

The Alpha's Contract

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Dane

Grabbing some water, I throw it on his body. Jenson groans but doesn't move.

"Get the fuck up." I demand.

More groans, and there is a tiny bit of movement. He raises his hand and gives me the middle finger. for the water or my presence, I didn't know.

"What the fuck do you mean she is coming?" I snap. My temper was hanging on by a very thin thread.

"She's coming for me." He croaks

"Is that what you want?"

He doesn't answer me.

Silent treatment I was used to from my sister. But not Jenson. He wouldn't know what silence means if it bit him on the ball bag.

Even interrogating him. He may not have given us any information about them, but it didn't stop him making every shit remark possible.

His eyes open and he stares at me from the ground. "...fucked up, Dane." He mutters breathlessly. His breaths sound hollow and raspy, I had a feeling it wasn't just his wolf he was killing.

Our wolves are part of us. Created from the Alpha blood that lives in our body. To try and kill Aspen's spirit would be like trying to kill himself.

"What does she want?"

His gaunt face stares back at me. Raven was right, I had been too caught up in punishing him to see how ill he looked. Like he had one foot through death's door.

"I can help you Jenson, you just need to give me the information I need." All

He rolls onto his back, his eyes fixate on the ceiling as he presses a hand to his chest. "It's weak. Aspen is gone."

His chest doesn't rise much when he tries to take a deep breath. And he ends up coughing on it.

"Neah." He splutters

"I know, but what does she want from Neah?"

He rolls his face towards me. "Everything. Her life....her power... her family."

His lips still and his chest stops rising and falling.

I am not letting this happen. Quickly opening his cell, I link Raven to come as I slam my fist down over his heart. I hear his ribs crack, but I don't care about that.

Pressing my ear to his chest, I hear nothing and start compressions.

Raven and Damien crash through the door just as Jenson's heart begins to beat again. But it is still weak, still barely hanging on.

Klaus appears shortly afterwards with supplies from the hospital which Raven almost rips out of his hands. She tells everyone to get back while she works, only allowing Klaus to pass her certain things.

We watch her inject Jenson with multiple medicines and force a tube down his throat with a bag thing attached that she tells Klaus to squeeze at a steady pace. She may be a bit of a mess

sometimes, but when it comes to medical shit, she knows her stuff.

"He needs to go to the hospital." She mutters. "Now."

Damien and Klaus move him as she gets to her feet. Her dark eyes are one me. "You didn't let him die." She whispers as the men disappear.

"No, but Aspen...." I had to tell her.

"I know. Midnight is struggling. Can he survive this?"

I didn't know how to answer her.

"Go, keep him alive." I tell her and she throws her arms around me. "Don't worry, Dane. This is what I'm good at." She heads towards the steps. "I will let you know when you can come by."

“I will be at home, preparing.”

“Preparing?”

“Before he passed out, he said she was coming.” I see her hesitation. The last Rogue that she had dealt with was Salem and he scarred her for life. She isn't a fighter, she's a healer. “Keep Damien and Klaus close.”

“Damien's your Beta.” She mutters nervously.

“It's fine. He is also your mate.”

She nods and runs up the rest of the steps.

In the office I find Eric. He's standing in front of my desk, his hands in his pockets.

“Eric.” I mutter in surprise.

“Dane.” He dips his head.

When I sit in my chair, he moves to the door and closes it with a sigh. “You figured it out.” He murmurs without making eye contact. “She told me.”

“Secrets rarely stay secret around me. Besides, there were a few giveaways. You marked her.”

“It wasn't what I was intending. I was drunk. She made a few comments and then told me she might be leaving the pack.”

“Because of Neah?”

He nods. “I lost it. I still don't know what came over me.”

“Exactly how I feel when something happens to Neah. What about Kelsie?”

“She was never my true mate, was she?! We got together when we were kids, long before we were old enough to even shift. Stayed together because of the boys. Boys that weren't even mine. If she had been my true mate, she would have died from what she did with Jenson. Same as how you almost killed Neah by kissing her.”

