

## Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 111

Both Tori and I obliged, clearly wanting to hear more of what she might say.

“Things come to her at random, but do not press her too hard. Simple, straightforward questions. She becomes overwhelmed easily, and it takes hours to calm her down.” Mera frowned, gazing ahead to where Sabine tiptoed into the kitchen, her movements smooth and silent. “Just as well, do not say Novak seniors name. It triggers something in her, a vision—or perhaps a memory. All I know, is it is horrible enough to cause her to harm herself. So, speaking his name around her is forbidden.”

“You’re alright with us asking her some questions?” I asked, just a tad surprised, even with the boundaries she had set in place.

I could feel how much Mera loved her sister, how devoted she was to seeing to her every whim. Sabine had been through so much in those ten years, most of which I’m sure she couldn’t talk about, and Mera was determined to make up for every second of it. It was why she let Sabine paint the walls, pouring her emotions into the oils and acrylics, focusing her fear into the coarse bristles of the paint brush.

“I trust that you will not cause her unnecessary trauma.” Mera said with a strong voice, though not unkind. Her seafoam eyes flickered to where Sabine stood in the kitchen, standing over a pot of tea as her eyes once again went glossy. Within seconds, the vision had ended and Sabine resumed her humming. “I cannot begin to imagine what she’s seen, but any information she gives could provide us the upper hand.

I never had a reason to drink tea before, but with the way Sabine made it, I’d have to look into some myself. Incredibly sweet and floral, with a fruity undertone. There was none of that bitterness and old leaf taste I

had experienced at the restaurant as a server. Even the lemon juice, which in fact had turned the tea purple, was steeped in sweetness.

We sat out back, where a screened in patio jutted out from the house. Padded chairs with hand painted cushions sat around a large glass top table, which had thin fines and wispy pink flowers decorated along the top. There were still a few dried-up cups of paint sitting towards the outer edge. Outside of the patio and down three small steps were a grill, covered in multicolored handprints.

“It’s nice to meet you, Sabine. All of your artwork is incredible.” I told her in a kind voice once she took a seat at the table.

Alec helped carry in a tray full of small teacups, a bowl of sugar cubes, and other little glass bottles in from the kitchen, flashing me a wink before sitting down. I knew very little about tea, but this seemed much more complicated than the simple sugar and water mixture we made at the restaurant.

“We’ve already met, Aurora. Don’t you remember?” She asked, her voice twinkling and soft. Up close I could see that her eyes weren’t the same shade of seafoam as her sister, but a pale shade of sky blue. They were filled with dreams and nightmares, all of which were very much real. Her thin lips dropped as she read the confusion in my eyes as easily as I could feel her emotions, flitting by like cars down a highway. “Oh, has that not happened yet? Or—is it happening now? I apologize, I get so confused at times.”

“Don’t apologize, my abilities can complicate things too sometimes.” I shook my head, letting a genuine smile form on my face. I could feel her relax, and marveled at how strange her emotions felt. They seemed to come from nowhere, rushing through her as fast as those fragmented visions seemed to hit. “This is the first time any of us are meeting you.”

“Ah, this is the first time, then!” She beamed, the wavy strands of her golden hair falling from the clip that held it in place. She looked so proud of herself, so joyful that I couldn’t dare smother it. She plopped a few sugar cubes into her tea, and added a splash of cream before continuing. What she said next did nothing to dampen her mood, and everything to dampen my own. “Good, that’s very good. That means you still have one, two—three days left.”

Mera stilled, her eyes flitting between Sabine and I. Judging from the shock in her emotions, she had yet to hear Sabine utter a word about this upcoming deadline.

“Sabine, what is happening in three days?” Mera asked softly, reaching out to squeeze her sister’s hand.

“The assassin and her hound will come. Then chaos will follow.” She murmured, pulling her hand away from Mera’s with downcast eyes. As quickly as they fogged over, it had vanished. She perked right up as her eyes cleared and smiled at all of us, “Anymore tea?”

“We need connections to someone who was in—Zayne’s father’s pack.” I scowled, catching myself before his name slipped from my lips.” There has to be a way to find out who this assassin is, and her hound.”

Sabine was out back, painting the pavement patio that made up a quarter of the backyard. I could hear her humming trickling in through the back door, but still wouldn’t risk saying his name.

“Is there anyone else in town from his pack that might know who Sabine is speaking of?” Kade asked, the depth to his voice made him come off as a bit aggressive. He cleared his throat and smirked down at me, hearing the big bad monster I made him out to be in my thoughts.

“Anyone we wouldn’t harm by asking?”

Mera and Isaiah looked at one another, their eyes glazing over as their stream of thoughts meshed as one. After a minute or so, awareness fluttered back into their eyes.

“There might be a few we could ask, but there’s always a chance they won’t respond well.” Isaiah frowned.

“They agreed to join our pack when they stayed, we gave them the choice.” Mera nodded softly at her mate, placing a hand on his own. He let out a soft sigh, the short strands of his golden hair falling across his forehead. “We can ask this of them.”

Even though I hadn’t noticed before, this quaint little town was full of warriors, most of which were stationed in the surrounding mountains and forest. It was hard to scent them at first, as the winds were harsh and the forest dense. Scents thinned out easily, carried off by distant winds. Those who weren’t protecting the town or watching for any intruders were protecting the very house where Sabine stayed, where we all stayed for the time being.

Isaiah slipped away to place a few phone calls to the houses in town that held previous members from Marcus’s pack. Random couples and fractured families were placed in large cabins and homes together. From what Mera explained to Tori and I, things were comfortable here. There had even been a few mates discovered in the process.

Isaiah came back nearly an hour later, his golden eyebrows knitted tightly together. With the way his cellphone was gripped in his hand, I wondered if he had found anyone we could speak to. When his emotions registered within me, I found myself surprised.

Small fractures of worry cracked at Isaiah’s foundation, spreading until it split off into larger splinters. They buried themselves in my mind, my chest, and lungs.

“You found out who they are.” I sucked in a sharp breath, feeling my own heartrate increase with his.

“Darling, what did you find out?” Mera frowned, glancing between the two of us. She placed the palms of her hands on his face, down the light stubble that coated his tanned skin.

“It’s just rumors, stories told in his pack to frighten them all into submission.” Isaiah replied, his voice notably stronger. With a small smile that spoke of gentle affection, he removed Mera’s hands from her face and placed them against his lips. Once they were no longer touching, that shadow fell back over his eyes and the worry continued to creep in. “There were three who were able to give me some insight, though the details change from person to person. The assassin is a white wolf, one with the ability to resist abilities. Another said she has the ability to steal abilities, but I find that improbable. The hound is just as bad, unfortunately. They’re a tracker, one that doesn’t miss. Once the hound has your scent, there’s nowhere on earth you can hide. One went as far to say that the hound could sniff your body from out the bottom of the ocean.”

“How wonderfully comforting.” I said, my mouth dry and eyes wide.

“That can’t be real, right?” Tori scoffed, crossing her arms over her chest. Her eyes were concerned, but also held that rigid edge of fearlessness she was known for. “A white wolf who can resist the powers of other white wolves. What kind of power is that? She’s just a normal wolf, then.”

“Assuming she’s earned her name, I believe the semantics of her abilities comes in second place.” Isaiah countered, making Tori’s grimace deepen. “Besides, that’s not the most interesting part. When Sabine said that chaos will follow, she meant: Chaos. As in, a person. The Assassin, the

Hound, and Chaos. They're who he sends when he needs someone halfway across the world d\*\*d."

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The plan since arriving in Mera and Isaiah's pack had been to get the four of us back home safely in time for the inevitable war, which could easily happen at any second.

Now that not one, but three deadly werewolves were coming for me, we had a time limit to our plans.

Three days, we would have to leave in two.

That meant not only coming up with an evacuation plan, but Mera and Isaiah had to make plans of their own.

Danger and d\*\*h had followed us, putting all of these white wolves at risk. An entire city dedicated to their safety, to remaining invisible. Ten years of blood, sweat, and secrets—and it had all been jeopardized in the span of an hour.

"They'll find you no matter where you go." Mera shook her head, seeing the war brewing in my eyes. For a moment, I wondered if she could feel emotions too, or if she was truly just that in tune with everything going on around her. "These people live here knowing it is their safest option, though not infallible. They understand that it's discovery could happen at any moment."

"If we leave in two days, is there a chance that your warriors can divert the trail so that they go around the town?" Alec asked, a million ideas running through his dark eyes. "We could leave tomorrow, just as the sun sets."

“It is possible, but the most important part is ensuring you four make it back to your pack.” Mera squared her shoulders and turned her eyes to me. “Every single person in this town knows who you are, and they would all willingly sacrifice their lives if it meant getting you out. I understand that you do not want your life put before anyone else’s, but you are the head of this movement. Packs that have remained quiet for decades are finally speaking up. They’re finally stepping forward and it’s because of you. If you d\*e, so does the courage that many of these packs are experiencing for the first time. You are hope to them, someone too strong to be controlled.”

How far things had come, from a mundane human to a hunted fugitive. Mera’s words followed me, echoing in my ear as her, Tori, and I left the house. Sabine’s humming sounded oddly like a f\*\*\*\*\*l dirge as I descended the porch steps with a weight in my chest.

We had no time to relax or reoperate. Isaiah and the twins were staying behind with Sabine, to figure out a plan on getting us out of here safely. Contacting anyone outside of town wasn’t possible, not without risking exposure. Mera and Isaiah could mind link the rest of their pack members, no matter how many miles away.

With Mera at the wheel, we drove into town and pulled into the parking lot of a modest looking building. Made from red brick and rectangular windows, a handmade sign read “Public Library”.

“We won’t have all the answers, but there might be something that can help you.” Mera explained as we entered, listening to the little golden bell attached to the door ring. We were enveloped in the comforting smell of rose incense and warm tea. She made no move to head to the front desk, where a woman in her fifties smiled warmly. Mera made a beeline for a door that read, “employee’s only”. “Marcus also likes knowledge, which means restricting it from everyone else. This is the

only safe place we have for our pack's collective knowledge. Everything we know, passed down from countless generations.”

We headed down a set of metal stairs, into a dark and damp basement. Another door led us to an old meeting room. There were shelves lined against the walls, full of books both dusty and old. Two wooden tables held multiple books on top, some pried open with tools smoothing down the pages.

“We try to preserve the older ones, and repair them when we can.” She explained, gesturing to a wall full of small boxes, “Most of these boxes are official documents, but there's also news articles going back at least a hundred years.”

“Are all of these recounting from your pack's ancestors?” Tori marveled, eyeing a book case full of journals. Most of the covers were peeling and the pages stained yellow, but I could only imagine the wellspring of information inside.

“Many of them are, that was how we recorded our history.” Mera nodded, “You'll find some scientific journals as well, but I'm not entirely sure if any are on the subject of white wolves. You both may take as long as you need. I am going to coordinate with some of the other pack members on how they might aid us with your evacuation.”

“It would take weeks to go through all of this.” Tori shook her head, trailing her fingers over the dusty journal spines. Her eyebrows were furrowed, and I knew that part of her mind was somewhere else entirely.

“Unfortunately, we only have a few hours, but at least I have the best assistant a girl could ask for.” I teased, smiling when some of the worry faded from her eyes.



“Assistant!” She scoffed, precariously pulling a few journals from their shelves before setting them down on the nearest table. Her flaming hair bounced as she plopped down, gingerly lifting the cover with her finger nail. “Now that I know Luna’s can have a Beta, I think I’d like to request a raise.”

It was my turn to be surprised, completely caught off guard. I mean, I had thought the same thing, but I knew how rocky things were between her and Zayne. If there was ever that chance that they could be together, I could never hold her back from that.

For a moment, I wondered if Tori had temporarily taken my abilities, because she read the look in my eye for exactly what it was.

“I know, I think the same thing sometimes.” She hummed softly, glancing down at the journal in front of her. “What if’s and all of that. It just hurts more to think that way, to plan some kind of future with him when he clearly doesn’t want me there. I can’t put my life on pause for him, and if that means never becoming a Luna—well, there’s a lot of good I can do as my best-friend’s Beta. Don’t you think?”

“I think that was well said.” I mused, unable to help the smile that overtook my face. I grabbed a few journals as well, crinkling my nose when the scent of dust and cracked leather fluttered into the air. “Besides, he doesn’t dictate whether or not you’re a Luna. You might have the official title as a Beta, but you’ll always be more than that.”

“So does that mean I got the job?” She smirked, wiggling her eyebrows in a much more Tori-like fashion.

“Well, I’m not sure yet.” I shrugged, tapping my chin. “There’s a lot I’m going to need from you. References, a d\*\*g test, past employers—“

“I’m pretty sure none of those things matter now that we’re fugitives.” She smirked, emerald-colored eyes warm and light for a change.

We laughed and joked for the next few minutes, stealing back some normalcy from the man who had thrown both of our lives through the blender. Through the bleary-eyed chuckles, we could almost forget where we were, even with the scent of old books lodged in our heads.

We got to work right after, wiping trading laughter for quickly exchanged comments on what we were reading. The clock in here had long expired, and ticked away even though the hands never once moved. I knew time was creeping by as my eyes began to dry and the small spot between my eyebrows arched.

“There were so many white wolves back then, with so many different powers.” Tori said softly, both amazed and horrified.

“There still are white wolves, just as many.” I said what we both knew, “They’re just not free.”

I swapped between musty journals and brittle feeling newspaper clippings about pack politics and even a few murders.

Things were a lot different when white wolves roamed freely, lived freely within their packs.

As there always is in life, there were white wolves who craved destruction and violence. They did as many humans do; they m\*\*\*\*\*d and stole, took what they wanted from whomever. The difference was that these werewolves had magic, an advantage that made them more dangerous than a common m\*\*\*\*\*r.

There was always a price; a price for freedom. This was that price, that the white wolves let out into the world wouldn’t all be peaceful.

I knew that this was the first thing I would do once stepping into power. I would make sure that we survived, that our kind truly began to flourish, and that those who wanted to hurt the innocent were removed from the equation. I trusted that my absolute lack of experience would be mitigated by the knowledge of my mates and family.

I trailed my eyes over what felt like the hundredth journal. The tiny black script made my eyes ache, and felt like agony as I arced and curved over their p's and q's. It was a single phrase that caught my eye, one I had almost missed.

1512

I saw her with my own eyes. Lady Anne healed the blacksmith's boy.

The village crone had fixed his broken and brittle body after a fall from a great tree.

A scream of fright was not foreign, especially one from a child. The plague and dysentery s\*\*\*\*\*d our villages, devoured our young and rotted them before our eyes. We felt the loss less than the mortals, though still as deep when our devout were among those diseased.

Initially, I had planned to turn around and walk in the opposite direction as the ill child. Having children of my own and two lost to the creator, I could risk no more than anyone else.

Lady Anne held no home, no devout bonded to her soul. Long had the village been waiting for her d\*\*\*h, waiting for disease to claim her. Lady Anne was among the seldom few who had not felt it's cold touch.

Not one knew her health was a curse from the creator.

I knew it as I turned, as I watched Lady Anne approach the boy's broken body. Cartilage and flesh, bone and sinew. A b\*\*\*\*y canvas highlighted by the boy's melancholy song, which now was nothing more than a whimper.

The way her eyes grew bright when she touched the boy, the way my own life flickered and ebbed.

Lady Anne was cursed with devouring life, my own life. It was that very life she was then giving to the blacksmith's boy.

My breath fueled his heart, the blood in my veins knitting the wounds on his skin.

I blacked out shortly after, hearing nothing but the rush of blood in my ears. I had not seen Lady Anne since that day, but have long watched the boy grow into manhood, free of illness and plague.

"I'm not sure how this helps us, but I think I've found something about my abilities." I frowned, glancing up at Tori. Her hair was a tangled mess from how many times she ran her fingers through it, meshing the curls together. "It's kind of discouraging."

Tori had just enough time to skim the delicate hand writing before the door was wrenched open and Mera came through. The sharp edge to her worry had me standing from my seat, grabbing Tori's hand to follow her without a single word.

"Somethings wrong with Sabine." She said through clenched teeth as we sped through the center of town. There weren't many cars out, as the sun had already begun to set. It was easy enough for her to weave in between traffic as we coasted forwards. "She has episodes, which is understandable considering everything she's been through. Sometimes

they are worse than others, when vision's flood her too fast for her to process."

We swung into the driveway, kicking up dirt and gravel as we clamored from the SUV. A quick patter of feet on the porch and we were all inside.

Admittedly, Sabine's episode wasn't what I had expected.

