

# Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 141

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Asher would've k\*\*\*\*d him on the spot with only my word as evidence. That was how much he trusted me, how much he wanted to protect me.

The gut-feeling twisting and tearing into my stomach like razor blades was telling me to scream for my mate-or worse, tear Lars's throat out myself.

I had to keep my cool, especially at a bake sale for a girl who had just been m\*\*\*\*\*d. There was no way I could cause a scene. I couldn't accuse Lars of something like this with nothing more than a hazy memory of black boots and a gut-feeling that set off a symphony of alarms in my head.

His lips curved up in an amused smile, which was my only warning that I had taken too long to answer. Keeping my eyes on his face and not on his boots was excruciating, but I wasn't sure if he had seen me look the first time.

If this gut-feeling of mine was correct-which both witches said it would be, then that meant Lars was connected to all of this. Perhaps he was a puppet and not in league with the master herself. As hard as I tried, I couldn't figure out what purpose a werewolf would have in helping the witches.

All the witches I had encountered were women. I wasn't even sure if men could be witches. That made things a bit more confusing.

"Oh-that sounds fun!" I covered my croak with a laugh that probably sounded a little too chipper. Breyona noticed and gave me a funny look that I promptly ignored. "I'll make sure Asher tags along since parties aren't really his thing, so feel free to spread the word."

"Awesome, will do." He grinned and put his hands in the pockets of his leather jacket. I watched his eyes roam just above my head, scanning the crowd of people around us.

"Looking for someone?" I asked, easing the suspicion out of my voice before it revealed itself. I wasn't usually this tactless, but the sight of his boots caught me off guard.

"You seen Cassidy anywhere?" He asked, and his answer caught me off guard. I hadn't expected him to be looking for the cheerful blonde who keyed his motorcycle. His lopsided grin told me he saw the skepticism in my eyes, so he raised his hands in surrender. "...hey, we talked it out, I swear! I actually got a date with her coming up, and I'm pretty excited. Anyway, I'm gonna go track her down. Thanks for helping me out, Luna! I won't forget it!"

"If Cassidy didn't strike me as the type of she-wolf to throttle a man, I might just be worried for her." Breyona shook her head but paused when she realized I

wasn't listening. I felt her touch my arm but couldn't tear my eyes away from where Lars vanished into the crowd. "...you alright, Lola?"

"Remember how you told me to let you know if I had any of those gut feelings?" I frowned, looking away even though something in the pits of my stomach whispered, 'follow him'.

Asher was far enough away that I caught glimpses of him in between the crowds of people walking in every direction. Grandma was talking his head off, but I couldn't hear what was being said with everything else going on.

"Oh, goddess—how bad is it?" She paled; any playfulness left drained from her voice.

"You can't tell Asher..." I murmured even though I was positive he couldn't hear. "...promise me."

Her face took on the color of chalk, but she nodded, "...you know this is technically treason, right?"

"Not if it's the Luna asking you to keep the secret. Besides, I'll tell him. I just want to make sure I'm right before pointing any fingers. You know Asher won't hesitate to k\*\*l him off my word alone, especially since he's been on edge lately. That won't make things better, it'll just stir the pot." I sighed and pinched the bridge of my nose.

When had things become so complicated? I hated keeping this from Asher, but I knew how driven he could be by his instincts. It seemed to happen more frequently lately, but it made sense with everything going on. We were both taking Carson's d\*\*\*h personally, and we were worried the witches would strike again.

I told Breyona about the scuffed boots and the feeling I had that twisted my stomach into knots. A flutter of appreciation took off in my chest because the look on her face wasn't skeptical, it was worried.

"Figure this out and tell Asher ...and don't go off on your own looking for answers." Her sharp features softened, only partially hiding the flash of pain in her eyes. "...you can always call me to come with you...if someone else isn't available."

Someone else, someone who could shift.

From the distant look in her eyes, I knew she was thinking back to when she had truly been whole. Even though I saw the explosion of happiness on her face every time Giovanni stepped into her line of view, I knew she'd always long for that missing piece of herself.

Only in her memory could she taste and feel the cold waters of the streams we would stop and drink at, inhaling the air of the forest-taking in the beautifully harsh world around us. Forever trapped reliving the bliss of the wind rushing

through her thick fur, of her feet thundering against the ground as her muscles burned and her senses sharpened.

"I promise, I'll call you." I told her, silently hoping it wouldn't come to that-but there was no way I'd let it show.

'She already feels weak—her wolf is on edge from being trapped...our kind isn't meant to live like this.' Maya whined, flattening her ears.

'Other than make another deal with the shadows, there's nothing I can do for her.' I replied, and the words broke my heart.

As if she could see my internal battle, Breyona changed the subject to something both lighter and heavier.

"Is that her?" She gasped, leaning in to whisper in my ear. "...the woman with your dad, is that his mate?"

I had called Breyona late that night to give her a rundown of everything that happened. She answered the phone bubbly but out of breath and spent the hour gasping as I told her about Brandon kidnapping me from the c\*\*\*h.

"That's her..." I nodded, but my eyes didn't move from my dad. "...her name is Flora."

"Flora...she's very beautiful." Breyona's voice softened as she said her name.

While I watched the middle-aged werewolf with thick salt and pepper hair, his flannel ironed and jeans unstained, Breyona watched the woman. Her honey blonde hair was curled at the ends, and her soft figure was an hourglass in the sundress she was wearing.

They stood at booths directly across from one another, their backs turned as they faced the display cases. College students wandered down the pathway in between them. Both had their eyes on everything but one another yet gravitated closer and closer.

The one dad stopped at was selling cupcakes by the dozen. He looked down at the rows of heavily frosted cake, but really he was listening to what Flora was saying to the vendor of a macaron booth just ten feet away.

"He doesn't even like cupcakes." I snorted quietly. Breyona's lips twitched and she glanced my way with a budding grin on her face.

"It's not right for us to eavesdrop on your dad..." She whispered, not even attempting to look away. When Flora finished her purchase and turned around, she sucked in a harsh breath. "...forget what I said, I'm not missing this."

Dad's back was turned, but I saw the way his shoulders stiffened when Flora turned around. He could feel her eyes on him just as I felt Asher's. His movements

were awkward as he quickly pointed to a cupcake and fished some ones out of his pocket.

Breyona squealed and quickly clamped her hands over her mouth when Flora took a step towards him.

She stood in the middle of the gravel pathway. Groups of students and kids parted around her, paying no attention to the woman whose hand trembled as she lifted it. It hovered there as though she might tap him on the shoulder.

Breyona and I were holding our breaths, our faces turning pink as we waited. Somehow, I knew dad was holding his breath too.

"Oh, no..." Breyona whispered, slowly lowering her hands from her mouth.

Flora lowered her arm, the momentary look of curiosity drained from her face. Indecision and fear replaced it, smothered it until she took a few steps backwards and vanished with the crowd.

Dad's shoulders fell, and he turned around to stare at the space she'd been standing seconds ago.

"...do you think your mom would be angry at him—for noticing her?" She asked the question that was currently running laps in my dad's head, and quickly her eyes beginning to water.

Dad hadn't wanted to come to the séance. He claimed his presence would be a distraction, and that the questions he had would take hours to answer. Even then, he wasn't sure if he wanted to know the truth. The only thing he asked of me was not to mention him to mom.

I couldn't go against his wishes. Not when I saw past the unbreakable strength in his eyes to the pain he hid from the world, but I also couldn't stand to see him miss this chance at happiness.

"No, I don't think she would be." I replied, my chest sinking as dad tossed the cupcake into the nearest trashcan and stalked off in the opposite direction. "...when I was a kid-before I knew they weren't mates, I always thought there was something weird about them...I saw how your parents were with each other, but mine never acted that way. I always thought they treated one another like...like friends."

"Your parents loved each other. He wouldn't be so torn up about noticing Flora if he didn't love your mom." Breyona frowned.

"They did, and I know dad still loves her..." I replied, looping an arm through hers as I steered us in the direction of the car. Grandma and Asher spotted us as we walked down the gravel pathway, their faces lit with the same warm emotion. "...but there are different kinds of love."

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Sean stopped us just as we were getting into the car, his arms piled high with sweets. Like dad, he chose to stay behind for the séance. He hadn't spoken much of the day mom died, but Sean found closure for that on his own

In a way, Sean made getting over mom seem easy, but I knew the truth. No matter how disciplined, a person could only take so much pain. The agony of losing your mate was said to be the worst in existence. Just the thought of Asher fading was unbearable. Never hearing the husky sound of his voice in the morning or feeling his hair through my fingers as he showed me how loved I was with his lips and tongue; it was a fate I wouldn't wish on any wolf. Some part of Sean seemed to be at peace when I told him that mom looked happy, that the smile she had was genuine and warm. I wasn't sure if I'd have some talent for spirit magic like Cordelia or if my skills were elsewhere, but I liked to think that Sean wasn't alone as he crossed the grassy courtyard to join his patrol friends. As Asher pulled away from the curb, the car was engulfed in silence that felt much too loud. Watching dad and Flora, then talking to Sean, it distracted me from why we had come. I still had news to break to my grandma news I hadn't yet processed myself.

I was surprised grandma had a witch for a sister, I wonder how she'd feel. Then again, I was horrible at guessing her reactions. "Whatever it is you're all keeping from me, you might as well spit it out. The silence is making my ears ring." She huffed, pinning me with her stare as we locked eyes through the passenger mirror. Drawing things out would only grate on her nerves, so I eased into it the only way I knew how.

"The séance went...well. Mom showed up, and she gave us a list of ingredients we need to undo the binding spell. Cordelia has them all, but there's one on the list we don't have." I took a deep breath, and then another. Maya encouraged me from the darkest depths of my mind, reminding me of all our glorious accomplishments as she left me to tell grandma alone. "We needed the blood of the witch who casted the spell, but she..she's død. The only substitution is blood from a direct relative-like a sister."

Grandma blinked, "...what do I have to do with this?" The decades old wisdom that was etched into every fine line and blemish on her face began to fade. Its loss made her look younger, more unsure of the world and her place in it. I had only seen a handful of pictures from grandma's childhood, and not

one featured another sibling.

"You have a sister, grandma...she's the one who bound my powers." I hated the look of uncertainty on her face as she connected the dots. The one person who had an answer for everything was now speechless. "Did you know about her? Did you know she was a witch?" This time we all sat complacent as silence filled the car like gallons of ice water. Higher it inched, but quiet we remained. The tension had grown so thick that Breyona had no choice but to crack the window open to s\*\*k in a deep breath of fresh air.

By the time the tires crunched over the gravel of the house Cordelia and Rowena were occupying, we were all ready to fling ourselves from the car. Grandma got out first and put her hand on the hood to steady herself.

