

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 186

Read Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 186

When Tristan left, the front door clicking shut behind him, I slumped against the kitchen counter and took a deep breath. The bottle of blood I'd been sipping on sat untouched at my side, which didn't go unnoticed by Breyona or Giovanni.

"You feel like death, and I'm not talking about how exhausted you are." Breyona commented, her voice laced with worry. "Did something else happen?"

Clutching the bottle in my hand, as though it'll somehow give me the courage to break the news, I mumbled, "This is going to take some getting used to."

Breyona was already more intuitive than your average wolf, but now the two of us were magically connected. Even now, I could feel the smoky threads between us, connecting our souls.

Her nod was one of understanding, and as much as I appreciated it, it only made my heart seize in my chest.

"I promise not to pry any more than I usually do, but I get the feeling there's something you need to tell me, but you really, really don't want to."

"You might want to sit down first." I said, fighting to keep the nerves from my voice.

Breyona's expression fell, "Now you know I can't do that. Lola, what is it? You're scaring me here." She laughed nervously.

Giovanni closed in behind her, placing his hands on her shoulders. She didn't acknowledge him, but her posture seemed to relax under his touch. He tossed a subtle nod in my direction, telling me to continue, reassuring me that he'd be there to support her.

"Before we were forced to escape, we were eavesdropping on the witches. They showed up at the Vampire Lair Tristan and I went to, which is a long story on its own, but they started talking about my magic and what the Blood Witch wants with me. There's this ritual they've started that will give them complete control over me, and they're close to finishing it." I explained nervously, feeling pathetic for dumping all of this on her at once.

Breyona gasped, her hand trembling as she raised it to her lips. The fear in her eyes was genuine, and I couldn't help but wonder if it would still be genuine after she heard the rest of what I had to say.

“Oh, Goddess. I’m sorry, you’re my best-friend and I love you, but this is so bad. With your magic and position, they could permanently destroy things for all of our species.” She said gravely, her eyes flickering up to Giovanni.

The Vampire I now considered one of my second-in-commands remained stoic, but that didn’t mean he wasn’t as torn up as Breyona.

“Life as we know it would be over.” He said firmly. “There would be Vampire’s and Werewolves trying to kill you, hoping it would end the threat. Asher would never allow that to happen, and neither would Tristan or me. We’d be at war with our own kind, killing each other off before the Witches even lifted a finger.”

“It gets worse.” I whispered, watching as Breyona paled.

“They’re in a hurry. The Blood Witch wants this done before I realize the ‘full extent of my power,’ whatever that means. They-they mentioned two werewolves I sent out to search for information...for relics and old texts.”

The words dried up in my throat, and any explanation I had thought of vanished into thin air. What I managed to say hung in the space between us all, dangling there until the pieces shifted and began to connect one by one.

I could tell the moment Breyona realized I was talking about her parents, because her lower lip began to quiver and tremble. Slowly, she began to shake her head. With each motion growing in speed, I felt my stomach flip and turn. As much as I wanted to sink to my knees and beg for her forgiveness, delivering horrible, damaging news was part of the position I had taken up.

Breyona could break, she could shatter into a million pieces under the weight of her grief because she deserved to have that option, but as her Luna and her best-friend, I needed to remain strong.

“Lola, please don’t say it.” She begged, her voice cracking. “Anything else, say anything else.”

Tears welled in my eyes, burning angrily as I forbade them from falling. This wasn’t about me and my emotions, but Breyona.

I was breaking her heart; I could see it. She wanted me to remain quiet, because once I spoke the truth, nothing could ever take it back. What was even worse was that I couldn’t give her the gift of not knowing, of pretending her parents were alive and well, too busy in their adventures to ever return. She deserved more. As much as it hurt, she deserved the truth.

Biting back the guilt and agony that constricted my throat and cut off my air supply, I spoke.

“They killed them, Breyona.”

The truth rippled over her, settling deep within her bones. It would never leave, never once waver even as her thoughts began to rush by without restraint. Not only could I feel it through the strange connection we now shared, but I could tell simply by looking at her.

She was frozen in place, standing upright only because Giovanni now had his arms wrapped around her waist, his head resting on her shoulder. Minutes passed as she stood there, frozen in disbelief. Each second that passed was like spikes of silver driven into my skin, draining my life force faster than magic sapped my energy.

I barely recognized my own voice when I said, “Tell me what I can do...”

That seemed to snap her out of her stupor, sending her spiraling head-first into grief. She pulled away from Giovanni, swatting at his hands as she began to pace the length of the kitchen, tears streaming from her eyes. Her tone shifted from agonized to angry, then back again.

“There’s nothing you can do, Lola. My parents-my parents are dead. I’ll-I’ll never get to see them again. I’ll never get another Christmas with them, with those stupid itchy sweater’s mom would always force us in, and-and I’ll never get to hear another one of dad’s lectures about being too rough with his books-always about the dusty old books, and-and...” She stammered, choking back a vicious sob as it stole away her very breath.

Backing away from Giovanni, she ran her fingers through her hair so hard that I knew she’d taken a few strands out in the process. Her eyes speared right through me, carving into every sensitive part of my soul until I felt absolutely raw inside.

“What can you do, Lola?” She asked quietly, never once breaking her stare from my face. “Can you bring back the dead? Is that the ‘full extent of your power’? Is it? Is it, Lola?”

