

# The Unwanted Wolf

## Chapter 31

“Don’t scream or alert anyone, or others will die as well,” Theron whispered in my ear.

My entire body was frozen in fear. I was supposed to be safe at the pack house. I was supposed to be safe with Mark and Jori. Did either of them see me with this strange man? Did anyone notice this man who did not smell quite right?

“You’re the one who has been trying to kill me,” I said flatly. My heart was pounding in my chest, and I could hardly breathe.

“I have been the one orchestrating it, yes. But it seems my associate was less than adequate, so I figured I would take things into my own hands,” he explained. His grip tightened on me and it started to hurt.

“But why? I don’t even know you.” My eyes were locked with his, and I could see the pure hatred in them. This wasn’t just some random bounty hunter.

Theron continued spinning us around the dance floor. “Because you’re going to take everything from me. I want to take everything away from you before that happens.”

“But I’m not trying to take anything from you.” I wanted to look away from this man and try to signal for help with my eyes from anyone, but I couldn’t look away. I was scared, frustrated, and confused.

“Doesn’t matter. You are the oldest in the Caspian Bloodline. You are to inherit the powers of the coven, and I can’t have that happen.” Theron’s smile turned to a grimace.

I still didn’t understand what he was talking about. “I don’t care about inheriting powers. Just take them.”

“You really don’t understand. Father abandoned you, and you never learned the ways of sorcerers. You would be a weak leader.”

There was venom in his voice.

“No, I really don’t understand, and that’s not my fault. I’ll give you whatever you want. Please just don’t kill me.” The vibrating in my body returned. It started building in pressure, making it more difficult to focus.

Theron chuckled, squeezing my hand even tighter. “I can feel your powers trying to break through, birthday girl. So much potential has been

squandered for years. Even if you could release your power now, it would be nothing compared to what it could have been. Who knows if your body could even handle it.”

My nerves felt like they were on fire. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to control it, but it felt like too much. Theron’s grip only got tighter, too. “Please let me go.”

“Oh, that’s not happening, birthday girl. The only way to make sure you don’t get in my way is to kill you.” Theron leaned in closer.”

You should just accept your fate. No one will really miss you anyway, half-breed.”

My eyes snapped open, and the fire burst inside of me. “I recommend you let me go now. You are surrounded by werewolves, and they won’t let you escape.”

Theron only grinned. “How would they manage that when they’ve all been poisoned with wolfsbane?”

“You’re lying.” I looked around, and everyone seemed just fine.

“You’re so easy to accuse me of lying when you don’t even know, as you have said yourself. These fools were so careless. Do you know how easy it was to slip the wolfsbane into the drinks used for toasting? I almost feel sorry for everyone. Wolves are such fools.”

Theron let go of my waist and spun me out and then spun me back in. I hit his chest harder than I expected as I twirled back in.

“What is your problem? Why would you poison everyone?” I was horrified by the man in front of me.

“Don’t worry. It shouldn’t kill any of them, but no one would be able to fight against me, even if they tried. You have survived our attempts twice. I wanted to guarantee this time would work. Besides, it’s sort of a guarantee for me. If you choose to fight me and try to get away, I will make sure every last one of your friends dies. The choice is yours. Come peacefully, or let a bloodbath occur.” His eyes flickered black yet again.

The rage inside of me only grew. “You’re a psychopath. If you touch anyone of them, I’ll kill you.”

Theron let out a hearty laugh. “I’d like to see you try. You have no control over your powers, and your wolf side is weak from the friends.”

I looked around at the crowd of people. I couldn’t see any faces I recognized in the crowd of dancers, but I thought about everything Rie, Scythe, Mark, even Jori and Percy had done for me. I thought about innocent little Eva and Cindy too. I didn’t know anything about Theron, but if

he was as powerful as he claimed, I couldn't stand the idea of everyone dying because of a choice I had to make. Tears started gathering in my eyes. Choosing my mate seemed so unimportant in this moment. I just wanted everyone to live.

