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Chapter 51

Liam's heart was heavy with dread as he stood in his office, staring out the window at the pack grounds. His wolf was restless, and he couldn't shake the feeling of impending doom. He turned around when he heard the door open and saw James and Garrett enter.

"James, what's the status of the scouting missions?" Liam asked, his voice betraying his anxiety.

James sighed before answering. "We're still gathering intel, Alpha. It's been difficult to get close to the witch's pack without arousing suspicion."

Liam's frown deepened. "And what about my sister? How is she doing?"

"She's safe," Garrett said with a shrug. "No harm done. But you know this. Haven't you gone to see her?"

Liam rubbed his neck and looked out the window again. "Are you sure? We can not have what happened with Nicole happen to Lilian.

Garrett and James exchanged glances.

"She's okay mentally if that's what you're asking. You should see her, Liam."

Liam nodded, relieved. But his mind was still preoccupied with something else. "I need to talk to you both about Nicole," he said, his voice low. Garrett snorted. "What about her? You always find a way to bring her up. She's already under enough pressure as the witch bane."

Liam's eyes flashed with anger. "She's my..." he had to stop himself from saying the words 'Mate,' " I care about her. And I want what's best for her. The mark is viable, Garrett. We are still attached."

James put a calming hand on Liam's shoulder. "Garrett, know your place," James hissed. "If it's about the decisions she's making, you'll have to let her be. You can't control her decision, Alpha. You can only do your best to make her comfortable."

Liam began pacing again, his mind reeling with thoughts of what Nicole had said. She had told him that she didn't want to join the pack, that she wanted her freedom after the battle was over. He couldn't believe it. She was everything to him. He had become so attached to her that it was driving him insane. There was also the possibility that she was truly his mate, and the thought of losing her was unbearable.

James and Garrett sat in front of him, watching him with concern. James cleared his throat and spoke up.

"Liam, I know this is hard, but you have to understand that Nicole has been through a lot. She was a slave and she has never had the freedom to make her own choices. She needs time to figure out what she wants."

Liam glared at James. "But she's.... We have a ... She should be with me and the pack."

Garrett scoffed and folded his arms, "You're being difficult. Do you realize that you can not eat your cake and have it?"

Liam sighed and tugged at his hair. He shook his head, his eyes downcast. "I know. But it's hard, all this is hard and so fucking complicated."

Garrett rolled his eyes. "Maybe she just wants her freedom, Liam. Can you blame her after everything she's been through?"

Liam bristled at the comment. "I'm not trying to control her, Garrett. I just want her to..."

Garrett snorted. "You deserve this, Liam. You've been pushing her too hard. She needs space and time to figure out her own life. This is your Karma for all the ladies you trampled on."

Liam growled at Garrett, his fists clenching. "Garrett. Don't you understand what that means? I can't lose her."

James stepped in before the argument could escalate. "Maybe you should talk to her, Alpha. Find

out what she wants, and see if there's a way to compromise."

Liam nodded, his brows furrowed. "I did."

James spoke up again, his voice calm and soothing.

"We all understand, Liam. But the choice should be hers to make. If she decides to do anything, it has to be because she wants to, and not because she feels like she has to."

Liam placed his head in his hands. "I just don't know what to do. I can't imagine my life without her."

James put a hand on Liam's shoulder. "We'll figure it out, Liam. We'll make sure she stays."

Liam looked up at James, his eyes pleading. "I've never felt like this before. I don't know what I'm doing."

James nodded. "You're doing your best. The old you would have compelled everyone into doing your bidding, but look at you, Liam."

Garrett stood up and walked over to Liam, putting a hand on his shoulder. "You are doing well Liam, you're doing the best. That's all that matters."

Liam turned to look at Garrett, "You're right."

Garrett nodded. "I know. And I think she'll stay, she'll come to terms with us. We just have to give her time."

Liam took a deep breath, trying to calm himself. He knew that Garrett was right. He had to trust

Nicole, and he had to give her the space she needed. But the thought of losing her still filled him with dread.

He looked at James and Garrett with determination in his eyes. "I'll do everything in my power to make her stay. I'll show her that she belongs here, with me, with us."

James smiled. "That's all we can do, Liam. We have to show her that she's part of the pack, that we need her."

"That's a good plan. How about you go and visit your sister before hell lets loose." Garrett chuckled. "It's very unlikely for her elder brother to not have visited her after such an attack."

They all groaned, knowing that Lilian could be hell if she wanted.

