

Alphas Bride 321

Chapter 321 - War Of Egos (3) [Bonus ]

Kalina stood at the door frozen and stared at the carpet. She didn't mean to peep, but her sister noticed her before she made her exit. Now what?

Kalina fidgeted awkwardly while trying to figure out what to say. "I heard you are back from the hospital and came to check how you are doing."

"And you just came in without knocking?", Tatiana asked angrily.

"I knocked."

"And you got in without permission!?", Tatiana's voice was rising.

"Well... I heard voices and I thought..." She couldn't pick up the words, but it definitely sounded like a conversation. How was she supposed to know they were naked and going at it? Who has discussions in the middle of coitus!?

Kalina was irritated. Why was Tatiana looking at her like she did something unforgivable? "Why are you shouting at me? Why didn't you come and tell me that you are fine? You should know that I'm worried sick about you! You nearly drowned!" And now you are having sex! "If you wanted privacy, you should have locked the door! And it's not like I didn't see this already!"

"What's going on there?", Mindy's voice came from behind Kalina, and she stuck her head to see inside.

Caden told everyone that Maddox and Tatiana were back from the hospital, and Mindy and Kalina came to check how Tatiana was doing.

Sure, there was a chance that Maddox was in Tatiana's room, but who would think that they would get frisky from the moment Tatiana returned from the hospital, only hours after she was drowning!?

Mindy's eyebrows shoot up at the scene of Tatiana and Maddox naked on the bed with Tatiana on top. But the most shocking part was that Maddox covered his face with his palm while Tatiana's hips didn't stop moving.

They only needed Talia to repeat the incident from the Lightclaw pack when three of them ended up seeing Maddox busy with an Omega, with the difference that positions were switched.

"We can see that you are fine so we will make our exit.", Mindy said while pulling Kalina backward. Was there any point in explaining things now?

With spectators out of the room, Tatiana looked at Maddox whose hand was over his face.

"What did Lina mean by, she saw this already?" Tatiana was confident that her baby sister never walked in on her. Until now.

"You don't want to know.", Maddox grumbled.

"I do."

Maddox frowned at the jealousy he could feel simmering in Tatiana. "I didn't sleep with your sister."

Good! If Maddox and Kalina had sex, Tatiana wouldn't be able to stomach it. But... "What did she see then?"

"I was with someone else. Happy now?"

"How can I be happy to hear that my mate shagged someone else, and my sister was watching!?"

Maddox was exasperated. Kalina was not watching, she barged in! But if he continues talking about it, they will only fight. "If I don't say it, it's a problem. If I say it, it's a problem. Is there any way we can end this conversation without arguing?" And if Tatiana stopped grinding on him, he would be able to focus.

"Will it kill you to be nice?"

"Nice? You asked me a question. I am being nice by not lying to you."

"Great! So now it's my fault!", Tatiana snapped. "I remember your promise that I will lose my voice. Who would have known that I will lose my voice due to arguing?"

"AHH!", Tatiana shrieked when Maddox moved swiftly, and she fell flat on the bed with Maddox on top of her.

Tatiana stared into his eyes that were dark and unfathomable, and she knew that this was not just any other guy. This was Alpha Maddox River, a real Alpha, the one that doesn't take a no for an answer, and even though her impulse was to challenge him and not submit, she could feel wetness pooling at the cradle of her thighs.

His nostrils flared and an annoying smirk appeared at the corner of his lips, and she knew that he could sense her body betraying her.

No matter how much she wanted to resist him manhandling her, she couldn't deny the obvious. She was aroused by the idea of a strong and powerful man having his way with her. And this was not any other man. This was her mate, and she knew that he will make her feel good.

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"What are you doing?", her words were choppy because she could feel the inexplicable energy radiating from him; it left her breathless and created butterflies in her stomach. It was primal and wild, and the attraction was impossible to resist.

"I'm going to do good on that promise, Tanya...", Maddox said in a low voice. "I am going to fuck you and I'm going to mark you and you are going to love it."

Tatiana forgot how to breathe.

She wanted him. Badly.

Maddox never felt anything like it. It was like his only mission in life was to copulate with the woman under him.

He knew that his wolf was influencing his reasoning and actions, and he was surprised by the intensity of emotions that overwhelmed him.

Maddox wanted to possess Tatiana and dominate her and there was additional joy in knowing that this strong woman was not rejecting him. She was not submissive, but her behavior told him that she will submit as long as he manages to satisfy her.

His hips moved as his shaft glided between her drenched folds and Tatiana's head plopped backward into the pillows.

The sparks shot all over her body, and with his body pressing on hers, this was so much better than what they did before.

Tatiana dug her heels in the back of his muscular thighs, silently urging him to get inside her.

The range of his motions increased, and she could feel his tip rubbing on her clit, and then he gripped her hip as she felt the pressure against her entrance.

Tatiana's mouth was open in a silent scream as her insides stretched to accommodate his length, and she thought that she might pass out from the intensity of sparks that left her breathless, and her heart thundered against her chest like it wanted to come out.

This was another level of intimacy she never experienced before, and she couldn't believe it was getting better with every glorious inch of him that was reaching into the depths no one ever explored before.

"You feel fucking fantastic...", Maddox groaned, and a moment later she felt his palms rubbing her cheeks.

What was he doing? Why was she wet there? Was she crying?

Her whole body hummed in pleasure as the sensation was out of this world, and there was no reason to cry whatsoever. Actually, she was genuinely happy. Was this her wolf being happy because she was with her mate? Silly wolf.

Chapter 322 - War Of Egos (4)

Tatiana wrapped her arms around Maddox's neck and raised her head. He leaned to meet her lips, thinking that she will kiss him, but she ended up biting him.

The sharp sensation told him that she drew blood, but he didn't hate it. Not even a little bit.

His mate was a feisty one and it only spurred him further to claim her completely.

Tatiana gasped as Maddox's hips moved. She was right. That slight curve of his cock enabled him to hit her G-spot. He was made for her.

Maddox supported his weight on his arms and that height allowed him to observe the Goddess under him. She was perfect, and her most striking feature was her lustful gaze directed at him.

Normally, Tatiana would close her eyes during sex in order to focus on the friction, but there was no need for that now. She wanted to see him. He was beyond handsome.

Tatiana was looking at Maddox without any shame, enjoying the sight of his marvelous body arching above her, and she loved the visual of his cock disappearing into her flesh.

They could see, hear, feel, smell, taste each other. All of their senses contributed to the pleasure of merging into one. It was beyond euphoric, and both of them hoped it will never stop.

Maddox started thrusting into Tatiana vigorously, each of her moans stirred him to move faster and the fact that her pitch was getting higher by the second told him that she was getting close to her orgasm, just as he was.

He never came this fast before, but at this point, he didn't care about his manly image of an Alpha who can go for hours, because he knew that Tatiana was right there with him and that was all it counted.

Maddox got down on his elbows, and he could feel her breasts rubbing on his chest as they moved. This added stimulation made him groan.

Normally, Maddox would care only about chasing his release with the least amount of skin contact possible, but with Tatiana, he wanted to feel her with every part of his body, and the fact that she hugged him with her arms and legs, told him that she wanted the same.

He licked his lips before he started sucking and licking her neck, preparing her for what was coming while determining the right spot under the impulses his wolf sent. Lower. A bit to the right. Higher...