“I don’t...I don’t know.” I told her truthfully, batting away a tear that manage to slip my grasp. “I’m so sorry-.”

“Shit, I know you are. I’m just-I’m just so angry. I have everything I could ever want, a future with someone I love and...and my parents won’t be here to see any of it.” She whispered, her hand once again finding her mouth, muffling the sobs that broke free. “I need time to myself to process this.”

With those last words, Breyona slipped out the patio door and vanished onto the back porch. Every inch of me was pulled in her direction, but I remained rooted in place. A gust of air slid past my lips in the form of a long hiss.

Up until he spoke, I had completely forgotten that Giovanni was still here.

“You understand she doesn’t blame you, right?”

I couldn’t help but laugh, even if it did sound like some fucked up version of a sob.

“Yeah, I know. Breyona’s perfect that way.”

There hadn’t been a single part of me that worried she’d blame me for her parents’ deaths. I knew her too well. She felt every single thing deeply, to the very bottom of her soul, and even though it left her hurt more often than not, it’s what made her heart so pure. It was the witches, the ones who had directly sapped the life out of her mom and dad that Breyona would focus every ounce of her rage onto, and for some reason, which hurt even more.

Giovanni glanced towards the patio doors, undoubtedly making sure Breyona was alright out there. He nodded in agreement, his expression pained.

“She intended to tell you this herself, but given what’s happened, her thoughts are elsewhere. Two days ago Breyona received a call from her mother. This wasn’t unusual since they’ve been in close contact since she came to visit my family, but this particular call was different. Her mother sounded frantic. Terrified, actually. She kept talking in circles and wouldn’t answer Breyona whenever she asked where they were or what they were doing.” He explained, his lips set in a thin, grim line. “All she told Breyona was that they found something-something important, and that they needed to get it to you before it was too late.”

I felt my stomach drop, overflowing with a sickening sense of dread.

“And now they’re dead...” I heard myself say.

Giovanni nodded, his eyes like two pitch-black stones staring straight into my soul. “And now they’re dead.”

## **Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 187**

Read Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 187

The conversation between Giovanni and I replayed in my head as I traipsed upstairs and collapsed into bed. Even after it had run its course, I fought the sleep that tried to claim me and focused on mind-linking Asher.

Another hour had passed, one without any success.

I'd considered reaching out to Zeke, but after pouring all of my remaining energy into getting through to Asher, I had nothing left to expend. In a haze of utter exhaustion, I slipped away into a restless, dreamless sleep.

I wasn't sure how much time had passed, but the sun had yet to rise when I was yanked from sleep. The bedroom was cloaked in absolute darkness, even with the beams of moonlight streaming through the curtains. Luckily, I didn't need light to tell who was hovering over me, their hand pressed firmly over my mouth.

It was his eyes I noticed first, the sight of them telling me that something was very, very wrong.

They were entirely gold, practically glowing in the darkness as they stared at me with a heat that belonged solely to a predator. When Asher would battle with his wolf, often flecks of gold would swirl in his dark eyes, but rarely were they completely overtaken.

I grew still beneath him when his chest began to rumble, a growl building in his throat. He didn't seem to register my mumbling against his hand, trying to coax him off whatever ledge he managed to stumble onto.

There was nothing soft about his face. Every inch was cast in sharp angles and harsh planes. Not an ounce of recognition flowed through him, but without a doubt in my mind, the man hovering above me was in fact my mate. Even if he couldn't see that himself.

I tried not to show fear, but it was hard when the other half of your soul looked at you with such ferocity.

He leaned in close, pressing his nose against my neck. A gasp lingered in my throat, but I kept the sound at bay. What I couldn't control was my heart, which stammered as a momentary blip of fear took hold. His mouth was uncomfortably close to my throat, bringing on the realization that I had never, not once been afraid of Asher harming me.

Why was this time different?

Breathing deeply, he ran his nose up my neck, stopping at the base of my throat. I was warring with my mind and with Maya, both of which telling me to do opposite things. Maya trusted Asher and his wolf with every fiber of our being, but the instinct to protect ourselves was growing stronger with each passing second. It was my mind, the part of me bonded to Asher that told me not to fight, to let my mate do as he pleased.

I'd run out of time to make a decision when he pulled back, his face contorting into something terrifying and feral.

His jaw was locked tightly, his teeth exposed and chest still rumbling as he tore through the front of my t-shirt with his claws. The fabric was torn to shreds, falling away like cheap ribbon, and leaving me entirely exposed.

I was torn between terror and the start of arousal, neither of which I could fight. My body always had a mind of its own when it came to Asher, and no amount of training had been able to change that.

He pressed his claws against my bare chest, right above my left breast. As he dug the tips of them into my flesh, a sharp sting of pain took hold. The longer I lay frozen beneath him, the more disbelief began to take hold, numbing my nerves until all that was left was the shocking realization that Asher was actually going to draw blood.

He might be rough and punishing, but he's never made me bleed before.

Instinct took hold inside my head, and I shoved past the block in his head, racing down the bond between us until I was forced to stop. I was slammed back into my own body with enough force to make the world around me spin.

Asher wasn't in there.

The only thing I could feel from him was this never-ending sense of hunger, a murderous need that consumed every facet of his being until even his vision was tinted in a sickly shade of red. There was no human emotion, no trace of recognition as he stared down at Maya and me.

Despite every instinct in my body protesting, I needed to protect myself.

I had no choice but to fight my mate.