"I'll go with you without a fight. Just promise me you won't kill anyone." The tears slid down my cheeks. With my free hand, I reached up to wipe them away.

"How disappointing. It would've been fun to show you what a true sorcerer could do, unlike you, half-breed. But, alas, I am a man of my word. I won't kill your friends, at least not tonight." Theron stopped and dipped me.

The world turned upside, but I caught a glimpse of piercing blue eyes. Mark. He was definitely staring right at us, but I didn't have enough time to process what was going on in his face. Did he recognize I was in danger? Was he upset that I was dancing with another man? A part of me wanted him to come over and rescue me, but I knew he would only end up hurt, especially if his wolf was weak from wolfsbane.

Theron frowned. "Looks like our moment is over." He let me go and flipped me around, pressing my back into his chest. The hand that was on my waist was now pressed around my neck. I could still breathe, but it was much more difficult.

Mark stopped in his tracks. He had been pushing his way through the dance floor, but when Theron made his move, Mark froze. He was at least ten feet away, staring at me with a mix of horror and anger. People were still dancing unaware of what was happening, making Mark flash in and out of my view. Slowly, people stopped dancing, realizing what was happening, and gasps echoed throughout the party. Once again, all eyes were on me.

"I wouldn't make a move, pretty boy, or else I'll snap her neck," Theron said, staring directly at Mark. People moved away, clearing the space between Mark and myself.

"If you harm her, I will kill you," Mark seethed.

Rie ran up next to Mark, her eyes with fright. She didn't dare move closer. Jori was the next to approach. His fingers were curled into fists, and he was rolling up his dress shirt sleeves to his elbow. He moved past Mark, heading straight towards us.

"Get your hands off my mate," Jori seethed. "No!" I shouted as Jori got closer. I didn't want anyone making Theron mad.

Theron squeezed my throat even tighter, making me cough. My hands

flung up to Theron's arm, trying to loosen his grip, but it was no use. Seeing this, Jori stopped in his tracks.

"I would be careful with your next move," Theron cautioned. "You have no control over this situation."

Jori's jaw clenched and his eyes grew darker. "How dare you invade my pack house and threaten my mate. Do you really think you will get away with this unscathed?"

Theron c\*\*\*\*d his head. "Interesting. I would have thought the red head was her mate based on his reaction as well."

"I am her mate," Mark said, stepping forward to join Jori.

Theron hummed in response. "Very interesting indeed. I suggest if you don't want to see your mate die in front of you right here, right now, you back off. I see you trying to summon your wolf. It's not working, is it?"

Jori's eyes widened in realization. "Bastard! What have you done?", "What I needed to get my prey. It was useless for you all to try to keep this half-breed alive. Even running away to another town?

What a stupid idea. At least pick something further away from her hometown next time. It was like you wanted me to find her." Theron stroked my cheek, and I could feel the pure anger emitting off both Mark and Jori.

"I'm going to kill you," Jori seethed. He started moving forward again.

"Don't!" I pleaded. Theron loosened his grip on my neck to make it easier for me to speak. "Please don't attack him."

Jori froze again. This time it was Mark who spoke though. "Adira, we are not going to just let him take you like this."

Theron smirked at them. "I would listen to her. We've made a deal. Her life in exchange for all of yours."

I choked up at Mark's pleas, and tears started pouring down my eyes.

"You don't stand a chance. He's poisoned everyone here with wolfsbane. If you try to fight, then you'll die. I can stand the idea of you dying, Mark. Please just don't."

Mark's jaw hardened. "I made you a promise. I will never stop fighting for you. If that means I die in the process, so be it. You're worth it."

"I'm not. I'm not more important than anyone else here. Please," I begged. I was shaking with fear and rage. Why was this happening today of all days? This was my birthday. Everyone worked so hard to make me happy, and here I was, ready to give my life so everyone could live.

"This is getting too sappy for me," Theron said. "I'm over it."

“Don’t make a move,” Jori threatened.

