

The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 75

Chapter 75

Chapter 75: The Harbor

Zane

My chest burns as we rush through the woods, the toxins inhaled before putting on my mask scorching my lungs.

“Come on, Zane, we gotta move fast. The training grounds are just down there for us to resupply,” Tylen instructs, leading the way through the thick forest.

I follow him silently, my mind drifting off to Taryn. It was so close! So close.

I just needed to reach a little more and she would have been safe! We reach the training grounds, Tylen raiding the weaponry cabinets for supplies, not once mentioning what just happened and carrying on like his aunt didn't just fall to her death. How can he be so cold? He hands me a new rifle and its accompanying bullets, snapping his fingers at my face when I don't immediately grab them.

“Hey, snap out of it,” he barks.

“I need you here. I don't have time to babysit you or your feelings.”

“S-she's dead...”

I murmur, the image of her last soft smile flashing in my mind.

“D-doesn't that bother y-you? “Of course it does,”

Tylen snaps with indignation.

“But we don't have time to mourn right now. All we can do is honor her sacrifice and make it out of this war alive. That is what she would have wanted. That is what I plan to do,” he adds, loading up his rifle.

“This is war, Zane. It does not care about your feelings. It does not care if your heart or your body hurts. It does not care for your conscience, it wants blood. It brings death and destruction. There will come a time where you will have to make an ugly decision and you have to remember: there are no good and bad guys here, there's just them and us and the sooner you make peace with that, the easier it will be to handle.”

He takes my rifle and inspects it to make sure I've loaded it right.

“Let's go.”

His stonecold face tells me he's repeated these very words to himself over and over again throughout the years to get through each day and it worries me to think I might ever become like him.

Tylen takes me to the edge of the island and instructs me to lay flat on my stomach among the brush to camouflage.

Through binoculars, we scope out the Scarlett Haven boats as they enter the channel.

“The Eastern part of the main island is stable, but the west is f****d,” Tylen mutters to himself.

“Those Scarlett mutts have managed to take control of the harbor and it won't be long before they make it into the inner circle of the islands and onto the bunker island. I've called for some of the reserved troops from the two northern islands to mobilize, but most will be going to the main island and the few that are coming here will take some time to get here, so I need you to focus. We need a plan to block off the mouth of the

channel so that the Scarlett mutts don't touch the bunker. Any more brilliant ideas?" He asks, turning to me.

I'm surprised he's asking me, but I focus on my task at hand and scan the waters. With the fog clearing away, it is much easier to see the tactical movements of the Scarlett Haven wolves. They appear to be moving in groups of two, maneuvering at a snail's pace in single file through the channel.

To my relief, they barely move a few feet at a time in the untouched waters where mines of gas canisters are still hidden. From the cliffs above, Scarlett Haven troops monitor for any attacks coming from our island.

"W-what exactly is y-your gift?" I ask, my brain trying to come up with a plan.

"Molecular combustion," Tylen shrugs.

"I can turn any object into a bomb."

Why is he only mentioning this now? Grayson mutters.

"The issue is I have a limit. Charging the bombs is energetically draining. The bigger the object, the more energy it takes for me to convert it," he explains. "The silver beads my father gave me were a solution to that problem. They are small enough to not require a lot of energy but still pack a punch when used,"

Tylen adds.

"I still have some energy left but I'm all out of beads." He turns back to the water.

"Your gift is... what exactly? I thought you were a telepath."

"M-mind manipulation. Th-that's my gift," I reply.

"I-I can see y-your thoughts and memories and show them to p-people and I-I can control minds-"

"So Professor X but on a smaller scale?" he asks, rolling his eyes when I stare blankly at him.

"Please tell me you know Professor X?"

He barely knows how to masturbate, Grayson laughs. He's basically an oversized toddler.

Ignoring my wolf, I try to focus on the idea formulating in my head.

Scanning the cliff face and the wolves just above and below, I notice a weak spot on the cliff caused by erosion and my plan begins to materialize.

"Is it me or are they not moving?"

Tylen suddenly blurts out, nudging me to look through my scope. He's right. They're not moving... Grayson observes.

They must be waiting for something...

Knowing time is not on our side, I try to focus on my idea.

"H-how many b-big explosions do y-you think y-you can make?" I ask, Tylen calculating in his head.

"Maybe 6 or 7 but I would be completely drained afterwards," Tylen explains.

"Q-okay..." I hum to myself, suddenly very nervous to present my idea.

"W-well what if we.. w-what if we.."

"Zane, now is not the time to be shy," Tylen snaps.

"If you have an idea, spit it out."

Hold my fanny pack, Grayson snarls. I set this boy straight.

Stop talking.

Let me think! I snap, trying to gather my thoughts.

Talia always tells me to breathe...

Just breathe I take a deep breath, my plan finally settling.

"W-what if we make a slingshot?" I ask, Tylen raising an amused eyebrow at me.

Despite his condescending look, I press onwards.

"I-if y-you charge four or five rocks and w-we aim for that we-weak spot on that cliff, w-we can cause a collapse a-and."

"Trigger the remaining gas canisters with the movement to wipe out both the boats and the soldiers on top entirely!" Tylen finishes my thought.

"s**t, that might actually work."

"I saw resistance bands a-at the training grounds," I offer

"Grab them and I'll find the rocks," Tylen instructs.

We gather our supplies and meet at the edge of the forest with the clearest view of the main island to assemble our makeshift slingshot.

Using two large trees as our base for the slingshot, I tie the end of a thick resistance band to each trunk.

Once secured, Tylen loads the first rock, placing both hands on the top and bottom of the stone and pulls back as far as he can, the stone in his hand glowing red.

"L-left," I point, using the scope of my rifle to visualize the target.

"Go left."

Tylen repositions himself and releases the stone, my breath hitching as I watch it fly over the channel.

A huge cloud of smoke rises with the explosion, bullets flying in our direction in retaliation.

Tylen and I take cover behind the trees, counting to five before returning fire.

When the smoke cloud clears, Tylen and I load another rock, Tylen charging it up before releasing it. We do this once more, this time hearing a loud crack on the face of the cliff.

"Holy s**t, it's working," Tylen hisses as we take cover behind the trees.

"Backup is on the way. They've cleared the east and sent soldiers to the west. We just need to hold them off a little longer."

We load the last stone onto the slingshot in hopes of finishing the job, when we suddenly hear the hum of an engine fly over us.

"The agricultural plane..." Tylen whispers under his breath, his face paling.

"Fuck." I, however, manage not to panic, taking the charged stone from his hand and pulling it back as far as I can while crouching down on my knees.

"What are you doing?"

"T-taking down the plane," I reply, my eyes searching the dark skies for the intruder.

Unable to find the plane, I listen for it and release the stone, counting the seconds and hoping I didn't miss.

5...

4...

3...

2...

A loud bang echoes across the sky followed by flares of red and yellow flames.

Through the dark smoke, we see the plane fly out of control, crashing directly against the cliff's face.

Sheets of rock, fire, and debris crumble into the ocean, several of the Scarlett Haven wolves falling with it.

We can't even hear their screams as a number of canisters burst open and bullets from the remaining machine guns fire into the water.

"You f****g did it," Tylen whispers in shock.

"You f****g did it!" There's no time to celebrate our victory as Tylen receives a call from his father.

"We have to get to the main islands. A third fleet is coming in from the harbor and they need us," He mutters, staggering slightly on his feet.

"Y-you okay?" I ask, getting up to keep him from falling over.

"I-I'm fine," he pants, taking long deep breaths.

But as he takes a step forward, he nearly collapses onto his knees.

"I just need a second to catch my breath."

"T-Tylen!" I snap, throwing his arm around my shoulder and wrapping my arm around his waist when he suddenly yelps in pain.

"f**k, f**k, f**k, f**k," he winces as I walk him to a tree and prop him up against the trunk.

Upon a quick inspection, I find a bullet wound on his shoulder.

"Oh s**t, when did that happen?" Tylen chuckles.

"I-It's a clean shot," I reply, searching my utility belt for some gauze and tape.

"Then leave it," Tylen groans, attempting to push himself off the tree trunk into a standing position.

"We gotta go."

"It's a silver b-bullet wound," I mutter, pushing him back against the tree.

"I've had worse," he replies, taking a few deep breaths to gather his bearings before forcing himself up.

"Now let's go."

"I-I thought I-I wasn't supposed to reveal m-myself?" I retort as we sprint down the slope of the forest towards the hidden tunnels.

"Yeah, well your daddy wasn't supposed to show up with an actual fleet of soldiers," he mumbles, gesturing for me to help him remove the rock hiding the tunnels.

"So it looks like we'll have to keep improvising."

We race through the tunnel, the thought of coming face to face with my old pack terrifying me. I had spent years living in fear of the soldiers.

What if I freeze when I'm forced to fight one? Would I be proving my father right? I spent years silently watching what they did to you knowing you would one day prove them all wrong, — Grayson snarls angrily.

She time has come to show them all who the f**k Zane White truly is.

Prove them wrong, not only for yourself, but for your moms.

Sebastian beat and destroyed his mate every day to teach you a lesson and then when Agnes came into your life, he let those Scarlett mutts torture her for their own amusement.

Sebastian White is not an Alpha, but a monster.

Show him who the true Alpha is. I breathe in slowly as we approach the exit of the tunnel, focusing my energy on Grayson's message.

"We should shift," Tylen suggests.

"It's hell up there." We slow down, Tylen grimacing as he removes his shirt.

"I'm fine," he sighs, unbuckling his pants.

"It's already healing." We finish undressing and I hand control over to Grayson as I shift. it's showtime, Grayson chuckles.

Please stop, I groan.

Together, Tylen's wolf and I make our way to the mouth of the tunnel, Tylen taking the lead and peeking out to make sure the coast is clear.

Satisfied, Tylen nods his head forward, indicating it's safe for us to exit.

Grayson stays close to him, our eyes and ears scanning the area for intruders.

"So, where to?" Grayson asks, establishing a telepathic connection with Stark, Tylen's wolf.

"To the Harbor," He replies, leading me towards the harbor.

