I told myself, Bane was thinking otherwise.

“I used to dance with my father,” she said, and I froze but then composed myself and decided to live unburdened in those moments. Tomorrow we can get back to hating each other.

We danced the night away and drank too much.

Soon I realised that Aliana was tipsy. She was laughing a lot, and her cheeks were red. I decided she needed a break. “I haven’t had this much fun since my mother died, and I couldn’t even drink alcohol then,” she said, laughing, and I got curious about her mother’s death. “Do you mind telling me how she passed away?” I asked, and her smile faded.

“She wandered beyond the woods, and Lycans killed her. I was with her,” she said, tears welling in her eyes.

“It was my fault. She warned me not to wander far and that we weren’t welcome in other territories, but I didn’t believe her, I thought everywhere was like Forest, so I moved further to pick mushrooms.

We were ambushed. She told me to run while she shifted and fought. She was a Beta wolf, so she could hold her ground, but they were Lycans. I knew she would not survive it,” she said, tears streaming down.

“I should have stayed, but I was too afraid. I listened to her.” She said and wiped away her tears.

“That was the last time I saw her. I know my mother would refuse to be enslaved, so they were bound to kill her in the end,” she said, sobbing.

I could not dispute that werewolves had it rough in the world, but her father caused their problem by k*ill*ing the only man that would have protected them from the Snow King and his people. He must have been delusional to think he could rule an entire territory. Had my father been alive, no Lycan hunter would wonder near the border of Forest. As long as a king was present, the respect would be mutual. It was a silent law. The Forest border became open for attack and plunder when Gabriel and his friends committed treason and killed their only protection. I did not know how to console her, so I sat quietly there.

Soon she lurched, and I knew she wanted to throw up. I led her to the toilet, and she sat by the toilet seat while I watched her throw up her dinner. The wine shouldn't have affected her unless she had taken other things.

I held her hair back while she threw up, then rubbed her back gently to help her ease the reflex.

She looked at me over her shoulder and smiled. She was indeed a beautiful, gentle soul.

Nothing could compare to how she made my heart beat at that moment. I wanted to hold her to my chest and give in to what I had been fighting since I laid eyes on her. I would lie if I said I felt nothing for her, but we were star-crossed.

"Sorry, I ruined your toilet," she said with a slur, and I shook my head, still rubbing her back. I felt her temperature rising, and I knew the maids might have given her something before bringing her to me.

I hope they weren't drugs because I would be mad.

I had no issue with what the Lycan women did with their spare time, but I would have issues if they were feeding Aliana drugs.

I turned on the shower, removed her clothes, and placed her under the running water. Aliana had a gorgeous, soft, unblemished, tender body with curves in the right places. Her beauty was humble and innocent, yet striking and alluring. It took a lot for me to control myself watching her under the shower. I wanted to leave, but she held my hand.

"Stay with me, Alpha," she slurred, and I sighed before undressing and sitting with her under the cold water.

Her body was still warm.

So, I decided we would use the tub.

I ran the cold water, and when it was enough. I made her sit in it with me. She sat between my legs, her back against my chest, and I held her close.

As wrong as this was, I could stay with her in my arms forever, but it was just for the night. I wasn't going to allow myself to get carried away.

"Did the maids give you any medication?" I managed to ask, and she nodded. I was pissed off immediately and decided I would punish them for it. They weren't to give her anything without my approval.

“Birth control tea. They had no pills, and I was not allowed to leave, so I decided to settle for the next best thing. It tastes bad, and it is quite unpleasant,” She said, and I was shocked that Aliana took my rules seriously, but I hadn’t touched her yet.

That was when I realised she had anticipated me touching her tonight. Those were not my intentions at all.

I wanted to feed my eyes and feel her body close to me, but I wasn’t ready to go all the way with her.

“Do not take that tea again. It is dangerous, I will have the physician place you on birth control,” I said, and she relaxed in my arms. Her body temperature was coming down.

The tea was very dangerous. It was primarily used to suppress a wolf’s heat, but then they found out it had birth control effects, too, so people would often use it as a short-term preventive measure, but this was a bit extreme for an untouched woman.

We remained in the bath, and soon I carried her out and dried her skin, then took her to bed. She tried to k*iss me, but I dodged, she didn’t notice. She was too drunk to understand what she was doing, and the tea had amplified the effect of the wine.

She was bound not to remember anything by morning. I laid her on the bed and held her until she fell asleep.

It was sad to see the night end, and I knew we would return to being enemies in the morning.

As much as it sucked, I could not lose sight of what I had spent the better part of my life trying to achieve, and it still did not change the fact that Lycans and Weres could never mix. This was just for tonight.

I woke up on an empty bed the next day and realised that Aliana had snuck out of my room. I guess she did not want me to chase her out. I looked at the clock and saw it was nine-thirty in the morning. How could I have overslept? I couldn’t deny that I had a good night’s sleep, but this was wrong.

“Where are you?” I linked Aliana immediately.

“I am with The Queen. I could not leave her feeding to others. I had to leave quietly because I did not want to trouble your sleep,” she said, and she sounded as if we had not spent time together last night.

It was good to know that she didn’t allow certain things to get to her head. She might just last longer with me that way.

I brushed my teeth and showered quickly, then rushed to my mother's room. Alaina was spoon-feeding her when I arrived, and my mother looked good.

Her hair was packed nicely, and although she had feral eyes, she seemed to like Aliana. I hoped she would return to her senses one day.

"Leave us," I ordered everyone, and everyone cleared out.

Aliana dropped the bowl and got up to leave. She bowed her head and was ready to leave when I stopped her.

"Not you. Remain," I said, and she nodded. I waited for everyone to leave before asking her what I wanted to ask her.

"Why did you sneak out?" I said calmly, and she looked at me.

"I did not want you to chase me out when you woke up. Moreover, I know you like your space," she explained, and I sighed.

"Next time, you remain with me until I tell you to leave. Am I clear?" I said, and she nodded.

I took the bowl from where she kept it and sat to feed my mother. She looked at Aliana, and

Aliana smiled at her and she opened her mouth. I looked at the chains on her hand and linked Qusack to have the smiths make lovely silver bracelets galvanized so they don't burn for her to wear on her ankles and wrists. Other than her eyes, my mother did not look or act feral, and I saw it as progress.

I planned to spend the day with her and see all that Aliana does for her. She had shown her worth, maybe even too much, and my heart was beginning to beat in an unwanted manner.