Fear struck my heart like lightning, because not once in my life had I ever thought grandma looked her age. The light that filled her made her youthful but standing there with her eyes closed and head bowed, she looked like a tired woman who was just now realizing she'd spent her entire life in the dark

"We'll be right inside." I told Asher and Breyona, nodding up at the house when neither one moved.

Once the screen door rattled against the frame and clicked in place, grandma began to speak.

"Pa kicked her out when I was nine...they had a huge fight. I don't remember what it was about anymore. It felt like it would never end, then suddenly Evelyn was gone. They wouldn't tell me what happened, only that she chose a new family. I

remember hearing ma cry a lot. Thinking back on it, I'm not sure she ever stopped." Her voice held no weakness, only unequivocal strength as she squared her shoulders and took a deep breath. "I had no clue she was a witch. I don't know why she wouldn't have told me all those years ago, why our parents would've...I'm left with all of these questions, and there's no one left alive to answer them."

There was nothing I could say or do to fix things, so I wrapped my arms around her and inhaled the sweet scent of lavender and confectioners' sugar.

I decided this was worse than being shot at in the middle of a crowd, worse than being hunted down by a power-hungry vampire king or ran off the road by witches.

There wasn't a single one of us not entangled in this mess...not Breyona with the vampire for a mate or Asher, the Alpha who named a tribrid as his Luna. Mason and Sean suffered the d\*\*\*h of their mates, while Dad was staring at the second chance he never thought he deserved.

"I'm so sorry to throw all of this on you, grandma." I mumbled against the scratchy fabric of her cardigan. "...and I'm sorry we pulled you away from the bake sale to steal your blood."

She chuckled and pulled away. Humor danced in her eyes but did nothing to cover the confusion and hurt she clearly felt.

Grandma was never one to hide her emotions.

"You were a bit forceful about it. Almost dislocated a hip when that mate of yours shoved me into the car." She smiled roguishly and wound her arm around my own.

"Would it help if I asked nicely?" I teased, then cleared my throat. "Grandma, would you kindly allow us to draw some of your

blood for a magical reversal spell that will unlock my mystical powers?"

"That didn't help at all." She shook her head, and an unsure smile played on her lips. "...I'll let you have my blood, but would you mind if I watched in on this...spell?"

"Of course you can stay." I replied, leading the two of us up the porch stairs. We stopped at the screen door, "...you know since your sister's a witch, that means you're one too."

"Nonsense, I can't be a witch." She frowned, "...that mean's ma would've been one." "Mom said something about your baking-that no one was that good. I thought she was joking at the time, but she might be onto something." I shrugged and held the screen door back before following her into the house. "It's just a theory, you could always ask Rowena or Cordelia if it's possible."

"Ask if what's possible?" Rowena's warm voice traveled down the hallway to where we stood.

Two seconds later I caught sight of her auburn hair as she rounded the corner. She had changed out of her sundress speckled with dainty red flowers for something more comfortable.

She potted grandma and let out a happy gasp. "Oh it's so nice to meet you again. I can't thank you enough for the lavender!"

I waited for grandma to ask, and when she didn't I quickly changed the subject. "It's nothing important." I shook my head, "...how's things coming along for the spell?"

The clear note of worry in my voice caught Rowena's attention and held it long enough for our previous topic to flee the room.

"We're actually all ready for you. Asher and Breyona are back there too." Her smile was understanding. "You haven't asked how this spell is supposed to go... take it your nervous?"

"That's an understatement." I laughed lightly and followed her down the hall. Grandma's soft footsteps trailed behind us. She was silent, but that only meant she was listening to every word being said. "So how does this work? I'm not going to catch on fire and b\*\*n the neighborhood down, right?"

The thrifted coffee table Mason and Sean carried in for Rowena just a few days ago was pushed against the wall, leaving a wide stretch of open floor. There were no sigils painted onto the slats of dark hardwood, only a shag carpet sat on top.

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Cordelia stood nearby but was occupied as she dipped pieces of thick black thread into a metal bowl. The faint scent of oils wafted into the air, carried by the breeze rushing in from the opened patio doors. binding spell, I swore I could feel something in the darkest depths

me  
Now that we were getting closer to removing stretching-waking up after such a long nap.

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"Of course you aren't, and even if you did catch on fire that's what Cordelia is here for." I waited for Cordelia to laugh or smile, to show some sign that Rowena was joking, but all she did was nod. "Plus your friend has a fire extinguisher."

Breyona held up the fire extinguisher and grinned, which did absolutely nothing to ease my worries.

"What's going to happen to her?" Asher's voice held an edge that silenced the room. He looked at me as he spoke, softening his tone so it didn't sound like he was ready to start murdering people.

The smooth lines of Rowena's face sharpened, and she gestured to grandma.

"First I'll be needing her blood. It's the final ingredient in the potion Lola and are to drink. From there I'll unravel the bind by hand."

"I thought Cordelia was removing the binding spell?" I asked, shuddering as I repressed a rush of fear that whispered something had gone wrong.

"Don't worry so much, Lola. Everything will turn out fine, and the bind will be removed." Her smile was reassuring, as was the confidence in her eyes but it couldn't wipe away all my worries." Natural magic is one of the seven I mentioned. It's what I'm primarily skilled in. Healing, coaxing emotions, or even unraveling a binding spell is well within my skill set. Besides with the restraints Cordelia is spelling, she won't have the energy to unbind your magic." "These are just a precaution. There's no telling what will happen when we unlock magic that's been bound for over ten years, but there's also a very good chance nothing will happen. They won't hurt, but you'll be pinned to the floor until we're sure you've got everything under control." Cordelia added and turned towards Rowena. "Are we ready?"

I winced when the curved athame sliced into grandma's hand. Scarlet beads emerged from the slice, gathering in her palm as the wound already began to heal. She tilted her hand and let the thick fluid trickle into the goblet Rowena held.

"Does this have anything to do with blood magic?" I asked Rowena, tearing my eyes away from the blood that filled the room with a mouth-watering scent.

She shook her head and sloshed the contents of the goblet around until the blood was mixed into the dark colored liquid.

"This is very different from blood magic. Your grandma's blood is being used as an ingredient in a spell, but with blood magic, the blood is the power. There would be no other items used."

I wasn't sure I'd ever get used to drinking blood in front of other people. It was even worse considering it was the blood of my grandma. When I brought the goblet to my lips, there was no warmth that rushed through me. I couldn't taste a hint of her



blood, but what I did taste was oddly familiar. "Is this wine?" I asked curiously. Rowena smiled and took a drink herself. "Sure is. It's my favorite potion base. Most of the time it just tastes like spiced wine."  
"Wait until you get my age, you'll get drunk off of one measly potion." Cordelia shook her head shamefully, making the younger witch laugh.

I felt nothing as the wine trickled down my throat and continued to feel nothing until Cordelia wrapped one of those black threads around my wrist. Laying sprawled out on the carpet was awkward enough, but the moment the damp piece of thread hit my skin, my arm fell limp to the floor. It was the same for my legs, which were glued flat to the floor. I could only lift my knees an inch or so, but the movement made my muscles ache.  
"These...are impossibly strong." I grunted, absolutely hating the feeling of helplessness. Even with Maya's strength enhanced from our vampire side, there was no budging with these restraints.  
"Quit thrashing and relax, Lola. We're about to begin." Rowena smiled encouragingly, then took a deep breath and squared her shoulders

'Are they really that strong?' Asher's voice was warm and smooth like whiskey and helped pull me from the edge of a full-scale nervous breakdown. I smirked at the hidden meaning in his voice.....maybe the witches aren't bad after all.'  
I laughed out loud which made Breyona snicker from where she leaned against the wall, right beside the patio doors. Her eyes were bloodshot from crying earlier today, but the fact that she refused to blink or look away didn't do her any favors either. Through the glass doors I could see the backyard that opened into the forest and spotted the writhing shapes lurking within. Always watching, always so d\*\*n curious.  
I doubt Cordelia's going to let you borrow these for what you have in mind.' I teased, wishing I could hold onto this light-hearted mood that I knew would vanish the moment his voice left my thoughts.

Asher pushed one of the armchairs out for grandma to sit in, who watched the whole ordeal with her eyebrows smushed together.  
Rowena knelt on the floor beside me, her hands clasped together as they began to take on that dull emerald glow. It turned the tips of her manicure green and made the light in her eyes dance.  
"The more I stop the harder it's going to be to remove this thing, so no interruptions." Rowena warned the room and promptly turned her attention to the exposed sigil on my chest.  
I kept my eyes on Asher, who held my gaze and fed me his courage and love even though we couldn't speak through the bond during the spell. The grip of the restraints no longer felt so crushing, and the feel of Rowena's nails against my chest weren't as sharp.  
She placed one hand over the circular sigil, but nothing happened as her glowing fingertips pressed into my skin. It wasn't until she began pulling her hand away that my entire body locked up, and something

dark and wild thrashed from within.

"There you are..." She murmured, her eyes narrowing into mossy slits.

Dull pain radiated through my muscles as my back arched, following the path her hand made as she lifted it away from my chest. There was something trapped in there, thrashing against my ribcage as it was forced to the surface. "...fighting me...should've been removed years ago..." I thought I heard her say, but the blood rushed to my ears as she pulled roughly, forcing my body to follow.

Asher's deep baritone rumbled in my ears. I couldn't piece together what he was saying, but I could feel the charge his anger unleashed into the room. Rowena snapped something back at him, and the sound of his voice halted. The shrill ring of a cell phone filled the air, followed by what I thought was an apology from Breyona. The thing in my chest was buried deep, hidden in the dark-powerful and reluctant to let go, but slowly I could feel it rise.

"We're getting close, just hold on." Rowena's voice was becoming clearer. "...the sigil's beginning to fade."

A second shrill chime split the air, only this one was coming from my cellphone. I had given it to Asher to hold onto which is who I assumed declined the call.

The phone rang a second time, and a force even deeper than the spell that thrashed beneath my skin told me something was very, very wrong.

Rowena snapped. "Alpha-

"Answer it." I ordered him, forcing the words through my clenched teeth. Even turning my head as far as possible, I could only see the muscular outline of his arm. "...Asher, do it."

It felt like my spine was going to snap-like my chest was going to continue rising until the restraints cut into my skin and bone began to break.

The roaring in my ears dropped to a d\*\*d silence as the call connected and Tristan's voice came from the phone.

\*\*\*\*\*g h\*\*l, Lola. Learn to answer your phone!" He shouted, and I thought Asher would hang up right then and there but what Tristain said next sent the floor crumbling from beneath both of us. "Your sister just had another nightmare this one's bad, it's about the murders and who's next...I'm grabbing Giovanni now and were"

"Who's next?!" Asher's snarl made Cordelia and Rowena collectively gasp.