Her fingers dug into his back and her ragged breathing splashed on his ear, acting like a countdown to orgasm that was approaching swiftly.

"Ah... fuck... ah..." she cried. "Max... ah... mmm..."

Her voice mixed with the sounds of flesh slapping against flesh, and he was confident that he never heard anything so seductive in his life.

Tatiana's body tensed under him for a moment, and then she exploded into a shout to the heavens.

Maddox groaned when her insides coiled around his shaft, giving him that additional stimulation he needed and his movements became jerky as he shoot his hot seed deep inside her.

His mind was muddled with lust and the euphoric sensation of coming inside Tatiana and he didn't notice that his fangs were out. There, there... that's the spot!

"AAAAH!", Tatiana cried at the scorching pain that flared from the base of her neck and it was spreading through her system like someone poured lava into her veins.

It was hurting like hell, and part of her wanted it to stop, but Maddox's body was pinning her to the mattress, and he was still thrusting inside her, and that pain from her neck combined with the otherworldly friction caused by his cock, and she realized that she was reaching another high, one she never experienced before.

Her nails raked his back as she struggled with her madness. Is she going to lose her mind? Is there such a thing as overdosing on orgasm?

"AH! MAX!", Tatiana screamed as every muscle in her body convulsed and fireworks exploded in front of her closed eyes and she was confident that her soul left her body.

Maddox's venom coursed through her body, rewiring her DNA with his Alpha gene, and connecting them in unimaginable ways they were yet to discover.

Her ears were buzzing blissfully, and she didn't hear him groan as he shot another round of hot seed inside her.

This time, both of their orgasms were amplified by the bond which was solidified with the mark he just left on her neck.

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Tatiana was struggling to catch her breath while Maddox licked the spot where his mark will show. That spot was always sensitive, but now it increased several folds and she ended up twitching whenever his tongue touched her there.

"Mine... Mine...", he mumbled, and Tatiana stared at the ceiling while wondering what she got herself into as his emotions held her down more than his body that pressed on her.

Possession. Desire. Belonging. Worship. Protectiveness.

She never felt anything like it.

If someone told Tatiana last night that in twenty-four hours she will end up being marked by her mate, she would call that person a liar.

That morning was a normal one, it started with jetlag and a slight headache. And then she met her mate, and it was love at first sight, and it was like they went through a series of breakups and makeups in a matter of hours, and then she nearly drowned, and now... she was marked by an Alpha.

Was that a good thing or a bad one?

Even if it's bad, if it came with all those mind-altering orgasms, she will take it.

The fact that her smoking-hot mate was a walking, talking pleasure factory was a big bonus and she knew that only Maddox can deliver those sparks that make her feel alive.



"Are you OK?", Maddox asked.

"Yeah.", Tatiana responded.

"Do you feel any different?"

Did she? His body was pressing on hers, and his cock was inside her, and there were many thoughts and feelings swirling inside her, but most of all, she was happy.

She didn't know if it was the effect of his mark or the orgasm, but she was unusually energetic.

Tatiana reached lower and grazed his perfect ass with her meticulously manicured nails.

"I still have my voice."

Maddox's eyes flashed with delight. He knew that his Goddess was reminding him that he still didn't fulfill his promise.

He chuckled and kissed her lips.

She wanted more of him? He was born ready! It was like his whole life was a practice for this moment, and he was ready to shine.

"It's a beautiful voice, Tanya...", Maddox murmured. "Made for screaming my name."

He started rocking his hips. "Say that you are mine."

One thrust, two, three...

He stopped moving. "Say it!"

Tatiana squirmed under him. Why did he stop? Ah, he wanted her to say something.

At that point, she would say whatever he wanted.

"I am yours."

Maddox smirked. "Again."

"I...", Tatiana gasped when his hips moved a bit. "I am..." She gasped again. "I am yours." She managed to say it all and then Maddox continued his ministrations.

Tatiana took a mental note to get back at him. How can he use sex to get what he wants?

But she will do that later. Right now, what was happening was important and it would be a pity to waste all that wonderful sex he was giving her.

And it was more than sex. With his every thrust, she could feel the invisible bond strengthening between them; something that was unbreakable and more intimate than she ever felt before. It was like he could pry into her deepest secrets, and she could pry into his, and there was no hesitation or fear of judgment or rejection.

Tatiana opened her arms and embraced the hunky body that was above her, and she also embraced the plethora of emotions that came with it.

Maddox told her before that he will take care of her, and now that the bond between them was solid, she believed him.

Chapter 323 - Mystery Of Talia's Powers (1)

On the third floor of the packhouse, Damon was on the bed and cradling sleeping Talia in his arms.

After the episode in the lake, Talia was weak and Damon considered taking her to the pack hospital for a checkup, but his wolf told him that her state was the same as when she healed them and that she only needs rest, so he decided to take her to the packhouse.

In a way, packhouse was a better option because it lowered the risk of anyone finding out what Talia did.

Damon's wolf told him that he should be close to Talia, because the sparks of their bond have the effect of stimulating not only arousal but healing as well, and Damon had no objections. He didn't want to leave Talia's side.

Damon used this time of silence to recollect events from the lake. He saw Talia's eyes flickering with silvery light, and she knew which way Maddox and Tatiana were, and then her whole body glowed. He held her so that the currents don't carry her away, and he was surprised to see that everything around them stilled.

Talia didn't just produce light out of nowhere, but she managed to stop the currents at the bottom of the lake. She was fantastic!

With Talia illuminating the area, it was like he could see through the kelp, and Damon watched Maddox making his way toward Tatiana. When Tatiana was safe in Maddox's arms, Talia relaxed on Damon. As her light dimmed, the water around them started stirring again like no interruption happened.

Damon didn't know the extent of Talia's control over her power, but he knew that it exhausted her.

Luckily, no one else was nearby to see Talia performing something that Damon would describe as a miracle.

The only variable in their situation was Maddox. Did he see what Talia did? Damon didn't know how to explain what happened and to make it believable.

When the silvery light in Talia's eyes disappeared completely, Damon thought of going to the surface with her and at that time Caden mind-linked him. 'What's the status with you? Are you guys OK?'

'Why wouldn't we be?', Damon asked cautiously.

'We saw some light. Maya thinks it's mermaids. Anyway, Max found Tanya and they are coming up. You should come out also.'

Damon smiled. Mermaids will do just fine as a coverup. With Maddox and Tatiana coming to the surface safely, Damon didn't feel the need to linger there. He wanted to focus on Talia and her condition, and he will meet with Maddox later to probe how much he saw.

Damon was quick to come up with an excuse to why he and Talia were not going to join the rest of them. 'Talia stayed underwater longer than she should. I'm taking her to the packhouse to rest. Keep me up to date if anything important happens.'

By the time Damon emerged out of the water, Talia was sleeping in his arms. He carried her to the packhouse under the scorching sun that dried their bodies and he bent at an angle so that his shadow obstructs the sun from hitting her face.

Damon placed Talia on the bed and laid next to her, and shortly after that he heard the commotion as the other guests reached the packhouse.

Caden and Maya told Damon what was going on, so he knew that Tanya was fine and that she and Maddox made up.

With all the unexpected events at the beach, they decided to postpone bonfire and barbeque, and instead they will have a low-key dinner in the packhouse with some mingling afterwards.