Liam made his way to his sister's quarters, his heart heavy with guilt and regret. Despite the jokes they had made, he knew that everything was his fault. If only he could figure out why the witch targeted him in particular and who she was.

He felt like he hadn't been able to protect her from the witch, and that the credit for finding her safe and sound was to be given to the pack's scouts. As he approached her door, he steeled himself for the inevitable confrontation.

Lilian sneered at him as he entered, her eyes cold and calculating. "So, you finally decided to

grace me with your presence," she said, her voice dripping with venom. "I was beginning to think you had forgotten about me."

"Lilian, I'm sorry that I couldn't come to save you myself, but you know I couldn't leave the pack unprotected," Liam said in a calm voice, trying to keep his emotions in check.

Lilian scoffed, "Oh, please spare me your excuses, Liam. You always find a way to prioritize your precious pack over your own flesh and blood."

Liam sighed and leaned on the wall, "I don't have the time or patience for this."

Lilian snorted. "Save it, Liam. You just didn't want to come by yourself. Afraid of facing the witch alone?"

Liam gritted his teeth, feeling his anger rising. "I did what I had to do to keep the pack safe."

Lilian snickered, "But if it was Nicole, your little witch bane Omega, you would run without care."

Liam said through clenched teeth; "I didn't pick Nicole over you. She was captured because of your actions."

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Lilian's eyes widened in surprise, and for a moment, Liam thought he had gotten through to her.

But then she started to cry, big, crocodile tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I didn't mean to get her captured," she wailed. "I cannot believe you accused me of something like this when I was just trying to tell you the truth. I was trying to save you from her!"

"Lilian, I love you," Liam said, stepping closer to her.

"But you have to understand that Nicole is important to me. She's part of the pack now, and I can't just abandon her."

Lilian shook her head, her tears turning into angry sobs. "I don't understand why you're so obsessed with her," she spat. "She's just a slave, a nobody. How could she have any effect on you?"

Liam felt his anger rising again and he took a step back, trying to keep his temper in check. "You don't understand anything, Lilian," he said, his voice cold.

"Nicole is not just a slave. She's a person. When did you become like this? We swore to treat everyone equally. And I care about her."

Lilian sneered at him, her eyes narrowing. "It's witchcraft, isn't it?" she said, her voice low and

dangerous. "She's cast a spell on you and you're too stupid to see it."

"Lilian, you know that's not true," Liam said through gritted teeth.

But Lilian wasn't listening. She was crying harder now, tears streaming down her face as she tried to guilt-trip him.

"You picked that lowly girl over me, Liam. You don't even care about your own family," Lilian said, her voice shaking.

Liam's anger boiled over, "That's not true, Lilian. Nicole had nothing to do with this. The reason I couldn't come for you was because the pack was in danger. You know that."

But Lilian wouldn't listen. She was convinced that Nicole had cast a spell on Liam and that was the reason why he was so willing to risk everything for her.

Liam felt a wave of frustration wash over him. He couldn't reason with his sister and he didn't know how to make her see reason.

Liam shook his head, feeling a sense of hopelessness. "You'll never understand," he said, turning

to leave. "I have to go."

As he walked out of her quarters, he was furious and frustrated. He couldn't believe that his own

sister could be so blind and manipulative. Outside, he mind-linked James, the guards, and the warriors, telling them to make sure Lillian never came into contact with Nicole again.

Feeling overwhelmed, Liam headed for the forest. He needed to clear his head. He ran through the trees, his feet pounding against the soft earth. The tension inside of him began to ease as he let out his frustration and anger in physical exertion.

Liam ran through the forest, his mind reeling with thoughts of his sister's behavior. He couldn't understand why Lillian had such a strong dislike for Nicole, or why she would accuse him of choosing her over his own sister.

Lillian's recent actions only added to his confusion and frustration. He couldn't believe that his own flesh and blood would try to manipulate him like that.

He slowed down to a jog, taking deep breaths and trying to clear his mind. He knew he couldn't let Lillian's behavior affect him like this, especially not with the upcoming battle against the witch. He needed to stay focused and keep his pack safe.

But even as he tried to push the thoughts out of his head, they continued to linger. He wondered if there was something he was missing or if there were some underlying reasons behind Lillian's

behavior.

He couldn't help but feel a sense of betrayal, as though his own sister didn't trust him or the decisions he made for the pack.

As he continued to jog through the forest, Liam made a mental note to speak with James and Garrett about Lillian's behavior. He needed their advice and input, especially with the battle looming on the horizon.