Bucking beneath him did nothing but incite anger, but it was the one emotion he seemed to be showing, one I knew could be used against him. Sure enough, the more I thrashed, the more his snarling seemed to build. When he reached for my hair, I found my opening.

I continued to deny the obvious, ignoring the full extent of that endless hunger I'd felt, a hunger that would only be satiated by flesh and blood-by death.

There wasn't a chance in hell I was going to use magic against him, not without knowing the full extent of what I could do. I didn't care what Asher planned to do to me, killing my mate was absolutely out of the question. Even the shadows seemed confused, almost reluctant to get in between whatever was going on.

A dull sting of pain radiated across my scalp, but hair-pulling wasn't exactly new between us. He'd shifted his weight, spreading his legs wide enough for me to maneuver my leg and plant my foot against his chest. I kicked with every ounce of strength I had, a feat that was all but useless when he snared my ankle with one of his meaty hands.

I readied myself for my next move, or for his retaliation when he froze in place. His eyes glowed in the dark, skewering me where I lay beneath him. The quiet huff of him sniffing the air hit my ears, but that wasn't the only thing that happened.

There was something growing between my legs, something I was all too familiar with.

Not only was Asher seconds away from killing me, but he was also very much naked. I shouldn't have found it so surprising considering he'd probably shifted before coming here, but it was hard to notice when pinned to the bed like a wounded doe. Even as I felt the full weight of his cock hit my thigh, I couldn't look away from his piercing eyes.

If I had looked away, I would have never seen the hunger in them shift-morphing into something else.

I knew that look, and so did my body because it reacted instantaneously, tightening my core until an ache began to build between my legs.

He leaned back ever so slightly, and I leaped at the opportunity to lift myself from the bed. Landing a rather forceful punch to his jaw, I swung one leg out and nearly made it onto the floor. Apparently, I'd made the wrong move because with a swift shove, Asher flattened me onto the bed. The force alone knocked some of the air from my lungs.

"Asher." I snarled in warning, but that only seemed to spur him on.

When his hands gripped my thighs, tearing them apart and pinning them to the bed, I realized what he was about to do. Only a horrifyingly damp pair of panties protected my most sensitive area, which he promptly ripped away as though they were made of tissue paper.

With a guttural snarl, he latched onto my slick flesh his mouth, tearing the world out from under my feet.

"Oh-" I gasped, biting my tongue to keep from whimpering.

I tangled my fingers in his hair and pulled, yanking hard enough to cause pain, but Asher didn't even seem to notice. On the other end of our bond was that feral sort of hunger, only now it was fixated on something else.

I tried to fight it-to fight him, but he was gliding his tongue up and down my pussy so roughly that all I could see were stars. His chest was still rumbling, and every growl he let out vibrated against my skin. Any time I tried to tell him to stop, his tongue would curl around my clit and a moan would break free.

With every feral movement he made, the pressure between my legs would build, ratcheting higher and higher until all that was left was the fall. When his eyes flitted up

to my face, burning with their golden glow as he ate and devoured, I had no choice but to plummet.

Every muscle in my body locked up, my pussy spasming as I soaked the sheets and the lower half of Asher's face.

"Fucking hell, Asher..." I whined through gritted teeth, realizing he had no intention on stopping.

Other than looking up from between my legs, he hadn't reacted to my orgasm. He continued lapping at me, suckling on my heated flesh at a brutal pace. He shifted his grip on my thighs, and instead of forcing them to the bed, he pulled them even closer to his face.

Within seconds I was nearing yet another orgasm, this one even stronger than the first. My entire body was humming with pleasure despite how much I tried to fight its grasp. At some point, that restraint I'd been trying to hold onto crumbled beneath my fingers. I found myself almost frantically rolling my hips against his mouth, desperate for more of that earth-shattering friction that was so fucking good it bordered on painful.

I felt my heart leap in my chest when Asher looked up and actually snarled at me.

Anger pulsed over my already clammy skin as I glared at him, seconds away from snapping that he'd been the one to force himself onto me, latching onto me like he'd gone absolutely feral. Now that I'd given into him, he wanted to act like a douche bag.

"You've got another thing coming if you think-" I snapped, the words ending with a gasp when he grabbed me and flipped me onto my stomach.

Before I could push myself off the bed and remove my face from the pillow, I felt him grab my hips and lift my bottom into the air.

"Don't you fucking dare." I warned him, snarling in absolute frustration when my lecherous, traitorous body responded with another wave of arousal.

Fuck, I actually liked this. What the hell was wrong with me?

His fingers dug into my bottom, holding me in place as he rutted against my backside and slid the entire length of his cock into my opening. I cursed and moaned into the pillow, hating, and loving how fucking full I felt. Despite the fight I initially put up, he was met with no resistance, slipping into a frenzy that had him thrusting and grinding into my pussy.

Asher growled and snarled in my ear, only they no longer sounded like the murderous kind. His balls slapped against my slit, my muscles gripping him for dear life as his



movements grew rougher, more desperate with each sound I made. Any time I tried to question why I loved this; he'd hit a spot deep inside of me that made my eyes roll.

Before I knew it, I was screaming my release into the pillow, whimpering like a fool as I begged him to never stop.

It was when the stars faded from my eyes and I descended from the clouds that the bedroom door was ripped open, falling in a heap of splinters to the floor.