Tristan's response was instant, "...Breyona-Breyona's next."

I thrashed against the restraints the moment her name registered in my head, calling a tidal wave of disbelief so strong that I thought I might be sick. Bile rose in my throat, and I swallowed back the acidic fluid because I was not giving up my best friend was not going to de

"She had a call from Giovanni and stepped out.s\*\*t she's not out here." He snarled and scanned the forest nearly twenty feet away.

"Asher-" I pleaded, and the look he gave me was one I'd never forget.

He looked more beast than man, his eyes molten gold and filled with fierce rage as he sprinted out the back door. I could hear the thud of his feet and the tearing of fabric as he exploded into his midnight-colored beast.

"...get this p\*\*\*\*g thing off of me now!" I screamed, ignoring grandma's voice as she tried to reassure me. The only thing soothing was the b\*\*n in my throat as I snarled and shouted.

"This is going to"

"DO IT!" I was close to blacking out, hovering on the cusp of unconsciousness as my spine stretched past its limit and my limbs howled for release.

Blacking out would've been easier and less painful. Instead I felt every aching moment, up until the pressure in my chest shattered and something climbed its way to the surface.

Its strength was subtle and unlike anything I had ever felt before-nothing like the physical power I felt from both my werewolf and vampire side

This was like shadow hidden beneath the skin, filling blood and cells until every part of me was infused with its silky power. My thoughts were charged with something that felt so similar to electricity, but I knew was magic.

I didn't care about the magic unfurling inside of me, or the three women who stared with wide eyes and expressionless faces.

All I cared about was Breyona-who had nothing to defend herself, not even the speed of her wolf.

"Get these off of me!" I shrieked and thrashed when the two witches remained rooted in place, shaking their heads at grandma who stood to help me.

My breath was coming so fast I could count the flecks of darkness that floated in my vision. Asher wouldn't be enough. She

was in danger, and I needed to help. The cold liquid that seeped from the restraints around my wrists and ankles filled me with rage.

I want these things off.

The thought crackled in my head like a bolt of lightning. Four simultaneous snaps filled the air and the immovable force that kept me pinned to the carpet was gone.

I scrambled to my feet the moment I felt the weightlessness of my own limbs. Rowena lunged with her arms extended, ready to grab me before I made a wild dash out the back door.

"No, don't touch her!" Cordelia gasped at the last second.

I wasn't paying attention as I darted out the back door and missed the panic-stricken look on Cordelia's face when she grabbed Rowena

The shadows were always nearby, always eager to make a deal. If Breyona's scream hadn't pierced the air, I might've noticed the way they no longer crept closer but fled in the opposite direction, as far away from me as they could get.

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I barely remembered running into the forest even though I had little red marks speckling my face and arms from how fast I'd been going. Branches both barren

and full of leaves slapped at my b\*\*e skin, but the proof of it faded within seconds. Her scent was faint, but I followed the thread until it withered away in my hands.

The shadows scurried into the darkest corners of the forest, retreating farther with every step I took. I had just noticed it when the sound of a wet gasp sounded from close by. The sight of her face, and the paleness of her skin as she lay sprawled out in the grass nearly sent me into shock.

My mind was shutting down my senses one at a time until I could make sense of reality. There was one thing alone that propelled me forwards, making me stumble and scrape my knees as I fell at her side. It was the slow thud of her heart and the way her lips formed a small smile as her eyes focused on me.

I didn't hesitate as I tore her shirt open and yanked down her tank top, but the weeping stab wound above her left breast had a sob catching in my throat. "Goddess, Breyona. Why did you come out this far?" I whispered and pressed my shirt against her chest, barely recalling when I took it off.

"I saw...I saw my wolf..." She croaked and licked her dry lips, which were now coated with a sheen of blood. I tried to shush her, but the words tumbled from her lips. "...she looked different." I stared down at my hands and remembered the glow that had taken over Rowena's. She could use her magic to heal, which meant I could do the same.

Maya didn't speak the truth that lingered between us, that I might not be able to heal like Rowena could. Still, there was no other option. Rowena was too far away, and Breyona had minutes...possibly even seconds left. There was no one that could help us in time. It was up to me, which meant there was no room for failure.

I threw my blood-soaked shirt across the grass and flattened my palms against her chest, trying to picture my own glow radiating from my skin. When that didn't work, I closed my eyes and clawed at that smoky substance entangled with my soul.

I came up with nothing but the sound of my own heartbeat in my ears, and the anguish that came with failure. "Lola..." Her voice was so quiet. The sound of it held my heart in a vice grip and clenched with every raspy breath she took. I told her to be quiet, to let me fix this.

Her blood coated my hands, and for once my stomach revolted at the sight. I couldn't stand the look in her eyes, or the tear that trailed down her cheek because we both knew that I couldn't fix this. Anger swelled in my chest, dark and pulsating like the shadows that watched with caution

. I thought I could feel them hiding, responding to my rage as I screamed and snarled into the night. "Come out, you f\*\*\*\*\*g coward!" I didn't care who could hear me, or how many there were.

All I knew was that if her heart stopped, everyone involved would d\*e. "You want me? Come and get me!" I screamed until the feeling of being watched faded, until I knew we were truly alone. "Lola, it's alright..."

Breyona's eyes were clear as they stared into mine, but it was the understanding in her voice that broke a piece of me I hadn't known existed. The loss made me realize how far I was truly willing to go for the people I loved. "The f\*\*k it is."

I snarled. Using my birthright, I stared through the darkness and called on the shadows that hid within it. With every ounce of force possible, I summoned them to my side. It wasn't just rage I felt when they ignored me.

It was betrayal. The bravest inched a few feet forwards, but only to get a better look. Still hidden within the dark, I could feel their anxiety and their hesitation. Not a single whisper filled the air, and not one dared to come close. "Why aren't you listening to me?! I want to make a deal with you!" I screamed into the night and felt their answer in the way they retreated. Their cowardice stoked my anger, morphing the emotion into a lightning storm that raged in my chest.

I screamed with each crack of electricity, until my throat grew hoarse, and I tasted the metallic tang of blood. My heart and head had been cracked open, and everything good and safe was removed. It left my morals scrambled until I wasn't sure I cared what was right anymore. "

You took her wolf!" I laughed, and the sound was every bit as unhinged as I felt. "You took the only thing she Breyona took what I somehow knew was her last gurgling breath. A current skated over my skin, raising the hairs along my arms and neck as I screamed: "Save. her. Life. Now."

I wasn't fast enough to cover my head when every shadow lurking within the forest swarmed us. A dense fog void of color surrounded us, very much sentient, and watching. They encompassed Breyona until she vanished from my sight, until the entire forest vanished from sight.

They were all around me, and I could feel their ire as if it were my own. If they had answered me, had listened to my call I might've cared about their feelings. The only thing I cared about currently was the girl I had known since I was a child-who accepted my half-assed apology for turning into a b\*\*\*h and became the best-friend I desperately needed.

Seconds passed in silence and just as quickly as they lunged, they slunk back into the cover of the forest. I didn't know what they did to her, nor did I care. All that mattered was the wound on her chest was gone, leaving behind smooth skin.

They took every drop the blood that trickled from her body, which they were lucky to have devoured considering I had to beg for their help. Breyona was unconscious but lifting her into my arms was easy enough. If I wasn't furious and running on the fumes of my fading adrenaline, I would've found the sight of her tall frame in my arms comical.

My anger made the shadows restless, which was something that never happened before. They were voyeurs, watching until they were called, never affected by what went on in the world around them. It was unusual that my emotions invoked a reaction.

The shadows followed us as I carried her through the forest, but didn't dare get too close, even with my back turned. We had just reached the backyard when her eyes fluttered open, making my determined pace falter. "...my hero..." I wasn't sure if I were amazed or annoyed that she had the audacity to laugh after almost d\*\*\*g.

Giovanni would certainly tear her a new one for venturing so far into the forest at night, but that wasn't why I decided to cut her I made that promise so effortlessly, knowing all too well how dark their requests could get. Not only that, but I'd never seen the shadows act this way before.

There was no telling what price I had paid, just like there was no telling what they'd done to Breyona. I stayed with Breyona all night, and not because Asher practically vanished into thin air. Even when Giovanni stormed into the house and swept her up in his arms, I remained at her side.

2 Nearly three hours later I got a mind-link from Sean and Mason, who had watched as Asher barreled through the pack's territory lines chasing after a cloaked figure. Another hour passed before Asher's voice slid into my thoughts, which after careful deliberation I decided to ignore.

I could still hear what he was saying, so I knew he was safe and sound, but that didn't change the fact that he had blocked me off during his wild goose chase through the forest. "Lola, I was right on her trail." I gave him the chance to explain himself only because he showed up at the house Breyona and Giovanni were staying at.

"Then where is she?" I asked, my voice sharper than I intended, but exhaustion had long ago consumed me. "...did ignoring me, and risking your life to run miles out of the pack's boundaries get you the witch?" "She got away, but it wasn't for nothing. The place that they gather, it's North of the boundaries.

I'm sure of it." He took my sour attitude in stride, but no amount of understanding would melt the chip on my shoulder. When he tried to pull me into his arms, I placed a hand against his chest. "What you did wasn't okay, Asher."

I told him, forcing myself to remain strong even though the flash of hurt in his eyes felt like a punch to the gut. I dropped my hand and leaned into his chest as his arms wrapped around my waist. "You know things would be very different if I was the one who vanished for hours on end, ignoring your mind-links to chase after a witch."

"Lola-" I could taste his apology and the sincerity behind it since Asher's pride sometimes kept him from owning up to his mistakes, but I wasn't finished getting my point across. "You're an Alpha, which makes you more protective than most, but I won't have you lock me away just to run onto the battlefield by yourself."

I told him, feeling a spark crackle in my chest as my words rang true. "I have the strength, the speed, and now the magic to help end this. Hiding me from danger won't save this pack, it'll be the avalanche that kills us all."

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 145

[/ Alpha Asher by Jane Doe](#)

Read Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 145 – It wasn't the sunlight streaming through open c\*\*\*\*\*s that woke me, but Beta Drake's gruff baritone. His voice d\*\*\*\*\*d out the steady thud of Asher's heart which was right below where my head was resting. 'Lola, are you with Asher right now?' My spine protested angrily as I rolled off Asher's chest, which I had been sprawled across seconds ago, and plopped down on the floor.