Nate, Greg, and Paul announced that they will head to the Shifters in the evening, and there was a chance that others will join them as well.

It was just as Damon hoped it will be. The guests were entertaining themselves and he could focus on Talia.

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Talia's eyes fluttered open, and she smiled at the sight of Damon's endlessly blue eyes directed at her.

"How long was I out?"

Damon shrugged. "Not long. We didn't skip dinner."

Talia could hear voices from the garden. Guests!

"How is Tanya?"

"She is fine. With Max. It seems they patched up things.", Damon said while waggling his eyebrows and Talia smiled at his words. His expression told her that Maddox and Tatiana did much more than just patching up.

"Should we join our guests?", she asked.

"Later. How are you feeling?"

Talia snuggled closer to him and mumbled into his chest, "I need more cuddles."

Damon chuckled and tightened his hold on her. He loved when she was clingy. His kitty learned to rely on him for comfort and he wouldn't want it any other way.

"Do you remember what happened in the lake?", Damon asked.

Talia had a feeling this was coming. It's not that she didn't want to think about it, but she remembered that Tanya was in danger and that Maddox went to search for her, and if that were her and Damon... Talia's heart cracked at the thought that something might happen to Damon.

"Do we need to talk about it?", she responded with a question.

Damon let out a long breath. "Yes."

"Why?"

Damon touched Talia's chin to lift her head so that he can see her face. "Do you know what you did, kitten? You created light and stopped currents. I want you to remember how you did it and learn to control it. This time, we were lucky. No one really saw what happened, and thanks to Maya's nonsense, others believe it was the work of mermaids. If anyone knew it was you, we would be in trouble."

"Do you think others would see me as a monster if they knew I did those things?"

Damon looked at Talia helplessly. "We spoke about this, kitten. There will always be jealous people, and some might even worship you. You will see all that once we announce you as my Luna. However, if people find out what all you can do, some of them will start fearing you. Those are the dangerous ones."

Talia nodded in understanding. They spoke about it when they discussed that their wolves can talk, and then again when she healed him and flung two rogues in the air with the wave of her hand.

Damon told her to keep it a secret because being different is not always a good thing. Some will try to control her, or make her power their own, and once they find out that's not possible, she will be in danger. Many Alphas won't tolerate anyone jeopardizing their authority, and Talia's powers will threaten them, even if she keeps a low profile.

Talia took a deep breath and she tried to recollect the smallest details.

"I remember wanting to find Tanya and Max, and then something stirred inside me. It was like I could sense a beacon that told me which way we should go. There was a warm sensation in my stomach... I saw that Max was struggling to reach Tanya and I wished that he can do it..."

Chapter 324 - Mystery Of Talia's Powers (2) [Bonus ]

Damon listened attentively to Talia recollecting the incident from the lake, and when she was done, he asked questions.

Unfortunately, there was not much to go with. Talia wished that there was an on-off switch for controlling her so-called powers, or at least a replay button where she could see everything from another person's perspective because now that she got to talk about it, it all sounded unbelievable.

Damon told her that her eyes were glowing with silvery light, and he reminded her of a few times when others bowed to her. And there was also... "Do you remember that you were the one who told Tatiana to come with us to the car when we were heading to the beach?"

Talia remembered. "I asked her to join us."

"No, kitten.", Damon said while looking at her helplessly. "Tanya wanted to go with Kalina and others. She was ignoring Max. Yet when you approached her, she caved in immediately. I felt your aura fluctuating at that moment."

Talia's brows came together. "Are you saying that I influenced her?"

"That's exactly what I'm saying. And the fantastic part is that you are not even aware it's happening. You are natural, kitten."

"Is this my wolf's ability?", Talia asked.

Damon was not sure. The incident with the rogues happened before Talia's wolf awakened. However, there was a possibility that Talia could use her wolf's power without her wolf being present. And there was always a chance that these were Talia's abilities, but either the conditions were not met, or Talia used them without realizing it. In any case... "Your wolf will shed more light on all this when she wakes up, but we don't know when that will happen. Until then, we need to figure out how much we can. If someone realizes what you can do, it will attract attention."

Talia was overwhelmed. How did things turn out this way? She wished that Damon was wrong, but there were too many instances of strange things happening, including that woman (aka Jill), getting on all four in the restroom at the Shifters nightclub.

Talia was just a girl who hated injustice and wanted to help people she cared about. How did it turn out into her subduing people and having mysterious glowing powers?

But Damon was right. Some of the incidents could be explained by her wolf being strong. However, the glowing, stopping water currents, healing others, and flinging rogues into the air were totally different things.

If she could really do that, she needed to learn to control it before it attracts trouble.

"It was like... I wanted it to happen, and it did. And I was either not aware that something was unusual, or it was done before I realized it. Sorry, but I can't remember anything specific."

"No, no.", Damon said right away. "There are few things that are repeating in every case."

"There are?"



"Every time you showed extraordinary ability, it was because you wanted something to happen.", Damon reminded her.

Talia's brows came together. "How is that helpful?"

Damon raised a finger, indicating to her to be patient. "And every time, you wanted it for someone else."

"For someone else?" How was that a clue?

Damon confirmed. He thought that it made absolute sense. Talia was selfless and she always put others ahead of her. It went in the line with her personality that she would use her mind-blowing powers for others subconsciously.

"When you dealt with the rogues, it was to save me. In the hospital, I believe you wanted to heal me, but you ended up healing both of us. And what happened in the lake, it was for Max and Tanya."

Talia still didn't get it. "Are you saying that every time I make a wish for someone else, magical things happen?"

Damon puffed his cheeks. "It sounded better in my head, but when you put it that way, you have a point."

Talia felt guilty for dissing Damon's idea. Even if he was not on the right track, he was trying.

"Let's not forget about the burning sensation in my stomach.", she said. "Maybe me wanting to save a life triggered my ability to... do something."

Damon smiled. "I think we are onto something here. I don't believe it's just a simple wish, but you need to really want it to happen. Try to think about that situation and how you felt. See if you can make it happen again."

Talia closed her eyes and Damon was quick to say, "Not now. You just recuperated. Wait until you rest properly."

Talia was touched by his concern. "Thank you for watching over me." Before Damon, she was all alone, with no one to help her when she was hurt or lonely. And here was Damon, a powerful Alpha, holding her in his strong arms and making sure she doesn't overexert herself.

Damon shook his head at the silly girl. "Who will watch over you if not me?" If anything happened to her... he didn't want to think about it.

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Talia let out a long breath. "I hope I don't have the power to make wishes come true magically."

Damon had no idea from where that came. "Why?"

"The magic wears off eventually.", she said. "When I was in the attic, I would read the Cinderella book and I wished for a prince charming to come and save me. And then you showed up."

Damon's eyes widened. "Are you saying I'm your prince charming?"

Talia poked his chest with her finger. How can he get cocky at a moment like this?

"That's not the point."

"You just called me your prince charming. I think that's big enough to become a point. An important one."

Talia rolled her eyes. "I wanted to say how Cinderella's magic wore off at midnight. What if my magic wears off and I realize that I'm still in that attic and that you..."

She stopped talking when Damon put his index finger over her lips.