It was quiet in the house, eerily so. It was when we came upstairs that we understood what was going on.

Alec and Kade both leaned against the wall outside of what looked to be Sabine's bedroom. Both pulled me into their embrace, but quickly let me go as I noticed what was going on. A door of pure white painted in splashes of pink and swipes of neon green. The door was open, showing Sabine and Isaiah inside.

Isaiah stood off to the side, pleading with his eyes while gently speaking to Sabine.

"What happened to her?" Mera asked fiercely, following Isaiah from the hall. "She has never acted like this, even when you slipped up and said his name."

Sabine made no move to show that she had heard Mera. She stood in her room, coated in dark colored paint as she furiously splashed and swiped away at the walls.

Colorful art was covered in splotches of black and blue, walls of pure crimson. Her movements were twitchy, her eyes wide and glossed over as she swiped and slashed.

"Is she having visions?" I asked Mera, stepping into the bedroom to get a closer look.

Her eyes were clouded, pools of blue that seemed just a tad too hazy. There was some awareness there, but not much. As for her emotions, they were a whirlpool. Fear, disbelief, h\*\*\*\*r, outrage. A festering mess of negative emotions that rushed by her all at once.

I stumbled back, feeling my head pound and my vision blur as all of those emotions passed through me. Delicate sparks trickled up my wrists and arms as I felt the touch of both Alec and Kade.

“You alright, doll?” His words were tinged with worry, whispered down to my ear.

“It’s her emotions.” I shuddered, stepping back into both of their warm embraces. Alec with his spicy scent, and Kade with his rich one. Both masculine and delectable, but noticeably different. “I understand why she has these episodes. It’s like she feels everything from her visions, but it’s all at once. Anyone would get overwhelmed if they were constantly being swarmed all of the time.”

I stood back with Alec and Kade as Mera entered the room, walking up slowly to Sabine. Her sister made no notice, still scratching and slashing at the paint on the walls. Covering bright pinks and purples with darkness and blood.

“It looks like a warzone.” Kade shrugged, making an offhand comment that seemed just a tad too true. The slashes of crimson over top the black, it did look like a warzone.

Both Tori and I jumped when Sabine’s scream filled the room and hall. Mera had placed a hand on her shoulder, tearing Sabine from her vision as she stumbled backwards with her hands raised.

“Do not touch me.” She hissed, colliding into the corner of the room where she remained rooted in place.

I wasn't sure what compelled me to move forwards. Perhaps it was the mind-splitting fear Sabine felt, and how her psyche seemed to be in two places at once. Or it could have been my own inner compassion, I wasn't sure.

All I knew was that one moment I was standing with Alec and Kade, and the next I was just two feet away from a very terrified Sabine. I glanced between the two sisters' reading the very different fear in both of their eyes. I felt both equally, and for that brief moment, I was both older and younger sister. Terrified for my life, and the life I had thought lost.

Mera's eyes hardened when she met mine, and finally, she gave me a firm nod. I seemed to have some inkling of what that meant, because I took that as my 'okay' to move forward.

“I could never understand what you went through, but your sister—these people here, you can protect them. You can keep him from them Sabine, but you have to tell us what you saw.”

The words came from my mouth smoothly, despite the obvious tremor in my hands.

I placed my hands on Sabine, and felt my knee's buckle as her fear washed over me. Years of it, stacked on top of one another until details and memories became warped and fuzzy. She was neither here nor there, but everywhere at once. Trapped beneath Marcus's thumb, a child thrown into a cell, an adult finally freed, a sister—after so long of being alone. Surrounded by real people, flesh and blood instead of that of her visions.

The text about Lady Anne briefly ran through my head, and I wonder if it was that or past theories that forced my next actions.

Much like feeding from someone's soul, this held that similar connection. Only this time instead of pulling and tearing with vicious claws and sharpened teeth, I was giving. Claws and teeth retracted, nothing but flesh and smooth skin.

Energy passed through me in a flood of warmth, resonating in my chest as it thrummed down my arms and into Sabine.

She was no longer screaming, her eyes frozen but not clouded.

Slowly, she blinked a few times. Her eyes darted around the room, at the painted walls and canopied bed, at her sister who she looked at for the longest. Finally, her eyes traveled back around to me.

“They found out you knew they were coming. Plans have changed, the three will be here in one hour, and he'll be here in five.” Her voice wasn't weak nor were her words whispered. They were spoken with clarity, and not that dreamy tone she had been using when we first met. “What did you do to me? I couldn't tell the difference between what I was seeing, what was real. I can separate them now, the visions and...and memories. You're her, you have to be. The girl with eyes of earth and water.”

A spasm of panic settled in my chest at what I might have done to her, and the h\*\*\*\*r that it may wear off, but when I saw the blossoming joy and fear on Mera's face, I couldn't bring myself to fracture that.

“I think I am.” I replied, my voice just a tad pained. I stumbled backwards as I let go, wondering how much energy I had given Sabine. There was something nagging at the back of my mind, something I had to



ask her. “How did he know that we found out? I thought he didn’t know you were here.”

Sabine was silent for so long that I wondered if she might not answer the question, or if she’d sink back into her trauma and the memories and visions that once flooded her.

“My daughter knows.” She finally whispered, a shaky hand coming up to cover her mouth. ” She works for him.”

Alec caught me as I stumbled back, his hands gripping my hips as he all but kept me standing. Kade frowned and closed in as well, but it was Mera who first spoke up.

“I have heard the whispers, but I prayed they weren’t true.” Her voice mirrored her sisters, horrified at the thought of Marcus having her niece, and fearful of the woman she has become under his influence. “We will do what we can to help her, but for now we must take action.”

“What the h\*\*l are we supposed to do? If they’re an hour away, that means they know this place exists.” I frowned, leaning into both of the twins as I mustered up the strength for the upcoming hour.

“Trying to evacuate the town in time will not work.” Sabine spoke before Mera had the chance, earning another look of stunned surprise. Her voice still held that distinct swell of kindness, a trait I was relieved she kept despite the h\*\*\*r she went through. “They have other’s following close behind, enough to cause much d\*\*\*h.”

“Then what are our options?” Mera hissed, though not at anyone in particular. She glanced at Isaiah, whose eyes were just as pained.

“We will fight, and use that diversion to get Aurora, her mates, and friend out safely.” Isaiah said with finality, giving his mate a long look that made pain sear beneath my skin. “You and Sabine will go as well.”

“Nonsense.” Mera spat, eyes hardening. “If you are staying to fight, I am as well. We go together, Isaiah. Do not forget your promise to me. Sabine will go with them. I will not have her anywhere near that man, never again.”

“I am sorry, Mera.” Sabine whispered, eyes shimmering like sapphire water color. Whatever I had done to her, it cleared the fog from her mind and brought her back to the present. I hadn’t healed her of those invisible wounds. Of the bruises and slashes that trauma leaves, that remain open, manifesting themselves in your dreams and thoughts. I hadn’t healed that part of her, and I wasn’t sure if I could. “I don’t want to leave you again, but I cannot go back there.”

“Do not apologize to me.” Mera shook her head softly, taking Sabine’s hands in her own. Instead of cringing away, Sabine returned the smile. “Stay alive, and free. You have spent long enough in a cage.”

The very thing that keeps this town safe from outsiders is the same thing that risks its exposure. Located in the middle of the forest, nestled in the mountains, there are at least six different ways for Marcus’s people to infiltrate the town.

Within half an hour, the entire town understood what would soon happen. That they would play diversion while I escaped with my mates, best-friend, and Sabine in tow. Rather than send warriors out to defend those six entrances, everyone pushed further to the center of town. There they would fight against any of the white wolves Marcus had sent with the three.

“I trust you will do everything possible to keep her safe.” Mera whispered into my ear, wrapping her arms around me in an embrace that smelled of sunflowers and shea. “I do hope we meet again, Aurora. Preferably in this life.”

After a teary goodbye between Mera and Sabine, she and Isaiah left ten minutes later. They planned to converge with the rest of the town, at the center where they waited for Marcus’s white wolves. With Mera wearing my clothes and Isaiah wearing the twin’s, they carried our scent throughout the town with them. There would be backup coming in around an hour or two from now, from the nearby cities within Isaiah’s territory.

Marcus now knew that without a doubt, Mera and Isaiah were involved in the resistance. From this point forwards, war would be declared on their pack as well. Should I fail and Marcus win, there would no longer be a place for them in the world.

Right on the hour mark, warning bells sounded throughout the entire town, echoing down deserted streets and back roads. Long and monotonous, they were the exact opposite sound of what my heart was making. Two conflicting beats that both carried the same amount of foreboding.

We waited ten minutes before slipping out the backdoor, keeping behind houses but out of the forest as we progressed further from town. If I listened hard, I swore I could hear the sound of snarling as white wolves fought one another to the d\*\*\*h.

Each of us had showered before leaving, changing into clothes that didn’t carry our scent. It was a bit more difficult for Sabine, who had lived in the house long enough for her scent to reach just about everything.

I knew something was wrong when we were half an hour away from town. Sabine had stopped in her tracks, her eyes going foggy for just a few short seconds. She blinked a few times and looked around, fear creeping and growing with every second.

“What?” I asked, taking her hand even though she hardly knew me. I couldn’t help but feel she might’ve known me fairly well, considering she’s been seeing visions of me since she was a child. “What is it? What did you see?”

“I shouldn’t have come with you.” Her voice was feather soft, broken and fractured. That flicker of hope had burned out before it had the chance to become anything more than a small ember. A crack sounded in the forest, making Kade whip around. “They’ve found us because of me.”

The first thing I smelled was body odor, masculine and thick with sweat. It was overbearing, and I understood why when a towering figure emerged from the forest.

He was easily six foot tall, though completely b\*\*e in the muscle department. Shaggy bark colored hair hung down to his shoulders, greasy and poorly brushed. Patchy stubble coated his chin, and sweat stained clothes hung from his body. He was one of the least intimidating men I had ever met, but the Hound wasn’t meant to look threatening.

“He caught my scent.” Sabine croaked, her entire frame trembling.

I turned my head to Tori just as another figure emerged from the forest.

“Get her out of here when they a\*\*\*\*k.” I told her, my voice low and just barely audible. When I saw her eyes widen, and turn defensive, I harshened my tone even further. I knew she could see it in my eyes, that

I wasn't asking. It was her first test as my Beta, the first test to see if she could suppress those Luna instincts and listen to a direct order. "I mean it, Tori. Focus on her, not me."

Both Tori and I moved in front of Sabine, making sure she stayed behind the towering forms of the twins. I could feel her trembling and taste her fear from the few feet away we stood.

The next to emerge, coming to a stop just a few feet closer to us than the Hound, was a petite looking girl. She was young, with rounded features that could easily pass for eighteen. Even though there was a certain kind of youth to her, I did not miss the thick muscles along her arms and legs.

The last to step out was Chaos, who would have easily been one of the most beautiful men I had ever seen, if it weren't for the sinister light to his eyes. It had nothing to do with the fact that they were a rich shade of crimson, which stood out brightly from his onyx hair. It was the glint of satisfaction in them when he noticed I wasn't alone, that there would be others to take out before grabbing me. A washed-out band t-shirt and some torn jeans completed the look, though there was nothing salvageable within this man. A sociopath through and through.

Just as Sabine had said; the Assassin and Hound had finally come, and Chaos followed.

## **Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 113**

Just as Sabine had said; the Assassin and Hound had finally come, and Chaos followed.

"Are you going to come with us willingly, Aurora?" The Assassin spoke first, her voice a delicate falsetto. "Your little magic won't work on me, but I'd love to see you try."

Something at the very pit of my stomach told me not to use my abilities on her. I didn't have those punch you in the gut feelings very often, but this was one I couldn't ignore.

The way she sang my name sent a shiver down my spine, which I suppressed with gritted teeth. She plucked a knife from one of the straps around her leg and held it in her hand. Her glossy auburn hair was tightly pulled back, wrapped in a braid at the base of her neck.

She only reminded me of the blade I had as well, given to me by Isaiah before he had left with Mera. It was a kind gesture considering I barely had a clue on how to use the thing. Either way, if the Assassin got her hands on me, this blade could quickly become my salvation.

Clearly, she was the star of the show, the one who led the other two. Chaos was foaming at the mouth, flashing his movie star smile that seemed all wrong with the cruelty in his eyes. The Hound just stood there, mindlessly staring at the five of us, nostrils flaring as he took in our scents.

"I'm not going anywhere with you." I assured her, forcing as much false bravado into my voice as possible.

The Assassin shrugged indifferently and nodded at Chaos, whose smile widened into a grin. A tremor of excitement seemed to snake its way down his back, making his fingers twitch and eyes sparkle.

"F\*\*k yeah, been waiting forever for this." He whooped, inky hair falling back as he threw his arms out towards the five of us.

I realized too late what Chaos's ability was, and that he hadn't been aiming for the five of us, but for the twins. The twin's obsidian eyes brightened, turning a rich shade of crimson that mirrored Chaos's.

H\*\*\*\*r enveloped me when I realized that while I could still feel the mate-bond, I no longer had access to their stream of thought. Awareness was leached from their sight, leaving room for nothing but chaos.

Alec and Kade turned towards one another, snarling and tensing up. I acted without thinking the moment I saw Kade's hand shifting into that of a wolf, nails elongating into curved claws. I lunged forwards, though not towards the twins, and not physically.

I lashed out with my abilities, desperately trying to sink my hooks into Chaos and pull with everything I had. Just as I felt myself make contact, and form that connection, the Assassin sliced through them with cold-hot steel.

She leaped forward with incredible swiftness, with the Hound tailing her. Her muscular form still moved incredibly fast, making me scramble into action. Chaos was engrossed with the twin's, using them like a child would battle with two action figures.

Kade lunged at Alec, slashing his elongated nails across the soft flesh of his face. I snarled in sync with Alec, who was already shifting before my eyes. I needed to do something, and fast. Another minute and I'd be lucky if I had one mate standing.

I wanted to glance at Tori and Sabine, who were both just as exposed as I, but I couldn't risk placing attention on them.

Instead, I did what any completely sane werewolf would do and ran.

I veered left into the forest, knowing I wouldn't make it very long or far. The goal wasn't to escape, but to get them away from the twins, Tori and Sabine.

It was the exact opposite of what everyone had been telling me—that I was more important than everyone else, that I had to stay alive and away from Marcus at all costs.

My chest was wracked with pain, because at the end of the day, I couldn't sit by and let the people I cared about die for me.

So here I was, running into the arms of the enemy.

Even as I heard the Assassin's snicker at my back, I couldn't bring myself to regret doing everything humanly possible to save my mates.

If there was one thing I promised myself, it was that now I needed to be strong. Aurora, weak human daughter of Melissa, was skin shed from my shoulders. There was room for nothing else—no one else, except for Luna Aurora.

I was knocked to the ground, shoved into the dirt just half a minute in. The taste of it filled my mouth, followed by a disgusting grainy texture that crunched beneath my teeth. The gentle scent of gardenias and rose petals filled my nose, and I met the not-so-gentle eyes of the Assassin. They were a deep, chocolate shade of brown that held rich undertones of caramel.

Even though I lacked the fighting skills of your typical Luna, I still had the reflexes.

I wrapped a hand around the leather-bound hilt of the silver blade currently hidden within my belt loop. I had no doubt the Assassin had earned her name by writ of blood, but she had made the same mistake everyone makes when they become the best at their trade; she became complacent, she underestimated me.



I'm positive she was told everything about me, that my abilities were the most dangerous aspect of my personality. I had no formal training, no lifetime at being raised a werewolf, but I now had a network of people dedicated to train me, to keep me alive.

I wasn't sure where I had found the sudden bout of brutality, or whether it had always lived within me, but I tore the blade from my belt and jammed it into the first thing I could think of; her chocolate-colored eye.

The heart would have been the obvious choice, the easiest when it came to securing a k\*\*l. Alec taught me that going for the obvious k\*\*l wasn't what you should do against a more skilled opponent. Surprise them, use your inexperience against them.

She hadn't been expecting me to a\*\*\*\*k, much less something like her eye. Such a vital part, especially in her profession.

Metallic warmth splashed against my face, mixing with the dirt granules in my mouth, and the Assassin's furious howls grated my ears. Instead of panicking and turning her attention to her gaping wound, she tore the knife from her eye and frantically ripped her gloves off. I could still hear the sizzle from her flesh as the silver knife burned her skin, destroying any chances at healing her wound.

Her b\*\*e hands touched my skin before I had the chance to get away, and it was then I fully understood what her abilities were. She didn't just block magic, she fed on it; stole it from other white wolves.