When Zeke and Brandon charged into the room, both their faces ashen and contorted in panic, I had no clue how to react. Asher's head whipped in their direction and the snarl he cast at them was menacing enough to make the hairs along my neck rise.

Embarrassment had barely taken hold before both of them charged Asher, pulling him off of me and dragging him from the bedroom. All I could do was sit there and stare at the doorway, absolutely horrified and sporting a blush I knew would never go away.

I gave myself those fleeting seconds to drown before leaping from the bed, snatching a random t-shirt off the floor, and racing after them.

## **Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 188**

Read Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 188

Really?" I scoffed, staring open-mouthed at Asher through the glass of the holding cell he was in. "Is this necessary?"

Asher paced back and forth, his head snapping in my direction whenever I spoke. His eyes were still that violent shade of gold, telling me his wolf was still in charge and very much feral.

The holding cell he sat in was a part of the newer renovations Asher had orchestrated. There were dozens of these cubby-like rooms, each one with a cot and a small table, reinforced with military grade equipment to keep the prisoners contained.

I bet Asher never thought he'd land himself in one.

Both men standing before me were grim, their lips pursed, and eyes cloaked in shadows. I was used to seeing that particular expression on Brandon, but not Zeke. Neither one appeared too happy about how things played out, but I needed to keep the conversation going. If I didn't, I'd start thinking about what they barged in on and have no choice but to drown in embarrassment.

Brandon spoke first, snorting dryly at me before glancing Asher's way. In between the brothers was a two-way mirror, not that the wall of glass kept us from hearing one another.

"You might've been enjoying yourself, but I promise, it's necessary." He said, not reacting in the slightest when his older brother snarled and pounded on the glass.

Zeke grimaced, "Don't provoke him, and quit being a jealous dick."

"You're right, I shouldn't provoke him. I'd hate for him to break out of here and kill another Alpha. Seeing as you're the only one close by, I'd watch out if I were you." Brandon replied, a brittle smile playing across his face.

Instantly, my stomach began to plummet at his words and what they insinuated. Zeke, on the other hand, was unfazed and even rolled his eyes at Brandon.

"Explain." I demanded, my eyes darting between the two of them. When neither answered and Brandon's expression twisted into a smirk, I snapped. "Now."

"Mason's witchy friend-" Brandon began, only to get cut off by Zeke.

"Clara." He interjected.

Brandon sighed loudly, then continued.

"Right. Clara, Mason's witchy friend, found one of the towns the other witches were staying in. The place was deserted, but we ran into a few friends on our way out."

Zeke rolled his eyes again, much more fed up with Brandon than usual. He propped himself up on the edge of the table we hovered around, running a hand through his already messy hair. After a long, drawn-out yawn, he chimed in.

"It was Alpha Bran and some of his men. They'd been circling the town the witches had stayed in, almost like they were keeping it safe for their return." He grimaced, unease filling every facet of his once warm voice. "Alpha Bran challenged Asher. I think he could sense that something was off about him, that he was on edge from everything going on. I'm not too sure, but Bran thought he could win."

"Surprise, surprise. He didn't." Brandon snorted, but the sound had an edge to it.

I had the distinct feeling they were holding something back, and that something was currently twisting my stomach into knots. What was even more troublesome was the weight to Brandon's words.

When one Alpha challenged another, they battled to the death.

“Alpha Bran is dead.” I stated, looking between the two of them even though a confirmation wasn’t needed.

The answer was written across every tense line on their faces, mapped out within the thinness of their lips and in the way their eyebrows furrowed. For once, Brandon didn’t look the least bit jealous of his older brother.

“Sure is, which makes Asher their new Alpha.” His voice was dripping with sarcasm when he said, “How wonderful.”

“Look, he’s going to be here awhile. Why don’t you head back and get some rest? You look like you’re about to fall over.” Zeke said kindly, ignoring Brandon’s jibes.

“You have no room to talk about anyone looking exhausted. When’s the last time you slept?” I asked him, taking in the dark circles around his eyes and the way his shoulders slumped with exhaustion. His usual charm was nowhere to be found.

Brandon grunted, “Hard to sleep when you’re chasing a rabid Alpha through the forest for seven hours straight.”

I blinked at the two of them, again getting that feeling that there was something they were leaving out.

“Clara will explain the rest. She’s on her way here with Mason and the others.” Zeke sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “When Asher went... feral, we had no choice but to follow. She won’t be here for another couple hours, so try and catch some sleep until then.”

“We both know that none of us are going to manage any sleep until we figure out why my brother went fucking psycho.” Brandon rolled his eyes, pushing off the wall he leaned against.

Zeke glared at Asher’s younger, more disgruntled clone as he left, promptly slamming the door behind him.

“Nice to know he cares.” I murmured.

Nodding, Zeke replied. “Trust me, I’m just as confused as you are.”

There was so much going on, so many questions that needed answering, yet we weren’t any closer to solving them than we had been months ago. The more I thought about it, I began to realize there was something in our possession that could help. It wouldn’t solve all our problems, but it might shed some light on a few. I’d been waiting for Asher to get back to break it out, and while I wanted him lucid, there was no longer any time to waste.

"I'm going to run out and grab a few things. Anything you want me to bring back?" I asked Zeke, already heading for the door.

He called out, "Coffee, lots and lots of coffee."

When I returned an hour and a half later, the old text on the Renaldi line in my hands, instantly I knew something had changed. Zeke was sitting at the observation table, his hands clasped behind his head as he scowled at the two-way mirror.