Grayson seems almost too eager to join the fight and it brings me comfort knowing my wolf is ready to show Scarlett Haven who he is.

As we weave through the forest, a pain pulsates through my chest, my heart rate skyrocketing out of nowhere.

Our mate is afraid, Grayson says, slowing down behind Tylen.

Something's not right.

"Hey wolf! Keep up, will you?"

Stark calls out.

We don't get much time to dwell on our mate before the sounds of war at the harbor draw us out of our thoughts.

The nagging feeling lingers in the pit of my stomach as we race into battle and I send a silent prayer to Moon Goddess to watch over my mate and our pup.

Please be okay, Talia, I tell myself as Grayson pounces on the first Scarlett soldier he sees.

Grayson tears through the soldier's throat in an instant, blood showering from the wound and coating Grayson's fur.

"Look out!"

Stark barks, but it's already too late. I hardly see the brown blur racing towards me before I find myself knocked over to the ground, my rib cage searing with pain from the impact.

Before I can reorient myself, the brown wolf pounces on me and we both roll down the slope and onto the docks of the harbor.

In our fight for control, we manage to plunge into the water, my lungs filling with water from the shock.

Grayson acts quickly and swims to the surface, attempting to use his paws to climb back onto the dock.

Just as we are about to pull ourselves up, my attacker clamps his jaws down on Grayson's hind paw and attempts to drag us back into the water.

Grayson turns his head and we make eye contact with the wolf, and I recognize his blue eyes as those of Caine's best friend and future beta, James.

James had a particular vendetta against Agnes and would always go out of his way to torment her.

"Let go, James,"

Grayson commands, James releasing Grayson's paw.

Finally free, Grayson climbs onto the dock and turns to James, a look of shock on his face.

"How did you..."

"Do you remember me, Jamesy boy?"

Grayson snarls, our eyes flickering between brown and gold.

“Do you remember my mom and the games you used to play with her? “The mute mutt...” he whispers, his body shivering in the water.

“Want to play a game, James?” Graysons snickers, the wolf trying to swim away.

“Come back here,” he demands, James struggling to stay above water.

“Hold your head below the water. Three minutes.”

Grayson, no! This is for Agnes, Grayson snarls, glaring at James.

“Make it four.” □

James tries to fight but his wolf ducks his head under the water, Grayson turning and running back into the battle.

Grayson charges in, taking on several wolves, and after the four minutes are up, we look towards the harbor, James’ lifeless body floating in the water.

Turning our attention back to the fight, a wolf manages to pin us down but Grayson pushes his paws against the wolf as he snaps his jaws at us.

From the corner of my eye, I see Stark struggling against two wolves. His shoulder is badly injured.

Concentrating on our attacker, Grayson bites down on the wolf’s paw, the soldier howling in pain and giving Grayson the perfect opening to push him off and pin him down.

Grayson has his jaws on the wolf’s throat in an instant and I hear a loud crack as my wolf buries his teeth in our attacker’s neck, ending his life.

With a shake of his head, Grayson stumbles back on his feet, concentrating on the two wolves cornering Tylen and his wolf by a tree.

“Attack each other,” Grayson commands, the wolves freezing in place before turning to each other.

At first, they try to fight the command but quickly fall victim to the strength of my gift.

Stepping away from Stark, the two wolves circle each other before pouncing, attacking and clawing at one another until they rip each other apart.

Taking control, I rush in to aid Tylen, his wolf limping on his front paw.

“You need to get to safety,” I tell him, the wolf shaking his head. □

“Just give me a minute to catch my breath...” he mutters, trying to shift his weight onto his other paw.

“You’re going to get yourself killed and Agnes does not deserve to have another mate die in battle,” I snap, hoping the thought of Agnes’ suffering will knock some sense into him.

“Come on, I’ll get you somewhere-”

Agonizing howls suddenly fill the air and drown out my thoughts, a green mist dispersing across the harbor.

“Looks like your daddy just showed up,” Tylen says through gritted teeth.

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Chapter 76

76. Friend

***Natalia**

Rionna's face pales when she turns to face me, a young woman standing at her side attempting to comfort her.

Something is very wrong here, Devina whispers. "Where is Kota?" I ask, dread settling in the pit of my stomach. "Where is my baby?"

"T-I," Rionna stammers, tears clinging to her eyes as she looks around the play center frantically. "I was just reading a magazine..." she whimpers. "And then-"

I follow her gaze, not seeing Kota anywhere in the playcenter.

"Where is my baby?" I repeat, handing my things to Celina and storming through the play center. "Kota? Kota, ¿dónde estás? Dakota!"

Rionna follows close behind me, tears streaming down her face as I search for my pup. My lungs feel as though they are collapsing, every breath I take labored and almost too painful to take. I hold my breath as I search the area, *refusing to breathe until I know my baby is safe*. A lump forms in my throat, trapping in the scream I want to release so desperately that it scratches and claws at my soul.

After a thorough search, I turn to Rionna, hoping this is all just a sick joke she's playing.

"Where is he, Ri?" I ask her calmly, growing irritated when she opens her mouth but says nothing. Grabbing her by the shoulders, I shake her violently. "Where is my baby?!"

"I-I'm so sorry!" she cries, collapsing on her knees and begging for forgiveness. "I was just reading my

magazine when this-this man came up to me and-"

"Aman?!" I snap. "What man?!"

"I don't know." Rionna shakes her head. "He was tall... blue eyes," she says, gesturing to her eyes. "H-his hair, it was light but not blonde."

A chill crawls up my spine as she describes the man she had spoke to. "H-He asked me which kid was mine and then I woke up all alone," Rionna explains. "I started

them for comfort. "I don't... I don't know what happened! I don't know! I looked away for just a moment,

it was just a moment-”

She weeps uncontrollably, Agnes doing her best to soothe her. Meanwhile, something inside me is breaking, shattering into a million pieces as I try to take a breath and find myself unable to inhale even an ounce of air. My chest tightens and it hurts. It hurts to breathe.

All the sounds of the world. Rionna’s sobs, the laughter of the children playing in the background, the

questions Celina asks the other adults in the room... suddenly go quiet, and all i hear is the sound of my own beating heart.

Ba dump... Ba dump... Ba dump..

Dakota... It means friend and for many weeks after I left Silver Crest, Kota was my only friend. After he was born, Kota became my only source of happiness and my daily reminder to keep moving forward. I could not just collapse because I had a little someone depending on me to be strong and brave. I had to work, I had to forget, I had to build my walls nice and tall so no one would ever hurt us again.

But now, as the world around me continues moving forward, my world... my small beautiful little world is gone.

All the pent up frustration I’ve held in for so long has finally reached its limit. It starts with the tears rolling down my cheeks and a burning in my throat. My face flushes with anguish and Celina tries to calm me down.

“Breathe, Talia, breathe!” she says cupping my cheeks. “I-I can’t!” I gasp, unable to fill my lungs with air. “I can’t breathe!” “Shhh, shhh.” she soothes, smoothing back my hair, I suddenly feel an electric jolt ripple through my body, a calming sensation spreading down my

spine.

“Breathe,” Celina murmurs, taking in a deep breath with me and letting it out slowly. “That’s it,” she whispers as we breathe in and out. “Atta girl. Breathe in and out. In and out.”

I give her a quizzical look when I finally manage to catch my breath and she smiles sheepishly.

“I’m a healer,” she replies. “Now, let’s get your baby back. So this man,” she says, turning back to Rionna. “Did he give a name? Talia, do you recognize the description?”

"It's Christian," I reply, wiping away my tears. "There's no doubt in my mind it's him. He's the only man that would have any interest in Dakota."

"He said you would know where to find him," Rionna adds. "That's all I remember."
"Well, do you?" Celina asks me.

I try to quell my racing thoughts and think for a moment but I am interrupted by my phone ringing. Pulling it out of my bag, I check the caller ID before answering, my blood boiling with anger.

"Did you help him take my baby?!" I snarl. "Did you help him do this to me because I swear to you with every fiber in my body, if that bastard hurts my baby, if that bastard harms a hair on Kota's head, I will hunt you down! I will skin you alive and tear you limb from limb." I pant, Devina growling violently in agreement. "Now, you are going to tell me exactly what you know about Christian and his plans. I want to know everything!"

"Christian has Dakota?" Jordan replies, the sound of his voice irritating me. "Don't play stupid!" I snap, putting the phone on speaker.

"I'm not! I swear!" he argues. "I swear I didn't know. Yes, Christian sent me to come find you, but I still don't know exactly where you are. I just flew into California because I found your plane tickets and a phone number from the area. Christian doesn't trust me anymore. He had me followed and watched and

last night we discovered Christian is working with witches to find you and Kota. That's what I've been

trying to tell you! Christian is using magic! He's coming for you."

"Who is 'we'?" I ask, growing angry with myself for not listening to the warning signs sooner.

O

"Oi Oi, mon cheri, Micah and Nikki," Micah shouts into the receiver in response. "And some other

random kid who's been watching Jordan like a blind hawk."

"Where are you?" I ask.

"We just arrived in some City about 2 hours north of San Francisco," Jordan replies. "We were going to-what's the pack called?- The Blood Moon Pack."

"They're going to Patrick's pack," Celina mutters. "Tell them to meet us at River moon."

“Forget Blood Moon. Go to River Moon,” I instruct them. “Meet us there in 20 minutes.”

ttt

The drive back to River Moon is silent, each of us lost in our own thoughts. I lower down the window, my fears slowly suffocating me as we get closer to the pack house. Beside me, Rionna avoids my gaze, the guilt overwhelming me as I watch her fidget with her ring.

Without saying a word, I curl up beside her, Rionna looked shocked as I rest my head on her shoulder. At first, she remains very still but as tears begin to trickle down my cheeks, she wraps me up in her embrace and holds me.

“He must be so scared.” I whimper, the thought of Christian or Jack hurting my baby terrifying

1. me.

Jack and Christian are not patient and I fear they may not have the patience for a frightened four year

old who wants hugs and kisses when he’s scared.

We’ll get him back, Devina murmurs confidently. I’ll set the world on fire if I have to.

