

Alpha Killian by Jane Doe Chapter 31

The first thing I regained was my sense of smell.

Earth, damp earth invaded my nose. Along with something metallic scented. It wasn't blood. The smell of blood was forever etched into my brain. This was something else.

Unfortunately, the second sense that returned was touch. I could feel the sweat coating my body. My entire being burned, as though I was dipped in liquid fire. A simple twitch of my nose, or move of my finger sent the fire raging at new found heights.

I kept my eyes clenched shut, praying to fall back into unconsciousness.

I lost track of how many times I slipped in and out of awareness. Each time I was met with the same damp earth and metallic smell. Each time the fire cascading through my veins dimmed in the slightest.

Finally, the fire had subsided. I felt delirious. How much had I sweated? My clothes felt soaked beneath my fingertips and despite falling in and out of consciousness, I was exhausted.

I let my eyes flutter open, cringing against the orange light that invaded my vision.

I stifled a groan as I used what energy I had and sat up. I couldn't tell how long it took for my eyes to adjust to the strange light. When they finally did, I realized the light was coming from an old fashioned oil lantern. The orange light was a flickering flame within the lamp.

I flexed my fingers, feeling the damp soil beneath them. That explained the wet earth smell. I scanned my surroundings, my eyes locked on the thick metal bars that surrounded me. Rust coated the bars and I knew wherever I was had been around for quite a long time. That explained the metallic scent.

"Sierra?" I whimpered, my voice full of fear and pain. "Can you hear me?"

"Wolfs bane..." Her voice sounded so quiet, so far away. It hadn't sounded like that since I tried to take my life, that little fact only made me more afraid.

"Killian..." Her weak voice called out.

"Save your strength." I urged her, "I'll try."

“Killian.” I whimpered, reaching out with my mind, “Killian help.”

There was complete silence, even Sierra went quiet.

I curled into a ball and whimpered, terrified that this would be the last place I ever set eyes on. I let the darkness take me over and dreamed of the morning I had shared with Killian. His face replaying in my mind over and over.

I was snapped from my pitiful excuse for sleep by the sound of feet hitting the earth. My body jerked up into a sitting position, my eyes locked on anything and everything.

“Look at this little thing.” A slimy voice called out.

A man stepped into the light and I bit back the insults on my tongue.

The man definitely looked human. He was tall and gangly with an oily face covered in acne. His shaggy brown hair hung lifeless on his head.

Another voice rumbled, “I told you she was a looker, even for a disgusting mutt.” Another man stepped into the light, much bigger than the gangly one.

“Where am I?” My voice came out hoarse, but I was surprised at the strength it held. While I was petrified, I couldn’t let these men know. It would only hurt me worse in the end.

The big one chuckled, “Wouldn’t you like to know.”

The gangly one smirked, showing a set of yellow teeth. “You’ll find out soon enough, mutt. Until then, I don’t see why we can’t have some fun with you.”

“Boss said not to touch her.” The big one grumbled.

The gangly one rolled his eyes, “I’m not going to f**k the d**n thing, that doesn’t mean I can’t get a taste.”

The gangly one opened my cell with a loud click, the creaking of the metal bars rang in the underground p****n. I pressed myself against the dirt wall, scanning for any opportunity that presented itself to me.

I resisted the urge to gag when the gangly one stepped inside and ran his thumb across my bottom lip.

“Don’t bite now.” He warned, the sound of his pants falling nearly made me vomit.

One thing was certain in my mind. No man would ever touch me again, no one but Killian. I would sooner d*e before I allowed a single one any form of sexual satisfaction

from my body. Before he could reach in his underwear and pull his member out, I did the first thing that came to mind.

I wrapped my hand around his b***s and pulled. I put as much pressure on them as I could, my strength quickly waning.

The man howled in pain and I couldn't stop the smile that formed on my face, splitting my chapped lip and sending blood into my mouth.

"Stupid b***h!" He screamed, landing a blow to the side of my face.