Her touch made my blood run cold, my sweat freeze and breath come out in strained huffs. My veins were clogged with ice, churning and scraping against my flesh as my heart continued pumping.

Her nails were digging into my skin, pinpricks of cold in a torrent of ice and snow.

“You f\*\*\*\*\*g b\*\*\*h.” She hissed incoherently, so furious with me that I wondered if she’d just end my life here and now. I could feel her spittle—or perhaps blood, misting across my face. “This is silver—this is f\*\*\*\*\*g silver! I’ll never heal from this. I’m going to f\*\*\*\*\*g k\*\*l—“

“Assassin, you good?” Chaos’s husky voice sounded from a few feet away, jolly even as it made my hair stand. The Assassin let go of me, and I gasped as the pressure had finally been lifted from my body. She snarled at Chaos, whose eyes widened in genuine surprise. “Why in the f\*\*k did you let her get the upper hand on you? Boss isn’t gonna like this, Assassin. You better not let this s\*\*\*w up your rate.”

“I didn’t let her get the upper hand, and it won’t s\*\*\*w up s\*\*t.” She hissed, sending me a look so full of venom that I thought I might actually faint. “I can still k\*\*l you just the f\*\*\*\*\*g same.”

I let out a grunt as a bony shoulder slammed into my gut, followed by the rancid scent of body odor as it flooded my nose. I opened my eyes to see an upside-down version of the world, watching my hair as it trailed across the ground. I was slung over the Hound’s shoulder like meat, hauled deeper into the forest.

The world sloshed back and forth slowly, leaving doubles and triples of everything. With the blood rushing to my head, I could hardly keep up with what I was seeing, so I decided to focus on what I heard instead.

“What did you do with her little mates?” The Assassin asked, sending me another d\*\*\*h and destruction filled look that overlapped one another three times. I could still feel the cold rattling in my chest from where she had touched me with her hands.

“Left them wounded real nice.” Chaos sighed unhappily, garnering my attention. “Didn’t have time to maul them the way I been practicing, not with you screaming in the middle of a d\*\*n invasion, making Hound drag my a\*s through the f\*\*\*\*\*g woods.”

Relief flooded through me, washing some of that miserable cold. They were alive—which meant Tori and Sabine had to be alive as well.

“She took my f\*\*\*\*\*g eye, Chaos.” The Assassin hissed, and for a moment I thought she might either m\*\*\*\*\*r Chaos, or come finish her work on me. “I’d like to see how well your little tricks work with one eye.”

“Y’know, I don’t see why our soul-eater here needs two eyes to work some magic.” Chaos commented in between whistling some annoyingly repetitive tune. He came up behind the Hound and bent over, tilting his head so that he could look me in the eye. His movie-star grin turned lopsided, giving him that perfect boy next door vibe—if the boy next door was a raging psychopath with crimson eyes. “I call dibs on the brown one. I think I’ll dry it like one of those little heads.”

“An eye for an eye.” The Assassin mused, and I hated this look of gentle contemplation even more.

My eyes fluttered once, and then twice before we had finally emerged from the forest. I knew I had to of blacked out at some point because the sun was hanging precariously low in the sky, casting splashes of orange and yellow across the horizon.

“Shove her in the back.” The Assassin’s voice grew louder in my ears, followed by the sound of a car door opening. Her form was hazy at first, but cleared up the more I blinked. She was glancing down at her watch,

tapping on the small screen. “We’ve got fifteen minutes before the alpha and his b\*\*\*h show up with the entire brigade.”

“I told boss those wolves weren’t ready for real battle.” Chaos sighed dramatically, though I knew he wasn’t upset over the lives lost.

Another poorly thought-out plan flitted through my head. Fifteen minutes—if I could stall them for that long, then Mera and Isaiah would show up. That had to be who they were talking about.

I groaned softly when I was tossed onto a cold leather seat, but quickly turned over and pushed myself into a sitting position. I had limited time, and scoured the floor of the van for anything.

There were splotches of paint, and what I hoped wasn’t blood, along with plenty of dirt and little bits of trash. My fingers ached when I felt a slightly bent nail beneath them. It was one of those large construction nails. Judging from the way my fingers stung, there had to be some percentage of silver within the material. It was stuck under a small piece of plastic, protruding from the floor.

Within seconds, the Hound slid into the front seat and the Assassin into the passenger. I wrapped my hand around the nail tightly, trying not to look completely frazzled. My heartbeat could be heard throughout the van, but the fast-paced pattering wasn’t anything out of the ordinary.

My stomach clenched as the back door opened, just a few feet away from where I sat. Every muscle in my body tensed, coiled and ready. Even my wolf, whose words of encouragement were all that kept me going, waited withheld breath.

Chaos opened the door to the van, and when he was halfway through, I launched myself at him.

Either Chaos underestimated me more than the Assassin, or he truly loved any excuse for a fight, because he tumbled to the ground like he weighed less than the Hound. I rolled on top of him, jamming the nail as deep into his shoulder as I could whilst clamoring forward.

His hand wrapped around my ankle, making me stumble when I should have already been running. Instinctively, I lashed out with the same foot he had grabbed and smashed my heel into his teeth. His grip loosened enough for me to slip free, stumbling to my feet and running forwards.

Before I barreled into the thick brush of the forest, my breaths labored and pained from the tiny dagger in my hip, I glanced back to see Chaos's beautiful, smiling face; both teeth and eyes crimson.

I counted the seconds in my head, lost track, and began counting again. Pain was a distant memory, burning the corners of my awareness just enough to leave a dull ache. I couldn't feel the pain in my hip anymore, just this tearing sensation whenever I moved strenuously—which was a lot at the moment. I had torn the knife out, almost doubling over when the silver coated handle burned my hand.

Somehow, it made sense that Chaos would have a knife that harmed its user; to feel pain whilst inflicting it.

I spun on my heel, my eyes practically rolling as I heard Chaos's joyful whooping fill the forest. It bounced from tree to tree, echoing in every direction yet coming from seemingly nowhere. I continued turning, losing track of where I had been and where I was going.

For the second time in what I would soon name the worst day of my life, I was tackled to the ground. This time my face was pushed into the dirt, and I clenched my eyes shut to avoid getting anything in my eyes.

I was lifted from the ground, met with the smell of body odor and flowers.

“Tsk tsk, bad soul-eater.” Chaos’s voice was right by my ear, laughing loudly when I jerked my head away.

I wrenched open my eyes, wincing when they stung and itched from the dirt that was spread across my face. The Hound held me again, the ever so silent grunt man who did as he was told.

Chaos was walking behind us, his hands in his pockets as he flashed me his pretty grin.

“You ran for six minutes, by the way.” He commented helpfully, and it was in this moment that I knew Chaos was the second biggest monster I had ever met. His smile revealed nothing of the beast that hid within him, “The other girls I play chase with usually only last for two.”

“No games.” The Hound said flatly, his voice unusually deep. He turned to face Chaos; the abrupt motion made my head swim. “You cannot k\*\*l this one.”

I realized it was just us three, and that the Assassin was clearly back at the vehicle. Even though it made my body ache to try and use my abilities, I reached out tentatively. A feather light caress against the Hound’s lifeforce, feeling it’s intoxicating warmth just inches away.

“Would never dream of it, dear Hound.” Chaos shook his head, a hand against his heart in a very convincing display of offense. The look was wiped away as easy as it had come, replaced with a carefree smile. “Besides, it’s Assassin you should worry about. She’s the one gearing to k\*\*l her. I on the other hand think Assassin looks lovely with her singular eye, just ravishing.”

I held back nausea as I was swung around again so that the Hound could face Chaos, letting loose a snarl that cracked and echoed through the trees.

If he kept spinning me around, I wouldn't be able to draw anything from him. Thankfully, Chaos managed to shut up long enough for me to get my bearings again.

I couldn't take much, or too fast. I was sure that he'd notice the significant drain, or the Assassin would. The last thing I wanted were her hands on my skin again, the thought sent a chill skittering over me.

My first instinct was to drain Chaos dry just for some of the things he's said since capturing me, but he was also one of the most dangerous. I had no clue if his abilities worked on me, but I wouldn't put it past him to hold off until the last moment. Instead, I bided my time and slowly pulled from the Hound, stopping whenever he stiffened or twitched.

We were back within a minute, telling me I hadn't ran far at all. Beneath the slightly torn fabric of my shirt, I could feel the little knife wound knitting itself back together, taking away the stinging pain of silver in my blood.

I wasn't ready to take down the three of them, but this was a start. My limbs no longer felt like lead and the pain in my chest dulled to a slow throb. I stopped pulling from the Hound the moment I was within sniffing distance of the Assassin. I feigned fatigue, groaning when I was tossed back into the vehicle.

Chaos grinned from the seat beside me, the b\*\*\*\*y nail still protruding from his shoulder. The quiet hum of the vehicle sounded as we coasted down the highway, away from the fading scent of burning houses and trees. Even as I watched black smoke curl into the sky, and felt Chaos's crimson eyes on my face, I refused to let fear take hold.

“Well, looks like the twinsies are back.” Chaos cheered, gleefully turning to look out the back window. “They sure heal fast.”

I did the same, only with an abject look of h\*\*\*\*r on my face. It churned in my gut and rose up in my mouth like acid, searing my tongue and throat so that no sound could slip past.

From upfront the Hound grunted, narrowing his eyes through the rearview mirror where two onyx-colored wolves could clearly be seen weaving throughout the trees.

My heart stammered as I caught sight of them, racing for the vehicle that carried me away. Any flicker of hope I had, it shriveled into a husk when Assassin spoke.

“I take back what I said, an eye for an eye doesn’t sound nearly fair enough.” The Assassin said smoothly, sparing me a single glance before turning to Chaos. “Can you k\*\*l them from here?”

“Of course.” Chaos scoffed; this time actually offended. He rolled his shoulders and gave me a lopsided grin, “Off the mountain, or speared on a tree?”

“Tree.”<sup>c</sup> Both Hound and Assassin replied in unison.

The Hound hit on the breaks, a gentle tap that had the twins gaining on us. Chaos bounced eagerly in his seat, rubbing his hands together like a demented child.

They were close now, and I could feel my heart fracturing as I read the emotion in both of their eyes. They could see me through the window, face pale and covered in both blood and dirt.



Just as Chaos unleashed his power—I let loose my own.

I hadn't much, perhaps even less than Chaos, but there was something I had that he didn't. I had my mates, both of which I refused to let die. Giving myself up to these three, I did it to spare the twins, not to have them killed anyway.

I had just a split second to ponder if using energy, I didn't have would kill me, but the consequences would be worse if I didn't.

“No!” My scream mirrored Chaos's laugh, though only one of our magic was able to take hold.

Both of the twin's eyes widened, still dark and familiar as I flung them back into the depths of the forest. I could feel them, and every branch or tree they clipped as I forced them even further back.

During those long moments in between heartbeats, I thought about Mera and Isaiah, pledging to one another that they would not die alone. I felt guilty that I couldn't Alec and Kade that same promise, that we would leave this life together.

It wasn't selflessness that made me desperate—hair pulling desperate to keep them alive.

Love, such a small word to encompass something that held no beginning or end. Endless variations and each one was just as important as the next.

Mera's love for Isaiah meant they would face death together. My love for Alec and Kade meant keeping them from pain and torture at all costs.

It meant sacrificing myself, because I could not live in a world where they didn't exist—and I, I am much more dangerous than the two of them.

It felt like being hit by a pickup truck, using more energy than what I had. It threw me against the driver's seat and onto the floor, where I gasped and sputtered under the weight that seemed to press down on me.

“D\*\*n it!” Chaos hissed, turning to Assassin. He jutted his lower lip out in a pout, an expression that would have worked on almost anyone. “I want to go back for them.”

“Boss said to k\*\*l them if we had the chance, not to f\*\*\*\*\*g hunt for them.” She snarled, looking at the Hound. “Step on it, we’re expected.”

I was defenseless as Chaos grabbed both of my arms and hauled me onto the seat, giving me a grimace when he lifted a bag of crushed Doritos.

“You crushed my snacks, soul-eater.” Was all he said before opening the bag.

“That was a cute little escape attempt, Aurora.” Assassin nodded to herself, not bothering to look back from where she sat in the passenger seat. Her voice was delicate and smooth, every word precise and perfectly pronounced. “Congratulations, you spared your mates another week or so. Really, you should have let Chaos have at them. The boss will only make you k\*\*l them yourself.”

“Marcus won’t get a single thing from me.” I promised her, holding onto that truth, searing it into my heart so that even when things get worse—which they will, I knew I wouldn’t give in.

“You say that now, but you got no idea how persuasive he can be.” Assassin turned in her seat, grinning darkly when I paled at the sight of her eye. She was right, there was no chance it would heal properly, even with her white wolf abilities. Where her chocolate eye had once been was now a raw festering mass of flesh, trying it’s best to heal from the wound I inflicted. She gave me a few long seconds to stare, but I refused to

squirm at the sight of it. I hissed and recoiled when her cold fingers wrapped around my arm, sending rippling waves of agony up my shoulder. “Goodnight, soul-eater. The fun really begins when you wake up.”

I couldn't tell what images and sounds were real, and what horrible things my head had concocted. Screaming, thrashing and snarling as people were stuck in mid-shift. Magic everywhere—so thick that you could choke on it, like sweet syrup turned into gas.

Was it their screams or mine that accompanied the pain and fear, the agony and hatred, the hopelessness—such hopelessness that I wanted to curl up in this darkness and let it sweep me away. But I couldn't, not with the faces of two beautiful men burned into my mind, etched so deep that no scalpel could ever mar its surface. Still, the pain continued. Slashes of rage, slices of fear, and bruises full of torment and captivity until it all melted into something painful and heavy, seated right on my chest.

My eyes snapped open, bringing light and the faint echo of pain. I clutched the silken blankets that had been thrown over me, a deep shade of navy even under the yellow light of the lamps on either side of the bed. Everything rushed back to me at once, ending with the panic-stricken faces of Alec and Kade's wolves as I threw them back into the forest.

I stumbled out of the bed I was in, my legs wobbling beneath me. I groaned when my head swam, still aching and weak from the Assassin's touch. Disgust and revulsion ran through me when I glanced down, noticing the sweatpants and tank top I had been dressed in.

I was in a fancy looking bedroom, with a large bed covered in accent pillows, a sectional and a bathroom bigger than one person should ever need.

I whipped around when I heard the distinct sound of a lock being unlatched, followed by three more.

I knew what this was then; a padded cell, an offer.

The singular door made of what had to be silver, held a small window about eye height. It was covered with a thin sheet of metal, giving me no forewarning to whoever was about to come inside.

Even with how weak and disoriented I felt, my magic lashed out with everything it had the moment Marcus Novak's face came into view. His neatly trimmed hair that sat thick on his head, just a slight spattering of facial hair, enough to make him look his age. Aman without life in his eyes, without emotion or humanity.

Just a pristine, neat version of Chaos.

"Hello, Aurora." Marcus said politely, stepping inside with Assassin on his heels.

The Assassin's cold magic sliced into my own, searing my skin and making my already weak body feel that much worse. My legs finally gave out, and I crumpled to the pale carpet that sat on the floor.

I made note of the hulking guard outside, along with the Hound's ripe scent. I also happened to make note that the Assassin now wore an eyepatch. If I remembered the jagged g\*\*h on her face correctly, the healed version probably wasn't too many steps up. I glared up at her, hoping she knew I didn't regret a thing.

"If you wouldn't mind, I'd like to speak with you before you consequently pass out again." Marcus said in a rehearsed polite tone, one I knew could change at the flip of a switch.

I reigned in that anger, that absolute disgust I felt for this one man and managed not to hurl as I looked him in his d\*\*d eyes, already plotting how I would k\*\*l him in his own land.

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“Really, there’s no reason to be this difficult.” Marcus sighed, genuine disappointment in his flat, blue eyes. “You’ve lost, Aurora. This scheme of yours to invent a new world has failed, you have failed. What’s best for you and your mates, is to pick up the shattered pieces of your failure and turn them into something better.”

“And you—you’re what’s better?” I croaked, rage and malice searing the edges of my words. My head throbbed from the Assassin’s magic, forcing dark spots to creep at the edges of my vision. “All of that power has given you a big head, Marcus. We haven’t lost anything. I’m one person, there are countless more out there who will see you removed.”

“With your surrender, that spark you started will d\*e out.” He replied evenly, softly even though there was nothing tender about his words. He stood over me, staring down at me with just a hint of joy in his eyes, like I was just the toy he had been searching for. “I think I’ll leave you, for now. I have many plans for you and I, Aurora. After you announce your surrender and service to my cause, we can finally begin.”