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He shakes his head, “Honestly, I hated the idea of Mal being my mate. I fought against it and yet I could never bring myself to reject her. She showed up constantly, making sure that I wasn't drinking. Even when I told her to fuck off she would still come back. After that, I would find myself watching her. I can see her front door from my kitchen

window and she does the same thing every evening. Sits outside with a mug of tea and watches.”

Now I understood what Mallory was saying when she said she likes to watch.

“When she didn’t follow her usual routine a few nights ago, I followed her scent into the forest. I heard her link that wasn’t supposed to be for me and felt my heart fall out my ass when I realised she was in danger.”

“A matebond will do that to you. You knocked Jenson out?”

“Yes. But he didn’t seem himself. And he didn’t wake up like I expected him to.”

“He’s in the hospital fighting for his life.” I mutter

“It’s that bad?”

“Yes.”

“Mal told me what’s been going on. I know I’m not your Beta anymore, but she has been keeping me in the loop as much as she can. I want to help if I can.”

“Where is she now?”

“I believe Neah is letting her meet the twins.”

That news surprised me more than anything. Neah had point blank refused to let Mallory near them or even be in the same room as them until now.

“Have you really stopped drinking?”

I couldn’t smell a drop on him. “A couple weeks.” It matched what Mallory had said. “I’m in a much better place,”

I imagine Mallory had a lot to do with that.

“Good, I need a second Beta.” He cocks an eyebrow at me. “Damien is a great Beta but he won’t take the blood oath yet. It makes it difficult for him to get information to the rest of the pack. You would be able to do that, just like before. Though I expect you to work alongside Damien.”

“Of course. Where do you need me?”

I catch him up on the very few things that Jenson said before he basically died.

Eric has a small smile on his lips, “Mal is smart.”

“A lot wiser than what any of us give her credit for.”

He nods. “I will speak to the guards, get a new rota going. Upgrade training again I guess.”

“It needs to include weapons. From what I’ve heard, Blair is well trained and maybe it will be something she doesn’t expect.”

He leaves and I head upstairs to the nursery. Logan and Evrin are both staring at Mallory in amazement as she plays peekaboo with them. Giggles escape both of them each time she ‘appears’.

Dorothy is sitting on Neah’s lap with her lips almost pressed to Neah’s ear as she whispers something.

“You know where the snack box is.” Neah mutters back with a smile.

Dorothy had been here for a while now and she still asked permission for almost everything. Still afraid that she was going to be told ‘no’ or starved. It pulled on Neah’s heart because of her past so she always made sure the snack box was full of all Dorothy’s favourite things and she never said no.

She skips past me and towards the stairs but Neah’s eyes are on me. “What’s happened?”

“Jenson is in hospital.”

“Wait.” Mallory mutters, “You were going to give me forty eight hours.”

“It turns out that he didn’t have that left.” I sigh. “The forced shifting has killed his wolf and Jenson died with him. We restarted his heart, but it doesn’t look great.”

"Can he survive that? Like how does that work because it's only Alpha blood that has an extra spirit right?"

“I don’t know, but you were right, Mallory. He said he fucked up. But his stubbornness to ask for help means we might be too late. Raven is doing what she can.”

The twins are oblivious to our conversation and are pulling on Mallory’s sleeves to get her to keep playing. She plasters on a smile and plays with them as she asks what we are going to do.

I repeat the same things to her as I did Eric.

“She’s really coming?” Neah asks quietly

“I don’t know, but it felt like it was a warning.”

“Don’t let the darkness in now, Neah.” Mallory warns her. “It might be exactly what she is looking for.” Her head flips to me. “We need to find more Lycans.”

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Neah

“We already know that there are more out there, but we haven’t got the time for that!” Dane snaps at Mallory. “For all we know, she might be here already, skulking around.”

The twins have fallen quiet and are staring up at Dane. From the moment they were more aware of their surroundings, they had always been able to feel his anger, but it never made them cry. It just seemed to fascinate them.

“WE don’t need to do anything.” Mallory mutters and turns her eyes to me. “You do.”

“Right.” I snort. “The last time I spoke to Lycans, they were the ones that had been bitten, marked, whatever you want to call it. And not only that, you struggled to link me.”

