

Alpha Asher By Jane Doe

Chapter 209

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Alpha Asher Novel [by Jane Doe] Chapter 209

I didn't have to be linked to Zeke to feel his hurt. Even if he did hide it perfectly, it was there just beneath the surface, bubbling and festering away like an open wound. Things between Asher and I weren't always perfect, and I knew from experience how badly it could hurt to be cast aside by your mate. Zeke didn't dignify her with a response. He shook his head ruefully and left the room. When he emerged into the observation room, he made a beeline for the door and left without a word. The urge to storm in there and smack the hell out of her was strong, so strong that I had to take a few deep breaths to keep calm. 'Zeke interviewed Tessa. He just left, so you might run into him.' I mind-linked Asher, giving him a heads up before he found out some other way. Asher's disappointment trickled down the bond, mixed with his concern for Zeke. 'She didn't tell him anything, did she?'

‘No, she didn’t. She actually said that she’d prefer torture over having to talk to him.’ I scoffed, glaring at the witch through the double-paned glass.

“If you’re going to stand there and glare at me, you might as well come inside and do it to my face.” Tessa called out, her voice crackling through the speakers mounted in the corners of the room. Who knows, maybe I’ll tell you a secret or two. You wouldn’t imagine the information I’ve got locked in my head.”

I had almost given into her obvious goading, seconds away from storming in there to defend Zeke. Even with her egging me on by holding what she knew over my head, the way she phrased it made me pause. It was the inspiration for a plan, one that required someone specific for it to work.

‘Hey, Asher. You’re on your way here, right?’ I called out, tapping my foot impatiently. Tessa continued to talk, but I easily tuned her out. She wasn’t as vicious and condescending as her twin. Her attempts to piss me off were mediocre and half hearted at best.

‘Yeah, I’m a couple minutes out. Did you need me to bring anything?’ He replied.

‘Actually, I do. Pick up Zeke and Rowena and bring them here. I’ve got a plan.’

“I’m sorry, you want me to what?” Rowena questioned, her eyebrows lifting.

She smoothed out the flowy dress she wore and lowered herself into one of the metal chairs in the observation room. Zeke sat to her left; his face carved into a permanent scowl.

“I want to know if it’s possible for you to use your magic to get into Tessa’s head.”

I repeated. “You’re a Natural, so your magic comes from all things living and organic, right? In theory, it should be possible.”

“Well, you’re right about that. It should be, but I won’t know for sure without seeing the witch first. I need to know how powerful she is mentally.” Rowena replied.

I glanced over at Asher, who nodded in silent agreement.

“Follow me.” I said, gesturing to the cell door.

The four of us entered Tessa’s small cell, circling the cot she now sat on. For good measure, Asher bound her wrists and secured them to the bar bolted onto the wall. It was just a precaution considering

Rowena would have to touch her to work her magic. Tessa didn't seem like the volatile type, but we couldn't risk her trying to physically attack one of us.

Rowena's eyes became unfocused as she stood over Tessa, three of her fingers pressed against the younger witch's forehead.

Her lips were pursed with concentration as the tingle of magic filled the air. A few minutes passed when she stood and straightened her spine.

"So, I can slip into her mind." She stated, but the way she trailed off made it seem as though she was leaving something out.

Apparently, I wasn't the only one that felt that way.

"Why does it feel like there should be a 'but' at the end of that?" Zeke grunted, keeping his eyes anywhere other than Tessa's face.

"It's not going to be easy. She's strong not only physically, but mentally. I'm going to need Lola to use her magic to subdue her and make her compliant. It will be daunting considering you not only need to subdue her physical body, but her

mind too.” Rowena explained, wincing as swiveled her head to Zeke. “I’m not going to lie, it’s...it’s going to be risky for you.

Since she’s your mate and there’s a connection between you two, there’s a chance that by rummaging around in her head, I end

up harming yours. Simply put, the worse case scenario is that I fry your mind.”