I shoved the book and the cups of coffee onto the table when I spotted Asher.

He was sitting on the cot, his back against the wall and his head turned towards the ceiling. His eyes were closed, yet somehow I knew that whatever had affected him had come to pass.

I called out to him, and his eyes snapped open. They found me through the layers of glass and stone, once again their warm shade of honey and chestnut. There was a spasm in my chest, a tugging of sorts that pulled me in his direction. Had it really been days since I'd last seen him? The urge to tear down the door and be near him-to feel him and bask in his scent was overwhelming, drawing me closer to the locked door.

"Lola?" His voice was hoarse.

The sound of it caused a visceral reaction in my body, resulting in another sharp tug to the bond that sent me rushing forwards. Zeke startled from his seat, nearly knocking over our supply of energy in the process.

"Let me in." I commanded, nodding in the direction of the door.

There was a split second of hesitation from Zeke, but he did as I asked and disconnected each lock until the door slid open just a fraction. I slipped inside, barely noticing when he closed and locked it behind me.

Before I could launch myself into his arms, he held out a hand and shook his head.

"Tell me what I did. I can't remember anything. I keep getting these flashes, but none of them are making sense." He grunted, nearly shattering my heart in two when he looked up at me with eyes full of torment.

Zeke cleared his throat, his voice muffled until it came through the small speakers in the ceiling. "Well, for starters, you killed Alpha Bran. Not that it wasn't warranted since the prick did challenge you. Congrats on expanding the pack, though."

"Yeah, I remember that." Asher swallowed, the muscles in his throat reacting to the movement. "Everything after that, not so much."

“You said you were getting flashes of memory. What were you seeing?” I asked, lowering myself to sit beside him on the cot.

Asher frowned, those full lips of his turning down at the corners. “I think I was running, but I have no clue for how long. Then I remember...well, I remember you.” His voice lowered and a flash of gold hit his eyes, vanishing in a whirlpool of warm hazel. “You were naked. I can still taste you in my mouth. How is it that I forgot something like that?”

Even exhausted and confused, Asher was a sight to behold. His hair was messy, like he’d been gripping it in hopes his memories would resurface, and beneath the thin blanket on the cot, he was completely bare. That note of huskiness in his voice brought me back to when he barged into our bedroom.

It wasn’t the sex I feared, or the fact that he practically forced himself onto me. Neither one I minded, even if the line of consent was a bit skewed. It’s the fact that something had driven him to madness, and that something left him unable to recognize me and made him starved for chaos and blood.

“Maybe because you weren’t entirely present for it.” I admitted sheepishly.

Asher wouldn’t take well to the truth; I knew that for certain. This game between us often teetered on the cusp of non-consensual, but both of us knew that we had the power to stop things if we wanted. As for earlier, I don’t think it would’ve mattered if I’d fought. A fact I knew would torment Asher to his core.

Sure enough, his eyebrows dipped into a grimace, one that darkened his eyes and made him look identical to the stone-cold Alpha most of the world knew him to be.

“You kicked me, or-or you tried to.” He grunted, clenching his eyes shut.

Down the length of our bond, I could feel a dull pain radiating across his forehead, throbbing across his skull to the tune of a frantic heart. No wonder he couldn’t remember anything, his head was symphony of pain that refused to let up, playing piece after piece until even the strongest memories turned fuzzy.

## **Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 189**

Read Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 189

I softened my voice, knowing he’d hate it, but it was all I could think to do.

“You scared me for a minute there. When you came into the bedroom, you weren’t yourself. It was like your wolf had taken over, but there was something wrong with him. I

know he'd never, ever hurt me, but this was different. You were both different." I explained, glancing at the two-way mirror where I knew Zeke was currently watching.

Asher went still, his muscles growing taut where he sat against the wall. He closed his eyes and turned his face away from me.

"I forced myself onto you, didn't I?" His voice dipped low, laced with rage and disgust.

"No, not exactly." I shook my head, placing my hand on his arm.

With his lip curling, he pulled away from my touch. I tried not to let it get to me, but rejection stung in my heart like a shard of glass. Anger had me reaction, along with frustration for everything we'd been through. There was no way in hell I'd let him beat himself up over this. This, of all the things we'd endured together, would not be what caused us to drift apart.

Snarling softly, I pushed off the cot and slid onto his lap, wrapping my legs around his waist. The feel of his solid form, a wall of muscle against my soft skin, lit my insides and filled me with a comforting warmth. It took concentration not to let my mind stray to the fact that he was naked, or that he'd been the only one not to finish earlier.

"Look at me, Asher." I demanded, placing my hand against his cheek, feeling the rough stubble beneath my fingertips. "There's so much more to this than you know."

He turned and looked at me, his eyes guarded and closed off in the way that I hated so much.

"Is there? I felt your fear, and I liked it. Zeke and Brandon had to pull me off of you, didn't they?"

"The only time I was afraid was when I realized you were going to hurt me." I retorted, my voice sharpening at the disgust that tinged his words. "You wanted death and blood, but somehow that changed, and you started wanting...something else. I only fought because when I looked down our bond, your wolf had completely taken over. Whatever caused it to take over also made it feral. When you started...doing things to me, I quickly stopped fighting."

I had to force the last bit through gritted teeth, glaring at Asher as my face turned beet-red. He'd better not force me to elaborate any further, because if he needed me to spell it out for him, I'd definitely die of embarrassment. Just then, Zeke's voice chimed in on the speakers, deepening my blush until I contemplated never leaving this cell.