We arrive at the pack house, a car already parked in the driveway. Devina snarls and growls when we

see Jordan step out of the car with Nikki and Micah and a kid that looks familiar, but I can’t make out who

he is.

The four of them greet Celina after she introduces herself as Princess of the Ivory Phoenix Kingdom,

her ivory aura masked by her medallion. Jordan smiles nervously when he sees me but I do not return the

smile.

“Nat-”

His eyes widen in shock when he takes a good look at me.

*Surprise b***h, Devina snickers.*

“You have a wolf...” he gasps. “When did this when did this happen?” His eyes fall on the mark on my

neck. “You’re marked?”

“You were invited here to discuss Christian, not my personal life!” I snap, unwilling to let him into my

life again.

He nods solemnly, defeat washing over him, but he does not argue with me. I turn to Nikki and Micah

and they shift uncomfortably on their feet. Despite them aiding Jordan in finding me, I am not angry with them. It is in their nature to help those in need and they likely took pity on Jordan. Little do they know,

this particular wolf is a snake.

Celina invites us all into the River Moon pack house and we settle in the dining room to discuss the

situation.

“Y-you look good Nat,” Jordan says sheepishly as a glass of water is handed to him by an omega. “Is Christian going to kill my son?” I ask, getting right to the point.

Jordan looks stunned by the question, but it’s a valid fear of mine. Why else would Christian want our son if not to kill him? Surely Vanessa has produced an heir or two by now?

“Did Vanessa ask him to do this? Did that b***h feel threatened by my son because I can assure you, we want nothing to do with Silver Crest,” I snap. “Kota doesn’t know about his sperm donor nor does he need anything from him. He doesn’t belong at Silver Crest. He already has a home. He has a family. He has a father. So for f***s sake, give me back my pup and leave us alone!” I demand, rising to my feet and slamming my fist against the table.

Jordan eyes me carefully, leaning forward and softening his voice. “Vanessa is infertile.” I stare back at him in shock. “What?”

“She and Christian have not been doing too well,” Jordan repeats. “In an attempt to fix her infertility, Vanessa managed to get herself turned but she fell into a coma. Derek tells me she’s awake but it seems Christian is not interested in her anymore and has already prepared divorce papers. What he wants now is to start over with you again.”

I burst into laughter at the audacity that he has to even think that's an option. A tingle of satisfaction tickles my soul to know Christian and Vanessa are still unhappy. Reality, however, reminds me that my mate is at war with his former pack and my pup is missing, likely terrified to be away from his home and his family.

"Christian has been searching for you for the past four years, growing more desperate with every passing day," Jordan explains, his face serious. "Jack is out of control. He's killed dozens of our members."

"That is not my problem," I shrug, "How can you say that?" Jordan asks in shock. "They were your pack-"

"They were never my pack," I growl. "A real pack protects its Luna. A real pack would have never made me feel crazy. A real gamma would have been there for me! You were supposed to be my friend and you failed me! You all failed me and now you expect me to step in and help *you*?" I scoff, shaking my head in disbelief. "I want nothing to do with you or your pack problems. Just help me get my son back and leave me the f**k alone!"

"I'm trying to but you won't listen to me!" "And why should I?!" I snap, my body tensing with rage. "After everything you've done to me, why

should I listen to you?"

"Because, right now, I'm your only ally in Silver Crest," he retorts. "My home and the home of many pack members is being destroyed by a tyrant who can't get over his former mate. I get it! You have a life and a family now and I am so happy that you have finally found a place where you belong. But you don't understand how much Christian and Jack have devolved. He's killing pack members, innocent pack members and Moon Goddess only knows what else he's capable of doing to get what he wants. We need your help. Your son needs your help."

Time is ticking... Devina murmurs.

Every second we spend arguing with this asshole is another second Kota has to spend with that monster of a father he has. Our baby is scared and right now that is the only thing that matters to me. The past is irrelevant...

Knowing my wolf is right, I clench my fists at my side and put on a brave face for my son.

"So what do you suggest?" I say through gritted teeth. "I'm going to challenge Christian for the title," he replies, the world around me going still as I try to

process what he just said.

Alpha challenges are to the death unless there's a yield, so whoever wins, keeps not only the title, but

also gets to walk away with their life. Christian and Jordan are both skilled fighters but I know neither one will ever yield... which can only mean one thing: one of them is going to die.

Despite my hatred for him, Jordan was once my best friend and I do not wish death on him.

"Why the face?" Jordan says, a hint of a smile on his lips. "You hate me. It'll be a win-win for you, whatever the outcome," he whispers, a tinge of sadness in his voice as he says this. "You said it yourself, I failed you. This is my way of making it up to you after all these years. It'll be enough of a distraction for you to go in and get your pup while I deal with Christian and hopefully... make sure he never hurts you or anyone else again."

"I've never wanted your death," I reply, feeling my anger spill over onto my cheeks in large tears. "I just wanted you to be the gamma you were supposed to be all those years ago."

"I can't turn back the clock to be the friend you needed me to be," he replies, leaning back in his chair to stare up at the ceiling. "I can only do my best to be there for you now."

"And if you lose?"

"Then I lose, but you will still be able to escape with Dakota and find somewhere else to hide," he shrugs. He sits up straight to face all of us. "So who's coming with us? We'll need to plan this delicately if we want you to escape with Dakota safely."

Celina opens her mouth to volunteer but Rosalie is quick to remind her that her job is to stay here to protect the Kingdom in Aurora's absence.

"Aurora is counting on you to lead Ivory Phoenix in case the Lune de Minuit Pack is planning to attack while she's away. We can't leave."

Celina looks incredibly frustrated by Rosalie's reminder but I understand that she is currently

responsible for the lives of many and I cannot selfishly ask her to leave Ivory Phoenix without its guardian.

"I'll go," Rionna says, reaching over to squeeze my hand. "I'm the one who lost him. I should be the one to help find him."

"Nikki and I are in," Micah says. "Kota is family and so are you." Agnes taps lightly on my lap, signing something to Rionna who translates for her. "She wants to help," Rionn explains.

I shake my head at her, asking Rionna to speak on my behalf. "I can't put both you and Rionna in danger and Zane is going to need at least one mom to be here when he returns. Please stay here for him."

She looks defeated but agrees to stay for both Zane and my own sanity.

As we finalize our plans, Jordan's phone begins to ring. He pulls it out of his pocket, his face paling when he sees the caller ID.

"It's Christian," he says, putting the phone on speaker. From the phone I hear Jack's snarled demand, "Bring me my Tiny."

A/N: This is the third update this week. Please stop demanding updates. I am writing as fast as I can.

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Zane

"You have to get out here," Tylen groans, attempting to put weight on his injured front paw but wincing in pain.

I turn back to the harbor, seeing many wolves trying to escape the poisonous gas dispersing across the docks in small green clouds.

Tylen can't walk...and !won't leave him.

"Shift. Pii Carry you," I urge him, Tylen opening his mouth to protest.

"Shift now!" I growl, Tylen's wolf morphing into its injured human.

Enter title...

It's only when I see Tylen's mangled body that I realize the severity of his injuries. His shoulder is torn open while claw and bite marks litter his chest. He won't make it unless we get him help now! Grayson hisses.

"Get on my back and hold on tight. I'm getting you out of here," instruct Tylen, Grayson lowering himself so he can climb on easier.

Once he's on our back, I follow the other escaping the harbor.

"Where to?" I ask.

"I'm only going to slow you down," Tylen grumbles.

"Where to?" I demand, Tylen letting out a frustrated groan.

"There's a medical tent just beyond the pack house," Tylen says through gritted teeth.

"You can take me there. Grayson picks up the pace, Tylen tightening his grip on my neck to keep from falling off and muttering that he's going to be sick under his breath. I swear to Moon Goddess, if you vomit on me, I'm throwing you off the cliffs, Grayson mutters as he jumps over stones, vines, and fallen tree trunks.

"f**k you," Tylan moans.

As we arrive at the medical tents, I shift, throwing Tylan over my shoulders like a sack of potatoes much to his annoyance and running towards the guards standing outside the tents.

They let us through without a second thought.

Inside, we see c****e everywhere, men and women alike lying in cots with wounds all over their bodies.

Medics run to and fro with supplies, stitching up silver wounds and injecting serums into the injured soldiers who begin to scream and cry for mercy. I find an empty cot and toss Tylan on it, several medics rushing to help the Alpha's son. A medic injects a black and golden fluid into Tylan and he does his best to hold back his screams of pain, his face flushing red while the veins on his neck and temples bulge furiously.

"The serum counteracts the effects of silver and wolfsbane," Toran explains, the Alpha's voice startling me as I turn around to find him standing behind me.

"After years of war and research, we realized the answer to our silver problem was quite simple. Silver slows down our healing, but gold speeds it back up."

Tylan lets out a strained scream, Toran frowning in response.

"Unfortunately, we have yet to figure out how to reduce the pain."

Tylan continues to writhe in agony, making it difficult for the medics to stitch up his wounds.

Toran taps on my shoulder and gestures for me to help him hold down Tylan's legs so the medics can stitch up the gashes on his torso and arm.

When Tylan does not appear to calm down, Toran takes his son's hand, wrapping his fingers around Tylan's thumb in a tight embrace and leaning in close to his face.

"You can do this, Ty," Toran whispers.

"Remember, pain just means you're not dead. You're not dead, do you hear me? You're not dead which means you've won your battle. You get another chance so don't spoil it. You're not dead. You have a chance. It hurts. I know it hurts, but you are not dead!"

For the first time since the battle began, the stone wall around the two alphas begins to crumble, revealing a bond between them I had never known before. Kota, the bond between a father and his son.

"Aunty's dead," Tylan whimpers through his cries of pain.

"I know," Toran soothes.

"But she's with Toby now. He took her home."

I watch in envy as Toran calms his son, talking him through his pain until the serum begins to take effect.

Even when at odds with his son and in front of a crowd of war-hardened veterans, Toran chooses to be a father first and an Alpha second.

Anger and pain fills my heart as I realize I never truly had a father, just a dark figure casting his shadow of misery over my existence.

"Are you hurt?" Toran asks, his voice pulling me from my thoughts.