“I think something is holding you back.” She shrugs her shoulders

“I know, the darkness that sits inside of me.” I mutter sarcastically.

“No. You.” She points a finger at me. “I thought it might have been Nyx not wanting you to listen to me.”

‘Not me.’ Nyx mutters in annoyance.

“But now I think it’s you. You’ve focussed so much on keeping the darkness at bay that you are not letting your natural bloodborn ability in.”

“It didn’t work with Salem or Blair.”

“Neither of them were around when Cassandra had it in for you. But what had started was the very thing that you are fighting every day. I think that has something to do with it, but it’s not what is

stopping it.”

“I accepted who I am.” I mutter in defense

“But a lot has changed since then.” Dane stares at me

“Neah, you are the last female Alpha, a descendant of Aldous Kitson. Every Lycan in the world belongs to you, Rogue or not. If it’s true that there are more. You need to find a way to link them. To bring them here.”

“And what if I bring more shit to our pack? What if they hate the idea of me? What if they hate the idea of having an Alpha? I understand what you are trying to say Mallory, but the twins.” I look over to Dane who had picked them both up and was pulling faces at them. “I can’t risk anything happening to them.”

“You would be doing this for them. And if anyone tries to fuck us over, we will bring hell down on them.”

I stare at her, it was less than a week ago that she was telling me she would happily give up being a Lycan. Maybe the possibility of feeling like she belonged had changed that.

My eyes move to familiar crimson ones. He doesn’t speak, he just stares back at me. The look that said it was all up to me. Sometimes, I liked it better when he took the decision away. The last time I made a choice, Mallory was almost killed.

I look at my boys nestled in his arms. They were unaware of what was happening. Unaware of what they had been born into and my only goal was to give them the best upbringing. Because as much as I am the last female Alpha. They are future Lycan Alphas. Set to rule both Lycans and Wolves.

“If I figure this out, there is a good chance Blair will seek the others out. Try to bring them to her side. What if she succeeds?”

“I have an idea, but it’s a bit out there and we would need Raven on board.” Mallory tells us

“What is it?”

“We ask them if they would die for you.”

“What’s that going to prove? They could just lie.” Dane asks

“We give them blood of wolfsbane.”

“WHAT?” I had nearly died when I had been drugged with it. Raven had barely saved my life and if she had never got the antidote from the Witch, I wouldn’t even be here. I saw what it had done to my parents. Every now and again I still see their blood soaked faces.

“Because Raven knows how to make the antidote.” Dane nods, ignoring my reaction All

Mallory nods.

“Am I the only one that sees a flaw in that plan? Say we do that, then the news gets out that we have the antidote. That it’s just a test.”

“You order them not to tell anyone. Neah, I think sometimes you forget how powerful an order can be.” Dane tells me

“I’m not poisoning them. I’m sorry, but there has to be another way.”

Everyone falls into silence as Dorothy skips back into the room, carrying a bag of popcorn. “Do you know where Daddy is?”

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“He’s working, but he will be back soon.” Dane smiles at her and steals a piece of her popcorn

“Because he is an important man?” Dorothy asks with a pout.

“He is. And when you are older, you will understand why?”

“Okay.” She climbs up into the window and presses her face to the glass trying to look for Damien. Frowning when she can’t see him.

“Mallory, will you stay here with the kids while I speak to my mate.” Dane asks

“Yes of course, I love kids.”

I cringe when she calls herself Auntie Mallory and tells them she will be staying a little longer, but I don’t have time to correct her as Dane is pulling me out the room.

“I know you don’t like it, but I think she is on to something. I also know it’s bringing up shitty memories, but it will be a fast and quick way to weed out the bad. To find out who is really on your side.”

“I won’t be able to do it.” Even talking of killing so many was making me fidgety. I needed to find a way to get rid of this darkness. I can’t live like this, constantly worried that it’s going to rear its ugly head.

“You can’t grow it anyway. Well, at least I don’t think you can. It needs wolf blood.”

He starts making a plan. Talking about growing it in a safe place where no children had access to it. A part of me hated it, but something deep inside me bubbles with joy at the thought of killing more people. I hated the looming darkness.