The last thing I remembered was being wrapped in his arms, letting his warmth and strength flow into me as I told him how Breyona almost died. I didn't want to tell him what I'd done. There wasn't a single part of me that regretted it, not once I saw the look of pure relief in Giovanni's eyes and knew how close he had been to snapping, but I was still ashamed and horrified.

There was no telling what or who they would take. Instead of saying the words out loud, I let Asher relive every agonizing second through our bond. Every emotion I felt and word I had screamed echoed in our heads, ending seconds after Breyona's last gurgled breath when the shadows swarmed us. Asher's arms tightened around me, and his stubble coated cheek grazed my face, but he said nothing.

I preferred it this way, listening to the sound of him breathing instead of false reassurances. There was a price to be paid, and when the time came, I'd have no choice but to accept it. I was halfway asleep when Asher said, "Breyona wasn't wounded when I ran past her. If she was, I wouldn't have left her there." "You said you chased the witch past the pack boundaries?" I frowned, cracking an eye open to stare up at him.

"I felt the witch last night, hiding in the forest. She was watching Breyona and I, but she left before the shadows... y'know." There two witches messing with us last night, I was sure of it. Surprisingly, I slept like a rock after that. I could've taken it as a good sign, but instead I saw it as an omen. My mind couldn't conjure up a nightmare that was more frightening than reality. '

She is.' Asher replied to Drake, smirking when I turned and caught him watching me. 'Why, what's up?' 'There was another m\*\*\*\*r. You both need to come down here now, like right now.' 'Here' turned out to be in the center of town, right out front of the University.

Local and campus police did their jobs, securing the scene until Asher and I arrived. We had Cordelia and Rowena wait in the car when we saw the growing crowd pressing at the boundaries of the caution tape In the large courtyard that led up to the main entrance of the University, right where the bake sale had been hosted only ten hours ago, was the mutilated body of Devin Armstrong.

It was clear he died the same way as Carson, with his throat slit and his torso littered with deep gashes. The only difference was the damage to Devin's body was significantly worse than Carson's. There were so many wounds along his chest and abdomen that his entrails were showing.

That was the tipping point for all of us, I think. Breyona, who insisted she come even though she had nearly died last night, was puking her breakfast into the grass. Sean mumbled something about comforting her and went to hold her hair back.

I noticed how he kept his head turned far away from Devin's body, and his chest moved rapidly with each deep breath he took. I forced myself to look away—away from his accusatory eyes that followed me even in d\*\*\*h.

There were people in the crowd with the same look on their faces, each one staring at me. Out of the two times I had spoken to Devin Armstrong, both ended in very public arguments. He hadn't been shy speaking out against me and the Vampire's, or in claiming there were others who shared his opinion.

What made this m\*\*\*\*r different wasn't that the body had been moved, but that it had been moved into the center of town. There were busy intersections on either side of the University, with little traffic cameras perched on top.

The patch of grass where Devin sat, propped up against the school sign, was directly within the camera's view. Asher and Zeke were already making plans to go downtown to review the footage in a few hours, but first we needed to track down the true location of Devin's m\*\*\*\*r. '

Go ahead of us, take Rowena and Cordelia with you too. People shouldn't follow if they see I'm still here.' I told Asher, but it was impossible to hide the sourness in my voice through mind-link. 'Besides, I want a closer look at Devin's body. It doesn't make sense that Breyona was attacked by the witches last night, only for Devin to turn up m\*\*\*\*\*d.' 'We know the truth, and so do the people closest to us. It doesn't matter what anyone else says.

When this is over and they're safe with their families, everyone will know who was responsible.' His eyes found mine, soft and comforting even though we were feet apart and surrounded by other people. Asher left ten minutes later with Zeke in tow, while Breyona remained glued to my side.

"You saved my life, which means I'm never leaving your side again." She said adamantly, but quickly added, "... except for when I leave to visit Gio's family, but other than that, consider me your indentured "I don't need an indentured servant." Even though my voice was stern, Breyona couldn't help but grin. She hesitated when I approached Devin's corpse and let out a nervous chuckle.

"I think knowing when to give you some... alone time is a quality every indentured servant should have, right?" Without giving me enough time to answer, she turned on her heel and wobbled over to Sean, whose face was just as green as hers.



My stomach turned as I knelt beside Devin's corpse. Even though the scent of blood was one I now associated with food, it was the amount of the sweet-smelling substance that made me completely repulsed. Something white caught my eye.

The color was so bright against the backslash of blood and guts that I couldn't help but notice it. I called the coroner over and asked for a pair of tweezers, then proceeded to hold my breath while I dug into Devin's shredded chest cavity.

Dark spots speckled my vision, but I refused to take a breath. Only when the piece of folded paper slid past his ribcage did I finally s\*\*k in a large gust of oxygen. There was a waxy coating on the paper, probably to keep the blood from soaking into it. The lightheaded feeling only lasted a few seconds but was replaced by the sensation of falling when I peeled back the corners to see what was written inside.

Made you look. My eyes darted from the paper to where it had been lodged inside of Devin's chest cavity, right where his heart was. I gave the note to the police and watched as they slipped it into an evidence bag.

Rage coated my tongue in a metallic tasting film and made the blood rush to my head. Several deep breaths later and there was zero relief. I was seconds away from darting into the forest to chase Asher and Zeke down, when I detected Brandon's voice above the static in my head. "What the h\*\*l, Cass. You stood me up last night." I could tell from his languid voice and pissy tone that he was currently sweating off a hangover

. I snickered inwardly when Cassidy laughed and said, "Oh, don't boohoo. You were probably halfway up some schoolgirl's skirt. Besides, you're just jealous I had a date of my own." Shaggy hair, a keyed motorcycle, and a pair of scuffed boots popped in my head, obliterating the storm that I'd been brewing. Giving the coroner the go ahead to move Devin's body, I headed to the yellow caution tape that kept eve traffic.

It was the warriors that formed a radius around the University a few blocks out and kept pedestrians from getting close. The only people allowed in were the ones that lived here, everyone else was turned away. From the chatter I heard between students in the crowd, classes had been cancelled for the rest of the week.

The thought of Lars taking Cassidy anywhere twisted my stomach into knots, which momentarily distracted me from the sleek sports car pulling up beside the curb. Everyone watching had no choice but to move from the street, and more than one found themselves jugged in the rear end by a bumper.

A head of salt and pepper hair, thick but professionally styled appeared from the driver's side. His suit screamed luxury from the varnished gold cufflinks to the five-hundred-dollar Stefano tie.

I knew absolutely nothing about men's fashion, but I had seen a few in Asher's closet, attached to suits he's claimed to have never worn. At the time, I made him promise I'd get to see him with one on. He had a mountainous build like many

werewolves, so he towered over me as he sliced through the caution tape and snarled, "Where is my son?"

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 146

[/ Alpha Asher by Jane Doe](#)

The moment the caution tape fluttered to the ground, Sean and Mason were at my back. Breyona was there too, and I had to resist the urge to raise my eyebrows when I spotted the knife she had hidden in her hand. I noticed the resemblance between him and Devin the moment he came up close.

They had the same arched eyebrows and thin lips that made them look perpetually angry all of the time. When I first found out Devin was the son of a judge, I had hoped the p\*\*s poor attitude wasn't genetic. "I'm Luna-" "I know who you are."

Judge Clint Armstrong snapped, his voice sharp like razor blades. I held back my irritation since it was his son that was m\*\*\*\*\*d, but the venom in his voice sounded far beyond that of a grieving father.

"I asked you a question, girl." I had seen d\*\*\*h's many faces, suffered through so much loss, and stepped into a role I wasn't sure I could handle, all to be called a girl. It was Maya that couldn't bite her tongue and s\*\*\*\*\*w the insult, because for her there was nothing more abhorrent than disregarding a werewolf's title.

It grated on her nerves, and my willpower alone could only do so much to hold her back. "Only because I can't imagine the pain of losing a child will I ignore the ridiculous amount of disrespect you've shown me, but I trust that in the future you'll show some restraint and never do that again."

I kept my voice low, because the last thing I wanted was an audience looking in on this man's pain. His eyes grew bright with murderous rage, and within an instant the emotion was smothered by a mask of civility.

I couldn't help but wonder if he had been a lawyer before claiming the role of a Judge. "Of course, Luna." He corrected himself, his tone flat but civil. It wouldn't have raised anyone else's alarms, but mine were playing a steady tune that reminded me of a f\*\*\*\*\*l dirge. Both Mason and Sean nodded as I met their eyes, picking up on my silent command.

"I'll have my friends here take you where you need to be, and either Asher or myself will be in contact with you today." The three of them walked off, but the sting of Clint Armstrong's anger still lingered in my bones.

"Hey, Lola!" I heard Cassidy shout from the street, but another man had also chosen that moment to speak up, and he was much closer to where I stood than she was "What did you do to his son? I saw that d\*\*d boy over there.

That how you vampire's feed? No one started d\*\*\*g here till you came around." A middle-aged man whose scowl was framed by rectangular glasses and a patchy beard shoved to the very front of the crowd.

I couldn't help but notice that even though the caution tape was shredded in half, he didn't dare step past where it lay on the ground. Others in the crowd shifted uneasily, but all stood silent and watched. This wasn't unusual, having to defend yourself in front of the pack.

There would always be other wolves picking fights for dominance, just like there would always be a victor. "Don't be-" Breyona came to my defense, but the man wasn't having it. "Why the f\*\*k should we listen to you? You're one of their whores."

After you're done giving them your blood, do you give them your p-" I made no effort to stop Breyona as she cocked her fist back and punched him in the face. Blood erupted from the man's nose, coating his shirt and the grass at his feet.

A string of curses and insults spewed from his mouth, and his eyes glittered with unrepressed hatred. Instead of making him back off, he made a wild grab for Breyona. A hand clamped down on the man's shoulder making him wince.

Attached to that hand, with a bored and irritable look on his face, was Brandon. He dug his fingers into the man's shoulder and spun him around. "Let's go f\*\*\*\*\*d, before my brother comes back and you join today's list of dearly departed."

He grunted; his lack of sensitivity somehow unsurprising. "Nice punch, girl." Cassidy grinned at Breyona, but the expression slipped when her eyes focused on the crime scene in the background. Her cheeks lost their rosy flush. "Oh goddess, what happened? Was it ...another one "Unfortunately.

" I nodded, "Devin Armstrong." There was no harm in telling her, not when the entire pack would know in a matter of hours. "Oh, I can't say I was fond of him...but that's still unfortunate.

Are you two still coming to training today? It's the start of the new season so were getting assigned our partners for the summer-" She wrinkled her nose. "I mean...if you can with everything going on. Goddess...I sound self-centered, don't I?" "Not at all."