He couldn't let his personal life get in the way of his duties as an alpha and he wouldn't let anything or anyone jeopardize the safety of his pack. Eventually, he slowed down, coming to a stop near a small stream. He crouched down, dipping his hands into the cool water and feeling a sense of peace wash over him.

As he sat there, he knew he had to find a way to make Lillian see reason. But for now, he would focus on the battle ahead and keeping his pack safe.

~

Nicole was training with Maya and Asha when she suddenly felt a strange and overpowering sensation within her. It was like an itch that needed to be scratched, an intense desire to let go and let her wolf take control.

She tried to fight it, but the feeling was too strong. Her wolf was stirring, and she could feel her body racked with different sensations.

"I'm sorry, I have to go," Nicole said hastily as she excused herself from the training session.

"What's wrong?" Maya asked as concern etched on her face.

"I don't know. Something feels off. I need to be alone," Nicole replied before running off into the forest.

Asha stood open-mouthed as she watched her run off with so much speed.

"What should we do?" Maya asked.

Asha shook her head, and then her eyes went wide.

"Garrett or Alpha Liam," she said, mind-linking Garrett immediately.

As Nicole ran, she fought the feeling that threatened to consume her.

She couldn't shake it off no matter how hard she tried. It was as though her wolf had suddenly awakened from a deep slumber and was now ready to take control.

She left the training grounds completely and headed into the depths of the forest, trying to escape it, but it only grew stronger as she went deeper into the trees.

Fear of the unknown or whatever lurked in the depths vanished from her mind. The strange sensations threatened to drive her insane. She was fighting against something, but she didn't know what it was, and it felt wrong to fight it.

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Nicole was confused and scared. She had never experienced anything like that before. She tried to calm herself down and think rationally, but the emotions that coursed through her were raw and primal. She felt an intense need to connect with her wolf, to let her take over and run free.

Finally, as she reached a clearing, she could no longer resist the urge. She found a secluded spot in the forest and let her wolf take over. The transformation was sudden and intense.

Her bones cracked, and her muscles rippled as she transformed into her wolf form. She screamed as her body reshaped as she shifted into her wolf form for the first time in months. It was very much like her first time as a pup.

The transformation was almost too much to bear, and she felt a rush of emotions that threatened to overwhelm her. It was as though she was experiencing everything for the first time, and she revelled in the freedom and power that came with being a wolf.

After the intensive moments, she collapsed to the ground to catch her breath and rest for minutes before allowing the joy of what happened to overtake her.

Grunting, she pushed herself up, then walked slowly to find balance before she started running.

As she ran through the forest, she felt alive in a way that she had never had before. Her senses were heightened so that she could smell every scent and hear every sound. It was as though the world had just come alive, and she was now a part of it. She loved it. She loved the freedom it brought.

She was immersed in blinding joy as she wandered through the forest. She felt free and powerful for the first time in forever. She howled into the evening sky in pure bliss.

Nicole couldn't contain her excitement as she ran through the forest. She was free, her wolf form was finally in control, and it felt amazing.

Her heart was pounding with adrenaline, her paws pounding against the ground as she darted between the trees. It was as if all of her worries and fears had melted away, and she was simply a wolf, wild and free.

As she ran, she spotted a small rabbit in the distance. Instinct kicked in, and she chased after it, her muscles tense with anticipation.

She felt the thrill of the hunt course through her veins as she stalked the rabbit, using her keen senses to track its movements. In one swift movement, she pounced, and the rabbit was hers. After devouring the rabbit, Nicole felt really satisfied. She licked her fur until it was sparkling clean and took time to itch her fur on the bark of trees.

It had been a long time since she had hunted, and the feeling of providing for herself was empowering. She ran to a nearby brook and played in the sand and water, revelling in the freedom of being in her wolf form.

As the day turned to dusk, Nicole found a quiet spot in the forest and lay down to sleep. She felt the soft earth beneath her and the cool breeze against her fur. She was at peace, finally able to fully embrace the wolf within her.

The forest was a magical place for Nicole. She was in tune with her surroundings, able to sense the movements of animals and the flow of the wind. The smells of the forest were familiar and comforting to her, and the sounds of birds and insects were like music to her ears. She was able to let go of all her troubles and just be in the moment, fully immersed in the beauty of nature. She didn't want to go back to her human form.

Liam skidded to a stop, his ears perked at the sound of a powerful howl. He had been wandering in the forest after his interaction with Lilian and had transformed into his wolf form.

Something overtook him, and he began to follow the sound of the howl. It was new and intriguing but still felt familiar.