I grunted at the impact and remained still, I had the intense urge to mock the man, his punch had hardly hurt. I clamped my b****y lips shut, not wanting to antagonize him any further. A silent scream left my lips as he landed a kick to my rib cage.

"Alright, enough." The big one entered my cell and dragged the other out. "She's feisty though." The big one rumbled with laughter.

The gangly one left and I was left alone with the other one.

"Here, eat up." The big one grunted, shoving something in my cell with an audible clang. "Gotta have your strength for when the boss shows up." And with that, he left.

I wasn't sure how long I had been down in these cells, but my stomach screamed at the thought of food.

I picked my aching body off of the floor and crawled to the little metal tray.

While I grimaced at the contents, my stomach cried with happiness.

A pile of mushy, white rice sat on the tray along with a large cup of water. Next to the rice was some extremely dry looking chicken. Without a second thought I dug into the food, taking my time so I wouldn't be sick.

My stomach bulged at the intake of this much food, and I knew I had been in here for at least a few days.

I let my mind wander as I fell into a restless sleep.

I wasn't sure how long I had slept, but when I finally woke up I felt much better. While my body still ached and my healing was slowed, my head felt much clearer.

"Where the h**l are we?" Sierra's voice rang in my head and I nearly cried with happiness.

“Sierra, you’re back.” I gasped, relishing in her voice. As macabre as it sounded, I didn’t want to d*e alone.

“The food and water helped.” Sierra replied. She still sounded weak, but her voice was clear.

“We need Killian. He has to find us.” I whimpered to her, knowing he was probably out of his mind right now.

“It’s going to take all of our strength, but we can reach out to him. After we marked him, the bond became unbreakable.” Sierra’s words comforted me.

“I’m going to try. Will you help me?” I knew she would go silent again after this. It would take all of our combined energy to reach out, and there was no guarantee it would work.

I did the first thing that came to mind and closed my eyes. I let my mind wander to Killian and how I had grown to accept the mate bond and eventually fall madly in love with him.

After a few moments I could feel a tug in my gut. An image formed in my head, and it was almost as if I were there.

I recognized Killian’s office instantly, but something was wrong. Everything in his office was smashed and broken. The computer that sat on his desk was across the room and on the floor, the screen shattered.

My gut clenched at the thought of something happening to him.

“Killian?” I called out frantically, “Killian!”

I waited a few moments, and gasped when his voice called out.

“Claire? F**k, where the h**l are you!”

His rough voiced sent a jolt of strength and longing into me. I couldn’t express how much I missed him.

I blinked back the tears that threatened to fall from my closed eyes, “Some men took me! You need to find me! I’m underground in some kind of cell.” I gave him as many details as I could, hoping it was enough.

“Have you seen anyone since you’ve been there?” His voice came out in a rush and I could taste his own fear on my tongue.

I let the image of the two men pop into my mind and I could tell he could see them as well, “You need to talk to Blake. These guys are human. They injected me with wolfs

bane!" I called out, everything inside of me begged to hear his voice but I could feel my strength waning.

"I'll find you, Claire." Killian's rough voice called out, but it sounded farther away. "I promise I'll find you."

I could feel the link crumble as black spots danced along my vision.

My eyes were only open for a second before they rolled in the back of my head.

I couldn't fight back as darkness had taken over yet again.

I woke again to the sound of yelling. My weary body jerked into a sitting position and my eyes darted around the cell.

The yelling was getting closer, and the person sounded absolutely furious. Some small part of me wanted it to be Killian, but I would know it if his voice rang out from the darkness. This wasn't Killian.

My muscles tightened as the big man from before walked into the dim light. His face looked grim.

"Boss is ready to see you now." The big man grumbled, opening the door to my cell. I clenched my teeth together to keep from whimpering as the big man grabbed my arm and d**g me from the cell.

A black bag was placed over my head, clouding my vision. I stumbled and tripped, but the man only pulled me harder. I was shoved down onto something hard and cold.