Breyona shook her head, her expression too serious to be anything other than teasing. She looked at me and excitement exploded in her eyes, "...maybe we can be partners!" There was a lot going on and adding training to my already hectic schedule looked to be a terrible idea, but it was the one thing other than lying in bed all day with Asher, which relieved any sort of stress.

"I'll make sure I'm there. I just have a few things to do today." I promised not only the two of them, but myself. The place where Devin lost his life was deep within the forest. An obvious trail of blood, guts, and disheveled dirt led us to where Asher and Zeke were standing. Sean had tagged along to join the warriors setting up a perimeter around the patch of forest, to keep any curious wolves from venturing too far.

Mason told him he'd catch up and followed Breyona and I deeper into the forest. Breyona made a sound of interest when she spotted Rowena and Cordelia, who were both hovering around the giant patch of blood on the ground, most likely searching for the barest trace of magic. As she and Zeke get to talking about magic, I focused my attention on Asher. "Fifteen minutes and you get yourself into trouble."

He shook his head, only half teasing. "Uh, try again. Breyona's the one who punched him in the face." I snorted and jabbed my finger into left pectoral. Breyona's conversation with Zeke came to a halt, and she stared at me with surprise in her eyes. I winked at her and added, "...with my express permission, of course." "What about Clint Armstrong?" Asher asked, his eyebrow lifted. "Clint Armstrong is grieving the m\*\*\*\*r of his son and has been thoroughly put in his place."

I promised him, but the flicker of animalistic fury in his eyes made me pause. The strange emotion made his pupils grow and the golden tones shrink. I narrowed my eyes, "I mean it. He's been punished enough." Just when I thought that flicker might turn into a full born forest fire, it vanished Asher smirked softly, "...yes, Luna." My heart skipped a beat, and some of my earlier irritation faded.

I gave him a look I knew he could decipher and asked, "...how's everything going?" "They're still searching for any traces of magic." Asher grunted, crossing his arms over his broad chest as he watched the witches at work.

His eyes veered down to my level and softened. "I planned on running this by you later, but it looks like we're both going to be busy today. Zeke and I were talking about getting a small group of warriors together and heading up to where I lost track of the witch.

There has to be a meet-up close by." I smirked as his thoughts curled around mine, soft and sensual. 'Are you asking me for permission, Alpha?' 'If I were, what would you say?' He asked, tilting his head. 'I'd say yes...under one condition. If you find their hide-out, you don't go in alone. You come back and get me, maybe even Giovanni and Tristan.' He nodded.

'Observation only.' I lost myself in my thoughts, torn between wanting to go with Asher and needing to remain here. There was so much that needed to be done, especially now that I had my magic. Cordelia and Rowena both warned me it would start manifesting itself now that the bind was gone, and the longer I took to master it, the more damage it could do.

"After we're finished here, I'm dropping by the police station to watch the traffic tapes. Care to tag along?" Asher asked minutes after we both had gone silent watching the witches work. "I can't." I sighed, trying not to think about my full schedule today. "After this I'm meeting with a couple therapists for Holly, and I have training today-witch training and warrior training." "We have people who can find a suitable therapist for Holly."

He frowned and his eyebrows inched closer together. "I know, I just want to do this myself. I feel like I owe her that much." I admitted and watched as he visibly smothered the reluctance hidden in his golden eyes.

"Really, it's right outside of town. Well within the packs borders, and it'll be the middle of the day." "Actually, I was planning to head up that way too." Mason chimed in, a dimpled smile on his face. I narrowed my eyes at him, but everything Mason did seemed genuine. "You mind giving me a lift?" I raised my eyebrow at Asher, waiting to see if he had any complaints.

When he said nothing, I nodded at Mason. "I wouldn't mind at all." Rowena's soft sigh hit my ears, and I turned in time to see her disappointed frown. She brushed the dirt off her hands and flexed her fingers before walking over. "I'm afraid I can't feel anything..."

It was the troubled look on her face that gave me reason to pause. There was a twisting in my stomach that told me there was something much more important weighing on her mind. "That worries you a lot." I stated, feeling a twinge of guilt at how blunt I sounded even though I knew Rowena could handle it. Still, there were now two werewolves d\*\*d. The time for niceties was over.

"I'd like to know why." "I'm pleased to see your magic is working. Have you felt it stir yet? It should be more... potent than the random thoughts and feelings you pick up." Her lips lifted into a smile, and somehow I knew she wouldn't answer my question until I answered hers.

"I've felt it stir, but I don't think I've actually used it yet." I replied. She nodded, but the pleased look on her face was fleeting. "Natural magic has to do with the body and it's life force. That's why I'm skilled at healing and uncovering things hidden or repressed. Humans, vampires, and werewolves aren't the only beings with a life force. Other animals have them, even plants.

The earth is just one big life force, which means I should feel something...but both times I've come up empty handed." I looked over at the b\*\*\*\*y patch of grass, noting how dark it looked compared to what was untouched. It was like a part of the earth had died.

"You felt no life force...even in the ground?" I asked, hoping I was simply misunderstanding. The moment the thought popped into existence; a feeling of dread filled my insides. "Absolutely nothing." Cordelia's gasp was a whip that cracked through the silence, splitting it in two and replacing it with a tension that made me feel oddly claustrophobic surrounded by all these trees.

The forest was my second home, and not once had I felt the desire to run from it-as far and fast as I could Breyona clapped a hand over her mouth to stifle the yelp she almost let out, and even Zeke had a hand placed against his heart. Cordelia's eyes were wide and her face unbelievably pale.

The hand she cradled to her chest was coated in dark, glossy blood. Her voice trembled when she said, "...I need something to wipe this off...quickly, please..." Perhaps it was the urgency in her voice, but I was seconds away from pulling my own shirt off when Asher beat me to it.

She nodded a hasty thank you and vigorously rubbed the old blood from her hand. "Whoever did this, they were in a hurry. It's messier than the first time, and more

magic was left behind. I couldn't read on its pattern, but there was something else I picked up..."

Cordelia closed her eyes and took a calming breath. When they opened, acceptance burned in their depths. I had no clue what it could've meant, and quickly forgot seeing it when she swallowed and said, "...these aren't just murders, they're sacrifices."

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 147

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Alpha Asher Novel [by Jane Doe] Chapter No 147

"Sacrifices..." I said for the third time, narrowing my eyes as I followed the curvy backroad in the new car Asher reluctantly loaned me.

"The red-haired witch, doesn't she know how to do blood-magic?" Mason asked, refusing to let me stew in silence. "She really can't think of a reason for these...sacrifices?"

"She doesn't know much blood-magic. It runs in her family, but they don't practice it themselves." I explained. "I just wanted Holly to know where she comes from. As much as she can, anyway."

I hated having control over Holly's life. Making decisions for her, forcing her to see a therapist, it made me feel like she was a prisoner and not part of the pack. I didn't want to make her feel how our father did, like pretty bird shoved into a cage, left to rot as it sang itself to death.

Only one other person truly knew how I felt, and it was Tristan. The sour vampire seemed like the only person able to get through to Holly. It made me feel marginally better that Tristan and I agreed on one thing vehemently. The soft-spoken, raven-haired girl I now called my sister could never, ever meet the woman that birthed her—the world's most powerful blood-witch and the one coming for my head.

My thoughts drifted to Lars and those scuffed boots of his. At one point I'd been positive he had something to do with all of this, but now I wasn't sure. The more I let my mind wander, the easier it was to convince myself that it wasn't his specific pair of boots I had seen.

A jolt shot down my spine, electrifying my nerves as it forced my attention back onto the road.

I'd been following a sharp curve when a figure darted out of a cut in the forest. My heart seized in my chest as I yanked the wheel to the side and sent us careening out of the way. Instinctively, I slammed my foot into the brake which sent Mason and I flying forwards.

Panic lodged itself in my throat, growing larger until only a sliver of oxygen could pass through. Lars's hand froze mid-wave from where he stood on the shoulder.

Even though my heart still raced from shock, he hadn't caused the emotion currently choking me. For a split-second, day was replaced by night. There was no Mason by my side, no help or rescue on the way, yet I wasn't alone. Only those scuffed boots kept me company, but they were also the countdown to my death.

"Are you alright, Lola?" Mason asked, his voice low. The sound of his concern sucked me right out of my thoughts.

"I am really beginning to hate driving." I replied through clenched teeth, tightening my grip on the steering wheel to keep my hands from trembling.

It took every ounce of patience within me not to jump out of the car and strangle Lars. What mostly stopped me was the lingering thought that he could somehow be involved.

"Damn, Luna. You tryin' to kill me?" Lars asked, his arm resting on the roof of the car.

There wasn't a hint of amusement on my face. "What are you doing here, Lars?" I deadpanned.

"Bike broke down, can you believe it?" He shook his head, and I was surprised to see he looked a bit pained. A

second later the emotion vanished, replaced by his usual charming grin. "I got a buddy just inside town whose got a shop, he can put my bike in his truck. I'll be forever indebted to you if you give me a ride."

"That's supposed to make me want to help you?"

When his lower lip jutted out in a less than effective pout, I started to roll the window up.

"Alright, I'll behave!" He held his hands up in surrender. "I promise, just give me a lift."

"Get in the damn car, Lars."

The first five minutes were quiet, but there was a tension building that I swore I wasn't imaging. Lars seemed completely at ease; his arms draped across the backseat like we were his personal chauffeurs. The voice of curiosity in my head, which sounded suspiciously like Maya, poked and prodded me with all the questions that needed answering. The feeling became so overwhelming that there was no stopping myself from asking the first and least suspicious thing on my mind.

“What brought you all the way out here?” There was just the right amount of disinterest in my voice to make it seem like I was being polite or trying to break up the silence.

“That buddy I mentioned has some property. He lets me park my camper there.” He replied, watching the passing evergreens through the window.

“You’re that torn up over your bike?”

It was a bold assumption; one I knew was spot on when he scoffed and took it as a personal offense. “If you knew how much time and money I put into her, you’d understand. Some of those parts took months to come in, and I’m still paying them off. She’s in perfect shape...makes no sense why the engine seized.” He grumbled, but I was only half listening because Asher’s deep voice began to rumble in my head.

‘Zeke and I just went through the tapes, and there’s something you need to see. If you’ve got a minute, I need you to scan through what I watched. There was a witness, someone walking down the block, but that’s not all—its easier if you see for yourself. The picture wasn’t the greatest, but it’s not anyone I recognized. Before we release the image to the public, I want another set of eyes I trust.’

‘Sure, give me a minute.’ I told Asher, and quickly followed the directions Lars provided until I turned down a narrow dirt road that ended at a refurbished barn.

