Chapter 12

Alexanders pov.

As I stepped out of the cell, my mind was filled with a whirlwind of emotions. Olivia's eyes haunted me, pleading for me to believe her innocence. But something didn't feel right about the whole situation. I couldn't shake the feeling that there was more to the story than what we had been told. I made my way to my office, my footsteps echoing in the empty hallway. I could hear the distant howls of my pack members outside, a reminder of the chaos that had erupted within our once-peaceful community.

As I settled into my leather chair, I looked at the two photos on my desk: one of my late wife Cassandra and the other of Olivia. The two women who had captured my heart in different ways were now gone from my life in tragic circumstances. I couldn't help but feel guilt for not being able to protect them both. [1]

But as I stared at their images, a thought crept into my mind. Cassandra had died in childbirth, and why now were people saying that they had seen Olivia in her room hours before her death and poison bottles found in her room? Why hadn't anyone said anything soon?

I shook my head, trying to push away the doubts that were swirling in my mind. But I couldn't ignore the nagging feeling that something was off about Cassandra's death. I needed answers for Olivia's sake and for my own peace of mind.

Leaning back in my chair, I closed my eyes, focusing as I mind-linked my beta, Ethan. He was the only one that I could trust to help me and find out the truth.

"I need you to come to my office," I said firmly. "There's something we need to talk about."

Beta Ethan arrived quickly. His brow furrowed in confusion as he took a seat across from me. I explained my suspicions about Cassandra's death and how the story we had been told had inconsistencies. Beta Ethan listened intently.

"But why now?" he questioned. "Cassandra's death was over four years ago. There is no way that we would be able to prove anything. All evidence would be long gone by now?"

I let out a sigh, knowing that he was right, but I couldn't let this go. I needed answers. "I need to know the truth. Something tells me that Olivia is telling the truth."

Ethan nodded slowly, his expression thoughtful. "I understand, Alpha. We will do everything we can to get to the bottom of this."
Just then, a loud alarm sounded throughout the pack house, causing both of us to jump in surprise.

"What's going on?" I demanded as one of the guards burst into my office, panic evident in his eyes.

"Alpha, Olivia has escaped," he reported breathlessly.

My heart skipped a beat at the news. Olivia had escaped. A mix of emotions flooded through me - worry for her safety, fear that she may have killed her sister, and a determination to uncover the truth no matter what.

I stood up quickly, my mind racing with thoughts of Olivia out there on her own. The guard looked at me expectantly, waiting for my orders. "Gather a search party," I commanded firmly. "We need to find her before anything else happens."

As the guard rushed off to carry out my orders, Ethan placed a reassuring hand on my shoulder. "We will find her, Alpha."

I nodded, trying to push away the overwhelming sense of dread that threatened to consume me. "We have to," I replied with determination.

Hours passed as we searched tirelessly for any sign of Olivia. The moon hung high in the sky, casting an eerie glow over everything it touched. My pack members scoured every inch of our territory. It felt like an eternity before two guards finally approached me with grim expressions on their faces.

"We found her, Alpha," one of them said quietly. My heart leapt into my throat at the news, relief washing over me momentarily before the guard continued, "But...she's gone."

I stood there in shock, unsure of what they meant. "What do you mean she's gone?"

The guard hesitated before speaking again, his voice barely above a whisper. "She...she jumped from a cliff into the sea. By the time we reached her, it was too late. Her body was being swept away by the currents, and we couldn't reach her in time."

A wave of disbelief crashed over me as I processed his words. Taking a step back, I braced myself on the wall. Olivia, gone? The woman who had captivated my heart and stirred something within me that I had never felt before was now lost to the depths of the ocean.

My mind raced with questions and regrets. Why did she feel like she had to take such drastic actions? Was this her way of telling me that the accusations against her were true? 1

I felt a hand on my shoulder, grounding me in reality. It was Ethan, his

eyes filled with sympathy and understanding. "I'm so sorry, Alpha," he said softly.

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