"If you're smart you won't try to run." The big man's voice called out, "You're weak and won't get far."

The bag was ripped from my head and my eyes darted around greedily. The first thing I noticed was that we were definitely still underground. The walls of this large room were completely dirt. The room I had been brought into had an old tile floor.

Actual lights hung on the wall, searing my eyes with their intensity.

The hair on the back of my neck stood up as I felt someone approach me from behind.

"It's great to finally see you again, Claire." The voice called out from behind me and my eyes widened in recognition.

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Killian's P.O.V

I reluctantly left Claire in the morning and headed to work. Mine and Titan's longing for our little made was worse than ever. I assumed completing the mate bond had something to do with that.

It was harder to focus on work, her angelic face popped into my mind every minute. I replayed the events of last night and had to fight the urge to hunt her down. I had never expected a mate as incredible as her.

She's strong and compassionate all whilst remaining innocent. She could be a little strange at times, but I found it adorable.

I grunted in approval when Kira popped her head in and told me she was going to take Claire and Maria shopping. Claire needed a distraction, especially with the news I had to tell her.

After countless days and nights of torture, Blake finally cracked. I wasn't surprised. I often kept him on the brink of d***h, but lucid enough to feel the pain I inflicted. The news he had given me set my teeth on edge.

The only people who knew what Blake had confessed were me and my Beta. I refused to tell anyone else until I gathered more information. There was no point in needlessly frightening the rest of the pack.

I lost track of time in the mountain of paper work I had scattered around my desk. I didn't bother looking up from the countless pages when someone barged into my office. Annoyance fell over me at the intrusion.

"Killian!" Kira busted through my office doors, her chest heaving as she fought to catch her breath.

I eyed my sister suspiciously. Her eyes were wide and wild, her body was covered in sweat.

Titan paced in my head, his instincts telling him something was wrong. My stomach lurched when an image of Claire popped into my head. I clenched my fists and prayed it wasn't anything to do with her.

"Killian" She huffed in between pants, "Someone took Claire!" She practically screeched at me.

My blood ran cold and I found myself struggling to process her words. Titan howled in my head, forcing me to take action. I would have remained frozen if it weren't for him. A foreign emotion coursed through me. It felt like shards of ice in my veins. I vaguely recognized it as fear, an emotion I hadn't felt since I was a child.

I closed my eyes and reached out with the mind-link, connecting to each and every member of my pack. Across countless towns I could feel each and every one of them. The thousands and thousands under my command waited for me to speak.

“Attention,” I bellowed, the Alpha Command amplifying my words as I fought back the mixture of rage and fear that consumed me. “My mate, your Luna has been taken. I want every warrior and guard in this pack on high alert and searching for your Luna. Every city, every town needs to be searching. We will not stop until she is found.” I growled, feeling the attention of every member in my mind.

I turned to my panic-stricken sister and growled, “Explain, now.”

I couldn’t contain my rage as Kira explained what happened. I felt a growl tear through my chest as my computer smashed against the wall.

“Did you see anyone, anything helpful Kira?” I spat. I didn’t care if it wasn’t her fault. More than anything I blamed myself, but the fear and anger were too much to handle. I could feel myself slowly unraveling without my little mate.

“I couldn’t see anyone.” Kira hung her head in shame, tears streamed from her eyes. “All I saw was a black van speeding away. It didn’t have any license plates.” Kira stifled a sob.

In an instant I was on my feet, barreling through the door and out of the house. I knew who I needed to talk to.

I shifted impatiently, frustrated at my human speed and rushed towards the dungeons.

Blake hung against the wall, his face a b****y contorted mess. I shifted into my human form and gave a curt nod to my Beta as he handed me a pair of sweatpants.

“Everyone is on high alert, Alpha. The warriors of each town are searching as we speak.” My Beta assured me, but I didn’t feel any better. What may make me feel better hung against the wall, a canvas for my brutality.