"If that happens, I will find you again.", he said with all the seriousness in the world. "We are mates, meant to be together. If we are apart, no matter where you are, I won't sit still until I find you. Do you believe me?"

"I do." She really did.

Damon relaxed and wrapped his arms around Talia, pulling her into him and wishing that their bodies completely merge into one so that they never separate. Whenever she was out of his visual range, he would be restless, and the thought of them actually being apart was agonizing.

Damon dispelled those dark thoughts away. Now that Talia knew they were mates, and she accepted it, their bond only needed his mark to be sealed for eternity, there was no way that they will separate.

"If you can make wishes come true, would you indulge your mate?", Damon asked.

Talia had no idea where he was going with it. Was it something naughty? Probably.

"What is it?", she asked.

"Can you wish our guests away?"

Talia stifled a laugh. "They just arrived, and you want them gone?"

Yes! Out of all the guests present, the only one Damon wanted to socialize with (in small doses) was Maddox, and Maddox was now busy with Tatiana. Tony only brought work to Damon, and Axel made him wary. As for the others, Damon didn't care. So, if Damon could have it his way, they would all go

home, and Damon would be left with Talia to enjoy their time together without the need to entertain guests.

"Does that mean you can't make my wish come true?", Damon asked with a pout.

"It will happen, but with a slight delay."

"Let me guess.", Damon made a thoughtful expression. "A week?"

Talia nodded earnestly. "Give or take a day."

Damon rolled his eyes dramatically. "How is that called granting a wish when that's the time they would leave anyway?"

"We can always ask them to stay longer."

"No, no!", Damon was quick to say. "One week is fine."

Talia giggled. "I'm happy that my Alpha is sensible."

Damon sighed and then chuckled.

Both of them enjoyed this carefree moment where they could be themselves and have fun. It was all in the little things.

Chapter 325 - More Guests Are On Their Way

Talia could see the orange hues of the sunset covering the sky outside, so she asked Damon, "What are we going to do for dinner?"

They had a plan for a bonfire and barbeque on the beach, but the voices from the garden told her that everyone was in the packhouse. It was inappropriate for hosts to relax in bed when they had guests.

"With Meg, Kai, Max, Tanya, and the two of us being absent from the beach, Maya suggested that we reschedule beach activities for some other time. Everyone agreed that we should have dinner here."

Talia nodded in understanding.

At the thought of the dinner and evening approaching, Talia remembered one more important thing. "When is Marcy coming?"

Damon knew that Talia didn't want Marcy to come, and he didn't want that either. Well, they didn't need to worry about her for a few more hours. "The group from the Red Moon pack will stay overnight in a hotel and will arrive in the morning."

Talia buried her face in his chest and Damon could feel her discomfort rising.

"I can make the call right now and cancel the whole thing.", Damon said seriously.

He would offend Marcy and Alpha Edward in a heartbeat, even if they threaten him with war. No one and nothing compares to Talia, and there was no point leading a pack without Talia by his side. He got that much figured out.

There was one obstacle Damon didn't know how to deal with. "If Marcy doesn't come here, how will we explain that to your wolf?"

Talia exhaled helplessly. She wanted to say that she will handle her wolf, but Talia didn't have that confidence. She looked up at him. "What's the plan for Marcy?"

Damon puffed his cheeks. "I will come up with something."

"So... no plan."

Damon didn't have anything yet, but he knew one thing. "I won't allow Marcy or anyone else to stand between us, kitten. I will deal with Marcy, and then I will mark you, and everyone will know you are my Luna."

Talia's heart swelled from warm and fuzzy emotions. Every time Damon said how she was his and he wanted the whole world to know it, she was truly happy. It was like a dream come true.

At the same time, she couldn't help but fear that something will happen to prevent that. It's not that she had foretelling abilities, but it all sounded amazing, and amazing things didn't happen to regular girls like Talia.

Was it too good to be true? She snuggled closer into Damon and took deep breaths of her favorite scent of the forest and the dark chocolate in order to calm her jittery nerves.

"Do you trust me, kitten?", she heard him ask and she nodded in response.

"Don't worry about Marcy.", he said softly. "That's my mess and I will clean it up. Focus on resting and enjoying with our guests. OK?"

Talia looked up at Damon. "What if she recognizes me?"

At the Lightclaw pack was one thing, but now she didn't have fancy styling and makeup, and there was a big chance Marcy will hear that Talia came to the Dark Howlers pack only a few weeks ago. With all that, Marcy might connect the dots and realize that Talia is the girl from the attic.

"Are you afraid of her?", Damon asked and in the next moment Talia's insecurities splashed on him and he regretted his question.

Since coming to the Dark Howlers pack, Talia showed immense growth, but Marcy was different.

Marcy recognizing Talia could mean that Alpha Edward will get another weapon and try to use Talia against Damon. Of course, Damon won't allow that to happen, but that didn't mean Talia was not worried about that possibility. And it would be a lie if Damon said that he was not concerned about that also.

However, Damon was more worried about the fact that Marcy was abusing Talia and those scars were embedded below Talia's skin. He remembered how pitiful Talia was when he found her in the attic, dressed in faded oversized clothes, and her skin was covered in cuts and bruises. His heart tightened.

Damon recollected how Marcy would come into his room dressed up to the nines, with hair and makeup done, and a big smile on her face, ready to impress him as his future Luna, and all that was probably just minutes after she beat Talia.

His mate was suffering, and he was oblivious to all the bad things that were happening right under his nose. Damon will never forgive himself that failure.

When he found Talia in the attic, Damon was so consumed with the pull of the bond and the sparks that he barely noticed her sorry state. And then he focused on getting Talia out of that packhouse, and only hours later, in the car, he realized that she needed medical help and food. He was so focused on what he wanted, that he neglected to get justice for Talia.

And at the Lightclaw pack, his attention was on enjoying his time with Talia, and he forgot (again!) to punish Marcy.

What kind of an Alpha forgets to punish people who wronged his Luna!? Twice!

Tomorrow, Marcy will come into his and Talia's house. How can he keep his cool?

Rage swelled in the pit of Damon's stomach.

What talk about Marcy being his Luna? She will be lucky if she can leave his territory alive! He will lock up Marcy in the attic and serve her beatings for lunch, breakfast, and dinner so that she experiences the hellish treatment Talia went through.

Yes, Talia told him how some of the older injuries were not from Marcy, because others bullied her, but that only made things worse! How many of them were there?

Damon felt an urge to go to the Red Moon pack and raze it to the ground.

He will send Alpha Edward and his whole pack to hell! Talia suffered there for decades, and no one thought of helping? What kind of monsters live there!?

To make things worse, Talia endured all that without her wolf. She was alone, weak, hungry, and scared, and she couldn't even heal herself!

"Damon?", Talia's voice pulled him out of his murderous thoughts that mixed with anguish for not being able to protect his mate.

Talia could feel that his emotions were unstable. "I am fine.", she assured him. She didn't know what was on his mind, but she guessed it was related to her.

"No, kitten. You are not fine.", Damon said. "Whatever you are feeling, let it out. If you want to vent your anger on Marcy, do it. If anyone has issues with it, I will deal with them."

Talia knew that he meant it. Even if the sky fell down, he would hold it up for her.

Was she OK facing Marcy? Talia was not sure. But she knew that she needed to go through it.