As Liam followed the howl, he began to feel a sense of excitement that he couldn't explain. It was as if his wolf was leading him to something important, something he had been missing.

As soon as he got closer to the source of the howl, the excitement grew until he finally saw the white wolf playing in the brook.

At first, he didn't realize that the white wolf was Nicole. He had seen her in her wolf form before, but he didn't recognize her. He watched the wolf with an enchanting sense of awe and wonder.

She was so beautiful, so graceful and so wild. Her scent was marvelous. It drew him in. Making him want more.

He watched her as she hunted smaller animals, and he marvelled at the skill and precision with which she moved. He watched her as she played in the brook, splashing around in the water and chasing after small fishes.

He also watched her as she lay down to rest, her head on her paws, her eyes closed, her body

heaving with contentment.

Liam watched the white wolf sleep, feeling his heart rate increase. His wolf had taken over, and he found himself completely enraptured by the wolf before him.

The white fur glistened under the sunlight, and the wind blew gently through the trees, adding to the serene atmosphere. Liam had never felt such a strong connection to another wolf before.

He sat there for what felt like hours, watching the white wolf sleep. He felt a strong sense of protection over her as if it were his duty to keep her safe. His wolf nudged him to get closer, but Liam knew it was best to keep his distance.

It was a strange feeling, but one that he couldn't shake. He didn't want anything to harm her, didn't want anything to come between them. He knew that she was the one he had been looking for, the one he had been waiting for. But he didn't want to scare the wolf away.

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Eventually, the white wolf stirred, and Liam watched as she stretched her legs and stood up. He

could see the drowsiness in her eyes as she looked around, trying to get her bearings.

She shook off the dirt and water, her fur fluffing up in the process. Liam felt his wolf growl softly at the sight, the possessive side of him coming out. He couldn't explain it, but he felt drawn to the white wolf.

It suddenly dawned on him. It was Nicole.

'Mate!' His wolf growled strongly. This time around, the feeling was ultimate and complete. It left no room for argument or questioning. His wolf wanted to jump on her. It wanted to howl out loud, but Liam knew better. Nicole was still far from being ready.

Nicole's white wolf walked away, and Liam followed her. He didn't want to lose sight of her, even though he knew he should let her be. His wolf was too curious and too interested in her wolf to let her go.

The white wolf led him to a clearing, then suddenly charged at him. The moment she recognized him, she skidded to a stop.

At first, she seemed surprised, and then a look of recognition passed over her face. She suddenly lay down watching him intently. Excitement surged in Liam's chest.

He had never seen any being more perfect than her. After long minutes passed, she stood up,

stretching her long, lean body, and padded over to him.

For another moment, Liam and Nicole simply stood there, looking at each other. But then, without warning, Nicole began to nuzzle his neck, her nose buried in his fur.

Liam felt a rush of emotion, a sense of belonging that he had never felt before. He tried to wrap his paws around her, to hold her close, feeling the warmth of her body against his.

As they stood there, wrapped in each other's scent, Liam knew that he would do anything to protect her, to keep her safe from harm.

He knew that he had finally found his mate, the one who would complete him, the one who would make him whole. And he accepted it. Now, the biggest issue was letting her know what she meant to him.

As the night closed in around them, Liam and Nicole lay down together, their bodies intertwined, their hearts beating as one. They had found each other, and they knew that they would never let each other go. At least, that's what Liam thought.

Nicole, on the other hand, was terrified. She wasn't in control of her functions and couldn't recognize the humongous dark wolf that was intertwined with her,

She didn't understand why her wolf trusted it either, but she let it keep control. There was no fighting it after it had been subdued for long months. The wolf growled with intensity, causing Nicole's wolf to jolt awake from her peaceful slumber the next morning. She looked up and saw the dark wolf, with piercing blue eyes staring down at her.

At first, she was afraid, not knowing who or what this creature was. Then she remembered the night before. The growl shook her to her core. It was a sound that was foreign to her, yet it sent shivers down her spine.

The wolf circled her as soft streams of sunlight pierced through the forest.

'Mate', her wolf purred. It was an instinctual feeling, one that she couldn't ignore. She had never felt such a strong pull towards someone before, and it both terrified and excited her.

It was stunning and quite liberating. She had heard stories of mates but never thought it would happen to her. She was an outsider in this pack, after all, a slave. A loner.

But as she looked into the eyes of the dark wolf, she felt an undeniable connection. She could sense his protectiveness, his strength, and his loyalty.

It made her feel safe, and strangely, she knew that she wanted to be close to him. There was also a sense of familiarity that wove through her.