I could see why his friend lets him keep his camper here—the guy had just about every other mode of transportation sitting around the barn. There was nearly a dozen rusted cars, a few street bikes, and even a four-wheeler or two. I even spotted a tractor trailer that had seen better days. What I didn’t see was the camper Lars mentioned.

“I thought you said you parked your camper here?”

“I typically do. Last couple of nights I’ve been camping in the woods.” He nodded at the barn. “You can drop me off here. He’s bound to be lurking around somewhere.”

Lars got out of the car and peered through Mason’s open window. I couldn’t tell if the smile that tugged on his lips was sinister or if he was just trying to flirt again. Either way it did nothing to quell the bad feeling brewing in my stomach.

“Thanks for the ride, Luna.” He winked.

With his hands in the pockets of his jeans, he whistled a tune under his breath and headed in the direction of the barn. It replayed itself in my head while the scent of dirt and machine oil clung to my nose. Even with the windows down and the crisp breeze passing through, the smell lingered.

‘Ready when you are.’ I mind-linked Asher, steering the car onto the shoulder of the main road.



As his thoughts filled my head, I closed my eyes and allowed myself to slip into the memory.

Four grey walls stood on all sides, far enough apart to allow room for a desk, computer, and two bulky Alphas. Stale coffee and a mixture of cologne stained the air.

Displayed on the monitor was a grainy image of where Devin's body had been found. Just across the street, walking in the opposite direction, was a figure.

Zeke's profile came into view, his smoky eyes narrowed as he clicked a few buttons on the computer.

It was dark outside when the surveillance video began to play, but the streetlamps along the road illuminated every corner of the screen. There was no hiding from the light, or at least I thought there wasn't.

A blurry figure came into frame and one by one the streetlamps went out.

'Rewind the video to the exact moment they came into view.' I told him and waited until our killer came back into view.

The picture wasn't the greatest, but what I thought had been a low-quality camera was actually a cloak wrapped around the killer's body. There were no discernable features visible—even determining their gender was impossible. They were just a mass of darkness, one dragging the corpse of Devin Armstrong. The video resumed, and exactly three minutes and twenty-seven seconds later, the streetlamps flicked back on. A steady throb started in the back of my head as my eyes scoured the screen from top to bottom. It wasn't Devin's freshly placed corpse that had me breaking the mind-link and forcing the car into drive, but the witness I now knew I recognized.

"Lola, what the hell?!" Mason cried out and clutched the door, but that did little to hold him in place as I spun the car around and took off fast enough to make the tires squeal.

His face paled and then turned green as I hit the sharp turns, slowly letting off the gas to keep us from flying off the side of the mountain. I could feel Asher's voice rattling in my skull, but the sound of my pulse and the throbbing in my head was far louder.

I shot down the narrow dirt road, not once slowing even though the dust kicked up was impossible to see through. Pebbles bounced off the hood and windshield, one leaving a crack the size of my pinkie. The car jerked, and a masculine scream rang in my ears as I flattened the break against the floor.

The tires locked, sending us sliding across the dirt before coming to a complete stop, inches away from the side of the barn.

Both Mason and Asher's voices joined the low ringing in my ears as I shoved open the door and clamored to my feet.

"You've got to be kidding me." The grittiness of dirt hit my tongue when I opened my mouth and snarled.

Slowly I turned, narrowing my eyes to try and peer through the thick wall of evergreens that surrounded us and the barn. There wasn't the faintest sound or scent of Lars, only the eerie silence of a vacant forest. The sour feeling in my gut was confirmation enough, our only suspect and witness was gone in the wind.

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 148

[/ Alpha Asher by Jane Doe](#)

Alpha Asher Novel [by Jane Doe] Chapter No 148

"Quit sulking." Mason scolded me from the driver's seat. "If you wanted to drive you shouldn't have tried to drive us off the cliff."

"That's not what I was trying to do, and I already apologized." I griped and folded my arms over my chest. "... you're just angry I made you scream."

The trees that grew out of the rocky cliff side whooshed by in shades of shamrock and olive. I wondered if Lars were in there somewhere, deep within their protective cover. Were the witches there too?

"You didn't make me scream, your reckless driving did." His voice had an edge of defensiveness that made me snort. Warm hazel eyes slid over to where I sat in the passenger, "...you won't tell anyone about this, right?"

"I won't." I reassured him, and waited until relief flooded his eyes to say, "...if you let me drive us back, and you can't act like I'm going to drive off the mountain with every curve."

"Deal, but you keep this to yourself for as long as you live." He narrowed his eyes.

"Deal." I nodded and began to relax in the seat when a thought crossed my mind. "...I can tell Breyona, right?"

"Yeah, you can tell Breyona." His eyes warmed when he chuckled, and his tone implied he'd been expecting me to ask as much.

Our banter dwindled until silence took over, sending my eyes veering back towards the forest and my thoughts to a certain slippery werewolf.

I'd been sorely tempted to mention my suspicion regarding Lars's boots, but Asher was already putting out a pack-wide memo. Soon every werewolf on our land would be on the lookout for Lars, which meant there was no need to turn it into a manhunt. Still, I had to tell him eventually...I just needed more time.

I tried to think of where Lars might've gone but came up with nothing. The most I could do was scour the woods and search for his illusive friend, which I was considering when another thought popped into my head.

Cassidy...she's going on a date with him.

Even though I made the mental note to talk with her after training, it didn't ease the dark cloud that loomed over my head for the remainder of the day.

After a quick search of the clinics in the area, I found a small privately owned practice that had an abundance of positive reviews.

Mind[1]linking one of the therapists was the fastest route of communication, and by far the most awkward.

Asher promised slipping into the pack-members minds would become easier over time, but I was still a non-believer. A girl could only handle so many horrified shrieks. The worst of it is when they're in private and in their shock unwillingly send me mental images of things I definitely shouldn't be seeing.

The private practice was nestled right in the middle of town. Located in an off-white colonial house whose cobalt blue shutters were a cheerful beacon from halfway down the street.

The three licensed therapists that made up the little practice were pleasant, even though one had to turn down the offer when her client stormed into the building, face smeared with heavy make-up.

Her wet s\*bs filled the room, warping her words as she flailed her hands dramatically to get her point across.

"I understand, Selena. Come on, let's talk about it in my office." The fair-haired therapist said soothingly and guided the trembling girl past us with a comforting hand on her shoulder.

I locked eyes with the sobbing teenage girl and managed a small but encouraging smile when she waved and stumbled over a 'hello.'

Well,

I assumed that's what it was since she couldn't exactly form the words. Her wailing continued once the door closed, though it was muffled.

One of the remaining therapists, a dark-haired male whose wire rimmed glasses made him look shrewd and analyzing, seemed more than willing to drop a client or two for the Luna's younger sister. I might've hired him off his resume alone if it weren't for the onyx shade of his hair and the severe way he pursed his lips, both of which reminded me of my father.

If the sight could send me tumbling backwards through time, back to that bloody battlefield, then I wondered what it would do to Holly.

I went with his colleague instead, a middle-aged she-wolf with a kind smile who introduced herself as Dr. Mayfield. When she wasn't at the local hospital acting as in-house psychiatrist, she took a handful of clients here at the house.

Her resume was just as impressive and revealed that she'd been helping people heal for over a decade. I could see the full extent of her history written all over her face. It was tattooed within the fine lines around her eyes and mouth and hid beneath every inch of her bronze skin.

"Magic and Vampirism certainly play into your sister's experiences, but I've found that no matter how complex a situation is, it can always be deconstructed into something easier to swallow." Dr. Mayfield said kindly.

There was a look of understanding on her face that made me feel like Holly's demons might not be so undefeatable after all.

I left Dr. Mayfield with Tristan's contact information and rushed to make it to training on time. Mason kept up his end of the deal, even if he did look a bit pale every time I hit a sharp turn.

Even after stopping at home for a change of clothes, I made it to training before Breyona. Mason supplied the directions since had training as well, only his was in a different class.

"Shame we won't be partners this time around. Can't say I miss getting my a\*s kicked." Mason's cheeky grin revealed the dimples he tried hard to hide, the same ones I watched girls swoon over.

We had just pulled into the parking space when I asked, "I nearly forgot—how's Clara been doing?"

He didn't answer and up until I turned car off, I could see his scowl lingering within the outskirts of my vision. While Asher kept a continuous rotation of guys on guard duty, it was Mason they said Clara would ask for. From what I heard, he had caved in sometime yesterday, but that was the extent of the whispered rumor.

"Annoying as ever, which is the only reason she keeps asking for me." His lips flattened into a thin line.

A flash of warm-blond hair had me dropping the subject. Cassidy trotted up to the side of the car and leaned against the hood as Mason and I got out. The wavy strands of her hair were pulled into a high-pony tail and the work-out shorts she wore were low on her hips.

"Ah, this is so exciting!" She squealed, her eyes brightening like an oasis caught beneath the sun's rays. "Can you tell none of my friends like training? I'm all alone here!"

"If they don't train, what do they do?" Mason asked.

“Mostly party.” She giggled like it were obvious and toyed with the baby-pink water bottle in her hands. “Catch them in a fight and all they’ll do is pull your hair out. I’d much rather learn to kick some \*ss.”

As Cassidy and Mason struck up a conversation about the different fighting styles we were covering in class, I scoured the parking lot for Breyona. There was no sign of the slate grey sedan Asher had loaned to her and Giovanni, and as the minutes passed I found my prior excitement dwindle into worry.

“Hey, it’s about time to go in. Is everything alright with Breyona? She’s still coming, isn’t she?” Cassidy’s giddy tone faltered as she took in my expression.

Slipping into Breyona’s head was a little easier since the two of us had little in the way of boundaries. Our friendship was all or nothing, not that either of us minded. The things we had both gone through, they were bound to link us together.

‘Hey, you’re still coming to training, right?’ Her reaction rocked through my head like the aftershock of an earthquake. There was no horrified shriek, even though I did feel her startle a bit.

‘Whew, you scared me. Gotta knock first or something...’ Her thoughts were like little shreds of paper tossed into the air, each one falling at its own pace. They were jumbled and smushed together without any son of organization, which I thought fit my best-friend perfectly. ‘Training, right. I’m on my way now, just running late. Needed another cup of coffee to get myself out of bed.’

An image flashed in my head; one Breyona clearly meant to keep to herself. While there wasn’t a single drop of coffee involved, I did get a colorful image of Breyona and Giovanni, who was the real cause for her t\*\*rdiness.

‘Coffee... right.’ I held back my snicker. ‘You better hurry, we’re about to head inside now. Cassidy says you still have another ten minutes to get here.’

‘Don’t worry, the GPS says I’ll be there in five!’ Even her thoughts were loud, throwing themselves at me as though she were shouting. When the deafening sound of some pop song roared in my head, I severed the link.