"Trust me, man. You uh, you weren't hurting her..." He said, chuckling lightly. "Brandon and I did have to pull you off to get you into the cell, which we only did because you'd gone feral and spent the last six hours as a wolf sprinting through the woods on a one-

man mission to get back here. I think what's more pressing is why this happened and what made you come all the way back here."

Some of the ire faded from Asher's eyes, but there was still a note of disbelief that lingered. I sighed quietly and opened my mind to him, replaying the events in my head from the moment he'd placed his hand over my mouth, up until his brother and best-friend barged into the bedroom.

Asher watched the memory to its conclusion, hearing every one of my thoughts and feeling the rush of sensations that overtook me. Trapped beneath me, I felt his cock stir and watched as his eyes darkened, swirling with flecks of glittering gold.

'You little liar...' His raspy voice trailed across the bond, flowing through the mind-link. 'I did force myself on you, what you didn't mention is how much you enjoyed it.'

I startled a bit at the sound of his voice, clearing my throat even though I had no intention on responding out loud.

'Look, I'm still working through that fact myself. Maybe we can revisit that part at a later time.' I replied, flushing as I looked away.

Asher's eyes, still swirling with gold, pinned me in place. His hands found my hips, squeezing gently before letting go.

'Believe me, we will. Once we've figured out what happened to make my wolf go feral, we'll have a long conversation about this.'

Just then, the cell door slid open, and Zeke's head appeared around the thick metal. His eyebrow was already raised, and his lips twitched as he took in Asher and me.

"As much as I hate to interrupt this moment you two are having, I don't need any more reminders my sex life is severely lacking. Seeing as I no longer have to worry about my closest friend killing me, I think it's safe to let you out." He smirked, and the expression only deepened as he took in my heated face.

Asher's face twisted into a grimace. "I'm not sure that's a good idea. I could go feral again and actually hurt somebody."

"I don't know, man. I think you'll be alright. Nothing like this has happened before, which means if magic is involved, then it's because of something recent. Once we figure out what triggered it, we can find the cause." Zeke shrugged, "Until then, this pack needs it's Alpha."

For a moment, Asher was silent. Seconds passed and just when I thought he'd refuse a second time, he answered the one question we'd all been thinking.

"I think Lola is what triggered it." He stated, not a hint of doubt in his voice. "I heard her scream for help, and something just snapped."

Zeke tilted his head, "You screamed for help?"

"It's a long story, but yeah." I nodded, "Breyona actually came to the rescue."

"How? Isn't she hours away with Giovanni?" Zeke questioned.

Asher hit me with a pointed look, one that said we'd talk about my impromptu mission to the Vampire Lair later on. With little more than a huff, I pushed myself off Asher's lap and held out my hand. He was a bit reluctant to take it and leave the cell, but I knew that Zeke was right about this pack needing Asher. Together, the three of us sat at the metal observation table, the ancient book on my family line wedged between us all.

Without wasting any more time, I launched into what happened when Tristan and I left the pack in search of the Vampire's Bridgette had told us about. Leaving no stone unturned, I recounted everything, from the warning's the witches had uttered, to the way Breyona seemed to explode from the shadows.

At the conclusion of my story, Asher's snarl split the air.

"We'll slaughter them all before they get the chance to enslave you." He ground out, his eyes flaring, and jaw clenched. Seeing the look of worry on Zeke and I's faces, he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "It's alright, I'm in control. The witch said you made Breyona into a shadow creature?"

Zeke chimed in, reluctantly dragging his eyes away from Asher. "Don't you have to make deals with them to get them to listen to you?"

I shook my head. "No, lately they've been following my commands. Honestly, I don't think it has to do with my power as the Vampire Queen anymore. I think it's the witch side of my family that's allowing me to do this, but with the way those witches were talking, it sounds like there's a lot more I can do than just control the shadows. Which is exactly why I brought this."

I gestured to the book in front of me, with its leather-bound cover etched in solid gold that arced and swirled in a delicate looking pattern. The spine of the book had the same design and was free of any words that might allude to what's inside. Asher's hand found my own as I cracked open the cover, an everlasting source of comfort I knew I could count on.

He was still battling his own demons, the ones that continued to weigh on him and provoke his protective nature, only now he had to swallow the fact that he himself had almost caused me harm. As terrifying as that still was, separating from each other would only make things worse, that much I was sure of.



The light scent of dust permeated the air, mixing with the slightly sweet and bitter scent of aged leather. Each page sparkled as I turned it, the thick edges dipped in a gold paint that mirrored the cover and spine. The first fifty pages were nothing but names, dates, and times, each one scratched within its own little box.

“It’s birth and death records.” Asher murmured, tilting the book towards himself to read some of the names written down. “Celeste Renaldi, Tamara Renaldi, Anastasia Renaldi...they’re all ancestors of yours.”

“Goddess, this thing goes back thousands of years. Look at that, this is from the 14th century. See how many of them died in Europe? Cause of death says ‘sickness.’ That has to be talking about the Black Death. It wiped out millions of humans and werewolves alike.” Zeke murmured, his eyes wide.

Both Asher and I paused, craning our heads to look up at Zeke at the same time. Seeing the expression on both our faces, he scoffed.

“That’s right, I can be smart and sexy.” He retorted.

