

The Silent Alpha
Chapter 66: The Fuckening

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Christian

WHERE THE f**k IS SHE?!?

I pant as I look around at the mess I've created, my hand bleeding from shattering the family portrait hanging on the wall.

I run my fingers through my hair as I try to compose myself, but my rage is hard to contain knowing I am so close yet so far from having Natalia and my pup again. I have been so patient these past few days, hoping Natalia would turn up but she's determined to tear me apart.

The answer is right in front of you and yet, you refuse to see it, Jack snarls.

Vm not killing my mother! I snap, staring at the framed photograph of my mother and Talia at the beach now shattered on the floor, Then watch me burn it all to the ground! Jack sneers, his wrath seeping into my veins.

He fights for control, Jack clawing his way to the surface and attempting to shove me as far back to the depths of my mind as he can.

Just as I feel myself about to lose the battle, a knock at the door distracts Jack enough for me to push through and lock him out.

The door creaks open, my mother poking her head in and waving hello to me side. My mother stands still and unfazed by my behavior, her dress perfectly ironed, her hair combed neatly in place without a hair out of place.

As always, she wears heels and has a cool, unwavering smile on her face.

"Christian," She says in a soothing voice as she walks carefully over the debris on the office floor.

"I see you're not having a good evening." She scrutinizes my disheveled hair and the blood on my hand, shaking her head disapprovingly at me.

"Almost thirty years old and throwing a tantrum, are we?" She chuckles condescendingly.

"And I thought Vanessa was a mess."

"If you are here to pester me, you may leave," I mutter, resting my hands on my desk to feel some sense of stability in all this turbulence.

"Oh Christian," my mother sighs, her heels clicking towards me.

"Go away, Mother," I huff.

"It's past your bedtime. Doesn't every perfect Luna need her beauty sleep?" I smile coldly.

"Perhaps," she laughs, placing her hands on my shoulders.

" But my son needs me more." I side eye her and she smiles her perfect smile at me, the same smile she taught Natalia.

"Shall we go on a little midnight run?" she hums, gently of you brooding here in your office.

DOTT, Jack chants menacingly.

KILL HER...

I fight the voice in my head but he growls so loudly, I just want him to stop.

"Come on Chrissy. Let's go for a run," my mother murmurs, her heels clicking away as she turns to leave.

Jack breaks through as my mother leaves the room and reaches for the syringe I've kept hidden in my drawers.

It contains a lethal dose of wolfsbane that the witches gave me to complete my task.

No! I scream at him but Jack stuffs the syringe into my pocket nonetheless and turns to leave.

I manage to fight my way back to the surface as I walk out of the house towards the surrounding woods to find my mother.

The sound of rustling behind a large tree and the scent of her sweet perfume alerts me that my mother is undressing and I stop in my tracks to give her some privacy.

Before long, a dark majestic brown wolf steps out from behind the tree and comes to greet me, my mother nudging me with her snout and urging me to shift.

I feel Jack creeping up on me but I swallow back his rage and hide behind the tree to shift, tucking the syringe within my pile of clothes.

I don't need it, I don't need it, I don't need it, I chant to myself, my bones rearranging into Jack taking command of my body as I present myself to my mother. She performs a play bow, her tail wagging playfully as she leans her weight on her hind legs and waits.

I accept her bow, my mother taking off in a sprint into the woods.

We chase after each other and, for a brief moment, I feel like a kid again playing tag with my mom as we feel the wind in our fur.

But it doesn't last long.

The moment we approach a cliff overlooking a valley of trees, my anger and my fears come racing towards me all at once.

"What's on your mind, love?"

My mother mind-links me as she plops down near the edge of the cliff to groom herself.

I sit silently on my hind legs, my mind drifting to thoughts of me bringing my own pup here to the cliffs for a midnight run. I've now

memorized his little face and know I could pick him out in a crowd of people.

What is he like? I wonder.

Surely, he is a strong boy with all the makings of a true Alpha.

"You're thinking of her again, aren't you?" my mother asks, settling beside me.

"I miss her too. She was a very special girl. I don't say a word, knowing I f****d up to ever trade a diamond for a stone.

"I am sorry you hurt her...but you have to live with the consequences of your actions," my mother murmurs.

"You need to least I pray she does." I growl at her but she pays me no mind and continues.

"thope she is happy," she adds.

"I pray she is alright every night."

"She'll be better here with me," I snarl, my mother giving me an amused smile.

"I'll take care of her and our pup."

"Oh, like how you took care of her the first time?" My mother snorts, my wolf growling at her tone.

"I made a mistake!"

I snap at her, my mother chuckling to herself.

"Mistake? No. You made a conscious decision to hurt your wife over and over again for several months," my mother berates me.

"Get that through that thick head of yours. You cheated knowing she would feel it. So own up to it. You did this. You tore your family apart, not her."