While Dane is checking in on Jenson, Mallory sits on the floor opposite me. We had been talking through mind link and each time seemed to get clearer and stronger.

'Tell me how you linked them all before?' She asks, her high pitched voice echoing in my head

'I'm not sure. I was hiding with Jess. She made me feel like I could do it and it just happened.'

'No, there's more to it than that. To be able to link that many at once, you need power, strength. Something you already have. But for some reason, it's stopping you now.'

'I guess I wanted to protect the ones I care about. Jess was like a little sister. We were finding our way together. She was newly bitten, I was newly unbound. But I didn't have this darkness. And the twins help my head stay clear.'

"I'm not saying you need to shift. You accepted your position right? Well now it's time to truly believe in it. Believe that you are a fucking strong female Alpha. You have been bound four times and survived. That in itself shows that you are more than just any Alpha. So tap into it!"

"Stop telling me what to do! Stop talking. I need to think!" The words come out in a really strange tone. A voice that isn't Nyx.

Mallory stares at me with wide brown eyes, patting her throat. "What's wrong? Are you having trouble breathing?" I panic as she continues to point at me and then point at her throat. Her mouth moves but no sound comes out.

There are footsteps hurrying this way. The last person I expected to see was Eric. "You've ordered her to stop talking." He tells me

"What? No I didn't. And how would you know that, you weren't even here?"

"She linked me."

"I don't know how I did it. How did she link you? She's a Lycan. Hold on, you're her mate?"

"Yes," he flips his head to Mallory and then back to me. Frowning, "Mal said it happens when you are flustered."

"You were flustered about keeping Jess safe." I know he is just repeating her words, but it's weird. "You were flustered with her working you out. You're flustered with making decisions."

“So how am I supposed to undo it?” Dane needed to explain a bit more about the Alpha order.

“Just tell her she can talk.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that.” He winks at me. I had missed Eric, he wasn’t the same man when he drank.

“You can talk.” I mutter to Mallory.

“And I have just cracked your problem.” She smiles at me

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Mallory

“She’s not angry.” Eric tells me as he walks me home. “You have to remember that she hasn’t been a Lycan for long. A lot of things are still new for her.”

“I know. They lied to her, convincing her that she is a Wolf.” They kept reminding me of that every chance they got. But she also needed to know that her past didn't define her.

“It’s more than that. Imagine what it’s been like to be lied to her entire life. To be thrown into something she knew nothing about. To have had everything taken from her. From where I’m standing, she’s handling it pretty damn well.”

I smirk. “Klaus said something like that.”

“We are not wrong. Compared to what she was like, she’s a different person now.”

“You think she’s frustrated?”

He nods with a sad smile. “Frustrated with herself, because trust me, you would know if she was angry. Everything is a learning curve. Not everyone settles into something so easily. I know she is capable of doing what you are asking her too. I was there when she ordered hundreds of Lycans, bitten and pureblood to bring her their own leader.”

“Okay, but we are running out of time.”

“You don’t know that. Blair showed up once and then didn’t show up again for months.”

“Right.” I frown, but my gut instinct was telling me we didn’t have months. “How come you were in the house?”

“I was speaking to Dane.”

“And?”

“He has asked me to be a second Beta.”

“Alongside Damien?”

“Yes. And I have agreed. I need to get back some normality.”

We stop outside my house and the light catches his eyes. He had beautiful eyes that were different colours depending on how the sun caught them. Right now they were almost an aquamarine, but if he turned his head a little more, they looked more honey coloured. Strange yet fascinating.

“Not tonight. I need to work.”

“Right.” I try to keep the disappointment out of my tone. I knew he could feel it. But he doesn’t say anything and that frustrates me.

He kisses my forehead and turns away, telling me he would see me in the morning.

We had slept together the day he marked me and then again when I was in heat. That took place when Neah believed I was avoiding her. When the reality was, I was in bed with Eric having the best orgasms ever. It had to be something to do with the mate bond connecting us to make it feel so damn good.

Since then, nothing but a few kisses and I feel like my insides are clawing at me to pin him down.

Time together was limited because he still didn’t seem to know how he felt about our situation. One minute he wanted me nearby, the next he was telling me to leave.