I turn to see the Alpha staring up at me, his eyes scanning me for any injuries.

"Are you hurt?" he repeats, standing up right.

Despite the war waging outside and the chaos of the tent, there is a calmness in his voice. I look down at myself, and aside from a few scratches, I am mostly unharmed.

Shaking my head silently, Toran instructs a nurse to bring me some shorts and turns back to his son, giving his hand another squeeze.

"You're done," he says to him, Tylen shaking his head in refusal despite his injuries still oozing a little blood.

"I can still fight," he argues, attempting to climb out of the cot and groaning in pain.

"I just need to catch my breath."

"I said you're done!" Toran snaps.

Tylen sitting back on the cot.

"You completed your task. You kept Zane alive and made sure no one made it through the channel. You're done. Just rest."

"Am I being punished?"

Tylen suddenly retorts.

"Am I being punished like you punished Rionna? We've done our job and now you don't need us?" What the hell is that supposed to mean? I wonder.

"For f***s sake, Tylen. I don't want to lose you too! Don't you understand?" Toran explodes.

"You have a chance to live the rest of your life with your mate. I never had that. I lost mine and now I've lost the only other woman I've ever loved because I lied to her. I LIED and she hates me. Look around you, son. What do you see?" he asks, gesturing to the devastation in the room.

"Learn from me and my mistakes. Learn when to walk away from a fight. Learn to be something other than a soldier and stay put!"

Must be nice to have a father who cares if you live or die, Grayson remarks. Can't relate.

"You know, that right there is your problem," Tylen snaps.

"You think you can make decisions for us. That is why Rionna hates you. Not because she doesn't love you, but because you took her choice away and you've done it yet again by handing her those divorce papers. You made assumptions and decisions without consulting her. Without asking what she wants."

They're divorcing?

"I'm not discussing this any further," Toran says, turning towards the tent entrance.

"Fine," Tylen scoffs.

"But I'm not staying put either. I'm not a child, father-"

"Then stop acting like one," Toran says softly.

"Rest and when you are fully healed, you may offer your help again and I will gladly accept it. But not before you regain your strength."

Turning to me, Toran gestures to the door.

"Follow me."

I don't know what to expect from the Alpha but I follow him out to another tent set up beside the medical one.

In the middle of the tent sits a large table with a map spread out and several men gathered around it, each discussing different points of attack.

"Gentlemen, this is Zane White, the son of—"

"Sebastian White," a man snarls, his eyes narrowing to slits as he looks at me.

"I was going to say the son of your Luna, Silas," Toran replies calmly, though I hear the threat in his voice.

"He has a very particular set of skills that may come in handy and he's here to help."

"So it seems your theory was correct... The Scarlett heir did indeed survive the night of our attack, but can we trust him?"

Another wolf asks, his gray eyes studying me closely as he lights a cigarette.

A quick inspection of his memories tells me he is a skilled soldier by the name of Isaac.

"After all, the Scarlett bloodline runs through his veins and you did kill his mother, even if she revived herself by the grace of our Mother Moon."

"Zane is not his father and I can assure you, he wants nothing to do with that beast," Toran explains, clasping his hands together.

"Now gentlemen, what do we have? What do we know about the Scarlett mutts?" The men glance at me, and without speaking, point to the harbor.

An amused smile spreads across Toran's face and I realize the men are mindlinking.

Lowering my walls, I listen in, Toran carefully waiting for me to react to the disrespect on my own.

"I will not speak before a Scarlett mutt, Alpha,"

Silas mind-links, Grayson growling with indignation.

"Then say it to my face," Grayson sneers through our connection.

"And give me a good reason not to show you what this Scarlett mutt can do."

The men all stare at me in shock, Silas' face flushed with embarrassment and anger that I knew what he thought of me.

"Like I said, Zane has a very particular set of skills, skills that can be useful to us if you set aside your prejudice," Toran chuckles.

"Sebastian has wasted a valuable resource," he adds, circling the table while the men shiver anxiously.

"We shall not make the same mistake. And remember, gentlemen, I never bring in strangers without good reason."

The smile on his face suddenly vanishes, the room feeling colder without it.

"So don't ever question me again."

"Yes, Alpha," the men reply, their eyes watching me cautiously.

"Now, then. Give me the report. What are we looking at?"

Toran demands, growing noticeably irritable.

"Sebastian and his mutts have established a base on the harbor, thus controlling what goes in and out of the main island. Our scouts on the west inform us that the channel is blocked by debris so the women and children are safe in the bunker for now."

"Our main concern, sir, is Scarlett Haven's control of the Harbor," Isaac explains.

“Sebastian has very quickly set up explosives and guns around the perimeter of the Harbor, making it hard for us to infiltrate the base.”

I study the map of the harbor, attempting to understand Sebastian’s plan.

The Harbor is a large ‘L’ shape, man-made bay with several docks parallel to each other on either side of the bay. It is the only place boats can access the island safely to dock, the entire island rimmed by steep, rocky cliffs.

So he plans to cut off our supplies... I observe, noting that the harbor is down hill. But this gives us an advantage.

We can see their movements and if we can lure Sebastian out of hiding and distract him, it’ll allow the other soldiers to go in for the attack.

It appears Toran shares the same idea.

“So we need to lure him out of his safety zone,”

Toran sighs, studying the perimeter drawn on the map.

“But even then, Sebastian’s gas can break through our masks. We won’t survive if he uses his gift and my gift is useless unless I can get my hands on the bastard.”

I realize then, I have never seen Toran use his gift before.

While the men argue over a plan of attack, I pull Toran into a private telepathic conversation.

“What is your gift?” I ask and he smirks.

“Power Mimicry,” he replies.

“I can mimic most gifts by touching my opponent and I can retain their gift temporarily even after I’m out of range. Of course, laying a hand on your father is almost impossible so my gift is useless against him.”

“Can you mimic my gift?” I ask, wondering if he too could read minds in my presence.

“Powers of the mind are difficult to mimic. I can sense powers /can mimic and yours, in particular, is not one! can access,” he shrugs. I glance at the map again, staring at the little X marking Sebastian’s last known location on the docks. Sebastian... his name leaves a bitter taste on my tongue. I’ve known the man my entire life and yet I know nothing about him. I cannot name his favorite color nor his favorite foods. I cannot remember a time when he smiled in my presence.

I don’t even know if he has ever truly been happy.

My memories of him all contain pain and hurt.

Sighing in frustration, I look up at Toran as he commands his men, watching him listen to their advice and arguments with careful ears. I know more about my supposed enemy than I’ve ever known about my father.

Though he too is cold at times, Toran has a soft side he only shows to his family. He cares for his son even when angry and despite my mother’s cold shoulder, he still looks at her with love and longing when she is not looking.

There is love here in Ravenstone, and that is something I am willing to give my life to protect.

“What is on your mind,” Toran asks, stepping over to discuss privately.

“Why do you trust me?” I reply.

“My own father is ashamed of me and yet you have offered me your title. Why?”

His reply is almost instant.

“Your father does not understand that strength takes many forms, sometimes forms we deem weak. Your mother taught me that. She lost her life and her wolf because of me...and yet still chose to love me and our pack everyday. It takes a strong heart to forgive what I did and she did it willingly.”

He pauses for a moment to smile at me.

“You spoke to me the very first time we met, do you remember that?”

He asks and nods.

Knowing what Sebastian likely did to you, that could not have been an easy thing to do, especially facing an Alpha and an enemy and yet, you did it. You asked your questions and demanded answers from me.

You then faced one of your tormentors after he hurt your mate.

Caine trained his entire life to be an Alpha but you defeated him. You took on your rival and won.

Then, despite being untrained, you took your mother’s place and joined me in battle.

Tylen reported to me the entire time you were fighting, and he tells me that while your methods are unconventional, you fight with passion.

It was you who tried to save my sister and it was you who brought down the plane, protecting not only the pack members hiding in the bunker, but also the soldiers fighting on the island.

If that is not an Alpha, I don’t know what is.

Time and time again, you have shown me who you are and I respect you for it. I see your strength, I see your courage and I want that for my people long after I’m gone. Anyone can learn to fight but not everyone will fight for what they love,”

Toran explains.

I am at a loss for words when he finishes his speech and it takes me a moment to collect my thoughts.

My chest fills with a feeling I had never known before, pride in myself.

Pride in the man I’ve become since I first left Scarlett Haven.

My father has never seen my worth but I am starting to understand that what he thinks he sees does not matter. I have a mate, I have a son, I have a family, I have my wolf, and I have me. I don’t need him or his approval anymore.

Renewed determination flows through my veins and I realize the next time I face my father, I want to be the very thing he never thought I could be, an Alpha; and not just any Alpha.

The Alpha of his enemy pack.

Grayson practically purrs with delight at the thought of facing my father.

Now you’re thinking like an Alpha.

“I-I accept your offer,” I tell Toran, a small smile curling on his lips.

“Make me the Alpha of the Ravenstone Pack.”

The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 78

Chapter 78

78. The Silent Alpha

78. The Silent Alpha

Zane

The Elders are brought in almost immediately and I undergo the uncomfortable procedure of venom extraction for the transfer of power.

“Just breathe through your nose,” Toran instructs me as I am forced to bite down on a glass jar so that my canines protrude while an Elder squeezes the base of my jaw. Tiny droplets of dark venom spill into the jar until I produce enough to fill two vials with my venom. My jaw aches by the time I’m finished.

Tylen arrives with the pack tablet made of black stone with two wolves and a moon carved into the face of the stone. Between the two peaks of the crescent moon, is an indentation with runes along the edges leading up to the carvings.

I get a good look at Tylen, the rightful heir to the title, but he does not seem the least bit concerned about the title going to me instead.

“Don’t worry about me,” he says when he notices me staring. “I’ve never wanted this. I hate pack meetings and diplomacy.”

He pats my back to show no hard feelings and takes his place beside the other pack members in the tent.

“Are you ready?” Toran asks, his eyes flickering with confidence.

My mind drifts off to my mate and our pup. Talia has no desire to be Luna again and I promised we would make this decision together when the time came.