“Where is she?” I growled, lunging at Blake. One of his eyes was swollen shut, crusted with days old blood.

I let my fist smash against the cold rock of the dungeon wall. The pain that flashed through my hand was almost therapeutic.

“Where’s who?” His rough, gargled voice called out. Even in this horrendous state, Blake was cockier than ever. He was extremely strong willed for a human, but I chalked that up to being a psychopath.

"Where is Claire, Blake?" I snarled, gripping his broken jaw in my hand. I could see the pain register in his eyes, but he made no physical indications that he had felt it.

A deformed smirk worked its way onto Blake's face, "Your little mutt is missing, huh? If only I knew how to help."

My vision turned red and I couldn't control myself as I landed blow after blow to Blake's battered body. After some time, my Beta pulled me away.

"Enough, Alpha!" My Beta bellowed, snapping me out of the trance I had been in. I looked at him furiously, "K****g him isn't going to find our Luna. If the hunters have anything to do with this, he's the only chance we have."

I stormed out of the dungeons and back to the pack house. My feet carried themselves to the bedroom Claire and I share. Without thinking, I snatched up the t-shirt she had last worn and breathed deeply.

Her creamy vanilla and honey scent swirled around my head, easing my headache and Titan's mournful howling.

With the shirt clutched in my hand, I went back to my office. I shoved the paperwork to the side, unable to focus on anything but Claire.

I sat back in my chair and closed my eyes, reaching out into the darkness for our little mate. I couldn't feel anything, forge any connection. My stomach rolled, but I knew she was still alive. She was either asleep or unconscious.

I pulled out a bottle of whiskey I had sitting in one of the drawers and poured some in a glass.

The next few days passed, and I found my anger growing with each passing day without my mate. My agony accumulated, and I found myself contemplating a life without Claire. I realized, a life without her wasn't one at all. When she took her last breath, I would take mine as well.

Each day I visited Blake's cell. Cutting, carving, beating, burning any part of his body I could. Torture was something I excelled at. Each day his smug remarks grew weaker, and I knew I was chipping away at him. Each afternoon I sent the pack doctor to tend to his wounds. I wanted him in shape for the next day.

The second I found Claire I would end his miserable life.

I found myself sitting at my desk again. Over the few days, my office had gradually worsened. I smashed the book shelf into pieces on the second day. The third day I destroyed the side table and every picture on each wall.

The only thing left standing in the room was my desk and chair. I could feel something stirring in the back of my mind. Titan had been silent for days now, unable to handle losing his mate.

I sat frozen in place when her soft voice ran through my head.

“Killian?” Her frantic yet angelic voice ran through my head, “Killian!”

She sounded far away. Titan sprang to life at her words, clawing and growling at the edges of my mind.

“Claire? F**k, where the h**l are you!” I practically yelled. My heart was racing at the sound of her voice.

A hazy image formed in my head. It was hard to make out clear details. I could smell wet earth and rust. A small orange light flickered a few feet away.

Her frightened voice called out in my head, “Some men took me! You need to find me! I’m underground in some kind of cell.” Her voice was almost frantic.

The blood boiled at the thought of my mate locked away, caged like an animal.

“Have you seen anyone since you’ve been there?” My voice came out in a rush, I needed as much detail as possible.

The image of two men formed in my mind. One scrawny and d***y looking, while the other was bald and muscular. I ran through the details of the image, committing both of their faces to memory. I made the decision that their life would end at my hands.

“You need to talk to Blake. These guys are human. They injected me with wolfs bane!” Her voice replied, and I could feel the pain that lingered in her words.

Titan howled, his fur bristling and his teeth gnashing at the thought of our mate writhing in agony. Wolfs bane was one of the worst pains to endure. The fact that she had found the strength to contact us showed how strong Claire had become.

“I’ll find you, Claire.” My voice came out rough as I fought the tears that formed in my eyes, “I promise I’ll find you.”