I didn’t move from my place on the floor until Marcus and the Assassin left, the metal door clanging shut behind them. I could hear the two guards outside mumbling to one another before falling silent.

I knew I was being watched, both from common sense and the small camera in the corner of the room. The one that I refused to look at. I needed privacy, and desperately hoped that Marcus wasn’t big enough a creep to place one in the bathroom.

I didn't need to feign weakness as I used the bed to force myself into a standing position. My legs were weak, but I managed to stumble into the bathroom, grimacing at the strong scent of cleaner as it hung in the air.

The bathroom was small; with just a sink, toilet and a stall shower. I couldn't have cared less what amenities my current room held, just that it was camera free. I scoured every inch of the bathroom and found nothing. With a sigh of relief, I turned on the shower, using the noise as cover in case there happened to be any microphones.

I glanced down at the charm bracelet around my wrist, the golden plated piece of jewelry that might just be my salvation. A last gift from Mera, just like the knife Isaiah had given me, though it was taken when I was captured.

Mera's gift, it was meant to fool the eye.

"A gift, should you ever become separated from your mates." She said kindly, taking one of my hands in her own. I could feel the cold jewelry graze against my skin, along with the golden heart that hung from a small chain. "Isaiah and I made a promise long ago, that we would both leave this world together. It is my hope that you and your mates will have the same future, one where you never have to live without each other. This bracelet will help you achieve that."

"Is it magic?" I asked.

"Mm, a different sort of magic." She smirked, holding the small heart between her two fingers. "It's a type of human magic, called a GPS tracker. You press the heart when you want to send your location. The stone will light up for three seconds, then go out. Your mates will have direct access, along with Isaiah and myself."

“Oh.” I flushed, wondering why I hadn’t thought of that before.

“You weren’t the only one raised by humans.” She chuckled, glancing back to where Isaiah waited only somewhat impatiently. “Should we all survive this, I’d like to tell you about them.”

I held the little heart in between my fingers, feeling my own heartbeat patter in my chest. A second passed, and then two, the shower’s waterfall running in the background. I pushed, feeling a small click beneath my fingers, followed by the little scarlet gemstone lighting up.

It sent relief flooding through me, strong enough to send me sliding down the wall, struggling to catch my breath. Once I mustered up the strength, I pulled the clothes off my body and stood under the hot spray of the shower long enough to wipe some of the ache from my muscles.

Afterwards, I tumbled head first into the bed, my eyes already closed before I had the chance to crawl under the blanket.

I woke to the sound of the metal door being opened, the numerous locks clicking out of place. My eyes flew open, and I was already in a sitting position when the door swung shut.

My eyes went to Marcus first, then the Assassin as she stood at his side. The eyepatch she wore was red today, bright like her auburn hair. I could see her visibly tense, fists clenched and jaw taut as she glared at me.

I could practically taste her need to harm me, even without feeling all of those violent emotions run through her. I realized with surprise that I could feel her emotions. Even with this improvement, I didn’t dare try to pull from either one.

For a brief second, I tried to reach out to Alec or Kade—to feel their thoughts or presences, but I came up with nothing. A spot on my arm throbbed painfully, making me very aware of a burning beneath my skin.

Marcus seemed pleased by this, his eyes flitting between the Assassin and I.

“Very good, Aurora. Making smart decisions already.” He murmured his praise, lips upturned in a professional smile. He waved a hand towards the Assassin, who took two very reluctant steps back. Marcus’s voice held all of the emotion and sincerity his soul did not. “Ariana will not use her abilities on you, should you behave yourself. The silver injection is a precaution I’m afraid I cannot do without. Even so, it is not my wish for you be a caged pet. There are opportunities here for you, you just need the courage to discover them. In fact, let me show you the bounds of my generosity. Come, follow me.”

“Alpha?” Ariana—the Assassin, questioned.

For just a fraction of a second, I saw rage glittering in Marcus’s cool eyes.

“You have your orders, Ariana.” His voice was sharp, daring her to speak out.

Instead, she directed that rage onto me. Snatching my arm in her hand, she pulled me from the padded cell I was in, and out into the hallway. While she wasn’t using her magic on me, the stiletto nails she had on dug into my skin.

I took the time to look around, scanning my surroundings as I tried to memorize every detail. Wherever we were, it looked more like a mansion than a corporate building or some kind of hide out. There were c\*\*\*\*\*s



embroidered with golden thread, tables with vases of flowers throughout the hallways, and fancy paintings of middle-aged men with gruff looking faces.

We turned down two halls, making a left and then a right. A guard dressed in dark clothing opened the second door on the right and stepped aside.

It was clearly an office, the most organized one I had ever seen. Book cases lined one wall, full of different texts. A large desk sat to the left, free of any papers or personal belongings. A large filing cabinet sat along another wall, with each drawer labeled and tagged. Finally, at the center of the room was a circular table, the only occupied chair belonged to Zayne Novak.

Surprise threatened to blossom in my eyes, but I stifled the emotion when I felt the Ariana watching. Smoothing my features into general disdain for everyone in the room, I let out a harsh breath when she finally retracted her nails from my forearm.

Zayne Novak sat at the head of the table, wearing a slate grey suit and a blue tie that matched his eyes perfectly. A laptop sat in front of him, open with its screen brightly lit. His chocolate hair was trimmed and neat, highlighting his full brows and sharp jawline. He looked better than ever, the crack in shield still very much there. Even though there was nothing familiar in his eyes, it relieved me that Tori had an effect on the man.

“Sit down.” Marcus commanded, forcing me to grit my teeth together to keep from saying something stupid. My eyes unwittingly flickered to Zayne, who watched with perfect disinterest. Marcus’s eyes held disdain as he looked at his son, turning that same expression towards me. “Do not look to my son for rescue, Aurora. You will find nothing but disappointment, just as I have for twenty-one years.”

Zayne made no move, no reaction that would show he had even heard his father's words.

"Now, let's get on with it. I do hate delaying things." Marcus smiled thinly, gesturing to the laptop his son now used.

Zayne hit a few buttons before spinning the device around to face me. This time I couldn't stifle my gasp, nor my surprise as both Alec and Kade's wolves popped onto the screen.

The video was only a few seconds long, but full of snarling and screaming. Kade's wolf exploded from the forest in a rush of broken branches and snapping teeth, barreling into the first wolf he found. Alec followed after, sinking his teeth into the first who dare fight against him. The video faded out after one of the wolves was tossed in its direction, turning into nothing more than endless static.

"This is but one of many attacks orchestrated by your mates, over the course of these four days." Marcus began, giving me no time to process the fact that four days had already passed. The rest of what he had to say was spoken with suppressed irritation. It made me somewhat smug to know that Alec and Kade were making life difficult for Marcus. "They are rather resourceful, and clearly have allied themselves with both Alpha Isaiah and Luna Mera. Not to matter, their plans are unimportant. It's what I have to offer you. Think of it as incentive to behave. Rather than k\*\*\*\*\*g your twins, I will allow you to keep them."

Anger flooded through me, red-hot as it surged beneath my skin. I felt the overwhelming temptation to use my magic wash over me, only suppressed because Ariana sat in the room. She narrowed her eyes at my rage, but did not use her magic to incapacitate me.

“You’ll allow me to keep my mates?” I repeated, my hands trembling as I laced my every word with venom and poison. “You will never have my support, Marcus. It does not matter who you take, or who you k\*\*l So long as I am alive, I will fight against you.”

“For now, Aurora. You will fight, for now.” His reply was smooth and confident. His hands splayed out on the table as he smirked down at me. “Believe me, I will catch them. Just like I caught you, and the countless others before.”

Before I could answer a dull vibration ran through the room. Marcus pulled a phone from his pocket, glancing down at the text for just two seconds. A full smile broke out on his face. Given his movie star looks, the sight should have been dazzling, but his eyes were lifeless pools shoved into the hollows of his face.

“Well, what a coincidence. They’ve just attacked again.” He mused, glancing at me briefly before turning to Zayne. “Take Ariana and escort Aurora back to her room. Do try not to ruin things from the short walk between here and there.”

“He won’t keep them alive for long. Especially since you refuse to cooperate. I’m going to ask if he’ll let me have the big one.” Ariana purred, a sultry grin forming on her face.

“When we win this war, and Marcus is d\*\*d, I won’t have to ask if I can have you.” I snarled, wishing desperately that I could hurl my rage and frustration at her.

**Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 115**

As soon as the words left my lips, she dug her fingers into my arm, the icy claws of her magic latching onto me instantly. Cold flooded my senses, burning and aching as it sapped what little strength I had.

“Ariana, do I need to inform you that you are violating a direct order?” Zayne drawled in a bored, yet professional tone.

His piercing blue eyes bore holes into her face, but conveyed not an ounce of concern for my well-being. Part of me was terrified that this wasn't just good acting, that the indifference in his eyes was placed there, built from years of practice.

After a few long seconds, Ariana released me.

I had just a few seconds to wonder if her abilities affected all white wolves the same way, before my legs gave out and I fell to the floor. My head was swimming, a steady drum beat as it throbbed miserably.

“Don't play boss, Zayne. It certainly doesn't suit you.” Ariana snickered, sending me a dark look that made me bite back a wicked snarl. Her voice was cruel and self-satisfied. “Besides, I'm a higher rank than you. The Alpha's son.”

I fought to keep conscious, taking deep breaths whilst listening to the two of them argue. Slowly, the spots faded from my eyes, and I was able to pay more attention to the two of them.

It was becoming more and more clear that the only people Ariana seemed to tolerate were the Hound, and Marcus. Well, I'd say she more than tolerated Marcus, considering how she followed him around; the Assassin to a King.

Even without the feel of her emotions across my skin, I could see the loathing and jealousy written across her face as she glared at Zayne.

“Yes, Ariana. You are his favorite pet.” Zayne stepped forwards, towering over her. She didn’t balk, but I could see the hot coals of rage in her eyes ignite, even if she couldn’t act on those murderous impulses. Zayne’s voice was smooth and emotionless, “But there is one thing we both know; you do not defy a direct order. It doesn’t matter who you are, your screams will sound the same when you’re punished.”

“You wouldn’t f\*\*\*\*\*g dare.” She hissed, and I swore I could hear her jaw clicking as she clenched it tightly.

“He’s already furious about your...little accident. What do you think he’d do if he found out? Mm, not so tough when you can’t use your magic on a normal wolf.” Zayne’s voice grew low, and he cocked his head to the side as he stared her down. “Oh, don’t look so sullen. Now we’ve both got something on each other.”

I wasn’t sure, but I swore I saw just a flicker of relief in her eyes. I couldn’t help but look at Zayne, and wonder if this was how he had to act all of the time.

Blackmailing each other, constantly at one another’s throats just to survive—to climb up the food chain, knowing that you’ll never be safe, not entirely. Not when Marcus Novak sits above you, each day deciding whether or not you deserve to live. Disappointment and mistakes could sway that choice, two things both humans and werewolves were prone to.

Imperfections; Marcus couldn’t handle imperfections.

I now understood that hardened wall around Zayne’s emotions, constructed to keep him from feeling too deeply. I couldn’t fathom having that kind of restraint, to hold back each tidal wave before it blasted the shore and soaked the sand.

I wondered how many times those waves barreled him down as a child, how many times he had nearly d\*\*\*\*\*d in his emotions before he finally realized, he was so much better off without them.

“Let’s escort her back to her cell, and be done with the unpleasantness.” Zayne said smoothly, even though there was definitely a ‘for now’, in that statement.

Ariana went silent for a few seconds, her eyes glazing over before she snapped back into reality. The conversation between her and Marcus must’ve been a total of three seconds long, but it was enough to have her glowering down at me.

“Alpha wants me to join the fight. Her little twins are starting fires now. How charming.” She flashed me a grin that was all teeth, like a shark stalking a small fish. I felt a chill work its way down my spine as she continued, “I’ll have to drain you again, just to the point of unconsciousness. Just to keep you weak. Not to worry though, I’ll make it extra painful for you. Now, get the fuckup.”

I was still on the floor staring up at her flaming eyes and silky hair. Even though I already felt like c\*\*p, frustration managed to keep me strong. She was going to hurt me anyway, and enjoy every second. What I wasn’t going to do, was roll over and take it like a dog. I wouldn’t submit the way she had to Marcus.

“Maybe you should have waited to drain me once I was back in my cell.” I answered stiffly. My stare was latched onto hers, so much so that I could see the amber hues in her eyes.

As I knew she would, because Ariana was becoming just a tad predictable, she dug her fingernails into my arm and hauled me up.

Pain coursed through my arm like tiny daggers, but it was nothing compared to the feel of her actively draining me. Thankfully she wasn't at the moment, but each step towards my cell acted as the countdown clock.

"I'll drag you, and it won't be by your arm." She warned, and I knew she was telling the truth.

I stumbled on my two feet, tripping and using the wall to keep myself upright as she stormed down the hall and back to my padded cell. Zayne followed behind, still leaving me confused as to whether or not he gave a c\*\*p about anything.

"Goodnight, Aurora." Ariana grinned, and the smile would have been sweet if it weren't for the cruelty in her eyes. I was shoved onto the bed, feeling the sickeningly plush blankets beneath my fingers. The soft touch of fabric was followed by cold skin, and sharp pain. "Hopefully by the time you wake, I'll have your twins in chains."

Darkness engulfed me, but it only seemed to linger for a few moments. Long enough to dull the pain creeping across my body, making it a pulsing ache. I opened my eyes, which watered instantly against the artificial light and lack of windows.

My vision doubled, and then tripled, showing multiples of Zayne as he stood at the foot of the bed. Once my head was finished swimming, I let out an incoherent groan.

"Yeah, I get it. You feel like s\*\*t." He said indignantly, coming around to the side of the bed. I let out a sound of protest as his hand wrapped around my wrist, more than uncomfortable from the feel of his icy skin. He scoffed under his breath and tugged, "Come on, Aurora. Get the h\*\*l up."

“What?” I snapped, turning my head enough to glare at him.

Something soft and sweet was shoved in my face, making me recoil halfway across the bed. When I brought a hand to my mouth, I frowned at the sweet tasting frosting that coated my fingers.

“Your sugar is low, and you haven’t eaten in four days.” Zayne pointed out, his voice flat and impatient. “Marcus means to starve you until you comply, which would be any day now considering he’s also not letting you feed from any souls.”

I had no time to contemplate the chances of being p\*\*\*\*\*d, because at the taste of the disgustingly sweet food, it snarled and howled for more. I finished off the contents of the cake, gulping down a glass of water to get the sweetness from my tastebuds.

“The cameras are on a loop. It was a one-time favor from a friend in security, so we’re on borrowed time.” He scowled.

“What about the fight? Are Alec and Kade alright? Ariana isn’t here, is she?”

“The fight is still ongoing. Ariana joined in twenty-three minutes ago, and as far as I know, the twins are safe.” He said in a rush, glancing towards the closed door.

“Are you here to help me, Zayne?” I asked after a few seconds of silence, still too drained to even think about searching for his emotions.

“I’m here to do what I can, like I promised.” There was a hint of pain in his voice, just a sliver of vulnerability that made my heart drop. His voice was still smooth, though it was much darker now. “He found out about



Tori, through blood and magic, he found out. He's threatening to hurt her and her family, and it's my indifference to you that spares her."

"So, you can't get me out of here." I whispered, fearful but far from defeated. I felt the cool metal of the charm bracelet around my wrist, and knew I needed to take a leap. I held it up, letting Zayne get a good look at it. "This was a gift from a friend. It sent out my location to the twin's yesterday. They'll be here any day now, and when they get here, they're going to need a way in."

It wasn't a position I wanted to put him in, but this was about finishing what I had started, tending the flame that had erupted into a full-scale bonfire.

"Smart." He snorted, smiling in a way that made my stomach feel sour. "He left that on you because he assumed it was a gift from your mates. Figured it would motivate you to behave."

Zayne was at a cross roads. He could remain inactive to protect Tori, but she would forever be hunted, because she would never leave my side. It was her loyalty I was sure of, and that was how I knew Zayne would help. Even without the use of my magic, I could feel that something had changed. At some point, whether he knew it or not, he had accepted the bond between them.

"Be prepared. I won't be able to give you a heads up." Was all he said, eyes grim and jaw clenched. He was silent for so long that I thought he might just turn and leave. His eyes flickered towards the door as he asked, "Can you use your abilities subtly? Without the victim knowing of it?"

I was long past flinching at the mention of my powers, and nodded in response.