Now, there were just two reasons for me to stay here. At least that is double the amount from when I last checked.

Following my usual routine, I make a cup of tea and take it outside, settling on the stones that make up my small porch. Only tonight I wasn’t watching people.

Klaus had lent me an old laptop and I was determined to find something to do with other Lycans.

I didn’t know exactly what I was looking for. Maybe strange sightings, strange animal related deaths. I might as well put my mind to some use if I wasn’t going to get laid tonight.

The grounds of the pack get quieter and quieter until darkness completely sets in. I had already refilled my cup three times and still, I had found nothing. I should have expected it really. We kept our location hidden when we were protecting the Rogues and Klaus had mentioned something about Lycans going into hiding according to this Aldous Kitson.

Plus humans were naive to what happened around them. Those stories of wars were just myths to them, unless someone brought you in, like Cassandra.

Just when I'm ready to give up, I find a story from around twenty years ago about a teenager saving a woman from a monstrous beast.

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'It was huge. Maybe seven feet tall. But it looked part wolf and part man.' The description was vague but it was more than enough for us.

From the few sentences underneath it said the woman survived after spending six weeks in the hospital recovering from her traumatic injuries.

"That's it!" I snap in frustration at the lack of info. Nothing about claw marks or peeled skin

I scroll down the page only to find comments about conspiracy theories or suggesting that the man and woman were high on drugs. But I know you don't forget seeing something like that.

I needed to show Klaus. He was good at finding stuff like this.

Pulling the cord from the laptop, I hurry over to his house, grateful when I see a light is still on.

"You can find people right?" I blurt when he opens the door.

"Depends on how much information you have."

I barge past him and drop the laptop on his table a little heavier than I wanted too and curse myself because it wasn't my property.

"I've been looking for signs of Lycans."

He smirks and moves to his new laptop at the other end of the table. He spins it around to face me. It's on the exact same page as I was looking at. Only he had a map next to him with circles drawn all over it.

"Do you know why I'm drawn to this one?" He points at the screen

I shake my head

“It’s an unusual first name for a human. But a common one among wolves.”

I hadn’t even noticed the name. ‘Abraxas Adler.’ He was right, I never came across that name as a human, and there were six in this pack alone.

“You think he’s a Wolf?”

He nods his head at me. “Maybe he can give us more information.”

I think if I leave the pack without telling Damien, he will lose his shit all over again, especially with Blair lurking out there.

My eyes move back to the image on the screen. He’s smiling but it doesn’t meet his hazel eyes. What if Klaus is on to something and we pass this up?

“Do you think he is in a pack?” I quiz

“No. There are no packs located where this article comes from. It’s human territory which means if he is a Wolf, he was likely kicked out of his pack.”

“Kicked out as a teen?”

“Or abandoned.” Klaus mutters

“And that’s if he is still there, the article is twenty years old. There’s no guarantee we will find him.”

He hands me a blue post-it note. “He’s there. Up for a road trip?” All

“I’m already in trouble for the Blair incident.” I protest. He nods and takes the post-it back. “You’re going by yourself?”

“Someone needs to get some more news, even if it’s a dead end.”

He moves around putting snacks and bottles of water into a duffle bag. But no clothes.

“How long will you be gone?”

“It’s a two hour drive. I will be back before sunrise.” He hauls the bag over his shoulder and grabs his laptop and map. “No need to cover for me.”

I follow Klaus out front to a running car, only to see Eric sat in the driver's seat. Eric’s eyes lock with me. “Get in.”

“You knew.” I mutter, climbing into the back. “Is that why you blew me off again?” I rip the belt around me, jabbing the buckle into its lock with a little too much force. “Dane is going to be so pissed that we are doing this!”

“Already cleared.” He mutters back, staring at me in the rearview mirror.

Klaus gets in the passenger seat and quickly updates the satnav with the details.

The journey was boring. I hated being the one that is not driving. I hated that they were having a conversation with each other that didn't include me.

“Mal,” Eric mutters as he looks straight ahead. If anyone else called me that, I would rip their throat out, but it had become his thing and I like the way it sounds in his voice. “You might have to shift.”

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“Is that a good idea, considering what he claimed to have seen?”