The circumstances have changed, Grayson says, his tail flicking back and forth with pride. She knows we will worship the very ground she walks on should she ever take her place beside us as Luna. She knows we will value her expertise and her guidance regarding all matters of the pack and she will understand why we came to this decision without her. Trust her. She deserves our trust.

With Grayson’s reassuring words, I take a deep breath to calm my nerves and nod.

“Then let’s do this,” Toran smiles.

He leads me to the table where the tablet sits and the Elder begins the ceremony. There is no time to waste so he gets right to the point.

“Zane White, repeat after me:

1, Zane White, do solemnly swear to preserve, to protect, and to serve the members of the Ravenstone Pack. I swear to put the needs of the pack before my own and to uphold the values of this pack. I swear to lead with strength and courage to the best of my abilities and to lead by example and stand with my fellow wolves through times of hardship and times of prosperity. I swear to guard the lives of every

member of my pack until my final breath, so help me Moon Goddess.”

I do my best to speak slowly, replaying Talia’s words of encouragement when I stumble through some of my words in order to calm my racing heart. No one seems to notice or care about my stutter, reiterating that it was my father’s own prejudice that stood in my way, not my own capabilities.

When I’ve finished reciting my oath, the Elder takes a vial of my venom and injects it into the tablet, the green venom flowing through the runes to the carved wolves. Toran then takes a dagger and slices the palm of his hand, a pool of blood quickly forming in his cupped hand. He pours a few droplets of blood into the small indentation and then hands me the dagger. Without hesitation, I slice my own palm, watching as the blood travels along my fingers.

My heart pounds in my ears as the blood spills onto the tablet and into the indentation, mixing with Toran’s blood.

This is it, I sigh. My time as Alpha has come.

Together, Toran and I press our bloodied palms against the carvings of the wolves. There is a ringing in my ears for a second before he mindlinks between all the pack members flood my head. It is overwhelming at first, my temples throbbing from the overstimulation -ut the pain very quickly fades away, a sudden calmness washing over me.

When I look up at Toran and the other pack members, a look of pride washes over them and they salute me with an ‘R’ sign over their heart.

“Welcome home, Alpha,” they say, kneeling down on one knee before me.

Outside howls of my fellow soldiers are heard welcoming me, but their song is kept short and brief for our battle has only begun. My men gather around me, all of them ready to fight.

“What now, Alpha?” they ask.

I look down at the map of the Harbor.

“N-now, we take Scarlett Haven.”

Sebastian

My wolves quickly build a base camp in the heart of the Harbor, setting up our guns around the perimeter to keep the Ravenstone mutts away while we figure out our next moves.

So far, my plans to attack the East have failed as expected but my western attack proved partially fruitful. We are now in control of the Harbor but it seems the Ravenstone mutts are determined to keep the bunker a secret from us, blocking one of our paths into the inner circle. Their overprotectiveness of the channel and the inner island only proves my theory that the bunker lies somewhere in between and that my Elenore is very likely taking refuge there.

I am still in shock that my mate is alive, living just a few miles off the coast all this time. I have thought of her all night since discovering her existence, unable to understand how I could not have felt her all these years.

Thad felt her death, I had felt my soul shatter with her final breath that night. But the more I think about it, the more it makes sense. The Ravenstone wolves were savages on the night of their attack and virtually no bodies were able to be identified, many torn to shreds or burned before we could recover them. I never could identify Elenore's body, but I found her wedding ring next to a severely damaged corpse roughly her size and shape and having felt her fade away, I assumed she was my wife. How wrong I was.

But it does not matter. My wife is alive and I plan on taking her home.

Beta Earl interrupts my thoughts, entering my boat where I am currently waiting for his report.

"Did you break through the channel?" I snarl menacingly, Earl shaking his head at me. My fingers grip the steering wheel of the boat tightly, Earl stepping back in fear as he provides his pathetic explanation.

"The Eastern channels are heavily guarded so we have been unable to break through Ravenstone's lines of defense. The other channels are mine fields of gas canisters and explosives and we can't seem to scan for their canisters fast enough before they set off.

My wolf, Arden, snarls with dissatisfaction and I search the map for any other clear paths to the center of the island ring.

Several years ago, we were able to detect the existence of the Raven tunnels via sonar but layers of steel and concrete made these

tunnels impossible to attack. To add insult to injury, my scouts have been unable to locate the main entrances to the tunnels. It's

infuriating knowing that bastard still has the upper hand on me after all these years.

Somehow he even found about Zane's existence and my wolves can't find his stupid tunnels!

Just as I'm about to order the scouts to start yet another search for tunnel entrances, a symphony of howls ripples through the mid-morning air.

What the f**k is that? Arden and I wonder in unison, our ears straining to hear more.

The howls suddenly come to a halt, leaving me to wonder if they ever truly rang. Beta Earl stares curiously into space, equally

puzzled by the sounds of what appear to be a celebration.

What could Toran be celebrating? I think to myself. I am holding his pack hostage.

I don't have time to think about this as a group of soldiers arrive.

"Alpha, Beta," a soldier says, bowing his head in reverence at Earl and I. "We – uh – we found James, sir. His body was floating by the

docks. My condolences, sir," he adds, avoiding Beta Earl's eyes,

Earl says nothing, but I notice the tremor in his hands.

Weakness, Arden sneers.

"We've gathered intel from the witnesses nearby. Several of the soldiers reported seeing James fight with a silver wolf.

It must have been that bastard Toran or his /** * son! growl.

"No one recognized the wolf as either the Alpha or the heir, Many witnessed General Taryn fall to her death so we believe this to be a fourth silver wolf."

I raise an eyebrow at the soldier who shifts nervously under my gaze. A fourth silver wolf? Silver wolf clans are far and few in between, but I also highly doubt Toran has a second son I don't know about. Who is this mystery silver wolf?

"I don't pay you to believe!" I snarl at the soldier. "Find out who this silver wolf is and bring him to me. I want his head for killing Scarlett Haven's future Beta."

"Yes sir!" the soldier salutes me, storming off the boat with the other soldiers to complete his task.

Silence fills the boat as Earl struggles to contain his emotions.

"At least he died with honor," I mutter, a bitter taste filling my mouth when I remember Caine's own demise. "I can't say the same about my son."

This small speech doesn't seem to help my Beta and I let out a sigh of annoyance. "War is always messy," I sigh, walking over to my bar and pouring out a drink for my Beta. "But it's a necessary evil to get what we want. Mark my words, your son's death will not be in vain. We will take Ravenstone if its the last-"

Once again, we hear howls break the silence, this time much closer to our perimeter. Arden is immediately on edge and I storm out onto the docks to find my soldiers scrambling for their gear.

On the hilltop, I see the silhouette of a single wolf. I cannot make out who it is but I feel their gaze directly on me before they disappear into the trees. A humming sound murmurs just above us and we see small photography drones fly over the harbor. Each drone appears to carry a small glowing egg in a tiny arm. Eggs? I scoff at the stupidity of it only to realize I've made a grave mistake.

The drones drop their little eggs onto the boats floating by the docs, exploding on impact. I am nearly flung into the water, my ear drums ringing as I hit the floor. I blink hard, straining my eyes to see through the dust and smoke. The sounds of screaming are drowned out but I can make out the distress and destruction through the flames.

Focus... Focus... I tell myself, slowly forcing myself onto my feet. As I look around the Harbor, soldiers run into the water to help their comrades while others shift and prepare for battle. Our boats are severely damaged, leaving us stranded on the island with our enemy.

Sound slowly starts to return, orders and commands being yelled out between soldiers. "Alpha! Look!" a soldier calls out, pointing towards the hill. "They're coming!"

I turn to the hill again and see the same wolf from earlier looking down at us, an air of dominance to him as he stands tall and proud.

A group of wolves stand behind him, ready to follow their leader. As they walk closer, I realize the leading wolf is not a Ravenstone wolf at all, the two Ravenstone Alphas standing behind the mystery silver wolf, He looks familiar, I tell myself, the golden eyes of the silver wolf narrowing to slits as they glare at me.

A gust of wind blows past me, carrying a scent I never thought I would smell again.

“Zane...?” I gasp, the silver wolf smirking at me as it walks towards me. It can't be...

I freeze in utter disbelief as Zane leads the Ravenstone mutts down the hill. Arden bursts into laughter as the wolves stop just out of range from our weapons, sitting on their hind legs and staring blankly at us. This is a joke right? Arden scoffs. Is this supposed to scare us? That spineless mutt thinks he's some sort of Alpha now?

Zane's wolf only blinks before turning to look at my soldiers standing beside me. What the f**k is he staring at?

Suddenly, the two men closest to me point their guns at me while another soldier in wolf form bares their teeth at me menacingly. Two soldiers march quietly towards the guns and mines we set up and begin to disarm them.

“What the f**k do you think you're doing?” I snap at them, none of the men wavering as they point their guns and snarl in response at me. “Put your guns down!” I growl, but no one moves an inch. “I said PUT YOUR GUNS DOWN!” I command, yet it seems my orders fall on deaf ears, all of my men disobeying their Alpha.

Without a word, Zane's wolf stands up and walks closer until he is only a few feet in front of me. His golden eyes stare defiantly at me, fiery flecks of emerald swirling in his irises. He has his mother's eyes.

I feel a slight pinch at my temples before a low voice whispers in my head. “You should always bow before an Alpha,” the voice snarls.

Two gunshots fire and I feel my knees give out as two bullets pierce my legs. Audible gasps can be heard from my soldiers who watch in horror as I kneel in pain. My hands instinctively cover my wounds to stop the bleeding and I snarl at the two traitors who shot me.

“What the f**k!” I roar, my blood boiling with rage.

“Do not turn your back on me!” the voice growls in my head, my body reacting to the command despite my own protests.

I stare at Zane in shock as he shifts into his human form, the scars on his body fiercely on display for all to see.

“H-hello father.”

The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 79

The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 79 Secrets

*** Trigger Warning: Physical and emotional child-abuse ahead***

***Zanet**

It feels strange to see the man I've feared for so long kneel before me,

trembling like all the times I stood before him while I recited my poems.

But even as he bleeds, even as he sits at my mercy, I still see the look of disgust flicker in his eyes when I speak to him for the first time in almost 20 years.