It wasn’t impressive that he made me laugh, but that he managed to coax a chuckle out of Asher, lessening the severe look on his face.

The records of the Renaldi witches continued for another couple of pages. Starting at the earliest point in history was a family tree. There were some dead ends where the names were scratched out or erased altogether, but that wasn’t what we were looking for anyway.

Finally, after flipping through another fifty pages of my family tree, we came across something different.

The page in itself was plain, but it was the words scrawled across the middle that piqued my interest.

‘Magic of the Renaldi Witches’

My heart skipped a beat as Asher turned the page. At first glance, the layout looked similar to the magical textbook Cordelia and Rowena had me studying from. The various types of magic were laid out in bold handwriting, and I was proud to say that I recognized each one.

The page started with protection magic, before working its way to natural, divination, sigil, blood, spirit, and finally, elemental. Each of the seven types was covered on just a couple of pages. I’d just about given up hope of finding anything new when Zeke turned another page and made a small sound of surprise.

“Oh, look. There’s an eighth type of magic.”

I snapped forward in my seat, Asher as well. The coffee in my hand was long forgotten when Zeke tapped the page, right where the word Conjunction' sat in bold, blood-red letters.

"There are only seven types of magic, though. That's all Cordelia and Rowena said existed." I shook my head in denial, but the words were printed right in front of my face.

Zeke bit down on his lower lip, his expression morphing into what I liked to call his 'thinking face.'

"Mm, no it says it right here." He murmured, tapping the page a second time. "An eighth type of magic known to very few, dangerous and uninhibited in its absolute power, is Conjunction. Apparently, it's run in the Renaldi line for years, but it's only given to the first born."

I stared at the page, wondering if this was the magic the witches were so terrified I'd master. The whole 'dangerous and uninhibited in its absolute power' bit was worrisome, but that didn't mean it was the solution we were looking for.

The more Zeke read, the more I began to eat my words.

"What's this magic do?" Asher asked, leaning in, and staring down at the book.

I was the only one flush against the seat, my spine rod straight as I watched the two of them. There was something twisting and turning in my gut, growing more impatient as time passed. I had no name for this thing, but if I had to guess, I'd say it was my magic. It knew we were close to getting answers, and somehow I knew that those answers, they would change everything.

Both the guys stiffened at the same time, locking eyes over the withered pages of the book before swiveling their heads in my direction.

"What?" I snapped, my tone harsher than I meant but the two of them were just staring at me, both open mouthed with a mix of awe and worry in their eyes.

Zeke swallowed, "We found out what Conjunction is, and I see why the witches are scared shitless of you learning to use it."

"What is it? What can it do?" I asked, my heart pounding furiously in my chest.

Asher blinked, a look of pride softening the harsh angles of his face.

"That's why they're so desperate to have you under their control. Conjunction...it can do anything." He murmured, "it says here that you can quite literally shape reality. Your wants, your dreams-even your nightmares, you can make them happen."

## Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 190

Read Alpha Asher by Jane Doe Chapter 190

I laughed, belting out a string of giggles that probably made me look insane, but I didn't really care.

Zeke glanced at Asher; his eyes wary. "Think she's going feral too? Should we run?"

"I'm not going feral, you jerk." I scoffed, swatting at him. "You understand how crazy that sounds, right? The power to change reality...that's just not possible. If it was, why wouldn't I have just snapped my damn fingers and made the Blood Witch disappear or turn into a toad?"

Asher spun the book around to face me, but it was Zeke that spoke.

"Probably because it's not that simple. It says here that Conjunction is the hardest form of magic to master because of how easy it is to slip up. A single thought or desire that's too strong can become reality, which is both a good and bad thing. This paragraph talks about how conjuring drains the witch's energy differently and mentions the different types of power the witch pulls from when she's conjuring. I'm sure we'll learn more on the next page."

He turned the page and paused, his curious expression morphing into a full-blown grimace. I had to hand it to him, Zeke could look downright scary when he wanted.

"There's pages missing, quite a few from the looks of it." Asher grunted, glowering at the book like he was commanding it to regrow them.

I pulled the book closer, looking down at the cluster of torn pages, the paper frayed and split where the person responsible had ripped them from the book. A weight settled in my stomach, as though it knew the missing information was something important, something that could help us.

"Couldn't I just make them reappear?" I said.

Zeke shook his head, "I don't think so. You don't know what's on the pages. There's a chance that if you managed to make them reappear, they'd just be blank."

I snarled under my breath, my frustration building. This was a new development, one I was still struggling to believe, but I could see why the witches were so hell-bent on getting to me before I found a way to master this new power.

Both Zeke and Asher turned their attention back to the book, while my own thoughts wandered.

It was beginning to make sense why the shadows now followed my every command. They wouldn't have much of a choice if I were using conjuration to exact my will onto them. Part of me began to feel guilty, but then I remembered the horrible things the shadows were capable of. That eased the feeling until it was nothing more than an insignificant throb in my chest.

The further my thoughts delved, the more I began to realize that this wasn't the first time I'd used my magic. That was the odd feeling that washed through me, coating my insides in an electric current that made my body hum with power.

Oh, shit. The realization materialized from thin air, whacking me upside the head so hard I saw stars. That's how Cordelia's book ended up in my bag. Conjuration.

The most recent I'd felt that feeling was in the van, when I told Dina the Vampire's had survived the warehouse fire. Unfortunately, that rush of power was followed by a wave of absolute exhaustion.