I could feel the link crumble in my mind, and I knew that she had lost consciousness.

With a growl full of rage, I flipped the oak desk that sat in front of me.

With more anger and motivation than ever, I ran from my office. It was time for another visit to Blake’s cell, and this time I would get some answers.

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Killian's POV

I didn't spend long torturing Blake. I was more determined than ever to get answers.

I had the pack doctor waiting outside of his cell, knowing he would need immediate attention when I finally finished.

Peeling the skin from Blake's abdomen, I leaned in close. He had finally stopped screaming and I waited for his next words.

The scent of blood, sweat and fear filled my nostril, but that fueled me to continue.

"Tell me what you know, Blake." My voice was calm as I contained the rage that pulsed through my body. "You have so much

skin. I won't stop here."

Blake's chest was heaving, his skin looking oddly translucent.

"Underground bunker" Blake rasped through the pain, "By Kentworth." The name of the small town fifteen minutes away caused Titan's ears to perk up. This was a start, "Where is it, Blake?" I looked

into his lifeless eyes, jamming my finger into the bloody wound I had caused on his abdomen.

He let out another scream and I pulled away, letting him compose himself.

"Abandoned church." His lips whispered before he fell into unconsciousness.

I stormed out of his cell shouting for the pack doctor to keep him alive. I ran back to the house, alerting the warriors in my

pack.

"Attention everyone," My voice bellowed through the mind link. "Any and all warriors available report to my house in fifteen

minutes." I ended the connection as I barreled through the front door.

Kira sat on the couch in the living room, Maria and her childhood friend at her side. Travis had his arms wrapped around Kira,

trying to soothe her as sobbing wracked her. Sabrina had been Kira's friend ever since she was a child. She was practically raised

with the two of us. While I never had time for friends, Sabrina was like another sister.

These past few days, I kept my distance from Kira. I was fully aware that she blamed herself. While my rage bubbled and

threatened to spill over at every moment without Clair, I knew Kira and Maria weren't to blame. The hunters that decided to

touch what was mine were to blame. Nonetheless, I kept my distance from Kira. I couldn't trust Titan to not lash out at her, Titan

blamed everyone, myself included.

Sabrina lived in the next town over, simply another branch of my pack's territory. She frequently visited Kira, but it had been

few months since she last came over. These past few days she had been there for Kira and Maria, something they desperately

needed.

"Killan, did something happen?" Kira shot up from the couch at my sudden intrusion. Kira looked a mess, but as much as I

wanted to break down and join her, I had to find Claire. "Blake talked, he told us where she is" I huffed, attention snapping to the window as I noticed two vans pull up out front.

Kira sputtered, angrily wiping the tears from her face. "Let me come with you"

"No." I snapped. "Hunter's took her, Kira."

Kira's face paled, remembering the death of our parents. The same thing happened to our family. Hunters captured my

mother, and my father was killed trying to save her. I told myself the difference was the fact that I loved Claire. My father

never loved our mother, he simply went for her because he owned her. My fate would not be the same as my father's.

"We're going to get her back Kira" | called out, tuning and running out the door.

I nodded at the eighteen warriors that came to my aid. The rest were in other towns, too far away to make it here on such

short notice.

My Beta pulled up in his own vehicle, taking his place at my side.

"We're going to get my mate back" | snapped at the eighteen men. "Take caution, these are werewolf hunters. They know our

weaknesses and they know what we are coming for."

Years of training helped me keep my composure, but on the inside | was a quivering mess. | had underestimated how attached

I had become to Claire. The thought of running a pack without her was impossible. In the short time | had known her, she

quickly became my reason for everything. I've always had trouble expressing any emotion other than anger, but that didn't

seem to bother Claire. She was truly my other half.

My Beta and | hopped into my car. speeding down the driveway as the two vans followed closely behind. | wasn't paying attention to the speed limit, other cars or anything that wasn't Claire.