“Then it’s a good thing there are three guards stationed outside of your cell.” He replied with a twitch of his lips, taking away some of that rigidity from his jaw. In two large strides, he stood at the metal door. “Be sure to look sickly once Ariana comes back, or she’ll use her magic on you again, and it does look rather painful.”

“A\*\*\*\*\*e.” I muttered, slumping back onto the bed as Zayne pounded on the door twice.

It swung open with a thud, revealing one of the meatheads guarding my cell. When the door clattered shut, I slowly moved from the bed. Rather than leaning against the door, which clearly had some percentage of silver within the metal, I opted for the wall.

I assumed Zayne wouldn’t have mentioned feeding off of the guards if the walls had silver within them as well, so I decided to take my chances. If it didn’t work—well, I’d just have a migraine for a few hours.

I slumped to the floor, my back against the wall as I closed my eyes and let the sounds trickle in from around me. I couldn’t hear far, thanks to the reinforced walls and door, but I could hear the muffled chatting from the guards.

It took some time and concentration to feel the flicker of light within their bodies, but slowly they raised to attention. All of my instincts said to take what I need, to tear it from them for the damage they had a hand in. I knew exactly what that would result in, a long trip from Ariana.

Instead, I fought against my instincts. Instead of sinking my fingers in deep, I trailed along the surface. Even though the power I received was minimal, it was like a breath of fresh air that cooled my lungs and soothed my muscles.

My shoulders slumped, and I let my head fall back against the wall as pain and agony seeped from my bones, replaced with just a small trickle of warmth. I stayed that way for what felt like nearly an hour, slowly sapping the strength from my guards.

I stood from the floor, unable to risk taking anything more without them noticing. Eventually they'd grow tired, and if I took too much—d\*\*\*h would certainly follow. My legs no longer felt like jelly, and the soreness had mostly faded.

When I heard their voices sputter out, along with a creeping coldness, I knew I had stopped just in time. I began to hear the sound of the locks being unlatched, one at a time.

The room was small enough that I made it to the bed before Ariana strolled in. There was no point in throwing back the blankets, I hadn't bothered when I passed out the first time. I laid on my stomach, my hair a knotted mess and my face buried in the pillows.

Her footsteps were soft, calculated as she headed directly for where I laid. I heard her scoff of disgust, followed by the distinct feeling of a combat boot against the side of my head. She nudged me hard enough to make me wince, and I didn't hold back the half-conscious snarl that left my lips.

"I must've taken a lot out of you." She snickered softly, her voice just inches away from my head. I didn't stiffen, but I also made no move to indicate that I had heard her. Still, she felt the need to continue. "Or maybe you're just not as strong as everyone thinks you are. It's pathetic really. Lucky for me, I'm your kryptonite."

Ariana didn't linger for long, giving me one last nudge with her boot before leaving the room, whistling a jolly tune that made me want to leap from the bed.

I made it a point not to hate—the emotion itself was similar to toxic waste. But Ariana, she was the closest I had come to feeling that emotion for myself. The beauty in her scowls, the cruelty that seemed so odd on such a young face. You would expect a monster to look the part, but no—they were often the most beautiful of creatures.

I didn't move from my spot, feeling the camera's steel cold eyes on my back as I moved with each deep, slumbering breath. I stayed there until sleep finally did claim me.

I woke again to the feel of a boot on my face. This time when my eyes snapped open, I glared up at Ariana with bared teeth. Her thick, obsidian braid dangled in my face, the tips brushing against my nose.

“Time to wake up.” She snarled, realizing I was focusing solely on the large eyepatch that took up nearly one fourth of her face.

I let out a raspy yelp when her fingers tangled in my hair, pulling me up and into a sitting position. Pain washed over my scalp and I could feel the individual hairs being torn from my head. I scrambled to follow where she led, and only when I was sitting on the floor, did she remove her claws from my head.

I snarled up at her, whipping my head to glare at Marcus where he stood against the far wall.

He had changed his suit, opting for one that was charcoal in color. His tie was a pale shade of blue, identical to his and Zayne's eyes. By all

accounts, he was a handsome man, but once you saw the monster that hid within his gaze, it was something you wouldn't forget.

"I haven't seen Ariana hate someone this much before." He stated, eyeing the two of us like experiments, rather than actual people. "You two will have to remain civil once we start working together."

Through the sandstorm of fury, I had a thought. It was petty, rising from the depths of my mind, directed at the woman I had come to very nearly hate.

"If I were to join you, would I outrank Ariana?"

It was a stupid question, but it was one I knew would p\*\*s Ariana off. Marcus would tell the truth, because why would he care what Ariana or I thought?

"If that's what you wanted, then yes." He lifted an eyebrow, but then shrugged indifferently. "I would name you my second in command. Under supervision, of course."

The rage and flicker of fear on her face filled me with more warmth than any soul could. Any guilt I felt was squashed by the fact that she willingly chose to work for Marcus. That meant she could suffer the consequences when he treated her like his other minions—expendable.

"Of course." I grinned sardonically; my eyes latched on Ariana's reddened face.

"As you've stated many times though, you will not willingly join us. Really, I hoped your sense of self-preservation would lend some wisdom, but clearly I was mistaken." Marcus sighed, the disappointed parent. How I could have lived up to my potential, the ultimate weapon. I

bristled as he continued, but kept unnaturally still in case Ariana wanted to make a grab for me. Marcus frowned down at me, but there was no sympathy or regret in his eyes. Only the unnerving determination to do whatever needed to be done. Whatever propelled him closer to his goal. “Your twins have retreated, revealing themselves for the cowards that they are. I now realize that in order to inspire your loyalty, I will have to break your spirit. You will come with us to your pack, and when your people are broken and d\*\*\*g, your surrender will smother the last of their hope. Sleep while you can, Aurora. I want you awake for the following events.”

Ariana tapped on her wrist, a clock ticking down—it’s hands invisible to the eye, but still time continued. And soon, soon it would run out.

There was nothing for me to do once Marcus and Ariana left, taking the smoldering fumes of my hatred and fury along with them. I curled up on the bed, hating the way the blankets felt against my skin, how they smelled of laundry detergent and dryer sheets. They weren’t the ones the twin’s used, the ones that smelled both masculine and earthy.

My thoughts and worried meshed into one, coagulating into a nightmare that seemed to have no beginning or end.

I was running through the blood-soaked streets conjured up by my subconsciousness, evading Marcus’s claws as they came down from the sky, when a loud siren sounded. It blasted through my dream, one loud whoop after another. His hands gripped my shoulders, nails digging into flesh as he tore and tore...

My eyes snapped open, the sound of Marcus’s laugh ringing in my ears as the hazy images of my dream faded from behind my eyes. Those hands, they were still on my shoulders, but their fingers were no longer

digging into me. There was no pain, just the soothing clash of sparks as they danced across my skin.

## Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 116

I stared at them for what felt like hours, even though all we had were seconds together.

Onyx eyes filled with worry, voices thick and raspy with emotion. Neither looked sickly or sleep deprived. If anything, they looked...bigger? There wasn't the time to sit and analyze what had changed but I swore their muscles seemed more defined, hardened like the blood thirsty determination in their eyes.

Once I was positive I wasn't hallucinating from the disgusting cake Zayne had given me, my eyes flitted across the small room.

Tori and Zayne stood against the wall, a quiet and rushed conversation between the two. Zayne's eyebrows were gnashed together, and the sight of some kind of emotion on his face made my chest flutter.

Those three seconds were all the twins could give me before I was pulled from the bed and into two sets of arms. Neither one squeezed too hard, but held me to their chests in an iron clad grip that no white wolf could break.

Three heartbeats, all identical in sound as they overlapped one another. There were tears burning behind my eyes, but they wouldn't dare to fall. Even they knew that there was so much more to be done, that we weren't out of this yet.

"F\*\*k, doll—" Alec's voice was unusually raspy, eyes scanning my face as his forehead rested against my own. I watched his throat work to form the words that refused to pass his lips.

Even Kade, who held back the turmoil of emotions in his eyes with everything he had, could do nothing more than hold me close and pray they'd forget the last few days.

Their touch finally unraveled that knot of terror that had been festering in my stomach, reminding me that I might very well d\*e here. Nearly an entire second had passed before I felt the absence of their touch.

“Where is Marcus?” I asked Zayne, who had just finished his conversation with Tori.

I locked eyes with her, feeling her relief and determination, though there was a certain smugness when her eyes flickered towards Zayne.

“Him and his inner circle retreat in times like this. His life is far too important to be wasted on a godforsaken battlefield.” Zayne said sardonically.

I had the strong feeling his words were a direct quote, something he had heard Marcus say a time or two. Before I could reply, his eyes glazed over; a tell-tale sign that a mind-link was currently taking place.

Three seconds was how long it took, and with each one, Zayne's eyebrows crept higher. When the film had lifted from his eyes, he blinked a few times in surprise.

“Looks like an official order has been issued. I've been demoted from the Alpha's son, to k\*\*\*\*d on sight. How lovely, this better have been worth it.” He grunted, giving me a long look before stalking towards the badly bent, metal door.

His sour words couldn't reach me, not when his eyes were bright and full of life, his cheeks tinged pink with blood.



I didn't miss the three guards on the floor, or the blood that coated their clothes and sat in a crimson pool around their bodies.

"We need to leave before more guards come." Kade's voice cut through my thoughts, sharp enough to gain my attention. I felt him thread his fingers through my own, and lead me towards the door. "The team we've put together took out the ones in the eastern wing of the mansion, but more are on their way."

"Wait, the mansion?"

"You didn't tell her?" Kade grunted, an eyebrow lifting at Zayne.

We emerged from my padded cell, stepping over the broken and mangled bodies of the guards. The hallway we were in was small and narrow, but as we turned a corner, it opened up into a wide corridor.

Fancy paintings were hung on the walls, their frames thick and weighing probably hundreds of pounds. The men in the paintings were all grey haired, pale eyed, and strong jawed. Most of them happened to have that identical hint of cruelty in their eyes.

Every fifteen to twenty feet, a guard dressed in dark clothing lay d\*\*d on the floor.

"I didn't exactly have the time. I was too busy single handedly ensuring the success of this d\*\*n uprising." He snapped, but the snarky tone fell flat when all of our attention was captured.

Ariana stood at the end of the end of the hall, her dark clothing and eyepatch the first thing I noticed. Her thick braid hung down her shoulder, and the eye I could see, glittered murderously.

“Poor little traitorous Zayne.” Ariana cooed, blood red lips twitching as her eyes flitted to Tori. Anyone could read the tension between Tori and Zayne, along with the way they stood close yet apart. A grin cracked across her face, “You brought your little mate to come play. When each one of you are locked up in chains, I’ll give the redhead to the Hound and take your twins for myself.”

Alec let out a deafening snarl that echoed down the corridor. He took a step in front of me, blocking me from Ariana. Kade stiffened instantly, his skin growing warm as he fought the urge to shift. His nails and teeth were elongating, growing as his rage increased. The fuses were lit, already shortened from nearly an entire week without one another. I knew that within seconds, everything would implode.

I had a sneaking suspicion that if I were able to feel Ariana’s emotions, it would be the exact opposite of Zayne’s. I had a theory that she felt everything, but it was the wrong wolf she chose to feed; giving into cruelty and rage in order to progress in life.

Kade halted in his tracks when I let out a loud laugh, a smirk on my face as I stared into the furious eyes of Ariana. I knew what she was up to, what she was doing here in this hallway. Even better, she knew that I knew.

Oh, she hated me. More than she hated Zayne, which seemed immeasurable at the time. I could see it in the way she clasped her blade, eyes darting between Alec and Kade as she contemplated making her move.

I could pin point the moment she realized attacking us would end in her d\*\*\*h. Sure, she might manage to wipe one of us out. Perhaps, even two. But there were more of us, and it was clear her backup wouldn’t arrive on time.

Her fingers flexed, and she let go of the knife that sat in the leather strap around her t\*\*\*h. Her eyes still glittered angrily, and even without my magic, her lust for blood was intoxicating.

“A pawn till the end.” I scolded her, shaking my head in mock disappointment. Her own eyes narrowed as she read the promise in my own. Through h\*\*l or high water, we would meet again, and I’d be the one to take her life. “Until next time, Ariana.”

We darted down the hall, and I could feel both of the twin’s reluctance as they followed. Their curious gazes were dark, feeling the hatred I held for Ariana. Both of them knew she had done something to evoke these dark emotions from me, promises of d\*\*\*h and revenge.

Zayne led us down another two halls, into a small room that led to a private staircase. It was one servants and maids used, to remain unseen as they traveled throughout the massive house. The staircase spiraled once as we went down. As we reached the bottom, the fresh smell of clean laundry hit my nose. I could hear the whirr and hum of laundry machines going, and saw sheets and different articles of clothing hung up to dry. The room was entirely empty, free of any servants or lingering staff. There was a single door against the left-hand wall, and two on the right. Zayne led us to the left, wrenching open the door to reveal sunlight and warmth.

I had been wondering why I hadn’t seen any guards, hadn’t heard any commotion until we emerged outside.

The mansion looked more like an office building than someone’s home, which is what I should have expected for a man like Marcus.

The sight of it screamed government building, with its eggshell-colored pillars and arched doorways. The six hundred cameras attached to every

wall and corner were also further proof that Marcus's time needed to come to an end.

We had exited through some kind of side door, which had a very clear employee's only sign. What made me speechless were the buildings surrounding us.

Banks and restaurants, shopping plazas and hotels. Signs advertising the newest vehicle or designer purse were erected outside of shops.

The entire sight, including the widened sidewalks and iron fence surrounding the property, reminded me of Washington D.C.

However, the only thing different than the home of the human President, was that there was currently a full-scale war on the streets and sidewalks.

Wolves of various colors fought to the d\*\*\*h, their snarls ringing out as the scent of blood filled the air. Nearly a third were white wolves, but it was difficult to discern the abilities of each one. Some were in their human forms, using magic I had never seen before.

The five of us had our eyes peeled, nearly barreled down by a white wolf as it leaped over our heads.

We had been outside for almost three minutes, darting across the pristine lawn of Marcus's mansion to the street where carnage and d\*\*\*h ran rampant.

"He kept me in his house." I scoffed, shouting over the noise. "All this time I thought I was in some underground dungeon."

"He never thought his disappointment of a son would actually turn against him." Zayne snorted, "He thought is secure mansion would be safe, and that Ariana would keep you at bay."

Before we could do anything, go anywhere—there was a gentle vibration that rippled across the ground. It was quiet, a dull hum before raising in volume. Within seconds, my eyes widened and h\*\*\*\*r stole my breath.

The sound was thunderous, thousands of feet trampling against the earth, snarls and howls rippling through the air as the surrounding forest and street erupted with wolves.

There were so many—they crowded the streets, leaped atop of cars and even some one -story buildings. Their howls coalesced into one, loud call. A warning to stop the fight, to lay down our metaphorical weapons.

The fight around us stopped, and I couldn't tell who belonged on which side. All I saw were werewolves, of all shades and colors—there were no discernable sides because we were all the same species.

Fear swirled within all of our emotions, because Marcus's backup had finally arrived. With them, they brought a torrent of wolves, the colors a blur among the masses.

Hundreds of eyes turned on us, on where we stood in the center of the street. We had been invisible to most when the battle had been raging, but now—we were surrounded.

I hadn't realized I'd been gripping onto Alec's t-shirt for dear life, while also digging my fingers into Kade's arm. I peered up at the two of them, who were looking down at me with reverence—like they were committing the sight of me to memory.

I looked towards Tori and Zayne, an apology burning in my eyes during these last moments of our lives, but neither were looking my way.

Both held each other's eyes, and I couldn't mistake the fear that was written on Zayne's face. It was clear in his crystal eyes, in his downcast lips and clenched jaw. I wasn't sure, but I swore that when the two of them turned their eyes to the mass of werewolves, their fingers were woven together.

We waited—waited for the triumphant face of Marcus Novak to stroll out from the masses, from the werewolves that covered every inch of street, sidewalk, and parking lot. They even littered the grass of Marcus's mansion, passing the grounds in front of the iron fence.

The crowd began to part, werewolves standing and moving out of the way, but it wasn't Marcus's smile that shined like a beacon, here to save us from our own destruction.

“It seems even D\*\*\*h herself is against dear old Marcus.” Jaspar Fox's joyous voice rang throughout the crowd of werewolves, shattering the ice that had rooted me frozen in place.