Theron scoffed in return. “You really think you are in charge here? Such a fool. Maybe I should kill just to prove you wrong. Maybe I should kill you all.”

“You promised!” I snapped. The idea of him killing everyone was too much. The heat inside of me boiled over, and I could feel my skin burning. I looked at my hands, and they were glowing brighter than they had before. I could feel the dam ready to burst. Then I felt a sharp pain in my neck.

“What do you think you are trying to do?” Theron asked, dropping the syringe from his hand. “I didn’t think I would need this to suppress your powers, but I was wrong. It’s time for us to go. I’ve had enough of this show.”

Mark and Jori both lunged forward, but Theron disappeared with me in his arms.

## **Chapter 32**

It was dark and cold, and the air was damp. There was a dim light coming from somewhere a little ways away from me. I couldn’t make anything out in the room until my eyes adjusted. Even then, I couldn’t make out as much as I usually could. I could tell the wolfsbane was dimming my senses, but it didn’t feel as much as I was dosed with a week ago.

Theron let go of me, and my body betrayed me. I fell to the ground, hitting my knees hard. I cried out in pain.

“Don’t even bother trying to run away. You are much too weak for that now,” Theron said. He moved across the room and flipped on a light switch.

I instinctively shut my eyes, the bright lights hurting them. I rubbed my eyes, but my arms felt heavy. I opened my eyes, and even though it was still bright, I could see a little better. The room we were in was like a dungeon. The walls were made of grey bricks, and there was a large iron door as the only exit. There was no furniture in the room.

My eyes finally landed on Theron, who was inspecting the room. “What did you inject me with?”

“Does it matter?” Theron laughed. “You’ll be dead soon anyway. It was just a serum to calm you down so your powers didn’t emerge, not that it would’ve changed anything. Even if your powers emerged, you don’t know how to use them, so I easily would’ve

overpowered you still.”

“You’re awfully cocky.” I tried to stand up, but my body was still weak. “If you were so confident, then why bother poisoning everyone?”

Theron snapped his head towards me. “I don’t take unnecessary risks. In order for me to inherit the power that is rightfully mine, you must die.”

“But I don’t want to inherit any powers! I didn’t even know I was a sorceress until a few days ago. Just take the power and leave me alone,” I begged. I was scared now that I was alone with Theron. I wasn’t ready to die.

“Because Father insists the eldest child takes over the coven,” Theron spat. He bent down and grabbed my neck. “And you are his eldest.” He threw me to the ground and my elbow hit the ground. I grabbed my elbow as the pain radiated through. “Father?” I repeated, processing the information. “Does that mean you’re my brother?”

“I will never be your brother,” he snapped. “Your b\*\*\*h mother seduced my father and then ran away with the half-breed child. Just because she got to Father, and he cheated on Mother, resulting in your sad existence, does not mean we are family. It does not mean you deserve to inherit the Caspian powers. It does not mean you deserve to be the leader.”

“My mother wouldn’t do that,” I said quietly. I didn’t know that was true, but my mother always taught me to be myself and think about how my actions affected other people. I couldn’t imagine her cheating on my father. Except my father wasn’t my father. Someone lied to me my entire life, and I wasn’t sure why or who. Perhaps my mother had lied to protect herself and her secret.

“If your actions are any reflection of your mother’s behavior, then how can you doubt it? You have two mates ready to fight for you? How can you be so selfish, you little slut.” Theron’s voice was laced with many years of hatred.

“That’s none of your business!” I shouted. “You don’t even know the situation. How can you be like this? I didn’t even know you existed. I didn’t know I was a sorceress. I didn’t know anything. I don’t deserve this!”

Theron kicked me in my side. “Shut up! Don’t pretend to be innocent. Your father’s favorite, even though you didn’t grow up with us. I thought I was going to grow up to take over the coven, but when I turned sixteen, father told me that you would be the one to take

over once he found you and you were of age. You're older than me by a few months, so you are the one who was meant to take over. It's nonsense. I deserve to take over. I'm the one who trained for years. I'm the one who supported Mother and Father, while you were running off with the wolves."