The abandoned church was easy enough to find. Its light blue paint was cracking and peeling, while half the roof was caved

The warriors and | entered the church keeping our eyes scanned for any hunters. | was struggling to contain myself.

I could smell her.

She had definitely come through here. The smell of creamy vanilla with hints of honeycomb lingered in the air like an expensive

perfume.

"Alpha." One of the warriors' rough voice called out as he stood in front of what looked like a 2nd basement.

The twenty of us, myself included, went down into the damp basement, The smell of wet earth registered in my nose as my

eyes were locked on a trap door.

The trap door sat flush against the concrete floor of the basement and I could feel my heart thudding in my chest.

Titan was frantic now. He didn't care about the hunters. He didn't care who he had to – All he wanted was Claire.

My feet moved on their own and I yanked the door off its hinges, throwing it across the basement with sharp clang.

I raced down the stairs, deeper into the earth.

I followed her fading scent, letting the cacophony of warm vanilla and a whisper of cinnamon guide me down the winding

tunnels. I could hear the heavy footsteps of the warriors behind me. As I turned another sharp corner, the first set of metal cages made

an appearance. They smelled of rust and grime. My heart raced at the familiarity.

Her scent grew stronger as I ran, causing my heart to thunder in response.

I knew the cage at the end of the tunnel belonged to Claire. Her creamy scent lapped at the bars, spilling through the cracks as

though it recognized me.

"Claire." Her name emerged in my mind as I stood in front of her cell.

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"It's great to see you again, Claire." The voice called out from behind me.

He walked around me slowly stopping when he caught my gaze.

Damien smiled cruelly, looking the same as he did last year.

"You?" I sputtered, "What do you want with me?" Damien smirked, "You got away, Claire." He leaned in close, but I refused to flinch. "No one gets away from me." I

His eyes were just a feeble as they had always been. It was like there was no light inside of him, just an empty, dark room.

"My mate's an Alpha, Damien- | spat. You made a big mistake." ;

'Damien chuckled, Look's lie | wasn't the only one who changed. So vicious, Claire." He then shrugged, as if what | said held

little meaning. "We already know who your mate is." 1

"He will come for me, Damien." | growled. 1

'Damien smirked, pulling up a chair and sitting down. "Don't you think we know that? We've had our sights set on Alpha Killian

Desmond for quite some time. It's funny irony that you, the only one who escaped me is his mate." Damien chuckled. ; "You hunters are pathetic. | snapped at him, my blood boiling at the mention of Killian. You try and fight against something

you know nothing about. Do you know how many of us there really are?" | growled.

Damien shrugged, "Once your mate dies at my hands your pathetic pack will come next. We have friends on our side, Claire."

He smirked.

I had silently made 2 decisions in that moment. | had never ended someone's life before, but | promised myself that Damien

would be my first kill.

"Now, onto business-" Damien began, but his words were cut short. Something on my neck caught his attention and he threw

the chair across the room with 2 yell. "You f*****g idiots." He hissed, seething with rage. | could hear the scrawny one shuffle his feet, while the big one spoke up.

"What did we do, boss?" The big one sounded confused.

Damien yanked my hair to the side, putting my neck on display. "She's marked you *****g idiots. Didn't | tell you to find out if

she's marked?"

I went to check, but she attacked me.* The scrawny one shrugged, not understanding the big deal. | rolled my eyes. He went

to check? More like try to sexually assault me.

Damien walked around me and out of my sight. I heard a loud crack, like he had hit the scrawny one with something. The

scrawny one went silent.

"If her and her mate are both marked, he'll be able to find her." Damien snapped, and I heard a thud as he kicked something.

Damien walked back around to me, his eyes more murderous than ever.

"Claire, you're going to answer something for me." Damien got down to my level, roughly grabbing my chin in his hand. "Did

you mark your mate? Do not lie to me."

Tony had a second to think my answer through, any longer and he would know lyrics was part to something. I kept my face

angry and strong, but I allowed fear to seep through my gaze. I needed him to believe I hadn't marked Kilian.