“H-Hello, father,” I snarl, my fists clenching at my sides as I fight to contain my anger.

Enter title...

□

How can he hate his own son so much!?! Around me, the Scarlett Haven wolves gawk at me, unable to believe I just called their Alpha, ‘father’.

“You’re....You’re no son of mine,”

Sebastian pants, his brown eyes turning blue as the wolf within takes over.

“You’re nothing more than a weak, pathetic-” I swing my arm back, punching him in the jaw and nearly knocking him flat on his back before he can finish his sentence.

“E-Enough!” I growl, my father’s mouth clamping shut while his eyes widen in shock that my commands work on him.

“T-that’s enough! Y-you think y-you’re so strong and so t-tough? W-well look at y-you now, father! Wh-what good is y-your strength now?”

“How dare you speak to me that way!”

Sebastian roars.

“y-you have silenced m-me all of my life.Y-you do not get to silence m-me before my own p-pack!”

“Your pack?” He scoffs.

The Ravenstone wolves growl at his disrespect, proving that they are now loyal to me.

“My p-pack,” I repeat.

“De-despite how little y-you think of me, not only did I-I find a p-pack that accepts m-me as I-I am, but I-I also managed to ou-outlive m-my replacement.”

□

Sebastian laughs and opens his mouth to speak only to be silenced by a slap to the face as Grayson takes over.

“Did I say you could speak?”

Grayson roars, Sebastian’s eyes widening in shock at Grayson’s confidence.

A cold amused smile curls on Sebastain’s lips.

“Pack?” he laughs.

“The man who stands beside you killed your mother and your brother and yet you proudly show your loyalty to him,” my father scoffs.

“H-he didn’t k-kill Jonathan-”

That’s when I see it, the flicker of fear in his eyes when I mention my dead brother.He’s hiding something...Lowering my walls, I allow the river of thoughts to flow between us.He can’t know about Jonathan.

There’s no possible way he would know! I hear him say to his wolf.

“W-what don’t I know?” I ask, my father stiffening with surprise that I know what he’s thinking. This Novel Is Provided BY AllWorldBeauty(Dot)com

“What?” he asks, bemused by my question.

"I -I said, 'W-What don't I-I know about Jonathan?"

I repeat, this time taking a menacing step forward. My father tries to crawl back but winces when he tries to move his legs.

"W-What don't I-I know about Jonathan?" I snarl, dread settling in the pit of my stomach. □

My father stares back defiantly at me, refusing to speak so I take matters into my own hands.

Closing my eyes, I listen in to his subconscious, following the voices in his memories.

A coldness envelops me in the darkness before a bright light blinds me for a moment.

Like a movie projection, Sebastian's memories begin to unfold on the dock in front of him for all to see.

Scarlett Haven and Ravenstone wolves alike fall silent to watch, allowing me to focus on the many rivers of thought trying to drown me.

In the first memory I find, all I see is Sebastian sitting at his desk, staring at a hairbrush in his hand. He does not use it, just carefully caresses it for a few moments before stuffing it into a drawer and returning to his work.

For a moment, he almost looks human...until he carefully hides all his pain behind a mask of stone. I dig a little deeper, unlocking another memory where my father berates Wyatt for questioning him.

"Zane will not take the title because he doesn't have what it takes to look his opponent in the eye and lead his soldiers in war," he snarls.

“He will always be weak...He’s useless...I showed mercy to him as a favor for Elenore.He was her son, but he was never mine.”

Despite the venom in his voice as he says those things, I feel a smile curl on my face and a sense of relief wash over me as I realize something amazing.

His words no longer hurt me and I am now free of the chains that bound me to him.We are not family, just two strangers at war.

□

I continue scouring his memories, stumbling upon memory after memory of him ignoring the cruelty of his own pack against Agnes and I.I travel back many years until I find myself seeing the night of my mother’s death through his own eyes.I stand back and watch my mother leave the car to grab a snack for me, trailing behind Sebastian as they enter the King’s party.

Together they greet guests and slowly make their way towards the snack bar, smiling and laughing like the perfect couple.

To an outsider, they look like your average, happily married Alpha and Luna, but on the inside, I know my mother was screaming.

“I’m leaving you,” my mother murmurs as she grabs a plate of food for me.

“And I’m taking my baby with me.”

For many years, I have wondered why my mother never left Sebastian, believing perhaps their bond was just too hard to break free from.

After meeting Talia and our pup, I’ve come to understand the fear of someone hurting your child.I was hidden away partially for fear of me being hurt by Ravenstone.

Perhaps my mother feared I would be hurt without Scarlett Haven's protection...just like Jonathan.

A sense of pride washes over me as I recognize my mother's strength to choose me over her pack and title.

It could not have been an easy decision to walk away.

"I'll take the things that I need and nothing more," she adds quietly.

□

"And don't worry, I don't expect any of your money to help me raise him. You never treated him like a son anyways, so why start now?"

I see the anger seething in Sebastian's brown eyes and he walks away, my mother turning back in the direction of the car, only to be pulled into a conversation with a pack of Lunas.

Not long after, the attack begins and as the memory drifts away, I hear the most blood curdling scream, a scream that both shatters my heart and fills my soul with rage.

"Sebastian! Sebastian, help me! Help me!" my mother screams, but Sebastian only turns the other cheek and runs in the opposite direction, jumping on a Ravenstone wolf and tearing out his throat.

I stop the projection, unable to understand how Sebastian could abandon his mate when she called his name.

"y-you heard her scream," I mumble, fighting back the angry tears that so desperately want to escape my eyes.

"S-she mind-linked y-you for help...and y-you left her..."

My voice trails off as I try to contain my rage.

All these years of suffering without my mother...could have ended had Sebastian only protected his mate like he promised to the day he married her. I could have lived a good life with just my mom somewhere far from all the wars and abuse. I could have learned to be happy with myself...but Sebastian robbed me of that beautiful life.

Sebastian stares back emotionlessly, not an ounce of regret for what he did to my mother. □

“She was Wyatt’s responsibility,”

Sebastian retorts in a low snarl.

“Besides, who are you to judge me? You stand with the man who ordered her death. You are no better than me. You’re just a spineless-”

Grayson pushes through to the surface, taking over control as I process my rage.

“Push the bullets in further!”

Grayson commands, Sebastian watching in horror as his hands move involuntarily towards his bleeding wounds.

“What- No! No!”

He says through gritted teeth, attempting to disobey the command but failing, his fingers plunging into the wounds to push the bullets in further.

“Fuuuuuuuck!” he growls with strained agony, blood pouring from the open wounds.

“Areal Alpha doesn’t scream,”

Grayson sneers, Sebastian's face seething with rage and humiliation.

"Areal Alpha never shows weakness. Isn't that what you always say to me, Father?"

Sebastian growls in response, his breaths ragged as he holds back his screams the further he pushes in the bullets.

"Enough," Grayson snarls, taking a step back to let me regain control. □

When I face the man again, I get down on one knee so that our eyes meet.

"I-I am nothing like y-you," I whisper in a calm rage through clenched teeth.

"And I-I never will be." I close my eyes, once again finding myself in the depths of my father's memories.

Many are cruel and vile, but I stumbled upon one I have no memory of myself.

"You call this an heir?" my grandfather, Alexander, snarls as he looks down at me.

"It can't even speak."

Four-year-old me trembles in the presence of the old Alpha, his face contorted in disgust and pity.

"He has a name," my mother snarls, pushing me behind her to shield me from my grandfather's wrath.

"You would do well to teach that b***h of yours how to address an Alpha," my grandfather snarls.

"Unless you want me to do it for you."

There is terror in Sebastian's eyes and a twitch in his hand, and I make a realization. He feared his father... just like I feared him. He hides it well behind an

emotionless face, storming over to my mother and slapping her cheek.

My mother yelps as the sting burns across her face but she keeps her body in front of me protectively.

“You may speak only if you are spoken to,” Sebastian growls, turning to face his father. □

“I apologize for my wife’s behavior.” My grandfather only grunts in response, an unamused look on his face.

“Make sure it never happens again.”

“Yes sir,”

Sebastian bows before his father. It’s rather refreshing to see Sebastian cower before another Alpha. I had been too afraid my whole life to notice Sebastian had his own fears.

“Boy, come here,” my grandfather’s voice booms, my mother shaking her head at him.

“I said come here.” My father grabs my mother’s wrist and yanks her away from me, hissing in her ear, “If you care about the boy, do not question my father. Please.”

Please? I wonder to myself, watching my younger self tremble as I take timid steps towards the Alpha towering over me.

“Speak,” my grandfather snaps, younger me opening my mouth but saying nothing.

“I said ‘speak’ boy!” he snarls, tears springing to my eyes.

“He-hello, gran-gran-grandpa-”

The color drains from Sebastian's face as the elder Alpha's eyes glow turquoise, the look on his face that of utter disgust and disappointment.

Younger me suddenly begins to scream, my little hands clawing at my arms and begging for mercy.

"Father- Sir, please,"

□

Sebastian pleads as I collapse on the floor, writhing and kicking from the agony burning across my body.

My mother screams with me, begging Alpha Alexander to let me go and pleading with Sebastian to stop him from hurting me.

"I-I'll fix him,"

Sebastian says, getting on his knees.

"I promise, Sir.I'll fix him.Just let the kid go."

My younger self suddenly stops screaming, passed out from all the pain.

The elder Alpha stares coldly at his kneeling son, disgusted by his behavior.

"GET OFF YOUR KNEES, BOY!" my grandfather snarls.

"An Alpha never kneels, EVER!"

The walls rattle with his booming voice, and he turns to leave the room.

"The next time I see that boy," he says over his shoulder.

"He better be fixed." The memory fades away into mist, morphing into a new one.

My mother sits in her rocking chair, nursing me while little Jonathan plays with a crinkly foil blanket on the floor.

Looking around, I realize we are in the old cottage by the waterfall, away from the pack territory.

Sebastian walks in quietly, Jonathan pushing himself onto his feet and crawling over to his father to greet him with a hug. □

“I’m taking Johnny to the park,”

Sebastian whispers over his shoulder, my mother nodding haphazardly as she caresses my face.