If what the book was saying were true, then there was a strong chance the Vampire's, Deacon's snarky ass included, had survived Ember's attack. Still, I couldn't go to Dina with the news until I was absolutely sure. I knew the panic associated with not knowing if your mate were alive, and even though she and I were strangers, I couldn't bare doing that to one of my own.

"There's got to be a way to know for sure. We need to test it." I exhaled, now more determined than ever to hand it to these witches.

Zeke turned with excitement burning in his eyes. He practically hummed with it, taking on an eager grin that helped ease my nerves. I could see the gears turning in his head, most likely flitting through ideas. I had no doubt he'd ask me to conjure him up a mate, or even some magical powers of his own.

He never got the chance to voice those ideas since Asher beat him to the punch.

"Tristan's mark..." My mate grunted, his eyes darkening as they began to swirl with gold. "Remove it."

Well, that made Maya perk her head up. She'd been quiet all morning, unashamed with how content having sex with Asher made her feel. I was a bit more understanding than my wolf when it came to Tristan's mark on my neck, even though I wanted it gone as badly as she did. Maya had been all too willing to kill Tristan to remove the mark, a fixation she'd finally given up when he pledged his loyalty to us.

My insides lit up with hope, and I could feel the potent emotion showing across my face. "You really think I can make his mark go away?"

"I don't see why not, but the only concern is how much energy you'll expend doing it. I mean, you need the practice, but we don't know the full risks without the rest of the pages." Zeke shrugged.

Believe me, I heard his warning, but my mind was already set. If this was real and I could actually conjure things into existence, this would change everything.

"Alright, lets do this." I said eagerly.

I pushed away from the table and stood from the chair, taking one last gulp of coffee before continuing. There was a split second of silence before I realized I had no clue how to call on my magic. Every time I managed to use it was by pure coincidence.

"So, have any idea's on how I should go about this?"

Asher and Zeke exchanged glances; their expressions identical even if the two Alpha's looked nothing alike.

"Well, what was going through your head the other times you used it?" Zeke asked.

I shrugged, "I'm not exactly sure. All I can remember is that I really wanted something, whether it was an object or for something to happen, then I got this feeling in my gut and bam."

"Perhaps you should focus on his mark and try to harness the same desire you felt when you called on it in the past." Asher suggested, and for a moment I was distracted by the huskiness of his voice.

He must've noticed a change in my expression, or maybe he felt the echo of my emotions down the bond, but not a moment later Asher's voice filled the depths of my head.

'Lola, you need to clear your head of all those filthy thoughts. Believe me, we'll cover them during our conversation later.'

Maya was a bit peeved at his rejection, which is why I indulged her battiness and sent a short clip down the bond between Asher and I. It was nothing too special, just what I'd been feeling when he flipped me over and thrust himself deep inside of me, along with the orgasm he quickly brought on, which was easily one of the best I've ever had in my life.

When he stiffened in his seat, going so still that the metal chair creaked as it scooted across the floor, I had to let out a small snicker. Asher glowered at me, his nostrils

flaring while Zeke grinned like a cheeky cat. His anger lit a fire deep in my belly, one I had to smother and save for later considering the feat I was about to attempt.

Zeke whistled under his breath, “Man, I hope my mate is this much fun. Maybe once you get this conjuration thing mastered you can give me a little magical push at finding her, yeah?”

“Unruly Alpha’s don’t get timid little she-wolves as mates. So, I hope you’re ready for the chaos once you do meet her.” I teased, “I’d be more than happy to help, but let’s see if I can get this mark off of me first.”

Standing before two Alpha’s who watched me with equal fervor, I squared my shoulders and closed my eyes. There was no rush, I told myself. I inhaled slowly, feeling the air swirl in my lungs as the oxygen worked to clear my head. The breath that left my lips was slow and relaxed, calming the slew of thoughts and worries in my head. Everything quieted, even Maya’s presence drifted to the background.

I let my awareness drift down my body, starting at the top of my head. There was a tugging sensation as I reached my neck, a pull to one of the men in the room that let me know I was focusing on the bond between Asher and I. Moving slowly, I shifted my attention to the other side of my neck, where a new sensation took place.

This one wasn’t as intense. Instead of an unbreakable chain tethering me to my mate, this was more like a silver chord, something one-sided and not yet set in stone. If I had chosen to mark Tristan in return, then this bond between us would be unbreakable, another indestructible chain between myself and another person. There was just one problem with that.

I never wanted this bond. I never wanted the mark that Tristan had put on my body.

He’d done it during a time when he was loyal to my father, and more than anything, I understood the reasoning behind him marking me. It was a strategic move, one meant to protect his life from my father and give him power. I’d forgiven him, but forgiveness and understanding hadn’t eaten away at my decision in the slightest.

I wanted his mark gone.

I wanted us both free.

I was engulfed by the swirling of magic in my stomach, crackling along my skin like a current of electricity. It was followed by a pull so strong it felt like I was being sucked through a straw. The feeling encompassed my entire body, making it impossible to tell if I’d affected Tristan’s mark in any way. When the darkness behind my eyes became too much, I opened them.

The moment I registered light and color, splotches of darkness erupted in my vision, smearing like splatters of ink. I had a second to register the stunned looks on Asher and Zeke's faces before the harrowing weight of exhaustion smashed into me, making me feel weightless as it sent me tumbling headfirst into absolute darkness.