Well, shit. My stomach dropped to the floor between my feet.

Tessa’s entire face paled, right down to her slender neck. Her body tensed to the point where I could see her tendons straining against her skin. As nice as it would’ve been to assume she was nervous for Zeke’s sake, I doubted it. She was probably only worried about her own mind, not her soulmates.

“Absolutely not.” Asher spoke up first.” We’ll have to find another way. It’s not worth the risk.”

“Agreed.” Ichimed in...

“I’m sorry, I wish I could do more.” Rowena said solemnly.

It took me a moment to realize Zeke hadn’t said anything. He was looking down at Tessa with a mixture of emotions, so many

that I couldn't even begin to untangle them all. They dripped from the sharp points of his frown, pouring from eyes just a few shades lighter than Asher's.

Without looking away he said, "You have my permission to do it."

"Zeke, don't." Asher said, his voice full of dismay. The way Zeke turned away from Tessa to look at Rowena was almost mechanical.

My chest throbbed with grief for my friend, and for the happiness I could see withering away inside of him. I put my hand on his shoulder, but he barely seemed to notice.

"Nothing is worth risking your mind. We will find another way to stop them."

"Enough, both of you. This is about more than my mind. I've made my decision, and as a fellow Alpha and Luna, I expect you both to respect it." Zeke said coldly, his shoulder rigid beneath my hand.

He stared Rowena down and asked, "When can you begin?"

"I-I'll need a few days to gather supplies and build my strength. I suggest Lola do the same." She stammered, her cheeks flushed, and eyes widened with surprise.

Rowena was first to leave, fluttering from the room with her dress billowing out behind her. Zeke followed, his posture rigid and mechanical. His expression was a mask, blank and full of harsh unforgiving angles. It reminded me of how Asher looked when we'd first met.

"Go talk to him." I told Asher, then slid my eyes to Tessa and held them there. "I'll catch up."

Asher didn't argue as he left the cell and followed after Zeke, but he did make a show of reminding me we needed Tessa alive.

Once the door clicked shut behind me, Tessa pursed her lips and let out a withering snort.

"He'd really risk his mind shattering for you?"

Disgust flooded me in vicious waves that turned my blood to lead. I curled my lip at her, hating how she spoke like she knew anything about Zeke or what he stood for.

"Zeke is an Alpha. He has an entire pack to look after. That means families with children and elderly, people just trying to live their lives. They rely on him to keep them safe. They trust him. Everything he does is for them, and for the Vampire's we want to coexist with." I said sharply, letting rage fill my voice with venom.

Tessa went silent, and I took that as my cue to leave.
As I turned away, she spoke.

“This perfect future of yours doesn’t have room with
witches. We’ve had to fight for our place in this world,
and we’ll continue to
fight.”

Every limb, every muscle in my body went stiff. It took
restraint I didn’t know I had not to turn around and
yell in her face.

Perhaps the past version of myself would. She’d let her
emotions overwhelm her instead of using them to her
advantage, and

any point she tried to make would fail before it even
had a chance. Well, not this time.

I looked her up and down, starting with the rat’s nest
that was her rich, brown hair. It was the same color as
tree bark, while her
eyes mirrored the moss that would climb its roots. Her
cloak was tattered, torn in certain places, and covered in
a mixture of dirt
and blood.

The same dirt coated her cheeks and forehead.

At first glance, she wasn’t much but I saw what others
did not.

Not once did she shy away from my stare. No, she
returned it with one of her own.

She did not submit.

“You’re the mate of an Alpha. Do you understand what that means?” I asked but didn’t wait for an answer. “It means

you were born to be a Luna. You’re destined to rule over an entire pack of Werewolves, and you’re telling me a future of peace doesn’t include witches?”

I opened the cell door and gave her one last look, one I hoped conveyed every ounce of my disappointment in her.

“You’re fighting the right battle, Tessa. You’re just on the wrong side of it.”

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