Sebastian takes Jonathan to his truck, strapping him into the back seat, excitement dancing in his youthful face. I had long forgotten there was once a man under all his bitter hatred. I follow them on their drive, watching my older brother play with a rattle in his hand while Sebastian glances at him through the rearview mirror.

Distracted by his son, Sebastian doesn’t notice the three wolves standing in the middle of the road and by the time Sebastian sees them, it’s already too late. He swerves off the road and into a ditch, the truck flipping over a few times before coming to a halt in an upside down position.

The windshield is completely shattered and the smell of gasoline lingers in the air.

Dazed and confused, Sebastian looks around the truck, blood trickling from his nose and temples.

Jonathan cries in the back seat, little cuts on his face as he screams.

Outside, the wolves circle the truck, snarling and growling at Sebastian, daring him to step out.

Sebastian fights against his belt, quickly discovering that it is stuck and trapping him in his metal prison.

“Come out, Sebastian,” the silver wolf snickers as he shifts into his human form, revealing himself to be my grandfather.

□

Sebastian panics at the sound of his father’s voice and claws himself out of his belt, breaking a window with his elbow to crawl out of the truck.

Wiping the blood from his nose, he presents himself before his father with his head lowered.

“Sir,” Sebastian mumbles, earning him a slap from his father.

“Speak with your chest. None of this mumbling s**t,” his father snarls, Sebastian nodding and standing up straighter.

“Yessir,” he says with forced confidence.

The Elder Alpha, glances from side to side at his two colleagues, before a sinister smile spreads across his lips.

“Kill them,” he says, Sebastian and the two wolves staring in shock at the Alpha.

His smile dissipates, replaced by a cold frown.

“Do I have to repeat myself? I said “Kill them!”

The wolves cower back, and while confused, Sebastian turns to the two wolves, his arms turning to their deadly green gas.

“I’m sorry,”

Sebastian whispers, the green mist racing towards the wolves, pouring into their eyes, their nostrils and their mouths.

The wolves try to escape but the gas does its work, blisters spreading across their bodies as they howl in pain.

□

Foam spills from their mouths down their chins and as they collapse on the ground, convulsing violently until they take their last breath and cease to move.

The mist flows back to Sebastian's arms as he towers over their dead bodies while his father lights a cigar for himself.

"You apologized," his father says in an annoyed tone.

"You know what that shows me?"

Sebastian suddenly collapses on his knees, groaning in pain and clawing at his arms in desperation.

"Weakness," his father snarls.

"I will not have a weak heir. Stand up, you imbecile!"

Sebastian staggers on his feet, his breath ragged as he pushes through his pain.

"Now kill your son," his father commands, Sebastian looking at his father in horror, shaking his head in refusal.

"No...you can't- I can't do that..." he whimpers, collapsing on his knees again and screaming in agony.

I said "Kill him," the elder Alpha demands.

"Father-"

"We need more allies in this war," his father snaps.

"Losing the boy will garner the sympathy we need to get us the troops to defeat

Ravenstone-” □

“T-there has to be another way,” Sebastian shakes his head.

“He-”

“I lost my son to those mutts,” the Alpha roars.

“He was a man who went after what he wanted like a true Alpha and now I’m stuck with you, a poor pathetic excuse for an Alpha. You’ll never be Cyrus, but I will make you the Alpha you need to be for us.”

“But he’s just a pup. He’s my son-”

“And Cyrus was mine!” his father snarls.

“Now do it!”

Sebastian begs and pleads for another solution, but his father is relentless. His eyes glow turquoise with rage and Sebastian begins to scream and writhe on the floor from the nerve pain inflicted by his father.

“P-Please! Please, father stop!”

Sebastian cries, his father’s eyes stone cold.

“Do it…” he whispers softly.

“And I’ll make the pain stop.”

Sebastian endures the pain for as long as he can, but eventually he reaches his limit.

“I-I’ll do it,” he pants through his sobs.

“Just make it stop. A satisfied smile curls on his father’s lips and he releases his son from his painful grasp. □

“Don’t use your gift,” Alexander orders.

“They’ll know it was you who did it.”

Sebastian nods, crawling into the truck to grab his crying son.

My heart rate climbs as I watch him wrap his fingers around Jonathan’s throat, my brother staring innocently up at his father.

Tears slide down Sebastian’s face as he tightens his grip on Jonathan’s neck, the little boy squirming in his arms.

“Shhhh, shhhh,”

Sebastian sobs, crushing his own son’s windpipe until at last, a loud crack brings silence.

Sebastian stares blankly at Jonathan’s body, his hands trembling for what they had just done.

“You will say these two were spies conspiring with the Ravenstone pack and that they killed your son,” the Alpha says, his voice interrupting the eerie silence that had settled over the forest.

Sebastian says nothing, caressing the cheeks of the son he just killed.

The old Alpha pats his son on the shoulder in solidarity and holds out his cigar to him.

“Now you know what it feels like to lose a son to this war. Maybe now you’ll step up as the Alpha you’re supposed to be and bring an end to this. For your brother and for your son.”

“You made me kill my pup,” □

Sebastian whispers to himself in disbelief.

“No,” his father shakes his head.

“No, Toran Ravenstone did this to you. He made you do it. He killed your son...and now...you must get revenge.”

The memory fades away, morphing back to the present where I find myself staring at the monster before me.

“y-you killed Jo-Jonathan...”

The Silent Alpha by Stephanie Light Chapter 80

Zane

“A war killed my son,” Sebastian replies, a numbness in his voice as if he had recited these words until they became his truth. “A war started by the man you now align yourself with.”

“Y-you lied... Y-you lied all these y-years!” I say, shaking my head in disbelief. “Y-you said i-it was Ravenstone!”

Around me, the wolves on either side stare at the old Alpha in shock, unable to comprehend how he could ever harm his own child.

“You will never understand this,” Sebastian snarls. “You’ve been kept away from all the war, all the blood, all the death your entire life. You will never understand the sacrifices an Alpha has to make for their pack but I do!”

“H-he was innocent!” I cry, unable to believe his justification.

“There are no innocents in war!” Sebastian growls. “Only blood, be it the blood of your enemies or the blood of your family. War does not know right from wrong, it only knows strength and being strong enough to do what needs to be done and take what is yours!”

“Y-you’re a monster,” I whisper.

“I am not the only monster here,” Sebastian sneers, his eyes narrowing to slits as he glares at Toran. “This war began because a mate bond was not honored between my brother and his wife. That man,” he snarls, pointing at Toran. “That man destroyed my family but it was not enough to take my brother,” he laughs cruelly. “No, he went and had my wife killed... He made me feel her death. I felt the pain shattering through me, burning my lungs, my flesh, my soul! I felt her slip away until all that was left was this cold, emptiness. I felt everything that night, but it was not enough for him. No, he then took her from me. He took her and kept her hidden from me all these years, mocking

me... He bought her love, no doubt... tricked her into thinking he actually cared for her... But Ravenstones... they are incapable of love.”

Beside me, Tyleen looks like he might tear Sebastian to shreds but Toran has a satisfied grin on his lips.

“My, my. How little you know, Seba,” Toran sighs, shifting into his human form. “But no matter, you will eat your words soon enough,” Toran teases. “I love my wife. I have for the past 20 years and despite knowing that it was I who hurt her, Elenore loves me too, freely and willingly. We are not fated, but every day she wakes up, she chooses me, over and over again. She has raised my son and my pack alongside me like a true Luna, and she has never once lived in fear that I may hurt her like you did. In all our years of marriage, the only time I have ever touched her, was because she begged me to. Not once have I ever forced myself upon her, because unlike you, I actually cherish my wife. After what we just witnessed, can you say the same? Did you ever truly love that woman or were you just satisfying your wolf?”

” He snarls.

“Elenore was the only good in my life!” Sebastian snaps.

“And yet, you destroyed her,” Toran growls. “But by the grace of my Goddess, she does not know who you are or what you did to her. Moon Goddess gave her a clean slate to start over with and I thank her every day for that because she will never remember that it was you who took her pup, that it was you who broke her son, and that it was you who shattered her heart every day with your cruelty.”

“Do not act so righteous, Toran! There is blood on your hands as there is blood on mine!” Sebastian bellows, trembling with rage. “We are no different!”

“You are wrong, my dear Seba,” Toran replies. “There is no innocent blood on my hands. I did not kill those children at the daycare. I did not kill my own son for the benefit of war. I did not hurt my own family. AND I DID NOT KILL BRE!”

“LIAR!” Sebastian screams and I realize he has been fighting this war based on lies and deceit.

“You don’t know about Bre,” I murmur softly, Sebastian’s face hardening.

“Of course I know about Bre. That bastard killed her when he found out she was mated to my brother,” Sebastian scoffs. “And then he killed my brother.”

A cruel smile lingers on Toran’s face and with one look, he asks me to show Sebastian the truth of that day. I look around at the Scarlett wolves, their faith in their Alpha already faltering.

Do not pity them, Grayson snaps. They deserve to know the truth behind the war they have been fighting for almost 30 years.

Closing my eyes and putting down my walls, I let Toran's memories flood my head, sifting through them until I find the memory of that fateful day. When I open my eyes again, a beam of light flows through my irises, projecting the memory for all to see.

"Toran! Toran!" Breanna screams through mindlink, Toran running faster until he reaches a small cottage in the forest.

"I'm coming!" Toran shouts back, knocking down the front door and racing inside."

His breath hitches when upon entering the cottage, he sees Cyrus towering over Breanna laying on the couch, a bloody dagger in his hand. Breanna wheezes softly as Cyrus turns to face his best friend.

"We were supposed to be the Fated Pair," Cyrus chuckles to himself. "But the spell wore off-

He manages to escape by sonic scream, leaving Toran to face his dying wife on his own. Toran crawls to her, cradling her head and smoothing down her hair. There is a large gaping wound on her stomach, a river of blood pouring through it. Upon touching her, Toran's eyes suddenly widen in shock and Breanna smiles up at him as a little blood trickles from her nose, reaching a hand to caress his cheek.