“We might need to convince him that what he saw was true.” Klaus mutters

“Then again, if he's a Wolf,” Eric adds, “He should know there is more in the world.”

“Fine.”

Eventually we pulled up in front of a large house. It was in need of a little fixing up here and there, but over all, definitely not what I was expecting. I glance at the clock on the dash and see that it's almost midnight. More importantly, there were no lights on in the house.

Movement catches the corner of my eye and a black Wolf creeps around to the front of the house. It's shoulders hunched and head low, scouting us. It sniffs and turns away, heading back in the direction it came from.

I don't wait for the men. I follow the Wolf

Turning the corner of the back of the house, I freeze as a shotgun is pressed against my forehead. At the other end was a guy around the age of thirty five. His feet bare, his shorts slung low on his hips.

His eyes are familiar from the article. His curly black hair hung over his forehead, yet the sides had been taken down to skin. Perfect abs lined his torso. I hear a growl behind me. I knew it was coming from Eric, warning me to keep my thoughts to myself.

“Just looking” I mutter

“What do you want?!” Abraxas growls

“Hopefully not to get shot.” I mutter. “Just to ask you questions about the night you saved that woman.”

“Which one?”

“There’s more than one?” Klaus asks.

Abraxas doesn’t take his eyes or the gun off of me. “Hundreds and I remember every single one of them.”

“The first one.” I try, “Twenty years ago.”

“Why?” He growls and presses the gun a little harder. I don’t know why, the pressure wouldn’t make a difference if he was going to blow my brains out.

“We are Wolves.” Eric mutters

“Yeah, you lot are. She ain’t!”

I raise my hands, realising why he had specifically pointed the gun at me. He could smell the difference. That only happened when you went Rogue. Wolves couldn’t tell us apart. So why could he?

“I’m safe.” I whisper. “The guy with the blonde hair. He’s my mate.”

“Bull fucking shit.”

“My mark is on my stomach.”

He steps forward, pressing the gun impossibly harder and rips my sweatshirt up.

“You claimed a Lycan?” He sneers as he lets go of my top.

“It’s complicated, but yes. She is my mate.” Eric speaks calmly, “And I would prefer it if you lower you fucking gun.”

“Tell me why you are here and then I will decide.”

I put my hand up to Eric and Klaus. “The women you save from Lycans, why do they need saving?”

“Because the beasts are trying to eat them. And I’ll be damned if that happens while I live in this town.”

“Why is it on you?”

I watch his finger twitch over the trigger.

“Please don’t!” I whisper. It wasn’t like pissing off Blair, one wrong word and a bullet would be lodged inside my head.

Abraxas tilts his head to one side. “Can’t say any of you have begged me not to shoot before. You lot normally like the challenge. But you can’t survive having your brain scattered across the lawn.

“How do you know that?” I mutter in a croaky voice.

“You learn quickly what works and what doesn’t.” He curls his lip up in disgust

“How long have you been living here?” Klaus asks.

“Born and bred.”

“No pack?”

“No.”

“What happened to your family?” Klaus presses.

“Her kind.”

A lump in my throat grows.

“Where are you fuckers from?” Abraxas demands

“Black Shadow.” Eric tells him. “And we came here looking for your help.”

“You ain’t getting it. Though I can get rid of your problem.”

“I’m not the problem. Blair Kitson is.”

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Mallory

His hazel eyes narrow. He knew who I was talking about. Still, he doesn’t lower the gun.

“That bitch still alive?” He growls through clenched teeth

“Yes. Hopefully for not much longer.” I give him a small smile, hoping that I had found a way to break the tension. He doesn’t return it. “We are looking for help.”

“Is she telling the truth?” He asks Klaus and Eric.

“Blair is why we are here.” Eric tells him, “Now lower the fucking gun.”

“Nah, you bastards are on my property, I can do what I want. If you don’t want a bullet lodged in her pretty little head, you lot better start talking.”

“Here?” Klaus asks, “We will attract the humans' attention.”

“Look around you! It’s the middle of the fucking night. There are no other houses back here, why do you think I lured you around here, dumbass?!” Now he smiles. “Fucking pack idiots.” He spits on the ground.