## **Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 117**

“It is within all of your best interests to stand down.” Jaspar Fox's voice rang throughout the crowd, strong and very much alive. The wolves he had brought with him twitched their tails in irritation, we were evenly matched now. I could see shimmering eyes deep within the forest, watching and waiting from the outside. “Defy your Alpha and take your own life into your hands, because soon Marcus Novak will be d\*\*d.”

Jaspar looked towards me and somehow, I was able to decipher the words within his pale colored eyes. He was asking me a question, a simple yes or no. It took only a few seconds, reaching out with my magic before I had the answer.

Disappointment and acceptance flashed in his eyes as I shook my head ‘no’.

Many of the warriors here were loyal to Marcus, and radiated waves of hostility as they barely managed to keep themselves still. I could feel that so many of them were desperate for a way out, but the fear that stole their breath smothered any hope that might have flickered to life.

My warning gave all of us a head start before a sand-colored wolf on Jasper’s flank lunged for his throat, the sudden outpour of sound was violent symphony in the background.

A second wolf, eyes the color of earth and fur the color of snow moved with incredible speed, hurling itself at the enemy. They collided in a see of gnashing teeth and snarls, but my attention was torn away before I could see who the victor had been.

“Can you get her to Marcus?” Jasper questioned, gripping Zayne by the bicep in what I assumed was a greeting.

“He has bunkers all over the country, but he’d want to stay close.” Zayne said, piercing eyes narrowing as he paused for a moment. His eyes flickered up to mine, surprisingly calm considering he was sentencing his father to d\*\*\*h. “I know where he is.”

“Lead the way.” I swallowed, nerves settling in my stomach.

I noticed his eyes weren’t on me but focused somewhere behind my head. Whirling around, I expected to see the towering form of a snarling wolf. What I noticed were the twin’s, thick onyx fur and blood-stained teeth as they fought to protect the three of us.

A flash of red sat just a few feet away from the twin’s, right where Zayne happened to be standing.

Tori's crimson wolf leaped through the air; muzzle coated in blood as she sunk her teeth into the throat of an enemy. Despite her lean form, she thrashed back and forth, tearing the flesh of the wolf before letting its body fall to the ground.

My own eyebrows crept higher at the look on Zayne's face, an expression I wasn't sure he had ever made before. He watched Tori with surprise brimming in his eyes, the realization that he had underestimated her—that he didn't truly know her.

Part of me wanted to think that even if he didn't accept the bond, he was beginning to realize that Tori was his Luna.

"Where can I find him, Zayne?" I asked, pulling him back into the present as I read the clear reluctance in his eyes. "Tell me, and I'll take the twins."

I kept my eyes trained on his face, knowing he'd surely shut down if I even mentioned Tori's presence.

"From behind the mansion, it's a three-mile run to my mother's old estate. You'll lose their scent at the river, but you must keep going. Marcus, and his inner circle are in an underground bunker, in the basement. You won't pick up his scent again until you're inside." His eyes met mine, emotionless and unwavering. Poise and perfection amidst the b\*\*\*\*y and brutal backdrop. "They're going to know you're coming, and they won't be alone. Ariana, the Hound and Chaos will be there."

"Ariana is the only one who poses a threat to me. Once she is out of the picture, the rest of them will fall." I said a bit darker than I intended, rage clouding my vision for those fleeting seconds.



“Do the world a favor, don’t lose yourself trying to k\*\*l Marcus.” Zayne grunted, unreadable eyes of crystal blue flickering down to my own. “There’s no one alive to stop you if you go dark.”

With that heart-felt farewell, Zayne flexed his fingers and squared his shoulders, taking long strides forwards before shifting into a slate grey wolf.

His form was as large as the twin’s, nearing the size of a bear. There was an elegance to the way he walked, holding his head high. As I watched him bound into the thickest part of the fight, where Tori’s fiery wolf currently resided, I wondered what type of Alpha Zayne might turn out to be.

“A\*\*\*\*\*e.” I muttered.

“Consider it a compliment. That’s more concern than he’s shown in years.” Jaspar smirked, his eyes holding the answers to the dozens of questions swimming in my head. “I’ll be sending a few warriors to keep Marcus’s guys off your tail. Keep your guys from k\*\*\*\*\*g them for me.”

I let my thoughts mesh with Alec and Kade’s, both of which were charging through battle as though they had been born to it.

Neither were white wolves, but their aura of dominance and ferocity made me want to run in the opposite direction. They seemed larger than most of the wolves, their teeth longer and sharper. That alone made them frightening.

I gave both a hasty recap of what Zayne had said, and the plan that was now set in place. Both took a few seconds to finish off their prey, tossing limp, fur covered bodies to the side.

‘You two in?’ I asked, breathless even though I had yet to join the fight.

‘Of course, doll.’ Alec’s voice was rough, raspy from battle and the thrum of adrenaline. You’re not leaving our side for the foreseeable future.’

Alec and Kade paved the way, demolishing any wolf who stood against us. I sprinted along side of them, my lungs burning as cool air whipped across my cheeks. Even though my limbs burned from the lack of exercise, my thundering heart was soaring.

I slid off the t-shirt I wore and tied it around my ankle, knowing sooner or later I would have to shift back. I took deep breaths, savoring the moisture and scent of nature in the air. There were no more cement walls and artificial light, the floral scent of laundry detergent and the grating voice of Marcus Novak. I could feel the twin’s emotions as if they were my own and reveled in the feeling of freedom that sent me propelling forwards.

At some point Kade had warned me that going too long without shifting would hurt. As my bones cracked and pulled apart, I realized how right he had been. Pain was short-lived in comparison to what was to come, the knowledge that I was on my way to end a life. What shocked me even further was the lack of regret, and the pure determination that this was what needed to be done. I wasn’t sure where the confidence had come from, but I knew that when the time came, I wouldn’t hesitate.

‘Don’t k\*\*l the wolves following us. Not unless they a\*\*\*\*k.’ I warned the twin’s, wedged between the two of them as we sprinted through the forest, and around the side of the mansion. ‘Jaspar sent us some help.’

On the left side of the building was a large parking lot, likely for employee’s and servants. We had chosen the right side, which was dense

forest that wrapped around the back and stretched farther than I could see.

‘Ariana has to go first.’ I told the two of them, ‘She can keep me from using my magic, but if she gets her hands on me—’

I repressed a shudder, that ice cold sensation dripping down the back of my spine. Both of my mates could see and feel the memory of her touch, seared into my skin.

Their determination turned just a tad more bloodthirsty.

‘Chaos won’t be a problem.’ Alec snickered; his voice still held that playful edge. ‘He’s already d\*\*d.’

I almost stopped in my tracks and huffed when Alec nipped at my heels to steady me. Surprise pulsed through me, and just a hint of perverse joy as I remembered how he had turned my mates against one another.

‘How did it happen?’ I asked, hearing Kade snicker as he felt my smugness. ‘Did you k\*\*l him?’

Unfortunately, no. Kade held that honor.’ Alec grunted, truly disappointed. “As for how it happened—”

‘Chaos gets distracted easily.’ Kade finished Alec’s sentence, his voice darkness wrapped in silk, the anger in his words barely contained.

It was why he hadn’t spoke yet, why he hadn’t expressed the turmoil that was surely going on inside of him. Kade handled his emotions through brute strength, physical exertion, and good old-fashioned revenge.

The wolves Jaspar had sent to protect us did their jobs, taking down any that noticed our presence. We followed the fading trail of Marcus's scent as we approached the river, unable to detect it any further.

The three of us skidded to a stop as we came upon the pitiful remains of what was once a beautiful estate. A wrought iron fence spanned the property, its gate was covered in stray vines, with little red flowers growing in small clusters. Its slow and steady creek sounded unbearably loud as I wrenched it open wide enough for us to slip through.

I kept a hand on Alec and Kade, letting my fingers sink into their thick fur. The t-shirt I wore wasn't the most comfortable thing to wear into battle, but it covered everything important as it reached nearly to my knees.

A cracked and faded sign read 'Novak Estate', welded onto the iron gate. Crumbling pillars sat on either side of what must've once been a paved driveway. There wasn't much asphalt left, mostly weeds and clumps of dry dirt. The entire place held an underlying tone of sadness, a loneliness that permeated the earth and stained the air.

Enough remained of the estate's structure that I could tell it was beautiful in its prime. Large windows that were shattered and had crumbled, were placed to let in copious amounts of sunlight. Twin balconies with ornate railings sat on the left and right side, somehow still standing despite all the other structural issues.

We entered through where the front door must have been. That part of the house had eroded, taking behind a good portion of the ceiling. The basement doors, which were wide enough to fit both twins', were through the kitchen and into a small servant's quarters. From the looks of it, this place was meant to be an intimate and private home. Much warmer than Marcus's office-like mansion.

As we left the sunlight behind for more confined spaces and artificial light, I could see why no one would dare search this far. The air felt heavier, as if I could still taste whatever tragedy had occurred here.

The walls were of smooth cement, and every ten feet hung a small dome light from the ceiling. It left just a few inches of darkness between each light. Within that darkness, I watched a familiar eye open. Hazel with hues of moss and gold, ruined by the cruelty that shined within them.

“You talked a big game earlier, Aurora.” Ariana cooed sweetly, grinning at the twins and I. “But you’re going to d\*e here, like a pathetic nobody, in some d\*\*d woman’s house. While the meat is rotting off your bones; I’ll be up there, ruling the f\*\*\*\*\*g world.”

“You won’t be ruling anything, Marcus will.” I answered reflexively, a flicker of rage igniting in my gut when her smile widened.

“You’ll never make it to him, you know.” She snickered, turning on her heel as she sprinted off into the shadows.

It was clear she was leading us into a trap, but there was no other choice. The hallway twisted and turned, but never once branched off. It was a one way shot to the bunker, and there was no avoiding the fight that was brewing.

I sprinted around the corner after the twin’s when I heard Ariana shout, “I had to convince him you weren’t worth keeping. Too rabid and uncontrollable, there’s no other choice but to put you down. I didn’t even have to convince him to k\*\*l Zayne. No, he set those plans in motion himself.”

My breath halted for a moment, thoughts flitting back to Zayne and Tori, both of which were neck-deep in the fight. A wave of panic threatened to

overtake me at the thought of Tori losing her mate, but I swallowed the emotion for the time being. There was nothing I could do from here, but I could focus on k\*\*\*\*\*g Marcus. That might save us all.

The hallway opened into a large, circular room. At the very end was a metal door, much like what I would expect a safe room to have. A guard stood on either side, and next to Ariana stood the Hound.

The scent of wet earth and mildew mixed with his body odor, filling the room with the scent of rot, and sweat.

“That’s right, breathe it in. This is where you’re going to d\*e. In this filthy hovel, like a mutt.” Ariana chuckled sharply, noticing the way my nose wrinkled at the smell.

With each insult she hurled my way, Kade’s rage ratcheted higher. His vision quickly became tinged in shades of red before a deafening snarl left his mouth, and his muscular form lunged for her throat.

## **Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 118**

Kade’s rage became him, heating his blood until it boiled as it pumped throughout his form. The violent emotion overtook him completely, giving his increased strength a savage edge.

Alec’s head was a different story, the same book but in another format. He could see and breathe through his rage, using it to propel not himself, but his thoughts forward. Strategies and plans flitted through his head, disorienting and at rapid-fire. Many of them looked like football plays, marking where Ariana, the Hound, and the two guards stood.

I tried not to give into the sinking feeling that overtook me, when even Alec couldn’t produce a plan of action. We were outnumbered, exceptionally considering I couldn’t use my magic while Ariana was in

the room, and my combat training was strictly lodged in the beginner stage.

Still, I hadn't come this far by giving up. Through pain and blood, I'd give everything I had. With my mates at my side, both identical and different in every way, the very idea of failure became an impossibility.

Ariana hadn't been appointed Marcus Novak's personal assassin for her doll-like smile and charming personality. Like a poisonous flower with curling petals, her beauty was just another distraction before the k\*\*l.

She stepped to the side just as Kade's teeth glided past her neck, snapping down on where she had previously stood. His claws scraped across the rough cement floor as he slid to a stop.

Her eyes hadn't even left my face, her smile never once wavered.

A reckless, poorly thought-out plan of my own flitted through my head. I closed my thoughts off from the twin's, knowing both would do whatever possible to keep me from acting it out.

'Take out the guards and the Hound.' I told them both through mind-link, ignoring the incredulous look Alec was giving me. 'I'll take down Ariana.'

Kade heeded my command as though it were law, letting out an ear-piercing snarl as he dove into one of the guards. The Hound was next to shift, smelling even stronger in wolf form. The scent of his body odor mixed with that of a d\*\*\*y, blood covered animal.

I sprinted towards Ariana, giving Alec no time to stop me. The second guard was charging my way, hair sprouting from his face and neck as he

shifted. With a snarl aimed in my direction, Alec barreled into the guard before he had the chance to reach me.

I had to play this perfectly. It wasn't hard to feign hesitation, to let it halt my movements ever so slightly. I made a point to glance down at the knives strapped to her waist and thighs, then took a step backwards.

“Power is wasted on the weak. How you were given so much of it is beyond my understanding.” She said softly, with so much disappointment that I snarled. A sensual smile twitched onto her lips, a glittering serpent leading its prey into murky waters. She unlatched the knives from her waist and thighs, letting them clatter to the ground. With her arms spread out on either side, she took a step towards me. “I don't even need a weapon to k\*\*l you, Aurora. You can run like a coward or face me. Either way, it will be your blood that stains the ground for the next hundred years.”

Amid the snarling, my footsteps echoed loudly across the floor as I sprinted towards Ariana, and what could easily be my doom. The few lessons I had still ringing in my head. I made a wild grab for one of the knives she dropped, unfortunately choosing one that would give me little distance. One touch from her and my blood would turn cold, my strength sapped like a magical juice box.

Her lips twitched and eyes shone with satisfaction, which I hoped stemmed from how predictable my actions were.

Gripping the padded hilt of the knife until my knuckles turned white, I shifted into my best fighting stance. She shook her head once more before lunging with elongated claws.

In the back of my mind, Tori's lengthy proclamation about combat being a dance of blood of d\*\*\*h played on repeat. I had taken her seriously at



the time, but it's different when one wrong move—one mistake can send you into an early grave. Though sparring with Tori was exhausting at best, it lacked the same terror that an actual fight to the d\*\*\*h had.

It was my own reserve of strength and Thalia's hatred for Ariana that kept me from d\*\*\*h within the first five minutes.

She wasn't aiming for my throat, but for the soft flesh of my stomach. The wound would have hurt, and surely slowed me down as I bled to d\*\*\*h. I managed to sidestep in time, though not fast enough to remain untouched.

Cold, tearing pain ripped through my arm, right where her nails had broken the skin. The pain was heightened from her brief touch, turning a weeping scratch into what felt like a gaping wound.

I swung the knife as she inched forwards, hearing the metal slice through the air. The move was on the reckless side, further pushing the idea that I wasn't a trained fighter, and that my luck with stabbing her eye out had been a one off. I let fear blossom in my eyes and then stomped on it, poorly smothering it as I feigned courage.

Ariana danced backwards, eyes bright and eager. I saw her next move coming. Even if I had the knowledge to avoid it, I wouldn't have.

The plan I had, which had a high percentage of failure, wouldn't work unless we were close—as in, she had to touch me.

Her fist slammed into my stomach, tearing the breath from my lungs as her sheer strength sent me toppling backwards. The grunt that left my lips wasn't forced but helped reassure her that I was an easy k\*\*l.

As I had hoped, she surged forward and used her weight to send me falling to the ground. She straddled me, her nails digging into my

shoulders. I could feel warmth flooding my skin, soaking into the fabric of the shirt I wore. She grinned down at me, a cat growing tired of toying with its prey.

Ariana's magic wasn't subtle or gentle, there was no build up before the inevitable pain. One moment I felt the tear of my flesh from her nails and the next, bitter cold seeped into my bones and made my limbs grow numb.

Every instinct in my body told me to revolt, to fight and thrash with every ounce of energy I had left. I resisted those urges, screaming and shouting within the confines of my own head. Like metal frozen from ice and cold, my limbs all but refused to work.

Instead of fighting the connection between the two of us, I used my magic and pulled. Using my magic while she was feeding from me accelerated.

A room of six shimmering lights, like candle flame. One of the six was flickering, growing weaker and weaker until only the wick smoldered. There was a seventh light in the room. Only it was cold, dark, and without heat. It was desperate, grasping for the light with everything it had, but it was destined to remain frozen.

I pulled from those five shimmering lights, trying desperately to grasp some of that strength for my own before Ariana devoured it. I knew that Alec and Kade were among the five, but I was smothered in layers of agony that were too thick to peel back.