"M-mate," she coughs out, wiping the blood on her lips. "We're mates." "Don't speak," Toran hushes, attempting to lift her in her arms, but Breanna only

protests. "I need to get you to the hospital. They'll fix you there, come on."

"N-NO." Breanna protests. "Just-just stay here with me. Just hold my hand," she says through a bloody smile. "Please."

But they can fix you," Toran pleads, Breanna shaking her head at him. "Please, please let them fix you-

af love you, Toran," Breanna whispers, coughing up more blood. "P-please be strong... without me..."

"Bre-" Toran shakes his head, Breanna's eyes slowly fading away. "It's okay, Bre, I've got you," he murmurs, lifting her up so he can sit down and cradle her in his arms. "It's okay, Bre. It's going to be okay," he adds, rocking back and forth long after she goes still in his arms. "We're okay, baby. We're going to be okay. You're just tired. You just go to sleep and in the morning, it'll all be better. I promise, baby."

He sits on that couch for what seems to be an eternity, holding his mate and brushing her hair with his fingers. Tears streak his cheeks but there is anger in his eyes. Anger and hatred.

“No,” Sebastian shakes his head in disbelief, disrupting the memory projection. “No, it cannot be! Toran killed Breanna. It was Toran-”.

“Your brother took my mate,” Toran snarls. “It was your brother’s own greed that got him killed, not my envy. He tricked you, he tricked you all into believing Breanna was his mate but it was just a spell. A spell to make her believe she was his mate when in reality, she was mine. You’ve killed innocent people, all in the name of a lie.”

Sebastian shakes his head, unwilling to believe what he’s just witnessed.

“No, no. He’s lying!” Sebastian cries, looking around at his wolves who stare at their weapons in disgust. “My-My father said-”

“You still believe that man after everything he’s done?” Toran scoffs. “You’re such a coward, Sebastian. All this time you’ve been afraid your son would tarnish your reputation, when the only one hurting your pack is you!”

“I did what was necessary,” Sebastian snarls back.

“You did what you were told without question,” Toran snaps. “Like a lost pup looking for approval. Now when it matters, you’re all alone, Sebastian. Cyrus is dead and Alexander can’t help you. Face it, White, the only one responsible for your crimes here is you and you will pay dearly for them all!”

Kill him, Grayson snarls. After all the pain he’s caused, he deserves nothing short of death!

I stare at the Scarlett Alpha, the world he created with terror and cruelty crumbling around him. He looks so pathetic as he kneels before the one person he was always too ashamed to claim as his son.

“You’re still weak, boy.” Sebastian snickers, a challenge in his voice. “After all these years, you still can’t face me like an Alpha. An Alpha would have killed me without hesitation! And yet you won’t. You just stand there like an idiot-”

He suddenly sits up as I fill his mind with memories of my childhood, one by one, showing him the fear I overcame.

I show him all the times I stood before that mirror in my room, practicing my words to make them perfect, my fingers trembling with every flip of the page of my book. I show him all the times I watched him beat my mother to teach me a lesson, how she cried and begged him for mercy and how I tried so hard to make him proud. His fingers curl

as he feels the sting of the whips and belts on my back from every beating I got for the mistakes I made while completing my work and daily chores. I show him how my silence was mocked daily, and how I learned to survive without ever uttering a word.

I show him the day Caine whipped me until ribbons of flesh hung from my back and how I took it all without screaming. I make him feel the pain of his rejections and the humiliation of losing my pack to a boy now buried six feet under. I show him what I did to the heir he chose, how Caine pissed himself in fear before he shot himself in the head for hurting my mate. I show him the aftermath as Talia was wheeled into a hospital room and force him to feel the anguish I felt as they fought to bring her back. I show him the fear in Dakota's eyes as he screamed for his mommy, and the agony in my heart as I waited for news on my mate. I show Sebastian all the torment of my life before Talia and Kota made it fade away, but I do not share their beauty. He does not deserve to see them.

The memories overwhelm him, Sebastian shaking his head as if to remove them from his mind, but I hold him hostage, wanting him to see for himself everything he did to me.

"St-sto-st" he stammers, his eyes flickering as memories flood his every thought. "Oh Gods!"

"I-I know who I-I am," I whisper, towering over the coward I once feared as he whimpers. "I-I am the son of A-Agnes Thorne and the son of R-Rionna Ravenstone. I-I am mated to Ta-Talia Ramos and the f-father of our son, Da-Dakota Ramos. I-I am an Alpha with a st-stutter and the b-boy y-you were so ashamed to call a s-son. Y-your blood runs through m-my veins.... But I will n-never be like y-you... because I-I am stronger than y-you will ever be!"

He holds his head in his hands, curling up on the floor as I fill his mind with my screams and those of my mothers.

"S-shut up!" Sebastian shouts, the veins on his temples bulging and his face flushing red.

Pushing him even further, I force him to watch Jonathan's murder over and over again, making him relive with vivid detail, the memory of him telling my mother that her beloved pup was now dead, never to grow up to be the Alpha he was always meant to be.

"M-make it stop!" Sebastian cries, his fingers clawing at his own eyes, his nails tearing through his flesh.

Grayson forces his way to the surface, and through gritted teeth, snarls at the deplorable Alpha, "Be a man, Sebastian and face what you did!"

"P-please!" the Alpha begs, screaming in agony on the dock floor.

“Did I stutter?” Grayson sneers, giving me back control to face my tormentor. Do not hold back, Grayson whispers. Because he never did.

Closing my eyes, I open connections with Tylen and Toran, selecting memories to show Sebastian how much life improved for my mother without him in it.

I let him watch my mother wake up from her coma and slowly fall in love with Toran and Tylen. Sebastian growls with rage, unable to stop the memories of her saying ‘I do’ to another man and smiling happily as her new adopted son showers her with affection.

He slams his head against the concrete of the dock in hopes of ending his misery, but the memories keep flooding Sebastian’s brain one by one. A gash forms across his forehead, blood spilling from the wound and trickling down his nose and temples but it does not stop him from hitting himself again with his fists.

Images of Rionna leading a happy life without Sebastian torment him, revealing to him how truly insignificant his presence was in her life.

“No! No!” He screams, writhing on the floor in a fit of fury.

“I love you, Toran,” Rionna murmurs every morning to her husband, the words enraging Sebastian’s wolf.

Sebastian’s eyes turn blue as his wolf steps through and for once, his fiery swirls of sapphire don’t scare me anymore.

“I said make it stop!” the Alpha commands, but his words mean nothing to me anymore.

When I remain silent, Sebastian’s bones begin to crack and rearrange, his silver wolf taking his place. The wolf snarls and attempts to charge at me, but he doesn’t take a single step before his own soldiers point their guns at him without my coercion.

He snarls at them to stand down, but not one soldier chooses to follow his lead anymore. He takes a step forward, a soldier pulling the trigger of his gun and shooting his paw. Sebastian’s wolf howls in pain and collapses on his injured hind legs.

“Stay down,” I command, Sebastian’s wolf responding accordingly against his will.

Toran circles Sebastian like prey before crouching down and stroking his tail with his hand, inhaling deeply and closing his eyes. When he opens them again, they glow red, a small smile on his lips.

“How many years, I’ve dreamed of this moment, Sebastian,” Toran’s wolf whispers to himself. “To hold your power in my hands and have you at my mercy.”

Sebastian only snarls in response, but I see the fear in his eyes. "You will die tonight," Toran's wolf murmurs. "But only when you beg for it."

The wolf turns to me and in a polite voice, asks that I continue my memory assault. Concentrating, I dig through Sebastian's childhood memories, forcing him to relive all of the humiliations he faced on account of his father all at once. He begins to claw and bite at his own legs as he feels the phantom sting of his father's whip burn across his flesh.

At the same time, red mist forms at Toran's fingertips, the poisonous gas floating towards Sebastian. His flesh breaks out into painful blisters and Sebastian writhes in pain

from the simultaneous attacks. Toran creates more gas, letting it wash over Sebastian's eyes so that it blinds him and all he can see now are the images I project in his own head.

Little by little, I make him relive his past while Toran emits a little gas to cause just enough agony without killing Sebastian. Time seems to stand crawl as Sebastian begs for mercy, each of his cries chipping away at my humanity and causing my stomach to churn with disgust.

"You should go," Toran murmurs, his eyes still glowing red. "Before he takes your innocence too."

I stare at the shell of a man screaming on the dock floor, his body almost unrecognizable from all the blisters and claw marks. Behind me, several Ravenstone wolves

sit to watch Sebastian's slow demise.

"Torture changes you forever and no one will think less of you for leaving," Toran's wolf explains. "You are still our Alpha." He gestures around the Harbor. "There are no humans here now," his wolf adds. "Just beasts avenging the deaths of their fallen children."

I look around to see that he is right, all the wolves have taken over command to watch the man who killed their sons and daughters in a fiery hell, suffer a slow and painful death by his own hand.

"The choice is yours, Alpha," Toran sighs.

An Alpha acts with his pack, Grayson reminds me. But let me carry this burden for you and I'll finish this once and for all.

Very gently, Grayson takes over command, instructing Toran's wolf to proceed. Grayson blocks out Sebastian's cries for the next several hours, and I only see the monster twist and contort in silent agony, though I choose not to watch most of it.

It is only after Sebastian begs for death that Grayson allows me to hear again.

"Do it yourself," Grayson instructs, a green mist forming around Sebastian's blistered body.

The toxic green gas pours into Sebastian's nose and throat, his eyes bulging out as he struggles to breathe. Foam spills out of his snout and trickles down his neck, the veins in his eyes bursting and turning the whites red. He opens his mouth to howl but nothing ever leaves his throat, his body finally going limp.

I do not know how to feel as I stare at Sebastian's dead body, the monster within no longer able to hurt me or anyone else ever again.

There are no cheers, no shouts of joy and no excitement, only silence as reality sets in; the Scarlett Alpha has finally fallen.

The Scarlett wolves turn to me and bow their heads, ready to accept me as their new alpha. I, however, only shake my head.

"I am not your Alpha," I proclaim. "Scarlett Haven dies with Sebastian White."