"I am your mate.", she said. "As your Luna, I will meet Marcy and others who are like her."



Thanks to the numerous files she found on Damon's computer, Talia was aware that nearly every unmated female with Alpha bloodline tried to be Damon's Luna, and Damon probably bedded most of them. Talia didn't want to think about it.

The past belonged in the past, and she wanted to focus on the future.

"If I shrink in front of Marcy, I won't be qualified to be the Luna of the Dark Howlers pack. Don't think that you are in this on your own, Damon. It doesn't matter if the person coming tomorrow is Marcy or any other. I will be right by your side."

Damon's smile reached his eyes.

He knew that Talia didn't care about being Luna of the pack, but she wanted to be with him. She was getting out of her comfort zone for him, and that was why he was determined to enable her to fulfill all of her dreams (as long as they didn't include leaving him).

Damon leaned to kiss her lips gently, and when Talia fisted his hair and deepened the kiss, all brakes were off. The scent of Talia's arousal told him that his mate wanted him, and he had no intention of letting her wait.

As for Marcy and everyone else, they will deal with them as they come. Together.

Chapter 326 - The Journey To The Dark Howlers Pack (1)

Somewhere in Oregon...

The car stopped moving and Marcy opened her eyes.

It took her a moment to remember where she was and where she was going. She was in the back seat, next to her brother, James. George (aka her mate she rejected) was driving and Nora (aka her bestie

who slept not only with the man Marcy should marry but with Marcy's father also) was in the front passenger's seat. They were heading to the Dark Howlers pack.

Marcy was not sure if this was a ride from hell or to hell, or maybe just between two hellish points.

They were supposed to leave earlier that morning, but Nora was late, so they had to wait for her, and they ended up leaving the Red Moon pack after lunch. Luna Layla (Marcy's mom) took this extended time to remind Marcy how a good Luna should bend to her Alpha's orders.

Marcy sneered while wondering if that includes looking the other way while her Alpha shags everything that wears a skirt. Or maybe her mother also has some extramarital adventures, but because she plays submissive, she was keeping those low-key. At that point, nothing would surprise Marcy.

Nora was quick to say that she wanted to sit in front, and Marcy had no objections. Marcy didn't want to sit next to Nora, and she definitely didn't want to sit next to George.

George was driving in silence, James put his earbuds on the moment the car started moving, and Marcy was not in the mood to socialize. Nora was chatting for all of them.

Marcy saw Nora repeatedly reaching to touch George's shoulder and arm, and a few times she also reached for his thigh. It was all like accidentally, as she spoke, but Marcy knew better. Marcy saw how Nora was looking at George in Alpha Edward's office. That slut wanted to sleep with George also!

Marcy's wolf was stirring and wanting to attack Nora for daring to put her hands on George, but Marcy pushed her down. How was she going to explain if she makes a scene?

Besides, she already rejected him, and George didn't accept the rejection, but he didn't forgive her either. On top of that, Marcy was going to the Dark Howlers pack in order to become Damon's Luna, and there was no place for Commander George in that picture.

The cards were dealt, and Marcy needed to make the most of it.

Marcy was reminding herself that the Red Moon pack was a horrible place, and this was her chance to make an exit, so she should behave a bit longer.

In order not to look at Nora's disgusting attempts to get George's attention, Marcy closed her eyes.

She was not really tired, but Georges's sweet scent of clover calmed Marcy's nerves and she ended up falling asleep.

Back to the present...

Marcy narrowed her eyes at the darkness. They left later than expected, but even with that, Marcy hoped they will reach the Dark Howlers pack before nighttime, but it was obviously night so she miscalculated.

The blaring red neon sign 'Motel' told her that they were not at their destination, and if they were close to it, they wouldn't stop there... wherever that place was.

"Is it time for dinner?", Marcy asked while rubbing her eyes.

"You are awake.", Nora stated the obvious. "Yes, it's time for dinner, and I booked us rooms for the night." She ended while waving her phone, indicating that she booked the rooms online.

Marcy frowned and glanced at her phone to check the time. It was close to nine o'clock PM. "Rooms? How far are we from the Dark Howlers pack?"

"I know you are eager to reach there, princess", George said dryly. "With the stop for food, we will reach there after midnight. It's better to stay in a hotel overnight. We will continue our trip after breakfast, and like this, we won't disturb our hosts in the middle of the night."

Marcy heard his condescending tone and she didn't want to argue with him. She glanced at James who was already out of the car and stretching. It seems that her brother didn't care when they will reach the Dark Howlers pack.

Well, Marcy wouldn't care either if not for Nora, but she couldn't talk to George, Nora was obviously eager to stay in a motel, and James was useless.

Marcy released a slow breath and opened the door to get out of the car.

She frowned at the desolate sight that greeted her.

Only four cars and several massive motorcycles were on the parking lot that provided more than thirty parking spots.

On one side of the parking lot was the road, and on the other one was a two-story motel that had stairs on each side which provided access to the rooms on the second floor. The rooms on the ground floor were accessible directly from the parking lot.

Right from the motel was a small restaurant that definitely saw better days.

Behind the restaurant was a gas station and... that was it. There was nothing else.

'Who picked this dingy place?', Marcy wondered but she swallowed her grievances. It's only one night. She will manage. Hopefully.

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After checking in and getting their room keys, Marcy realized that there were only two rooms.

"Each room has two beds.", Nora explained and looked eagerly at George. "Who will be my roommate?"

Marcy felt like gagging. Can Nora be any more obvious?

"I will stay with George.", James spoke for the first time since they left the Red Moon pack.

Marcy realized that nothing works for her. She didn't want to sleep in the same room with Nora, but George was out of the question, and James didn't seem like a good choice either. Sure, they are siblings, but he will be sixteen years old soon, and they spent the last decade apart, so sharing a room was not appropriate.

Marcy's and Nora's room had a sitting area with a sofa and a television, and there was a bathroom and two beds with a four-drawer dresser between them. It was nothing fancy, but it was a bed, and the bedsheets were clean, so it will do.

Next, Marcy, Nora, George, and James headed to the restaurant.

Big glass windows of the diner revealed an interior that looked like it came from 1960-ies. Not because it was decorated in retro-style, but because it was built at that time and no renovations were done.

There were booths along the walls with a bar that provided seating. The wall behind the bar had an opening that allowed customers to see into the kitchen. Several tables were in the middle of the diner.

Furniture was metallic and dressed in red leather, and walls were brightly colored and covered with various neon signs.

Three bulky guys sat at one table, and based on bandanas and black jackets, it was obvious that they were the owners of those massive motorcycles that were on the parking lot.

"Let's sit in the booth.", Nora said enthusiastically.

Nora sat on one side, and James sat opposite from her. Marcy was quick to squeeze next to James. Her brother was not very friendly, but considering that Marcy's other option was Nora, Marcy went with James.

Chapter 327 - The Journey To The Dark Howlers Pack (2)

A middle-aged lady came with a big pitcher of coffee and four menus to get their orders.

By the time George, Nora, and Marcy got a cup of coffee (James didn't want any), and they ordered sodas, Nora was ready to order first.

"Sirloin steak, medium..."

"We are out of steak.", the woman interrupted Nora.

"Pot roast with..."

"We are out.", the woman cut off George's order.

Marcy was next. "Chicken skillet..."