"Yes, let the word slip from my mouth just a little too fast, "He's probably on his way now. You don't have much time left

Damien"

I held my breath as Damien scanned my face, his dead eyes settling on my own. A cruel smirk formed on his face. "You're lying, Claire." Damien cooed, his smirk still in place.

"Damien turned to the big guy and said something that made my blood run cold.

"Untie her" Damien grinned, his tongue running over his lips. I think it's about time we finished what was started a year ago,

don't you?"

I didn't put up a fight as the big one untied me, but the second I was free, I lunged at Damien. He didn't know it but I wasn't

completely defenseless anymore.

I felt what strength Sierra had rush through me and I dragged my claws across Damien's face, smiling as his blood splattered

against my face,

“Stupid b*h.” Damien roared, swinging at me but | jumped off of him just n time.

I was grabbed from behind by the muscular guy, and winced as something sharp pierced my neck. | groaned at the familiar fire

that coursed through my veins.

“You idiot. | told you to keep her alive not let her get her strength back.” Damien shouted at the other man.

There was silence for a few moments. “You can just take her now. There’s enough wolfs bane in her system to keep her docile.”

“No, | don’t want her to tune me out. | want her alert. | want her to feel everything.” Damien snapped.

A cellphone rang, cutting through the slence. My vision doubled and then tripled, but | could stil make out the words that left

Damien’s lips. “Alright, \$**t” Damien snapped, slamming down his phone.

“Boss?” The big guy sounded confused.

Damien sighed in frustration, “Our source tells me the Alpha knows where she is, He’s on his way. We need to leave until the

others show up and we can move her.” His voice was firm and my heart skipped a beat.

“How did he find out? She hasn’t marked him.” The big guy replied.

Damien growled, “Blake, The f*****g idiot let it sli. He’ll be d”d s00n enough anyway, i he isn’t already.”

“Take her back to her cell” Damien snapped.

I hardly felt the rough earth as | was dragged against t, only regaining focus when | was tossed into my cell

I closed my eyes and let the darkness take over.

My eyes snapped open at the sound of distant thudding. | knew | hadn’t slept for long, the flames stil licking at my veins.

I could hear multiple sets of foot steps and I shot up into a sitting position. The fire licked at my veins greedily, but I didn't

care. I pressed myself against the bars, listening to the heavy footfalls coming my way.

My heart was ready to break from my chest, the only thing on my mind was Killian.

"Killian." His name left my lips as the thundering foot steps closed in.

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Alpha Killian's POV

I stared into the empty cell. The only proof that Claire had once been here was her delicate scent wafting in the air, getting

wesker by the second.

"She's gone My voice came out strong, but I could feel myself losing control.

My Beta snapped me out of my misery, "They couldn't have left that long ago. Her scent is still fresh."

I turned to the rest of the warriors, "Are any of you skilled at tracking?" They looked around at each other in silence when one man stepped forward. He had to be in his mid thirties, the lines on his

face accompanied his many scars.

"I've got a knack for it" He nodded, walking up to the cell and breathing deeply.

I turned to my Beta, "Go back to the dungeons, get more information from Blake. Link me if he says anything useful. I

growled, turning my attention to the tracker.

The tracker walked into the empty cell his eyes closed as he smelled the air around him.

He opened his eyes and nodded at me, "It will be difficult if they're driving, but if we're fast I may be able to find her."

I bit back my reply. I wanted to threaten him, tell him that his life depended on finding her. Instead I turned to the rest of the men, "Let's go."

The tracker took the lead, and I kept myself on his tail. We turned down another corridor and walked into a large room. It had

faded and cracked tiles on the floor while flickering light bulbs hung from the ceiling.

"She was in here." The tracker nodded and I locked eyes with the scarlet blood staining the white floor. A growl tore through

me and the tracker looked at me with sympathetic eyes.