They tell him everything, well, almost everything. Every now and again I would feel the gun ease off my forehead only to be shoved right back against my skin. I could heal, but it still hurt.

I keep perfectly still, I don’t need to give another reason for him to fire that thing off.

“You expect me to believe all that?” Abraxas growls, still keeping his eyes on me.

“Little far fetched to be a lie, don’t you think?” I mutter

“I’ve met a few good liars. That bitch is one of them.”

“Blair?” What did she lie to him about?

“That’s the one.”

“Can we just talk about this?” Klaus asks. “Wolf to Wolf?”

“You’ve got more to say?” He seems amused.

“So much more.” Klaus mutters “If you are willing to listen.”

Abraxas grabs my wrist and spins me around, locking his arm across the top of my chest as he backs us up, he tells them “You’ve got five minutes.”

Eric’s face is unreadable as he and Klaus follow us. Abraxas pulls me into a darkly lit kitchen. Black and white tiles covered the floor in stripes. Black cupboards lined the walls with black marble countertops sitting on top. Nothing how I expected it to look considering the outside needed a little work. But I guess I shouldn’t judge a book by its cover. Or in this case, a house.

Eric and Klaus slip in, moving in opposite directions.

“You can split up or stay together, doesn’t matter. One wrong move, she’s dead. Now maybe someone should start trying to convince me that I should let her live.”

“What do you want?” Klaus asks

“Blair.” Abraxas mutters.

“A lot of people want her. Both Alpha’s. Another Lycan. Her.” Eric points at me. “She’s caused problems and you will have to get in line.”

“I’m pretty certain she fucked my life up first.” Abraxas snarls. “Take me to where I can find her and this one gets to live.”

This was not at all why we had come out here. All

“What did she do to you?” I ask

“She killed my parents.”

“Why?”

“Because they were Hunters and they destroyed your kind.”

I had quietly literally walked into another hostage situation, only this one seems less like I will make it out alive.

“But there is something you haven’t told me. Why is there a Lycan Alpha in a pack with a Wolf Alpha?”

“They are mated.” Eric tells him and for a moment, I wondered if that was the worst thing he could say.”

Abraxas bursts into laughter. A deep belly laugh that echoes through the room. He pushes me away and Eric grabs me, pulling me in close, a protective arm going around me. Abraxas really was a nut job.

“You lot are fucking nuts!”

Really? He thinks we are the ones who have lost our marbles.

“You pack Wolves are so fucking predictable.” He points between the men, “I assume one of you is the Beta because the Alpha certainly ain’t here.”

Neither Klaus or Eric speak, I think they were just as confused as I was. Speaking of Klaus, he hadn't said anything for a while.

"Anyone want a beer?" Abraxas asks, pulling open the fridge.

"Sorry, what is happening?" I was used to unpredictability, but I had gone from being held at gunpoint to being offered a beer, like it was a casual afternoon meet up. This guy had to be on something. "You just had a gun pointed at my head!"

"Precautions." He straightens up, his muscles tensing. And I have to remind myself that we were here for a reason.

"A few things you should know about me, Lycan." He flips the cap off his beer and takes a swig. "I know when I'm not being told everything. I know that she," He points at me, "was Rogue at one point. I know exactly what a Rogue is, I've been hunting them for twenty years. You didn't tell me much that I didn't already know, and I'm one hundred percent certain there is still more to your story. So what's the catch?"

"We are looking for Lycans. The female Lycan Alpha needs support." Eric tells him

"So why doesn't she just link them? She's the last one, right? Pretty powerful? She can call them in."

"Uh...."

"Like I said, I know my shit."

Chapter 0269

"It's a little more complicated than that. But she is working on it."

He leans against the counter and my mind disappears into the gutter. It wasn't intentional and I blame Eric for depriving me.

There's a low growl from behind me. That warning once again. Eric's hand on my stomach presses a little harder. A move to remind me that I was his. Abraxas ignores it, instead, pushing himself up and sitting on the countertop.

"It always is when it comes to packs. Much easier when you don't have to care for anyone else."