"That's out also."

"How about a fish platter?", James asked, already guessing that it won't be available.

The woman grimaced. "Fish is not fresh, so I wouldn't recommend it."

After attempting to order a few more dishes, Nora snapped, "How about you tell us what IS available?"

The woman was not fazed by Nora's attitude. "Sweetie, I would recommend house special. Burger and fries."

"Is that all?", Marcy asked.

The woman shrugged. "If you came earlier, we had chicken wings, salad, and broccoli and cheddar soup. Every day at five o'clock in the afternoon, we send any unsold lunch items to the town's community kitchen, so we are out of those now. In the morning, you can get omelets with bell peppers and mushrooms."

They decided to go with burgers and fries. It seemed they were out of everything else.

The restaurant was in the middle of nowhere and they didn't have a steady flow of customers, so they didn't stock up on food.

While waiting for their food, Marcy flipped through the two pages-long beverage menu like it was the most interesting thing in the world.

James was pleased to see that the humble establishment (how he called it) offered free wi-fi, so he immediately powered up his tablet and started playing a game. Alpha Edward doesn't approve of James doing anything other than training or studying, so James thought of this as a perfect opportunity to get his fill of activities that normal teenagers do, and that also included ignoring everyone who outgrew teenage years.

Marcy looked at her brother whose eyes were shining from excitement as he was completely disconnected from reality.

Since Marcy returned from Europe, she didn't see James other than during meals because he was always busy with things that will make him a good Alpha, and she assumed that he was really into it. But now that she saw him grinning at the silly video game, Marcy suspected that James was a product of their parents, like she was.

From a young age, Marcy was groomed to be a good Luna, sent to Europe so that she gains education and various knowledge about managing home and people, while James got a strict schedule that an Alpha should have (according to their father).

Marcy wondered what would James do if he had the freedom to pick his path. Would he want to lead a pack? She shook those thoughts away. James was still young to have long-term plans for the future, and that was why he was obediently following what Alpha Edward prepared for him. And even if James had any plans, he wouldn't share them with Marcy because they were not close.

Nora was chattering, with George mostly, and by the time food arrived, Marcy suspected that Nora was openly making a move on George.

Of course, George's expression was stoic and didn't reveal anything, but Nora was coquettish and with her hands under the table, Marcy could only imagine what she was doing down there.

Marcy's wolf was raging with jealousy, and Marcy was focused on controlling her actions so that she doesn't end up pouncing on Nora.

With James who ignored Marcy, George emitting intangible pressure that made her nervous, and Nora's voice making her nauseated, Marcy completely lost her appetite.

After pushing the food on her plate for some time, Marcy stood up. "I'm going to get air."

Before this trip, Marcy feared that Nora will try to harm her, but now Marcy realized that the real challenge will be for Marcy not to scratch Nora's face away. Does she need to sleep with every man? Slut!

Marcy stepped out and realized that unless she took a walk along the road or into the surrounding forest, there was no other place she could go, and lingering on the parking lot will only attract unwanted attention, so she headed to her room.



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Marcy plopped on the bed and released a slow breath.

With George, Nora, and James still in the restaurant, this might be a good opportunity for Marcy to escape, if she was not in the middle of nowhere!

Also, George had the car keys. Can she ask those bikers to give her a ride somewhere? Where would she go?

As much as Marcy spent a good portion of her life in Europe, it was all prearranged by her parents, and she never made big decisions or took risks on her own.

Marcy gritted her teeth at the thought that her father took her passport that same morning.

"I will keep it safely with other important documents.", Alpha Edward said while explaining how Marcy shouldn't take her passport with her and risk losing it, and since she won't be home for some time, Omegas might misplace it accidentally while cleaning her room. "When you plan an international travel, let me know..."

Yeah, right. Who heard of a Luna traveling the world? Luna is mostly stuck in her pack and travels only on official business, and that is among packs and not across the borders.

And how can Omega accidentally misplace a passport that's safely stored in a drawer of a desk?

Marcy had a feeling that her father was tightening his leash on her.

Did he suspect that something was fishy? She paid attention to her behavior, and it shouldn't be unusual that she packed her jewelry. But maybe she packed too many clothes? She decided to leave one of the suitcases at home and bring only one that had toiletries, jewelry, and a few sets of clothes.

Marcy was dejected. How was she supposed to return to Europe without a passport? She saw in movies that one can be forged, but it's not like there was an online store that offers document-forging services.

Well, she was not really planning to escape to Europe. That was only her backup plan, in case things don't work out with Alpha Damon.

Marcy had some savings on her bank account, and she could sell her jewelry, and that should be enough to get her to Europe and last for some time. Her apartment in Paris was still paid for and she was planning to stay there until she figures out her next steps, but now Europe was not an option. What a bummer!

Marcy frowned at the sound of movement at the door, and that distinct 'click' with clattering told her that her roommate for the night was there.

Marcy closed her eyes and slowed down her breathing. She didn't want to talk to Nora. Maybe she will get ready for bed and fall asleep? One can hope.

Chapter 328 - The Journey To The Dark Howlers Pack (3)

"Are you sleeping?", Nora's voice drifted toward Marcy who was lying on her bed and pretending to sleep.

"I brought you food."

At this second part, Marcy opened her eyes. "What did you bring?"

She left the diner in the spur of the moment, but the truth was that she didn't eat anything since lunch, and she was hungry. The dingy motel didn't offer room service, so there was nothing to eat. Marcy already thought about drinking a lot of water to fill her stomach until morning, and she didn't want to acknowledge Nora's presence, but if there was food, she will take it.

"I packed your burger and fries. I asked for extra ketchup on the side, and added a chocolate milkshake.", Nora said. "We all had a shake. It was the best part of dinner."

Marcy looked at the styrofoam containers, and she remembered that in the United States is common for people to pack their leftovers. She never did that while in Europe. Probably because food portions in Europe are much smaller, so normally there are no leftovers.

Marcy scooted off the bed and went to the sofa to attack her food. She will pretend to sleep later.

Nora observed Marcy as she opened the containers and was arranging napkins on her lap. It was all done in elegant movements, and Nora thought how Marcy looked like royalty. Will she know how to eat the messy burger that had sauces, salad, and a fried egg inside?

Nora frowned when she realized that Marcy was ready to eat and she didn't even say thank you. George and James obviously didn't care if Marcy goes hungry, and that meal was there only because Nora thought of asking for carryout boxes.

Nora saw Marcy as an educated lady with exquisite etiquette, someone who wouldn't neglect to be grateful to the person who did something nice for her. Marcy's behavior was strange.

"Marcy?", Nora called. "Is everything OK?"

Marcy was about to take a bite of the burger when she paused. "Why wouldn't it be?"

Nora shrugged. "I don't know. You seem a bit distant."

Marcy's lips lifted into a stiff smile. Distant? That's an understatement.

Marcy didn't want to get too close to Nora out of fear that she will contract some disease.

Nora slept with Marcy's father and with Marcy's future husband. Oh, and she was trying to sleep with George (aka Marcy's mate). How can Marcy be OK with that?

But Marcy couldn't voice her thoughts at this point. If a fight breaks out, Marcy was not sure if she could come out of it unscathed. After all, Marcy never trained anything beyond what PE classes required, and if her father hears that there was a conflict between Marcy and Nora, Marcy was confident that her father will support his mistress over his estranged daughter.