“What are you doing?” She hissed, her voice strained and hazel eyes wide—so wide that I could see the different shades of brown within their surfaces.

All that energy, it was having an impact on her. Not only did I pull from the twins and the warriors in the room, but I shoved it all down her throat. Instead of resisting, I gave it eagerly.

My fingers twitched, and just a speck of warmth flooded my skin. It wasn't a coat or a hat, meant to withstand the bitter frost. Instead, it was a cup of hot chocolate, fighting away the cold for just those few precious seconds.

When my fingers wrapped around the slim hilt of the blade I had picked up, I managed a warped grin of my own.

“I'm distracting you.”

The same moment, I plunged the blade up and under her ribcage, Kade's blood coated muzzle snapped down on her neck and shoulder.

For just a split second, time seemed to freeze. True surprise blossomed across her pale face; eyes blown wide with the prospect of her own d\*\*\*h. The blush on her cheeks was the same shade as the blood that poured down the jagged, open wound.

Time sped up and Kade tore her from my body, flinging her against the wall with a sickening thud. That splash of crimson seared itself into my memory, along with glossy auburn hair and blank eyes.

Kade's b\*\*\*\*y muzzle tore me from my endless stare at Ariana's corpse, her head angled so that her eyes landed on my face.

‘Sweetheart, pay attention.’ Kade's voice, though rough and hoarse, helped steady my nerves. He was trying to reign in that rage, the one that told him to k\*\*l and ravage, to destroy until nothing was left. It was his concern for me that kept his mind at bay. ‘We don't know how many are

in his inner circle. There's no telling how many wolves are going to come out.'

'We need a plan.' I cleared my throat, thankful my voice didn't break, though it was still full of disbelief.

'We already have one.' Alec's voice was soft, but also clear and determined. 'It's you, doll. You can feed from them and strengthen yourself. Focus on Marcus, and we'll handle the rest.'

Kade shifted into his human form, doing what I couldn't as he pulled Ariana's body over to the thick, steel door. He placed the palm of her b\*\*\*\*y hand against a flat sensor. A near silent click sounded, followed by the whir of gears turning.

The interior was almost predictable. A room for rich cowards who loved nothing more than watching the masses fight and d\*e in their battles. Leather couches and Persian rugs, mahogany coffee tables and even a bar area. What made it unique were the copious television screens mounted on the walls, capturing footage of the fight in town.

I took a few tentative steps forward, stopped by Alec's low growl. From where I stood just ten feet away, the room looked empty.

One second passed, and then two. A flash of silver eyes was all I saw before everything descended into chaos. Rather than slow, the adrenaline coursing through me sped things up.

A silver wolf leaped over my head; it's claws just two feet above me. I turned on my heel, my magic lashing out with desperate ferocity. It sunk into the thick hide of Marcus's wolf; another cold, d\*\*d flame.

This time I was the one distracted and had no time to react when a gunshot rang out. The sound echoed, bouncing off the walls as it tore through my eardrums. It was foreign to my ears, considering I now lived in a world of claws and teeth.

It had come from the bunker. An errant thought flitted through my mind, something about Marcus and his inner circle.

He fell to the ground, ripped backwards by an invisible tether. He twisted and writhed but was forced to stop thrashing. Eyes of blue and silver flitted up to meet my own, radiating hostility along with that infuriating confidence.

Something dark flashed behind my shoulder, falling to the ground in a mess of fading fur and pale skin. Dark glee filled Marcus's pale eyes, making my once heated blood run cold.

'Focus.' Alec's voice was a warning not to turn around, not to break my concentration from the silver wolf in front of me.

I could hear his snaps and snarls as he charged into the bunker, along with an additional three gunshots. The echo of Alec's voice followed each one, reminding me what was truly at stake.

"Shift." I snarled, my ears popping from the pressure as I pulled with my magic.

Where Ariana's magic was forged from the harsh arctic, mine held the heat and radiance of a soul.

What I felt as I fed from Marcus's soul made me stop instantly, both revolted and horrified at the stain I now felt was beneath my skin. It was utter darkness, a gaping pit that hungered for more and more, never

satiated. Even if he had beaten us and claimed me as his own, it would have never been enough.

“Shift.” I snarled, giving another harsh tug that made his hackles raise.

Silver fur retreated, limbs shifting until the b\*\*e form of Marcus Novak sat on the cement floor. The sight was jarring to see a man decorated in designer suits, lifted above the masses, sprawled out in the dirt.

If this had been the first time I ever laid eyes on Marcus Novak, I wouldn't have looked twice. A man so cold and empty inside that he was forced to chase the light that others exuded. What some had in abundance, he had none.

“She's never lost, you know.” His voice was strained, emotionless even in the face of the inevitable. The physical pain in his words reminded me that he was wasn't this great villain, but a werewolf like the rest of us. The sheer indifference in his eyes threatened to send me into my own blood-thirsty rage, but I suppressed those emotions. He didn't bother glancing towards Ariana or feigning any grief when it came to her d\*\*\*h. Even as I crouched down, wrapping my hand around the hilt of one of Ariana's blades, he was free from the burden of human emotions. “Neither have I.”

I hovered over him; my hands steady as the silver coating on the blade glittered like an old friend. My heartbeat roared in my ears as eyes of cold steel met my own.

“Sooner or later, everyone loses.”

You would think that it was cathartic, ending the life of someone who had caused so much h\*\*\*\*r. That there would be some grand finale, the stars trickling down from the heavens as d\*\*\*h swung her scythe and

claimed yet another soul. There was no physical change that rippled across the earth as Marcus Novak left this world. You couldn't feel the absence, the lack of evil that had once existed within this one person. The stubborn fury to his eyes that refused to fade, even when all awareness had vanished, and breath no longer fell from his lips. Men like Marcus Novak; they never submit, even in d\*\*\*h.

What I could feel were the shackles falling from thousands of wolves' wrists, clattering against the blood-soaked earth as Marcus's iron grip was finally removed.

I had no time to process the change that practically rippled across the earth. Any joy I would have felt was smothered, held tightly in the grip of panic. An echo of searing pain rushed through me, hard enough to make my teeth snap together. It throbbed and burned just below my left collar bone, matching the gunshot wound in Kade's chest.

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I turned on my heel, a hand clasped over where my own bullet wound should have been. My mind was reeling, but my body understood what to do as I stumbled over to where Kade lay on the cement floor.

Alec was hunched over him tearing the clothes from one of the d\*\*d inner circle members, a middle-aged man with greying hair and a scar just above his lip. The thousand-dollar suit jacket was shining with Kade's blood, even as Alec held it tightly against his chest. I could feel the blood pumping out with each ragged heartbeat.

A small clump of silver metal sat beside Alec's knelt form, the bullet he had fished from Kade's chest. Kade shifted into his human form after the bullet had been removed, his skin translucent and pale. There was a thin sheen of sweat that covered him, even though he was cold to the touch.

Alec's eyes met mine, unending darkness that seemed surprisingly calm despite the earthquake of emotions shattering what strength he had.

I glanced around the room, the taste and scent of fresh blood still lingering in the air. Four sets of eyes on my skin, two of which made a chill skitter down my spine. I forced my eyes past Marcus and Ariana, who seemed content at watching me fail, even in d\*\*\*h.

There was no one left alive for me to feed from, to miraculously heal Kade as I had done before.

I grabbed hold of Alec's hand, my breath coming in short pants. The sound of a heartbeat thudded in my ears, but it wasn't my own. Kade's pulse was slowing, tearing me from my perpetual state of shock.

A life without Kade flashed through my head, one where both Alec and I were crippled in our grief, forced to live without ever feeling whole.

There were only three flames left, though one was still weak. Kade's flickered and curled, growing dimmer with each passing second.

Rather than use the soul of someone else, I pulled on both Alec and me. Where I had thought there would be resistance, I found none. Alec's soul willingly leapt at the change to help his brother, his other half just as much as Kade was mine.

I tore the sopping wet suit jacket from Kade's chest, my stomach turning at the sight of his dark blood coating my fingers.

Pressing the palm of my hand against his openly bleeding wound, I forced every bit of strength I could into his d\*\*\*g form.



A gasp was torn from my throat as I felt the immediate drain, like I was using one of Ariana's knives to cut a piece of my essence. Alec's hand gripped mine tighter, his pain filled eyes urging me to continue.

In that moment, I knew that if I would have tried to save Kade on my own, the effort would have k\*\*\*\*\*d me.

A gurgle left his lips, and he thrashed against my hand. Alec hissed under his breath and used his free arm to pin Kade down. Biting back the sob that threatened to escape, I was bathed in Kade's agony as my magic seared him from the inside out.

I held my breath as I felt the tissue and muscle knitting itself together, holding back the blood that continued to flow. Even when spots danced behind my eyes, I couldn't force my lungs to work.

Only when color blossomed on Kade's cheeks and his eyelids fluttered, did Alec and I tear our hand from his chest with identical groans of pain. My head thumped against the floor, echoing Alec's.

"F\*\*k, that hurts." He hissed through clenched teeth, and I answered with a groan.

"No one told you to k\*\*l yourself trying to save me." Kade grunted, his voice surprisingly clear.

2 Like an excited puppy, my wolf's ears perked at the sound of his voice, and a rush of energy pulsed through my limbs.

I rolled onto my side and managed to sit up, freezing once I realized Kade was already standing. Rubbing at his chest, he stared down at the tiny puncture wound with a scowl on his face. A single bead of blood formed, smearing on his finger.

Glancing between Alec and I, Kade came to a conclusion that made his eyes darken and eyebrows knit together.

“You’re hurt.” He grimaced, pinning me against his torso while peeling back the shredded pieces of the t-shirt I wore.

Where Ariana’s claws had sunken into my shoulders, she had shredded the fabric of the t-shirt. The sting of pain was nothing compared to the drain of her magic.

“It’s not severe, and I’m holding a grudge against you.” My warning was weak, and I let out a sigh of relief as his fingers skated across my skin. “You jumped in front of a bullet for me”

Gone was the coldness that meant d\*\*\*h was creeping. His skin felt warm, and beneath the sinew and muscle, I could hear his strong heartbeat.

It was his arms wrapped around my waist that kept me from tumbling to the floor. I clung to his shoulders, tangling my fingers in his hair as I breathed in the scent of sandalwood.

“And I would do it all again, sweetheart.” He chuckled against the hollow of my throat, making me shudder. His breath fanned across his mark on my neck, unraveling the knot of utter terror that had formed as I watched him almost d\*e. “Alec actually jumped as well. I just happened to be closer to the gun.”

“So, you’re telling me I should hold a grudge against both of you?” I asked, just a tad breathless.

“You can try.” He smirked, the expression on his rugged face made my insides warm. Even as blood and d\*\*\*h flashed behind my eyes, those images forever seared into my mind, I found myself smiling. The feel of

his lips against my jaw sent those brutal images scattering. “We have a long time to convince you otherwise, but until then...”

“Until then, we have so much to do.” I sighed, but it wasn’t one of defeat or resignation. “Starting with ending the fight before more wolves d\*e.”

Marcus had damaged the world, though not irreparably. It would take time, so much time but there was finally a chance for peace.

Even in this room where so many had died, my mates were able to wipe the h\*\*\*\*r from my mind with smooth words and soft touches.

“In order to do that, I’m going to need some help standing up.” Alec grunted from his place on the floor. He managed to get into a sitting position, but the strain was obvious in his eyes.

I placed a hand against the cement wall, using it to support most of my weight.

Kade offered a hand to Alec, hauling him up and onto his feet. The two embraced, and a mutual sense of understanding passed between them. No matter how much it would destroy the other, they’d sacrifice themselves first before letting anything happen to me.

The thought sent me back to Kade’s raspy breaths, but I smothered the fear that rose like a tidal wave. Even though I was weak, I would protect the two of them with every ounce of magic I had.

Knowing I would need courage for these next few hours, I steeled my spine and faced my mates.

“We should take him with us, so we can prove that he’s d\*\*d.” My voice came out strong, but my stomach flipped at the thought.

I could still feel a set of cold eyes on my back, and that lingering sense of fear that returned with each cold chill that skittered down my spine. It would take some time, just like it had when I first began trusting the twins.

“What about the Assassin?” Kade asked, the darkness in his voice had me giving him a look of surprise. There was no satisfaction as he glared down at her, just unending loathing. “She said you’d rot down here; shouldn’t we extend the same courtesy?”

I hesitated for a moment, feeling my hatred for her rattle in my chest. K\*\*\*\*\*g her hadn’t made it go away, nor did it chase away the feeling of her touch as it drained the magic from my body. Forcing myself to look her in the eyes, I knew what I needed to do.

“No, I won’t leave her down here.” I shook my head, biting back the bile that stung my throat. Reminding myself that she was d\*\*d, I tried to let go of the burning emotion. “I’m not going to spend the rest of my life hating her. If she has family, I’ll contact them, and they can have her body. We’ll send someone to pick her up later. Right now, we have a war to end.”

The entire walk back, Marcus’s hand dragged across the rocky earth. Thrown over Kade’s back after shifting into his wolf form, his silver-plated eyes stared lifelessly into the sky. Alec broke one of his arms when placing him on Kade, and it hung at an awkward angle. The crack still echoed in my ears.

With both of my mates shifted and at my side, we broke through the forest line and into what remained of the fight. Neither side were relenting, both h\*\*l-bent on being the victor.

Through the snarls and whining of d\*\*\*g wolves, I could hear Marcus's hand dragging across the earth.

Alec stood at my right, snarling, and lunging at anyone who dared come close.

There were some whose eyes happened to drift to Marcus's lifeless body, draped over Kade's back like an expensive rug, but their hesitation caused them precious seconds as their opponents took advantage of the distraction.

I would have been lost without Alec and Kade, stumbling through this b\*\*\*\*y battlefield as I gaped at the d\*\*d. The wolves with glassy eyes and torn throats, muzzles forever open or mauled by sharp claws.

Homes were burning and car alarms screaming shrilly, trees were overturned, and businesses destroyed. There was even a fire hydrant missing, which bubbled and gurgled as it flooded the street.

As we made it to the thickest part of the battle, I prayed that I looked as confident as the twins.

The more I looked around, the more d\*\*d I saw, and the less living I noticed. I couldn't tell the difference between the wolves, not by color or any other feature. I couldn't see Tori through the masses, or even Zayne and Jasper.

Fear and rage jabbed at me, reminding me of the cold clutches of Ariana's power. The memory snapped something in me, the restraint I had once had.

All at once, I pulled from the wolves fighting. Each and every one, whether friend or foe. Hundreds or even thousands of flames, some flickering where others burned bright.

There was no need to pull hard, just the smallest amount sent warmth flooding my body. Within seconds my head felt light, the colors around me brighter, somehow. Through the dried blood caked onto my skin, I could feel the puncture wounds in my shoulders closing.

As tempting as it was to keep all that power for myself, I released it down and into the earth.

I was sure that I was the only one who could feel the sharp pulse that rippled beneath the earth, before the ground began trembling. Wolves were thrown left and right, toppling over one another. A crack splintered down the street, kicking up dust and knocking over a stop sign.

The only unaffected area was where the twins and I stood.

When the dust settled, the fighting had finally stopped. Thousands of eyes pierced my skin, not all friendly. Daggers of hatred and rage, flickers of hope and desperation.

Kade tossed Marcus's body to the ground with a sickening thud, but I refused to flinch under the eyes of so many wolves. Some instinct buried in my bones wouldn't let me show such weakness.

The edges of the crowd moved parting as two wolves charged to the front. One with pale eyes and silver fur, and another with my friends' fiery locks.

Zayne and Tori were both covered in blood, like most of the other wolves. Their chests were still heaving, but it was Zayne I found myself staring at.

His eyes were blown wide as he stared down at his father, even if I could only feel a whisper of that surprise myself. When he had his fill,

undoubtedly convincing himself Marcus was d\*\*d, his eyes flickered up to my own.

The barest of movements, but I could've sworn Zayne nodded at me.

I made my voice as loud as I could without screaming, knowing that my words would ripple over the b\*\*\*\*y crowd. I didn't recognize the woman speaking, where the lilting tone had deepened into something raspier.

“This is the man many of you willingly chose to follow. I won't k\*\*l you for what you've done, I won't make the same choices Marcus made. The same choices that led him to where he is now, a corpse at my feet.” I gave them a few long seconds, clenching my jaw as I stared them down. “Those of you who have never been given a choice, here's your first one. Stand down and go back to your families or continue k\*\*\*\*\*g in the name of a d\*\*d man.”