"This is a waste of time." Eric mutters. "He's not going to help us and we can't give him what he wants. Let's go!" He turns me towards the door.

"You sure about that, Blondie."

When I look back, I see Abraxas grinning at him. "A lot of people will do things if it means they gain something from it, including me. I can help you find your damn Lycans. I can tell you the ones who are no longer Rogue and the ones who are, I get to kill those. You get what you want and in return, I get what I want".

"What if we don't have to go hunting?" I murmur. If he truly is capable of telling the difference, we won't need to bother with blood of wolfsbane.

"Where's the fucking fun in that?" He looked so disappointed by the idea.

"Come to the pack with us. And I will explain everything on the way."

"I aint no pack lackie!"

"I thought you wanted to kill Rogues?!" Sometimes, having a mad man close by was better than having him far away and knowing about us.

Surprisingly, it takes less convincing than what I thought it would. That could be a bad sign, or maybe knowing that he could get a chance to kill loads of Rogues is what tipped the scales.

Klaus and I wait in the kitchen as Eric followed Abraxas around the house as he collects his weapons.

"Have you linked Dane?" I ask Klaus as another duffle bag is dropped onto the floor. Seven large bags and still counting. This guy was packing some serious shit.

"Done." Abraxas mutters, dropping a fifteenth bag. He had changed into jeans and a crisp white tee. "Let's get the show on the road, though I want the girl with me. Just in case."

"If you touch her...." Eric starts.

"Yeah, what are you going to do about it, Blondie? She will be dead before you even get out of your car. It's pretty simple, you don't fuck me over, she gets to live."

Much to Eric's annoyance, I agree.

We help Abraxas load his truck and just before I get in, Eric pulls me in against him. His lips mould against mine. "Don't do anything stupid. I don't like this guy."

I nod and slip into the passenger seat as Eric gives Abraxas one more glare.

Abraxas doesn't ask me anything during the journey. He fiddles with the music a few times, but mostly stews in silence.

Shit, he hates Blair.

"There's something you need to be aware of." I blurt out

"I fucking knew it." He pulls a handgun out of his belt and points it at me.

"It's not what you think. You were right, we didn't tell you something and not because we were hiding it." The words fall quickly from my mouth. "The female Alpha looks almost identical to Blair, the only difference is Neah has blue eyes."

"Is this a joke? Has Blair got you believing that crap?"

"I swear, I have seen them both at the same time." I probably had less than a second for him to decide if I was telling the truth or not. And I had no way to prove it. Think!

"Do you have a phone?"

I had the office phone number memorised. Something Dane had made me do when I first moved to Black Shadow in case I got into trouble.

"Why?"

"So you can hear her voice. She sounds nothing like Blair."

For a brief second, he lowers the gun and pulls a phone from his pocket. I dial in the number and Dane answers.

I switch it to speaker phone so Abraxas can listen in. "Dane, is Neah awake?"

"Mallory, is everything okay?"

"I just need Neah on the phone. It's urgent because we will be at the pack soon." All hell will break loose if Abraxas thinks they are the same person. And he has enough weapons and ammo to take down half the pack. Maybe more

"Hello? Mallory, is that you? Why didn't you just link me?" Neah mutters through the phone.

The car in front with Eric and Klaus slows. Dane was probably linking them and Eric will know that my heart rate is through the roof again.

"Ask her something." I mutter at Abraxas

He reaches over and hits the end call button.

"Why did you do that? I was trying to prove who she is."

“I heard exactly who she is.”

“You can tell, just like that?”

“Just like that.” He repeats

“But how?”

“It’s a gift.”

“She said like ten words.”

“It’s enough.”

Why did I just feel like every organ fell out my ass?

Chapter 0270

Hey all, I hope you are well. Unfortunately there is no update as planned due to family illness. I'm sure you all understand that I wouldn't want to up load the wrong chapter and spoil the story.

And I know I say it every time, but all the comments, reviews and gems truly are appericated and if anyone hasn't done so, please feel free to leave a review on the book's homepage so that others can see it. I would love for my book to reach as many eyes as possible.

I hope the new character is keeping you on your toes.

Hope you all have a good day and I will try to be back tomorrow.

Taylor WestAll