

# THE ALPHA'S CONTRACT (NEAH AND DANE)

## Chapter 0221

### Chapter 0221

Hey everyone, hope you are all well and enjoying the story so far.

I want to thank everyone for the reviews, comments and gems. It's fab to see all the numbers grow and it means so much when writing a story like this. I also love to read your predictions for the plots to see if you can work out what's happening with the characters.

There is no update tomorrow 30th April. But I will be back on the 1st May. I don't want to keep you waiting too long.

And there is still so much more to come.

Have a fab day.

Taylor West

### Chapter 0222

Damien My knuckles hit the punch bag over and over.

Raven won't let me touch her when she's on her period. Telling me it's gross and disgusting and that if I tried touching her she would happily cut my dick off.

Between the two, I would rather keep my cock, so instead I burn my energy in the punch bags.

I pause as stuffing starts spewing from the splits in the bag. Taking it off its hook, I carry it over to the others that had already broken through. The lady that repairs them is going to hate me for all the work I'm providing her with.

As I hoist another bag onto my shoulder, a sharp pain spirals through my chest and almost has me doubled over, sucking the air from my lungs.

"Raven!"

Dropping the bag. I charge across the grounds, ignoring the concerned looks from the other Wolves "RAVEN?" I call out as I run through the back door and into the packhouse.

She stares at me wide eyed with a spoonful of ice cream halfway to her mouth. The spiralling pain continues to stab at my heart, but my mate is sitting right in front of me, looking completely fine and confused

Ravens brow dips down as a small crease forms between them. "Are you okay?"

"Are you?" I fire back, trying to keep the anger at bay as my heart thuds against my chest like its trying to break free.

She nods, still wide eyed.

The pain vibrates through my chest, but doesn't spread any further.

It couldn't be possible.

"Damien?" There's an edge of worry to her tone as she speaks my name. But if she was fine, that could only mean one thing. I rub my chest. "I think.... I think Salem is dead."

Her spoon clatters to the table. "He's....dead? But you are here?"

"I felt pain. I thought you were hurt, yet you are fine. It can only be him." I wanted to wrap her in my arms and never let her go.

She blinks a few times as though she hadn't heard me. "Who... who would have killed him?"

"It could have been anyone. The bar where I found Dottie wouldn't have been the last place for him to get a \_ feed." I rub my chest again. The pain was unexpected. I didn't think there was : anything left connecting me and iy brother. "The idiot must have got himself wrappedup i in something else."

Content belongs to

"Are you okay?" She asks quietly. "I know you wanted to be the one to end his life because of what he did."

It was true. I wanted to be the very last thing he saw. I wanted to see him take his last breath as life drained from his body. I nod. He was dead and that was one less thing we had to be concerned about. "What about you?"

She may not verbally speak it, but she questioned-what happened to him, letting the questions build in her mind. Wondering how he ended up becoming as hateful as he did. She never said it, and kept the thoughts to herself I think

sometimes;she forgets that I could read her 'mind. ANd after last time, I wasn't going to be the one to drag it out of her so aggressively . Content belongs to

"He deserved it." She whispers and sucks her bottom lip in between her teeth. "It's fine." I offer. "I just want you to tell me the truth, when you are ready."

I'm careful with my words. Watching her tiny reactions and making sure I don't push too much. She isn't afraid to shut me out if I push too much.

'I cared for him once. You know that." She lets-out a heavy sigh. "He seemed such a good man at one point. Though he was filling my head with lies{telling me what I wanted-to hear. Making promises that he was never-going to keep. He has done horrible, horrible things" She looks down at her leg. It was almost completely healed but she still refused to go on packruns or shift, just in case'. Content belongs to

## Chapter 0223

"What if we had gone through the blood tie? What would have happened to me then?" It was the question she replayed over and over, but she hadn't once asked me until now.

"He would have broken your heart." I keep my voice level and calm. Purposely keeping the annoyance from my voice. He probably would have killed her too, but she doesn't need to know that.

Her frown deepens and her eyes move to the closed door separating the kitchen from the hallway. "I hope whoever Killed him, made his death quick.

She had this picture of him in her mind of the man he once was. I wanted to tell her the truth. To tell her that he was never that man and what a bad man he really was. I wanted to tell her about the kind of messed up situations he put himself in, long before he asked Cassandra to turn him. But I bury it down, letting her remember the tiny good things about him.

I was the idiot for letting him live for so long.

She gives me a small sad smile. I should be jealous. I was to begin with, but I can't change the fact that she loved him once, even if it was built on lies.

"You should... um..." She picks up the spoon and starts digging it back into the melted ice cream. "You should tell the others. Dane and Neah will be so happy."

I move around the table to hug her and she jabs the spoon at me. "Don't touch me, I will cut it off. I swear!" "I can't even wrap my arms around you." 'I don't

like being touched when it's my time of the month. You should know this by now! It happens every single damn month!"

"It you let me put a pup in you. It won't."

Making my way down the hallway, I rap my knugktes on the office door. Dane calls for me to come in as Eric: lazies in a chair. His eyes are = practically bulging from his head as he yawns. The aroma of alcghol is stréng in the air. Content belongs to ol

Eric still hadn't returned to Beta duties and Klaus seemed to have taken over though Dane hadn't actually made it official. But it was a good thing that Klaus had stepped in, no one needed a drunk Beta.

"Eric, go." Dane mutters.

"Sure." He stands and sways, momentarily falling back into the chair.

'Drunk again, ksee?" I try to keep the judgemental {one to a minimum, but the way he acted, it pissed me off. ~~ He wasn't even worthy of his title and Dae needed to strip it. I didn't care about them being old friends. It shatld go to someone worthy, like Klaus. Content belongs to ta

"What's it got to do with you?" Eric seethes

I was pretty sure he was an alcoholic now. Apart from his balance, he could hold a conversation. There was a term used, back when I was human, Functioning Alcoholic." Yep, he definitely fitted that category.

"Eric, go home, get some rest." Dane growls Eric stumbles out and Dane quickly calls for one of the omegas to follow Eric to make sure he gets home in one piece. "You really need to get a handle on that." I mutter.

'I found out someone is supplying him. I've told him and everyone else that if I find out they are bringing in alcohol for him, they will be ripped apart by the others."

I cock a brow, surprised. He had been letting Eric's new habit slide for months, I wonder what's changed. I don't ask, it wasn't my place