The capital’s training hall was rumored to be one of the best in the country, and from looks alone it lived up to its reputation. A bronze statuette of a wolf sat out front. The great beast was perched on the edge of a cliff, howling its pain and agony into the air. The piece was a memorial dedicated to the wolves whose names were etched onto the cliffs surface.

It reminded everyone who passed through these doors that the life of a warrior was hard-earned, fought for with every breath and beat.

An undenone of sweat and blood hung in the air, familiar as it dredged up memories of Chris, and how we'd spend hours beneath the blistering sun, fighting until dehydration brought me to my knees.

The scent grew stronger as Cassidy and I headed inside, leaving Mason to chat with a group of guys in his class.

Minutes ticked by, each one thinning my patience until every other second I found myself glancing at the door, tempted to peek through the rectangular window that looked out into the hall.

In the back of my head I could hear the instructor assigning us our partners for the season. Even Cassidy's excited voice, telling me we'd been paired together, couldn't pull my eyes away from the door or my thoughts away from Breyona.

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 149

[/ Alpha Asher by Jane Doe](#)

Read Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 149 – “She’s not answering me.” I tried to sigh, but it was hard to do in my current position.

Cassidy's pouty frown and furrowed eyebrows flipped upside down as she bent forward and brought her head in between her legs. As I did the same, her expression was flipped right side up. Each of us were in the same pose, stretching our hamstrings as we mixed our own routine with the recommendations of our trainer.

Emilia carried an air of intimidation as she walked into the room, but it melted away the moment her tan lips lifted into a welcoming smile. Her voice was a steady soprano that provided instruction and endless encouragement, despite her height and broad shoulders. It was unsurprising that she towered over me, but she had almost every male in the room beat as well.

A jolt of excitement danced in my stomach when she pulled the oversized t-shirt she wore over her head, and I saw the muscle that coated her body. Any decent warrior could see her commitment and perseverance through the definition of her muscles. It was clear Emilia had the strength and poise of a warrior, which made me even more excited to see her skill. I wondered if a k\*\*\*\*r lurked behind her soft jawline and large hazel eyes.

We were both sprawled out on the floor, reaching forwards to touch our toes when Cassidy whispered, “...hey, mind-link me real quick.”

Her eyes darted to Emilia, who had her attention on the students she was helping. Her hand gestured to various parts of the body as she explained various warm-up stretches. Her ear was in our direction, but there was no telling if she was listening or not.

‘Everything alright?’ I lifted an eyebrow at her.

Cassidy's head was a luxury walk-in closet filled to the brim with every article of clothing, and accessory a she-wolf could want. Instead of jewelry there were glittering dreams plucked from her subconscious, and razor-sharp nightmares took the place of expensive stilettos. Becoming Luna is what led to this development, but it wasn't one wildly talked about. There wasn't anything particularly useful about seeing the well-oiled or crumbling structure of a pack members psyche.

'Just a bit of gossip really...' She trailed off, and mischievousness lightened the cerulean tones in her eyes until they reminded me of a clear oasis.

'With all the dirt you have on everyone, why hasn't Asher made you into some kind of super spy?' I teased, crossing an arm over my chest to stretch my triceps. The muscles groaned from not being used in so long.

'Oh, because I'm useless at sneaking around. Even a s\*\*t-faced Brandon would make a better spy.' Her laughter was like a twinkling bell, which was cut short when a flash of guilt crossed her face. She brushed the wispy strands of her bangs back from her face, 'I'm not telling you this to dredge anything up, but I feel like you still know so little about some of the people in town, people Asher and I grew up alongside.'

There were times where Cassidy reminded me of my ex-best friend Chelsea-well, she was never really a best friend, but that wasn't important. Both were blonde, though Cassidy's looked to be natural while Chelsea's came from the snooty salon down the street, and both had that sun-kissed, family vacation at our beach house' vibe.

It was their personalities that really set them apart.

Chelsea couldn't spell sincerity, let alone successfully paint it across her face. I'd seen Cassidy display an array of emotions, and each one seemed just as true as the next. Even now, the honesty on her face was evident in the worried line her lips created and the indecision burning in her eyes.

'Oh, just tell me. You look like you're about to explode.' I kept my voice playful even though she did have me curious.

Gossiping was one of the many things Chelsea and I didn't have in common, but in this situation I figured the more information I collected, the better.

'I do, don't I? I've always been c\*\*p at keeping things in, but I am an excellent secret keeper in case you ever need to make use of me.' She winked, then quickly got down to business. Her eyes narrowed into little slits, and I could feel her thoughts flitting a million miles per minute. 'So way back when, Emilia had a thing for Asher. Like, big time. I'm talking more than just 'A & E' in a notebook type of thing. She used to hang around us a lot, but one day she just stopped. If you want my take on things, I think he shot her down and she got upset.'

A flare of jealousy roared to life inside of Maya, but even she wasn't rash enough to brazenly maul a random she-wolf. I couldn't help but turn my head and look at

Emilia, at her bun of her russet-colored curls when I shifted my eyes down an inch and found her staring at me.

The last thing I expected was a surprised but warm smile to tug at the corners of her lips. Even her eyes crinkled, and the sight was so genuine that I couldn't help but return the gesture. It was the way that friendliness vanished when her eyes slid to Cassidy that had me feeling a bit confused.

'She doesn't seem too torn up about him anymore.' I said in Emilia's defense, who was now back to helping other students, her full attention on coaching them through warm-up.

'Oh, I can't imagine she would be. The lucky b\*\*\*h found her mate last spring, and of course they're adorable together.' She huffed and blew a strand of hair from her face. With a dramatic swipe of her hand, her pout vanished and was replaced with a teasing grin. I'm only stating facts since bitterness creates wrinkles.'

Our conversation collapsed as Emilia took the head of the class and began speaking loudly. She did a quick run through of the muscles in the body and followed with stretches for each.

We were only halfway through warm-up, but I was seconds away from ditching to track down Breyona since she couldn't answer a simple mind-link. Either her thoughts were too chaotic and disorganized to focus, or something bad had happened to her. I felt uneasiness in the pits of my stomach, almost like I were missing something. Still, it wasn't anything like the feeling of knives twisting into my gut when Tristan said those chilling words.

"You want me to come with you?" Cassidy asked, keeping her voice low. "I don't mind ditching to help you find Breyona."

I thought over her offer, but before I could take her up on it, I heard a familiar huff from down the hall. Cassidy gave me a funny look since I had opened my mouth to respond and quickly shut it, but it was fleeting since seconds later Breyona came bursting through the door.

With her hair disheveled and her cheeks flushed she took a deep breath and said, "...so sorry, car broke down."

"It's alright, you didn't miss much. We have one other student that's absent for today, so you'll be partnering with me. I'll make sure you get caught up." Emilia nodded, her eyes understanding as she scribbled something onto her clipboard and officially began today's class.

I caught a glimpse at what made Emilia qualified to teach when she launched into a brief introduction of Krav Maga. Chris drilled every punch, kick, and hold into my head until I could recite them by heart while also not getting my a\*s kicked.

After enough leg takedowns and elbow strikes to the liver, both of which hurt worse the next day, I learned I memorized things quickly when under pressure. I also learned I'd do just about anything to kick Chris's a\*s, even once.



We didn't do much sparring, but what little we did showed me no matter how she felt about Emilia, she truly was paying attention. I could tell she was holding back, if not from the playful twinkle in her eyes, then from the persistent nudge in my gut. Any time that look crossed her face, I'd smirk and silently dare her to push harder. She didn't take the bait, but it did make class interesting.

"You could've answered my mind-link, you know." Breyona wiped the sweat from her forehead as she scolded me. The second Emilia called training to an end she made a beeline for me. "I had to leave the car Asher loaned me on the side of the road, then I hitchhiked. Do you know how many women go missing while hitchhiking?"

I blinked at her, "I've been trying to mind-link you up until you walked through the door, there's no way I would've ignored you."

As all the mid-day classes let out, Cassidy decided to stay behind and catch up with a few acquaintances from another training group. My question about her date with Lars was right on the tip of my tongue, but there hadn't been a moment where the two of us were alone. If I told her my suspicions and someone else were to hear, it could easily spell disaster. She promised to catch up in a few minutes, but I was beginning to learn how easily she could get distracted.

"You didn't ignore me?" She frowned, and for some reason that seemed to trouble her more.

I shook my head and said sincerely, "I'd never."

"You know, I mind-linked Mason too and didn't get an answer. I figured he must've gotten distracted; it wouldn't be the first time. I knew when you didn't answer something was up." The fear that flashed across her face was all too familiar. When she spoke her voice was low. "You don't think the witches were trying to k\*\*l me again, do you? Or what if they're trying to mess with our mind-link so we can't talk to each other when they finally do a\*\*\*\*k? Maybe I shouldn't go with Gio...maybe it's safer here."

Feeling myself pale, I hopped onto the trunk of the car and watched streams of warriors in training as they exited through the two sets of double doors. From there they fanned out across the vast parking lot.

"Those are both good points, I just wish there was a way of knowing for sure. I think you might be safer going with him and getting far away from me and this pack for a few days." I never had a hard time telling Breyona the truth but telling her she'd be safer by leaving me behind, it was a little hard to s\*\*\*\*\*w.

"Hopefully, Holly sees something that gets us the upper hand, because until I learn some real magic, I have no clue how to stop them."

"I won't be gone for long; you can count on that. We'll figure this out together and I'll be at your side through it all. Even if you weren't my best-friend, you're the Vampire Queen. You and Gio are essentially a package deal...which sounds a little strange now that I think about it." She narrowed her eyes playfully, and slowly the emotion simmered into something familiar and calming. "There was

something I wanted to ask you before we left. I only remember bits and pieces. So, I wanted to know...what exactly happened last night?"

Breyona sensed the change in my demeanor instantly and sank her teeth into her lower lip, something she did only when she was nervous. I slid from the trunk of the car, too consumed by guilt to stick a graceful landing.

"Look, I know it has something to do with...the shadows." She said with furrowed eyebrows, lowering her voice dramatically towards the end. "I just don't remember anything else...and I'd like to know every detail considering I almost died."

The fact that she knew did little to deflate the balloon pressing against my insides, slowly suffocating me until all I could see was red. Instead I nodded numbly, because why wouldn't she want to know?"

When are you leaving?"

Some of the severity left her face and she managed a small but genuine smile. It hinted at her fear and her budding excitement over meeting her mate's family.

"Tomorrow, which is why you and I are having a sleepover tonight. Oh, and it's taking place at your fancy new house, so tell Asher to make himself scarce." Her lips twitched into a playful smirk.