Marcy told herself to endure. Once she becomes Damon's Luna, she will be in power and she won't need to tolerate despicable people like Nora.

"I am just nervous.", Marcy responded to Nora who scrutinized her. "You know... with us going to see Alpha Damon and everything. What if I mess up?"

At these words, Nora visibly relaxed.

For a moment, Nora thought that Marcy was up to something, but it seems that the poor pampered princess was just scared.

"You won't mess up anything.", Nora said with a smile. "If you think it's too much for you to bear, I will be there to help you, as your best friend." And this included taking care of Alpha Damon also.

Marcy didn't think much about Nora's words. She was glad that the questions stopped.

The food that Nora brought was cold and greasy, but the chocolate milkshake helped push it down Marcy's throat. At least she won't go to sleep hungry.

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At some point, Nora sat next to Marcy, and asked, "What do you think about Commander George?"

Marcy's wolf went into a jealous fit of rage and Marcy nearly choked on the food.

Nora patted Marcy's back. "Are you OK?"

Marcy grabbed the milkshake and started gulping it. The cold sensation down her throat helped her to gather her senses.

She hoped that her displeasure didn't show. Why was Nora talking about George?

Did George spill the beans they were mates? No, he wouldn't do that. If people found out, he would be in trouble also; Probably in more trouble than Marcy.

"What about him?", Marcy asked.

"He is hot.", Nora said with a big grin on her face.

Marcy was not sure if Nora was testing her or not, but she knew that Nora meant it. It was obvious that Nora was drooling over George.

"He doesn't seem to be friendly.", Marcy responded.

Nora stifled a laugh. "I'm not looking for a friend."

"What are you looking for? A hookup?"

Nora shrugged. "I never had a boyfriend, but Commander George might change that."

Marcy narrowed her eyes. "I would imagine that a guy like him will wait for his fated mate."

Nora rolled her eyes. "Aren't we all hoping that the right person will come? But until then, fooling around is fair game. But he seems to be too good to just fool around with."

"Why are you telling me this?", Marcy snapped. She really wanted to ask if George will accept a skank like Nora, but she swallowed that question with her next bite.

Nora blinked at Marcy. "It's just a chatter among friends. You can't deny that he is a good catch. A commander at such a young age. He definitely has qualities beyond just muscles. Since you are about to meet Alpha Damon, I took the liberty of sitting in front of the car, next to George. You don't mind, do you?"

"I don't.", Marcy mumbled and continued eating.

"Good!", Nora exclaimed and leaned closer to Marcy while continuing in a low voice, "I felt his arm. He is so hard that I nearly broke a nail. What do you think, how does he compare to Alpha Damon? Ah, I bet that in your eyes, no one compares to Alpha Damon, but Commander George will definitely be a close second..."

Marcy started gulping down food with haste in the hope to finish as soon as possible and go back to bed so that she can pretend to sleep and not listen to Nora's nonsense.

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Marcy thought that she might need to pretend to sleep in order to avoid Nora's chatter, but soon after she finished her meal, her eyelids became unusually heavy.

Nora watched as Marcy settled on the bed and she smirked when Marcy closed her eyes.

Mission complete!

Nora shook her head at Marcy while thinking how the latter was definitely a pampered princess. How come Marcy didn't think that something was wrong with the food? Who would do a good deed (like bringing food) without an ulterior motive?

Sucker!

Chapter 329 - The Journey To The Dark Howlers Pack (4) [Bonus ]

Nora swiftly picked up food containers and dumped them into the trashcan that was outside in the hallway, and then she returned to the room.

She clapped a few times above Marcy's head to ensure that the latter won't wake up. The drugs took effect, and Marcy will be out for hours. Perfect!

Nora's main goal was to check Marcy's suitcase. Nora noticed that Marcy was guarding it so much that she even kept it under the bed. How can Nora not be curious?

Nora rummaged through Marcy's stuff, and she took notes of the designer's clothes and luxurious toiletries. It was all European brands that smelled great. But what really got Nora's attention were necklaces, bracelets, and earrings stuffed into a few inconspicuous boxes. Nora was confident that if she took a few Marcy, wouldn't even notice.

Nora forced herself to return everything back. If she takes anything now, it will point at her as the culprit. Once they reach their destination, she will have at least one week of time to help herself. While they are in the packhouse of the Dark Howlers pack, Marcy will be busy with Alpha Damon, and Nora can accuse Omegas of stealing Marcy's stuff. No one will know.

After keeping the suitcase back under Marcy's bed, Nora headed for the bathroom. She had another thing on her mind.

Nora tidied up her makeup and hair and loosened up a few buttons from her blouse before mind-linking George.

'Commander George, can you come to our room for a moment?'

'Is there a situation?', George asked with alertness in his voice.

He was watching the surroundings and even though he didn't have a clear view of the room where Marcy and Nora were, he was at least 90% confident that he would hear if someone approached them. Besides, humans were noisy.

'Can you come? It's inconvenient over the mind-link...'

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George entered the room, and his eyes immediately scanned the area.

Once he confirmed that there were no outsiders in the room, he frowned at Marcy who was lying on the bed with her back facing him. Was she ignoring him? No. Her breathing and heartbeats were slow which confirmed that Marcy was sleeping.

"Why did you call me?", George asked Nora.

Nora gave him her bestest smile and gestured toward the sofa for him to sit.



When George didn't move, Nora spoke, "It's early to call it a night, and I thought you might enjoy female company."

George's eyebrows twitched. Female company?

If he had any doubts about Nora's intentions, they disappeared when Nora approached him and put her palm on his chest with her fingers grazing the skin that was exposed due to the top button of his shirt being undone.

George was aware that Nora was hitting on him even from before they left the Red Moon pack. But he also knew that she sleeps with any high-ranking werewolf, as long as she can get her hands on him. It was not a secret that Nora and Alpha Edward were chummy recently, and George wondered if Nora was sent by Alpha Edward to test George.

And another thing didn't make sense. How can Nora assume that he will want to get frisky with Marcy being right there?

"What will Marcy say to that?"

Nora looked at him smugly. "Nothing. She is sleeping."

"I'm quite confident that she will wake up when you scream my name."

Nora pressed her legs together. The mental image of George pounding himself inside her was extremely stimulating.

"You see...", she spoke breathily. "Marcy won't wake up. I made sure it won't happen."

George frowned when he realized that something was off. "What did you do?"

Nora bobbed her head. "I spiked her food."

George couldn't believe this. "You drugged her?"

Rage swelled within George, and before he could control himself, he was squeezing Nora's neck.

"It's just some sleeping pills...", Nora spoke with difficulty. Was he planning to choke her to death? What the hell?

George exhaled sharply and pushed Nora backward. She stumbled and fell on the butt unceremoniously.

"What did you give her? How many?", George asked grimly. With Marcy being a werewolf, just a regular dose wouldn't knock her out.

Nora sat on the floor stupidly while wondering why she can't move. George was extremely intimidating, and she had an urge to submit to him. Was it possible that George was suppressing her? This was even stronger than Alpha Edward!

Nora saw that George's expression was getting darker by the second, and she dragged herself to her purse from where she pulled a box and George snatched it from her hand.

"How many!?"