"Let's go, Alpha, We have no time to waste." And with those words the Tracker left through another doorway, leading us down

a darkened corridor. The nineteen of us followed the tracker closely until we reached a set of stairs followed by a wooden cellar door.

The tracker opened the door and exited, while the rest of us followed. We walked out into the open air, and I was surprised at

how far away from the church we were.

"There are tunnels like this under the entire town." The tracker commented, jogging into the woods ahead of us. I grimaced, "And

you're sure she's not still down there somewhere?"

"I'm positive" The tracker nodded. He gestured to the main road leading out of town. I could clearly see the cars rushing by

through the forest we were in.

"Her scent is stronger on this road. My guess is they put her in a vehicle and headed out of town." The tracker nodded. "We're

gonna have to shift we need as much speed as we can manage."

Let Titan come forward, and gave me to the sensations of my bones cracking and elongating. Shifting hadn't been painful for

years now, and I relished in the expanding and contorting of my torso.

Titan's ears perked up as our Beta's voice ran through our head.

"Alpha, the prisoner mentioned something about a safe house." He informed me.

I growled, "Where is it?"

"He isn't giving me much information. He made sure to tell me they had plenty of back up and allies." My Beta growled. My fur bristled, "Torture him, get whatever information you can. I want him alive when I return, I'll be the one to kill him."

Inform the other towns, prepare them for a battle. I want all warriors gathered and ready. Anyone who is willing to fight may

join. Make sure all of the children, elderly and pregnant women are kept safe in 3 different towns. If they're going to attack us,

they'll head for our town."

"Yes, Alpha." And with that the mind-link disconnected.

There was no guarantee that this would end in war, but I needed to be prepared. Once I had Claire back, I would find every

hunter involved and kill them. While Loop didn't want my pack to suffer the effects of a war, these hunters had grown too

bold.

In the early days, hunters mostly kept to themselves. They would kill the occasional rogue, but they would never have the

audacity to attempt an assault on a pack.

Blake had told me the hunters had big plans, but I laughed at his confession.

"We're going to be running for awhile, preserve your strength." The tracker told the rest of the men as we barreled after him.

We kept ourselves concealed in the dense forest, keeping close enough to see the main road as we ran.

"I lost my mate years ago to hunters. She was in the wrong place at the wrong time." The tracker's voice ran through my head. I

could feel my heart ache at the thought of losing Claire, but I refused to give in.

"These hunters have grown bold." growled, anger pushing me to run faster.

The tracker nodded, keeping up with my pace. 'In my day they were hardly heard about. One could go their entire life without

ever hearing the word." "That will be the result when I am finished with them." I let the livid growl emerge from my chest.

The tracker huffed, "I am very much looking forward to that, Alpha. I may, I would like to end the life of the one who took my mate from me."

"What's his name?" I growled, intending to give him what he wanted.

I only know his face. But I know his spawn, his name is Damien." The tracker replied. A growl tore through me, remembering

the name that haunted Claie,

"You may have him." I assured the tracker.

With a grateful nod his pace quickened through the forest, "Now, let's focus on finding the Luna."

I growled at him, "My story will not have the same ending."

"We will make sure of that. The tracker nodded, increasing his pace. I was beginning to feel great respect for the man, and I

sympathized with him over the loss of his mate.

We had ran for countless hours, but I felt no exhaustion. With each passing hour I felt new strength flow through me. They

would not get away this time,

"Warriors and citizens from the other towns just arrived. The others are safe. There's quite an army here, Alpha. It seems they

all want their Luna back safely." I could hear my Beta's voice ring out in my head.

I huffed, "Make sure everyone has a place to rest and food to eat, Let them know their sacrifice is appreciated." I could feel my

chest swell with appreciation for my pack, Every cruel thing I have ever done was for the benefit of my people. "Blake said one more thing.* My Beta hesitated.

I growled at his pause, "What is t?"

"He said to be prepared. They know you're coming"