"I heard something about making Asher scarce and knew I needed in on the conversation." Cassidy's laughter sounded from a few cars away, and slowly she came into view. She spotted Breyona and her cheerful expression brightened. "I'm so glad you were able to make it! I'm horrible with cars, but you could've always mind-linked me for a ride."

"I'm awful with them too, I think that's why I got all frazzled when it started filling with smoke. I couldn't piece my thoughts together let alone mind-link anyone." Breyona lied smoothly, and I know I'd have to do the same. I tried not to anticipate the sour taste it left in my mouth.

A thought popped into my head, and I asked on a whim, "How did you get here if you had to ditch the car?"

"It's uh-a long story, one I'll explain tonight." Her voice jumped an octave, and I knew there was something she was leaving out.

"Oh, I knew I heard something about a sleepover!" Cassidy squealed then dropped her voice to a whisper as Breyona shushed her. She held back her laughter as she quietly asked, "...can I come?"

"Of course you can." I replied quickly, then mind-linked Breyona to let her know I'd explain on the way to the witches' house.

It was smartest to get Cassidy within the safety of the house before asking about Lars. With all the wandering ears in this pack, someone was bound to hear. All it would take was a single mind-link and he could have enough of a head start to slip through the boundaries.

Breyona and I were seconds away from taking off when I noticed Emilia through the dwindling crowd. Her eyes scanned the crowd and stopped on my face. She walked with purpose and took long strides past the crowd until we were feet away.

“Glad I caught up to you before you left. It’s an honor to have you in my class, Luna. I’m eager to see if you live up to your reputation...same goes for you, even if you did show up late.” It was the respect in her eyes that surprised me most, and the way it brightened the splotches of gold and green within them. If it weren’t for the wide smile she flashed Breyona, I wouldn’t have noticed the way it dropped when her eyes settled on Cassidy. “I’ll see you in class tomorrow, Cassidy.”

“See you tomorrow, Emmi.” Cassidy replied, and the venom she laced into the nickname told me it wasn’t for endearment.

Emilia’s eyes hardened into stakes of blackwood, but she said nothing as she turned on her heel and walked away.

“Do you trust her?” Breyona asked once I finished explaining my plan, her filled with simple curiosity.

It took me a moment to answer truthfully. I listened to the soothing hum of the road as I debated on what words to say. We still had a few minutes until we reached Rowena’s, which meant I had plenty of time to think.

“No, but I’d like too someday. I know so little about her, which is partially my fault because I could’ve easily asked Asher anything I want to know, but I didn’t want to come off as weird and suspicious.”

“Oh, I have no problems coming off as weird and suspicious. I want to know every woman that’s ever batted their eyelashes at Gio.” Breyona wrinkled her nose, and quickly the two of us descended into laughter.

The light-hearted mood we set in the car lasted the entire ride, up until we walked into the witches’ house and saw Grandma in the kitchen, her eyes lit with a soft lavender glow.

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 150

[/ Alpha Asher by Jane Doe](#)

“You tell anyone, and you won’t see a cent of your inheritance when I’m gone.” Grandma narrowed her eyes, but the frown that tugged at her lips made the flimsy threat ineffective.

"I didn't even know we had an inheritance." I snorted as I stood at her side in the kitchen.

Like I had hundreds of times when we lived in the little cottage, I began gathering the d\*\*\*y bowls and pans that collected in the sink as she baked. A thin layer of silence settled over us, one that reminded me of long days training with Chris and cherry pies that sat on the windowsill to cool.

"So, you don't want me to tell anyone you were here or that you were here and using magic?"

She swatted at me with a rag until I chuckled and moved away from the sink. Breyona finished putting the rest of the dried dishes away and perched herself on the edge of the counter, her eyes curious and eager. Her obvious love of magic made a whisper of a smile cross my face.

"No, it's not that. It turns out Rowena was right; I've been using magic to make my baking better, and for all these years..." Her features contorted into a scowl that made my chest begin to throb. She looked around at the various plates of cookies and exhaled sharply, as though they were to blame for greedily taking the magic from her overworked hands. "I won the Kenworth County Fair's pie baking competition four years in a row—four years! I'm a-a fraud."

"Are you joking right now?" Breyona made an indignant sound and slid off the counter. Her voice took on the same lecturing tone as my mom's when I'd sneak in past curfew. "You have actual magic, and you've been using it for decades without even knowing. You're not a fraud, grandma. You're a badass."

I gave into the grin that tugged at my lips. "Nothing I say could top that."

"You think so?" Her frown remained, but some of its harshness faded. "There's nothing I love doing more than baking—well, that and tending to my garden. I...I suppose it makes a certain amount of sense that I was using my magic for both of those things."

"Maybe that's part of the reason why you love doing them, because it's the only time you get to fully embrace yourself." Breyona's eyes softened and warmed like the gooey center of grandma's chocolate chip cookies.

Grandma's smile was thankful, and I knew from the glossiness of her eyes she'd need a moment to respond. When she finally did speak, she didn't disappoint.

"If I'm not a fraud, that means there's no reason to give them trophies back." The lines surrounding her mouth and eyes faded as the tension seemed to drain from her small frame. A twinkle of mischief danced in her eyes, "...they're s\*\*t out of luck for the thousand-dollar cashier's checks, though."

Thanks to Breyona's blunt but much needed words, Grandma relaxed enough to tell us more about the magic she felt stirring in her bones. It was only a little disheartening to hear her say how familiar it felt, like an old friend she'd been waiting so long to meet.

It was Maya that stopped my self-doubt in its tracks and set me back on course. She reminded me that grandma's magic hadn't been locked away like ours. It had always been there, but only emerged when she stepped into the kitchen or garden—two places that brought her insurmountable joy. I had no doubt that the magic she created was masked by the love and care she put into every dessert and plant in her garden.

"I still don't have a clue what I'm doing, but Rowena's been kind enough to give me a hand." Grandma spoke over her shoulder as she darted through the kitchen like a hummingbird.

"Only Rowena, what about Cordelia?" I questioned.

"Apparently I'm a natural?" Grandma replied, a hint of awkwardness in her voice.

She quickly moved on from her baking spree and started this new mission of hers by pulling out a pack of ground beef and other tupperware containers from the refrigerator.

Breyona hovered around her almost protectively once she started grabbing the ingredients to make lasagna. I'd nearly forgotten about Rowena and Cordelia until I saw the size of the baking dish grandma pulled from the cabinet.

"They'll be here shortly. Rowena needed some supplies, and it turns out Cordelia did as well, so she tagged along. The two of them said something about a local occult shop." Grandma replied in between measuring batches of flour for the garlic rolls. When she had her back turned, Breyona scooped another spoonful of minced garlic into the butter.

'Us garlic girls have to stick together.' She grinned behind grandma's back; her voice smug as it traveled down the mind-link.

'For sure.' I swallowed my laughter, but it was impossible to hold it for long when I could see the amused smirk that painted my grandma's face.

Rowena had been inside the house a total of two minutes when she hefted a massive leatherbound book into the living room and dropped it square on the coffee table. As she cracked it open and the smell of old paper filled the air, I was surprised to see how well preserved each page was.

I looked up in time to see the shrewd look Cordelia gave Rowena, but within the blink of an eye it was gone. She looked as she always did, her features bright and soft, her slender frame draped with fabrics and dainty crystal necklaces. An odd feeling ran down my spine, like the trail a drop of rain made as it trickled down a pane of glass.

The sensation vanished when Breyona leaned forward and cooed, "...oh, this is beautiful."

"It is, isn't it? It was a gift from the little girl I grew up with, one she would've been beaten for if her mother had caught her. Luckily, I've always known how to

keep a secret and appreciate an incredible gift." Her smile was the color of rubies and matched her newly painted nails. She trailed it along the slender script that filled almost the entirety of the page. "I loved this book as a child. It broke everything down in a way I could understand at the time. Consider this book the foundation of your training. It'll tell you the seven types of magic, but not how they are manipulated, or the endless ways they can manifest in a young witch. You'll come to realize trying to fit any of us into a box doesn't work well. Like everything else in this world, magic is ever evolving, only it moves at a much faster pace."

While Maya sulked that our first official day of witch practice wasn't on creating magical tidal waves or making trees explode from the ground, Breyona and I hunkered behind the billowing pages of Rowena's ancient textbook and devoured every word until our eyes grew dry.

It jumped right into the first type of magic; one Cordelia happened to be familiar with.

Protection magic was considered one of the smaller and more refined magics, but its chapter was over seventy pages long. Divination came in close second at one hundred and two pages. Rowena had been right, there was no way to track the endless possibilities that came with a subject as broad as protection magic. The book covered as many variations as it could, darting between protective shields and mentally enhanced barriers, only to completely veer off the map by including 'warriors made of marble and coal' as an example. As Cordelia helped grandma in the kitchen, and the hearty scent of tomato sauce and herbs filled the air, she also shouted answers to any questions Breyona, or I asked.

"Technically, yes. It qualifies as protection magic." Her confirmation didn't ease my surprise. If anything, it made the images in my head much more outlandish. "A very rare type of it, mind you. Even I've never seen anything like it."

"Oh, divination! That's the kind of magic I'd have if I were a witch." She grinned sheepishly, her finger falling from where it hovered over the second chapter.

The magic Breyona eagerly claimed ranged from visions, mystical prophecies, and crystal b\*\*\*s to seeing the precise moment of a person's d\*\*\*h through touch alone. Where protection magic was precise, divination was sprinkled with chaos.

"If only more species had that kind of mindset. There wouldn't have been so many of us k\*\*\*\*d during the trials." Rowena shook her head sadly, even though pride shone in her eyes when they landed on Breyona's radiant face. "I'm happy to see our kind working together, even if there are other witches who wish to disrupt that peace."

The dark turn of conversation tugged my mind in the direction of Lars, who Asher and Zeke had yet to find.

"Can there be male witches?" I asked. When Breyona's eyes flickered my way, I fumbled for an excuse that wasn't entirely a lie. "If there's a chance the infiltrators are men, then we know to broaden our search."

Rowena smiled kindly and said, "I hope you take this as a comfort, but only women can wield magic. When we do have children, rarely is it a boy."

Even though her tone was soft and meant to reassure, her words had an unintended effect on me. No matter how far into the future this was, I couldn't help picturing my own child latched onto my arm. It wasn't a bouncing baby boy I saw, but a little girl. Her bright, honey-toned eyes smiling and giggling up at Asher.

What should've brought me feelings of euphoria left me ripe with worry, because if Asher and I had a daughter, she'd never be allowed to rule. No matter how far werewolves had come, there wasn't a single pack in the world that challenged this ancient law.