Nora shrunk even further and responded weakly, "I crushed eight of these..."

George flipped the box. He didn't understand what those words mean, but there was a warning not to take more than two in twenty-four hours, yet Nora gave Marcy four times of that! It shouldn't be a problem because Marcy was a she-wolf, but he knew that Marcy's wolf was weakened due to her rejecting the bond.

George rubbed his chin nervously while thinking about what to do. The idea of something being wrong with Marcy was eating him alive. Damned bond!

"She will wake up by morning...", Nora assured him. "Why are you so worried about Marcy?"

"Stupid!", he hissed. He didn't want to tell Nora that they are mates and that he lost his cool for a moment, but there was another point. "What possessed you to drug Marcy? What if something happens to her? How will you explain that to Alpha Edward?"

"Nothing will happen, OK?", Nora said in a shaky voice. It's not like she put wolfsbane in that burger!

"YOU DON'T KNOW THAT!", he roared. "GET OUT!"

Nora broke in a cold sweat. What was going on? Why were her legs already moving toward the door? Did he use the Alpha command on her?

"Out? Where?", she asked.

"I don't give a shit! Sleep outside or in the car!" He threw car keys at her, but they hit her in the stomach because she didn't catch them.

Nora bent to get the keys and she stiffened when she heard George talking in a dangerously low voice, "If you dare disturb James, I will leave you in this dump and you will walk back home. Do you understand?"

Nora walked out of the room with shaky legs, unable to process what just happened.

George definitely didn't reject her advances so far, and she thought that if she showed him that they can have privacy, he would jump on the opportunity. Or did he prefer to shag Marcy who was unconscious?

Nora really-really wanted to see what was going on in that room, but she feared that if George sees her again, she won't have a good ending.

How can she sleep outside? Should she get another room for herself? Ah! Her purse and wallet were in the room, and she only had car keys with her.

Nora stomped her feet angrily. Great! Just great!

If she knew that George was this grumpy, she would never call him into the room!

And now she needed to sleep in the car!

Chapter 330 - Alpha Of The Frostcrest Pack (1)

George looked at Marcy while thinking about what to do.

He stood two steps away from her bed and listened to her heartbeat. From the door, he assumed that she was in deep sleep, but now that he knew Nora drugged her, he realized that her heartbeat was too slow.

Should he take her to a hospital?

No. It's not advisable to take a she-wolf to a human hospital.

They would probably be shocked to see how quickly she was healing, and most of the medications made for humans won't be effective.

Besides, what would they do there? Pump her stomach? It was obvious that the drugs were already in her system, and he deduced that Nora gave her spiked food the moment she returned. That was an hour ago!

If something happens to Marcy...

George jabbed his hand into his hair.

This was more than just a mate bond working. It was his duty to keep her safe.

For years, George shed sweat and blood on the training ground in order to climb the ranks and get his position, and now that he was only a step away from his goal, his whole life flipped upside down at the moment he met Marcy and realized she was his mate.

Is this the Moon Goddess' idea of a joke?

George's mind drifted to his childhood which he spent among hundreds of kids. They were strangers, picked up from various places, yet they all had several things in common. They all lived in the building that was reserved for kids like them, to sleep, eat, study, and train. They either didn't have parents, or their parents decided to send them to train to become warriors of the Red Moon pack. At least that's what they told them in the training center.

One of his earliest childhood memories was about standing straight in the first row of many that were formed of kids just like he was. They were standing without talking, without eating, without drinking... in the sun, rain, and whatever mother nature threw at them. And they were standing for days because only the top ten got to advance to the next level which included a day of rest and extra meat for lunch, while everyone else would get reduced food rations and they needed to redo their training from scratch.

Training after training, George was among the top scorers. Even for someone with a tenacious physique like George, it was extremely taxing, and he thought of giving up many times. After all, the ones who fail repeatedly were sent to work in fields or do other dirty jobs and that was not so bad compared to what he endured during training.

However, a small voice of stubbornness told him to keep going. Just one more day. One more exercise. One more test. Just one more...

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George was about thirteen years old when an Omega approached him. She was a middle-aged she-wolf who introduced herself as Estelle and told him that she served his mother.

"My mother?", George asked robotically. Wasn't he an orphan like most of the other kids? They were not allowed to find out about their biological parents, because that might distract them from training. That's what their coaches said to those few who dared to ask.

"I am about to tell you something that can get me killed.", Estelle said in a hushed voice.

"And you still want to tell me? Don't you value your life?"

"I will tell you because it's time. And because I'm tired of keeping this a secret..."

And then George heard a fantastic story.

Not so long ago, there was the Frostcrest pack that was led by Alpha Conor and Luna Fiana.

They were a small pack that specialized in making clothes of leather and fur, and they bordered the Red Moon pack on the North. One day, Alpha Howard of the Red Moon pack (aka the father of Alpha Edward, aka Marcy's grandfather) came to the Frostcrest pack and issued an Alpha challenge.

Everyone knew that the Red Moon pack was expanding its territory, but considering that they were on friendly terms and that the Red Moon pack purchased most of the products that came out of the Frostcrest pack, no one expected this challenge, especially not Alpha Conor. In addition to that, Alpha Conor was aware that Alpha Howard was close to handing over his position to his son, and this was not a convenient time for war. But Alpha Howard was not declaring war. That was a hostile takeover.

"Alpha Howard killed Alpha Connor and Luna Fiana died of heartbreak on the same day.", Estelle said to George. "The Frostcrest pack was merged with the Red Moon pack, and it disappeared from the maps. This is the official version. You can confirm it if you read recent history books."

George listened while wondering, "How is any of that relevant to me?"

"I told you that I used to serve your mother. Now I work in the fields, but I used to work in the packhouse of the Frostcrest pack, serving Luna Fiana." Estelle saw George frowning, so she added, "You see... at the time when Alpha Howard issued the challenge, Alpha Conor and Luna Fiana had a three years-old son. Shortly after you were born, Luna Fiana told me that in the case of an attack on the pack, you should be hidden among other kids. I followed orders and took you to the nursery while Alpha Conor was preparing for the duel. People knew that Alpha had a son, but they kept their family life private and not many knew what you look like. When Alpha Howard took the eligible children to the Red Moon pack to be trained as warriors, you ended up going with them..."

George was not sure if he should believe that fantastic story. What if it's just a rambling of a crazed woman? But then Estelle gave him two faded photos. One photo showed a man and a woman in their early twenties embracing each other. They were happy. The other photo showed the woman from the first photo holding a toddler on her hip... and somehow, George saw himself in those photos. That toddler had his eyes, the same eyes that the man in the other photo had. And Estelle also gave him a golden hairpin. It belonged to Luna Fiana, George's mother.

George went to the library and looked up information related to the Frostcrest pack. It all confirmed what Estelle told him and he found much more.

The Frostcrest pack was a peaceful pack. They focused on trading and were doing well. Until Marcy's grandfather came and destroyed them. Of course, books say how the Alpha Conor was weak, and it was their luck that the Red Moon pack accepted them. The history was always written by the winners.

Hypocrites!

Alpha Howard killed George's father and mother, and a few years later, Alpha Edward took over as the Alpha of the Red Moon pack. Alpha Edward was not so aggressive in expanding their territory, but that was probably because there were not many non-militaristic packs left in the area.