"I am not the only one who tore my family apart. I cheated on my wife... not my son," I retort. I missed out on the first four years of his life because of her lie.

Natalia took him from me.

I have every right to demand to be a part of my son's life."

My mother goes quiet for a moment to think before she responds.

"You treated your wife like a breeding w***e. In her mind, you were not fit to be the father of her child."

"Whose side are you on?" I growl, my mother softening her features as she nuzzles up to me.

"I love you, Christian. I love you with all my heart.

But that the wrong.

Natalia did what she thought was best for her baby and, as a mother, I cannot blame her for taking her pup to a place she thought was safe, even if that place is far away from you."

She doesn't understand! Jack snarls.

You fost our mate. I didn't! I don't deserve to pay for the mistakes you made. I want my Tiny back. I want her and our pup back in

my arms and I will never let them go! I will never hurt my Tiny like you! His anger grows violent, creating a storm of wrath and

rage that ripples down my back.

It's almost suffocating, as if the anger itself were strangling me.

"I think this run is over," I declare, taking off in the direction of the house as she calls after me.

I find the tree where our clothes are and shift back into my human form to change, stuffing the syringe back in my pocket as I

hear my mother's footsteps approach. I turn my back to my mother as she quickly shifts and changes, my hand buried in my pocket.

"Christian," my mother calls after me as I start to walk away.

"Christian, I am speaking to you!" she snaps, my feet coming to a halt.

"You don't get me," I murmur, feeling exhaustion wash over me.

"You don't understand..."

"Oh Christian, of course I do," My mother soothes, walking over to me and gently caressing my cheek.

"I know it hurts. But moving on-"breathe without her!" I snap, my mother staring back in shock at my outburst.

"I want her back. I want my wife back and neither you, nor my father, nor Jordan and Derek are going to stop me from getting what I want!"

Fear flashes in my mother's eyes as she stares at me.

"Baby, you're sick," She whispers, holding back a sob .

"You're sick and you need help. I can get you some help. You just have to let me-"

"I'm not sick and I don't want your help!" I snarl, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"You are sick...and you can't be Alpha like this, Christian. You'll hurt someone or you'll hurt yourself," my mother pleads.

A calm rage washes over me and I turn to look at my mother, her eyes flickering with distrust.

"Do you really think I'm sick?" I ask in a small voice, my mother relaxing slightly.

"You just need a little help," she murmurs, pushing back my hair from my forehead.

"I can help you. I can help you get better."

"You can?" I ask, my mother giving me an encouraging smile before holding me in her arms like a child in pain.

"Yes," she laughs softly.

"Yes, baby. I'll help you. I'll help you." She can't help you, Jack growls. She lies! She can't help you.

Only Natalia can! He snarls.

Natalia...

Her name alone brings me clarity and I squeeze my hand into a fist.

"I can help you, Chrissy," my mother murmurs.

"I can he- She suddenly freezes in my arms, a small gasp escaping her lips. For a brief moment, neither one of us moves, a

tremor rippling through her body until I pull the syringe out of her neck.

"You can't help me," I mutter, pushing myself out of her arms.

"Christian?" she whimpers, pressing her hand to the small wound on her neck.

"Christian, what-"

She lets out a strained s****m and collapses onto her knees.

"Christian...i-it burns! It burns!"

She cries, clawing at her throat.

"Christian! Help me!"

"I know, Mom. I know it hurts,"

I whisper, watching her as she writhes on the ground.

"But that pain you're feeling? I feel it every day that goes by that I don't have my mate and my pup by my side." Her mouth hangs

open as she struggles to breathe.

"You think I'm crazy, huh?" I laugh, Jack flashing in my eyes as tears roll down my mother's cheeks as she slowly fades away.

"Well then, maybe I am.Maybe I am crazy.But I know my cure," I whisper with a smile, smoothing back my mother's hair so nota hair is out of place.

"My Tiny will be my cure and I'll become the Alpha Silver Crest deserves.I know I will.You just have to believe me.You believe me, right?"

My mother's body suddenly goes limp and I grab her by the shoulders to shake her. Jack snarls victoriously, his tail wagging with triumph.

"Mom? Mom! Mommy!"

Is****m.

"Mommy, I'm sorry.I'm sorry.I'm so sorry Mommy," I sob, cradling her head in my arms.

"I'm sorry.I had to.I have to get my Tiny back.I have to..."

I lower my voice to a whisper, Jack's malicious howls ringing in my ears.

"He won't stop until I do."

I kiss her forehead for the last time, her skin still warm from the life that once flowed within her and I lift her into my arms knowing my father likely felt her last breath and will come looking for her.

My legs move quickly as I rush to the car and stuff my mother in the back seat.

"I'm sorry, Mother," I say, pulling out of the driveway.

"But it is the only way I'll get my mate back."

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