Many of their eyes weren't on me, but the d\*\*d man at my feet. Silence reigned for so long that I wondered if it would ever end.

Confusion and disbelief stained the air, even more potent than the rage coming from those who supported Marcus. The ones who had no choice, they never once considered a life without bowing to the whims of someone else.

Some wolves stalked into the forest, backing away with narrowed and suspicious eyes. Many shifted or stalked back to half destroyed homes. The fading scent of blood still lingered in the air, but there was finally a sense of closure.

In action movies, the battle itself is always made out to be the worst part. The bloodshed and carnal violence that takes over a man when they're at their lowest. It's the resolution, the clean-up that's the worst part of

battle. Counting the d\*\*d, placing names to lifeless faces and b\*\*\*\*y wolves.

It's easier to k\*\*l when you don't see the target as a person.

I stepped away from Marcus's corpse as Jaspur approached, clothed and in human form. At his side was Ava, her face covered in dirt and dried blood. Her onyx hair was singed in some spots, and she rocked on her heels with an elated grin on her face. In her hands were a few stacks of clothes, two of which she sat in front of Alec and Kade.

"The b\*\*\*\*\*s really d\*\*d." She laughed, the sound bordering on a sob as it rang out into the open air.

The hours that followed were even darker than battle.

When I had thought that Marcus's depravity could reach no lower, Jaspur and I stumbled upon where Marcus kept his prized white wolves. Hidden behind a false wall in his mansion, we found countless women imprisoned in rooms identical to what I had been in.

Even the touch of the twin's couldn't chase the chill from my skin as I watched thirty women leave the cells they had spent years in. Some of the women held infants in their arms, while the other were visibly pregnant. While some looked serene and hopeful, there were a few whose inner light seemed to permanently dim.

"Some of these women might not want their babies." I told the twin's once the women were outside and out of hearing range. I could feel the trauma etched deep in some of them, along with a disconnect between them and the life they carried. It was natural, considering all they must've been through, but both mother and infant deserved a chance. "If



they want to keep their children, they'll be given everything they need. If not, then they can choose how to proceed.”

We left Marcus's pack nearly eight hours after the battle had finished. Some of the wolves decided to stay and salvage what was left of their homes, while others chose to follow the twin's, Tori, and I back home.

What seemed to be brewing between Tori and Zayne had been abruptly halted when Tori insisted on coming back. An hour later, Zayne, Jaspar, and Ava declared they were coming as well.

Jaspar and Zayne wanted to talk business with the twin's, while Ava's family planned on visiting the twin's pack for a change. I had a sneaking suspicion Zayne was coming for more than post-war planning.

I knew we were in for h\*\*l when we turned onto the street where the twin's house sat. There were nearly a dozen cars, all parked beside the sidewalk. Four sat in the driveway of the twin's house, none of which belonging to their parents.

As we found a clear spot down the street and walked up towards the front of the house, I could hear the muffled shouting through the screen door.

“She is d\*\*d, Garrett.” Kady's mom hissed under her breath, flipping back her golden hair with a manicured hand.

“Mom—” I could hear Kady speak, her falsetto hard and full of warning.

As I spotted them through the screen door, she at least had the nerve to look apologetic for hurting her mate. “You have another daughter, one who has been trained to take over.”

Kady and I locked eyes through the flimsy screen. Her entire form stiffened, seafoam eyes wide and golden curls wild. Without missing a beat, a roguish grin stole her face, and she turned to her mother.

“You know what, I don’t want to rule Dad’s pack. Actually, I can’t think of anything I want to do less.” She cackled when her mother’s red painted lips opened and closed, a sputtering sound emerging. “In fact, I think I’m going to enroll at the university.”

“Someone has to take care of the pack, Kady.” Her mother snarled, following closely behind as Kady strutted past her and through the screen door. “You won’t have time for school when—“

The words shriveled and died on her tongue as she locked eyes with me, a sourer looking version of her daughter. Lips pursed in a perpetual frown; eyebrows knitted together. There was obvious disappointment but hidden beneath that was the smallest satisfaction that I hadn’t died. I suppose some people were wicked, but not so much as to wish d\*\*\*h on someone else.

Thankfully, the twin’s and I were no longer covered in blood and grime. We had stopped at a hotel along the ride home. Riding the high of our victory, we stayed up the entire night. In between frantic touches, when I managed to sneak into the bathroom before one of the twin’s dragged me back into the bed, I swore I could hear Tori and Zayne’s hushed arguing.

“Aurora?” Garrett’s voice came from the kitchen, growing louder as he finally emerged through the front door. His face was as concerned as I had ever seen it, and for this one time, I gave into the ache that settled in my stomach. When he wrapped his arms around my shoulders, pulling me into a crinkled suit jacket that smelled of peppermint and tobacco, I burned the feeling into my memory. I blinked back the tears that stung my eyes because his concern was finally genuine. He wasn’t worried for

the future leader of his pack, but for his daughter who was fighting a battle much larger than herself. His voice was a bit gruff as he spoke, “Last any of us heard, you were captured. Your twins aren’t very skilled in communication.”

“I was, and it sucked. The twin’s and Tori rescued me.” I began, “There’s a lot to explain, and—“

“Actually, I’d like to take some of the credit.” Ava called out as she jogged up the driveway, Tori was matching her stride. She had traded her old headphones for a pair of Bluetooth buds, which she consistently lost the entire trip home. Rummaging through the sedan had made her late to the conversation, though that rarely dissuaded her from joining in.

“Zayne might’ve let your guys in, but who do you think was key in his little plan working?”

“So, you’re a white wolf too?” I lifted an eyebrow at Kady’s tone, and the way she leaned forwards as she looked Ava up and down.

Ava noticed as well, smoothing out the dark material of her skirt as she came up onto the porch. I could see her eyes shift, her defenses rising at the sight of another mean girl, but the two stopped in their tracks.

A gentle breeze passed through and both girls stiffened. Kady seemed more surprised than Ava, realization dawning in the depths of her eyes as her lips parted and a strangled gasp emerged.

My own eyes widened as I felt their bond snap into place, an unbreakable tether that bound their two souls. I glanced towards Tori, who took half a second to catch up.

“Kady, explain this right now.” Her mother’s voice was almost sharp, worry seeping through the cracks.

Tori jumped into action, corralling Kady's mother into the house.

"That's exactly what we're not going to do. You've pushed her away enough, don't s\*\*\*w this up too." I heard Tori grunt as the screen door slammed shut behind her.

Both Alec and Kade planted a soft kiss to my forehead before going inside to see their own parents, who were in the kitchen waiting anxiously.

Garrett's eyebrows crept up into his hairline, eyes darting between his daughter and her mate. Where there was clear indecision from Kady's mother, Garrett felt surprise and just a whisper of joy for his daughter.

"I'll explain everything inside." I couldn't keep the smile from twitching onto my face as I looped an arm through Garrett's and welcomed the comforting scent of the twin's home.

## **Mated to the Alpha Twins by Jane Doe Chapter 120**

The sound of muffled arguing emerged from the kitchen, most of which held the noticeable soprano of Tori's voice. Every few seconds, I could hear Kady's mom snap back in a venomous tone. Even Garrett was perfectly content with letting them argue, considering he was still processing all that I had told him.

He hadn't moved from his position on the couch, his chin resting in the palm of his hand. The same rush of emotion had once washed through me and even now, it was hard to believe that things were changing. Julian sat at his side, unable to conceal the wide grin that stole his face. The exact opposite of his brooding and severe brother. It made him look younger, even though the lines etched into his smooth face were a testament to his age. He leaned forward on his haunches, eyes sparkling.

There had always been something feral about Julian. Still, he was more approachable than Garrett. “How’d you k\*\*l him, kid? Did he beg?” My stomach soured as part of me was torn back to that place, the smell of blood and earth permeating my nostrils as the cold feel of d\*\*d eyes froze my skin.

The sound of shattered bones as her corpse thudded lifelessly against the wall. Porcelain skin, auburn hair and hazel eyes that wouldn’t stop looking at me. With a single blink, I was sitting on the couch, Julian’s expectant eyes roaming my face. I jolted, startled when Alec opened the door to his father’s study and emerged. His eyes found mine instantly as he rounded the corner, honed on where I sat. Gentle concern coiled around my mind, forcing away those thoughts that brought up the past. It wasn’t regret that festered in my gut, I knew what needed to be done, but the sight of it refused to leave my mind. “Kade will be out in a moment.” Alec’s voice was smooth, even as his thoughts slid into my own.

He took a seat on the sectional beside me, smirking as he draped an arm over my shoulders. ‘Are you alright, doll? I know it’s affecting you, and there’s nothing wrong with that. You did the right thing, but d\*\*\*h haunts all of us.’ Before I had chance to answer, the arguing in the kitchen grew louder, until both voices could be heard. “She’s going to resent you for the rest of her life if you can’t accept her.” Tori’s muffled voice grew sharp as she sent another jab at Veronica. I could taste the anger in her words, like rusted metal that coated the tongue. “I was promised a Luna! I am looking out for her future.

You have no clue what kind of potential she has. Who are you to tell me about my daughter?” “I’m someone who can’t stand close minded people. Besides, your daughter needs someone on her side for a change.” I could practically see Tori’s heated cheeks, her mossy eyes vibrant with rage as they often became when she was worked up. I snickered inwardly when whatever Veronica had to say, died on her tongue. “You need to get it

through your thick skull; what you want and what she wants are two vastly different things.

All you should care about is that your daughter is happy! If you can't accept her, then stay out of her life before you ruin it with your hatred." Before any of us had the chance to feign ignorance, the door swung open, and Tori stormed through. I caught one glance at Veronica's face, her beautiful features distorted in both rage and guilt. There was a mess of emotions in that woman, one that only she could sort out. Tori's eyes, which held at least a dozen individual shades of green, swiveled over to where Garrett sat.

This time I couldn't hold back my snicker, not when she cocked an eyebrow at him and narrowed her gaze. "Do we have a problem?" "Not at all." Garrett's eyebrows lifted in interest, but he made no move to stand against Tori. Reluctantly, they slid over to Alec and me. He had once been against the twin's, enough so to warn me against them. There was no fondness between them, but a sense of respect and a mutual determination for keeping me alive. "I'm an advocate for both of my daughter's happiness, no matter who their mates might be." Tori nodded, satisfied with his answer as she turned her head in my direction, "I'm going to head outside.

That woman gave me a migraine." "Burbon helps." Garrett called out from over his shoulder, shrugging half-heartedly as he muttered, "She gives me them as well." Kade emerged a few moments later, followed by their parents. Once I was squished between my twins, who had followed through on their promise to never let me out of their sight, I found myself smirking at Garrett. "Since you're all for our happiness now, you won't mind if I don't take over your pack, right?" I teased, chuckling when he frowned and shook his head. "Absolutely not, the pack still needs a Luna." His severe expression softened when he finally caught on. It was

still unnerving to stare into those mismatched eyes, which mirrored my own.

They flickered over to Julian before he continued, “As for the High Table, it’s your decision whether or not you want to forfeit your place.” “The girl just won, Garrett. Give her a moment to celebrate before shoving this down her throat.” Julian grunted. “She deserves to know the risks” Garrett silenced his brother with a harsh look, “Should you choose to forfeit your place, it’ll be given to the second largest pack. You’d be crucial in wars, the largest pack in the world, but without any titles. A useful ally, or a deadly enemy.” “Your title would protect your pack. No other High Table member would dare go after another, especially the head.” Julian concluded, “I’d think on it carefully.” ‘This is your decision, sweetheart.’ Kade’s gruff voice coiled around my mind. Our hands were clasped together, his thumb circling my hand with the same leisurely pace. ‘If you choose not to, we can make sure our pack is protected.

’ Alec promised with a soft smile, and I could feel the truth in his words, but I had thought this through a long time ago. There was plenty of time to think when I was sitting in that bedroom, wondering when Ariana and Marcus would show, what they might have me do “Oh, I have no intention on giving up my seat at the High Table.” “You don’t?” Julian asked, interest and smothered excitement permeating the air. “Of course not. I’m going to see this through.” I smirked at the two of them, my biological father and uncle. One prim and proper, adorned in crisp suits and silky ties. The other just a bit more feral, with wild eyes and shaggy hair. Both Alpha’s with a lifetime of experience, vastly different from one another. “You’ll help me won’t you, the both of you?” Surprisingly, my excitement mirrored that of my uncles. Even with the horrible memories in my head, mixing with the beautiful and unforgettable ones, there was no fear plaguing me. I had irreplaceable people at my side,

ready to lend me their wisdom and experience, determined to keep me on my two feet.

I wouldn't walk into this world alone, not ever again. A few days later, we all gathered to see Jasper and his warriors off. Many had returned home over the course of the week, but there had been some that remained to protect their Alpha. Even Zayne, who had been staying in town this entire time, showed to say goodbye. If there was one person who looked as sleep deprived as me, it was Zayne. There were shadows old and new that still swirled in his eyes, finally broken free by the d\*\*\*h of his father. He wore a dark dress shirt and a pair of slacks, which was casual for him. "I suppose you won't mind me staying in town for awhile then, considering you're the new Head." Zayne's voice broke through my thoughts, his eyes narrowed as though he could tell where they had strayed. I was hyperaware of the fact that Tori stood just a few feet away, her head turned as though she weren't listening, but I could see the way her cheeks heated at his words. "I'd also like to speak with your other...friends, Alpha Isaiah and Luna Mera."

Unsurprisingly, Zayne Novak was a man with little in the way of friends. Marcus never needed true born alliances, not when he used fear and power as his weapons. The twin's, who had been speaking with Zayne increasingly, mentioned the Alpha and Luna who had been crucial in battle. "Who will run your pack? There's still so many wolves there." I asked, curious about the white wolves that had chosen to remain behind. All those who supported Marcus were either d\*\*d or declared rogues as they fled through the forest. There had been some families who remained, ones who had lived within Marcus's walls for generations. Zayne had chosen to step up and repair the devastation his father wrought, rather than run and let others do it for him.



I couldn't imagine, facing the people who blamed him, who worked beneath him for all those years. "I have someone I trust to watch the pack for the next few months. It might be best for some of the white wolves that I don't show my face for a while." He frowned, and through the small crack in his wall, I could feel a cold whisper of regret against my cheek. "It's their choice whether or not they want to stay."

They'll be given everything they need to settle into another pack. Those who want to stay will be given jobs, homes, and money to support their families." "That's awful generous of you." I replied after a few long moments, genuine surprise blossoming on my face. Zayne rolled his eyes at the expression, but I didn't miss how they strayed over to where Tori stood, or how his hand quickly found its way to the back of his neck. "Marcus had more money than he knew what to do with. Now it's being used." He shrugged, feigning indifference. I was the last to say goodbye to Jaspas, only because I knew we would see one another again. Jaspas Fox had officially stepped down as Alpha, even if he did take over the band of white wolves he had been protecting. His eldest son would soon be taking his seat at the High Table and joining in on our mission to heal some of the damage caused by Marcus. "She's been nagging me relentlessly about you."

Jaspas said teasingly as the two of us watched his daughter skip about. Every so often she would vanish mid-hop, only to reappear a few feet away. "Where will the two of you go, to your son's pack?" "Actually, I'm going to Zayne's pack to oversee things for a while." He shrugged, flashing a small grin as he watched his daughter laugh and play. "I'm bringing along the white wolves under my charge. I think it'll help the others see that this is real, that they truly are free." My eyebrows lifted, "So you're the trusted friend?" "He called me his friend, did he?" Jaspas's grin widened.

“Don’t poke fun.” I smirked, lowering my voice. “You’re probably the only one he has.” “Mmm, I’m not sure about that.” Jaspar mused, his eyes flickering to where Zayne stood. “I’m thinking if he plays his cards right, that little red head will be his friend in no time.” My gaze followed and I couldn’t help but notice that again, he and Tori seemed to gravitate towards one another. There was still a general loathing coming from her, but she couldn’t bring herself to stay away. My eyes widen a little as I realize that these next few months might give way to a lot of things. “Come here, princess. We’ve got to get going.” Jaspar called for his daughter, chuckling as she vanished and reappeared in his arms.

An errant thought crossed my mind, something I had been wondering since watching that gut-wrenching clip on the news. “Jaspar!” I called out, just as he and his daughter prepared to leave. “It’s been nagging me. How did you make thousands of white wolves vanish before Marcus got to your pack? There was no trace of any of you.” Jaspar cocked his head to the side, his daughter squealing and giggling in his arms. An untraceable grin formed on his face, his eyes flashing with manic joy. Mere seconds before he and his daughter vanished, he replied. “Who says we ever left?”