"You know nothing about me," I growled, pushing myself up. "You don't know what I've been through."

"And frankly, I don't care. I'm done with this conversation" Theron started walking towards the door.

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Theron turned towards me and easily pushed me to the ground. "I will do with you as I please." He opened the door and left, leaving me all alone in the cold room. I heard the click of a lock behind him and knew there was no escape.

I curled into a ball, trying to warm myself up as much as possible. I wished I was wearing something other than a dress in heels. I

wished I had a jacket or at least a t-shirt and some pants. The tears started pouring out of my eyes, and it wasn't long before I was

sobbing. I was angry that Theron was punishing me for something that wasn't in my control. I didn't even know what happened with my

mother. I wished I could ask her for her side of the story, because right now I was imagining the worst of her. Not that it mattered anyway.

She let father kick me out and fend for myself when I was only sixteen. My family didn't care about me.

I felt cursed because of my bloodline. First my family rejects me, and then I discover it's my estranged family trying to kill me for the

same reason I was kicked out. I didn't care that I was half sorcerer and half werewolf. I didn't deserve to be rejected over and over again

because of it. I just wanted someone to look at me and see me for me.

Mark looked at me like that. He didn't care what I was. He stood by me every step of the way, trying to help me and save me. He was

ready to risk his life for mine.

Jori had been willing to risk his life for me too. He made it clear that he wanted me as well, and he didn't seem to care about my

history, but there was a rock at the pit of my stomach whenever I thought about Jori. Even though I knew he was my soulmate, and there

was a part of me that wanted, in this moment, all I wanted was to be in Mark's arms. Whatever part of me wanted Mark outweighed any

part that wanted Jori.

It was so obvious to me now. Sitting here alone, knowing Theron planned

on killing me, I knew it was Mark, and now I would never be able to tell him the truth about how I felt. I wanted nothing more than to escape and run back to Mark and start a life with him. This only frustrated me more, and the tears poured out faster. After a while, I had no more tears left to cry. I grew silent and tired. My body was heavy, and it just wanted to get some rest, but I was afraid. I didn't want Theron to return when I was asleep. I fought against my body for as long as I could, but eventually I lost that fight.

"Wake up." A cold nose nudged my hand. I groaned in response. I was cold and sluggish. "Can't I sleep a little longer?" "Adira, now is not the time to sleep." The cold nose pushed my face again. I cracked my eyes open and saw Shadow's bright eyes in my face.

"Shadow?"

"We are in danger. Please get up," Shadow begged. She sat down and pawed at my side.

I slowly pushed myself up. "I know we are in danger, but I don't know what to do. He's much stronger than us."

"Nonsense." Moon jumped out of the air, appearing to come from nowhere.

"You have way more power than that wimp. You just need to access it."

"But how? And even if I could access it, I don't know how to use my powers." I felt hopeless talking about it. "Theron said he had years of training. How am I supposed to compete with that?"

Moon flicked her tail in my face. "You don't have to defeat him or even compete with him. You just have to escape. Your powers are tied to your emotions. Surely you have figured that out by now."

"Don't be so condescending to her," Shadow snapped, growling at Moon.

"Do you wish to die, pup? Because if Adira doesn't figure out how to release her powers and control them to at least a minimum, then the three of us are dead. I don't think there's anything wrong with putting the pressure on her."

Shadow rolled her eyes. "There are other ways to go about it." Shadow turned directly to me. "Can't we just transform into a wolf and break free?"

I frowned. "I don't know if we would be able to get through the door that way."

"I'm telling you, focus on trying to release your powers. That's the only way," Moon said.

"But how can I do that?" I rubbed my eyes, still feeling tired.



Moon licked her paw and then started rubbing her face.  
“Easier said than done,” I muttered. I didn’t have confidence I would be successful, but I had to try. I was not ready to lay down and die yet.