Liam's wolf approached Nicole. He couldn't help but feel protective of her. He circled her, nuzzling her neck and licking her fur. Nicole's wolf responded by playfully nipping at his ears, and together, they ran through the forest, playing like they were old friends.

As they played, Liam's wolf found himself being drawn closer to her. He could sense her inner strength and her determination.

He admired the way she held herself, even when she was afraid. It was a trait that he knew would make her a valuable member of the pack, and it made him proud to have her as his mate.

Nicole's wolf was equally taken with Liam's wolf. She could sense his power, and she knew that he would always protect her. She felt safe and secure with him, and it made her heart swell with emotion. She never knew that she could feel so much for someone, especially someone who was a wolf.

As they played, Liam's wolf could feel his heart growing more and more attached to her. He knew that he had to take care of her, protect her, and cherish her. He knew that he had found his mate, and he would never let her go.

Nicole growled playfully at the dark wolf with a streak of blue pelt. When a memory flashed in her senses.

Liam. It was Liam.

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Nicole froze. Liam!

She fell back and sprinted off. Her heart was pounding. Liam was her mate?

It was unbelievable!

Surprised, Liam followed her. Nicole ran until she led him to a clearing, where she suddenly shifted back into her human form. Liam was shocked, but he couldn't look away. He had never seen anything so beautiful. Nicole stood before him, her hair wet and her body glistening with water droplets.

Nicole looked up and saw Liam. She quickly covered herself with her hands, surprised to see him there staring unabashedly at her. Liam was stunned into silence, unable to find his voice. He felt like a foolish pup, but he couldn't help the way he felt. He allowed his wolf to recede and shifted back to his human form.

"Mate," he growled, stepping forward.

Instead of the fear he was used to, Nicole repeated the same thing. "Mate," she said.

They were on each other in seconds. Their lips connected in starvation. It had been months since they had made love to each other, and all the pent-up hunger had awoken. They were alone and naked in the forest. The scent of their arousal pooled in the air.

Liam was going crazy with his need for Nicole. His fingers latched onto her hips, as he guided the need between her legs against his cock. He palmed her breasts and committed her body to his memory.

He had missed her. The suppleness of her skin. He wanted his scent on her forever and her scent on him and only him. His lips ravaged hers as his hands explored her skin. His exploring touches ignited a loud moan from her.

Liam compelled himself to rip away from the sweet taste of her lips to cover her neck and chest in kisses, then sunk his teeth into one of the stiff nipples.

Nicole's eyes rolled back, her back arched as he continued his torture. She never wanted anyone so badly or felt so alive, so wanted, so in need. Her hands wandered about his hard chest as he made her writhe in pleasure. A demanding moan

escaped her as he fisted her hair. Sweat coats the flushed skin of her face. She loved the feel of him.

"You're fucking beautiful," Liam whispered against her skin.

Nicole's eyes fluttered open and close as he pushed her softly against the hard bark of a tree. She wanted more. She wanted everything. The feel of his head, teasing her legs, sought to drive her insane. He wrapped an arm around her exposed bum, hoisting her up on his body.

Nicole found herself grinding against him. The hunger made her feverish.

"Please," Liam, she cried.

How did she believe that she couldn't be touched, especially by him again? When he was setting her ablaze with his hands and mouth, "Easy, princess," he hissed.

His voice caused her to tremble. She could feel the unmistakable presence of his wolf, the alpha of the Dark Moon. His teeth grazed her skin as her hands wandered down his abdomen.

"Nicole," he growled, but instead of the fear she had normally felt at the tone of his voice, she felt bolder. She didn't stop. She wanted him, all of him. She had missed him so much and it was maddening.

His tongue found the fading mark and licked it as he drove into her.

Nicole's body spasmed with pleasure. She cried out in the forest. His strokes were slow until they built momentum and he began to drive into her without caution.

Nicole's back ached as she received him. She could feel the wood tearing her skin. But she loved it.

"Babyyy," he murmured, moving them to the floor where we began to pound into her.

Liam's most primal desires wrecked him; the months of self-imposed torture he endured, as he pictured this moment. He was barely himself.

Yet his imagination didn't do the slightest justice to the reality of being with her. She was perfect, the feel of her pussy against his dick was insane.

Liam let out a monstrous groan, as he found her lips again.

His lips were demanding, his kisses rough. It seemed like being apart had made him hungrier and angrier. His hands roamed her body with urgency.

It wasn't enough. He wanted her on his bed where she belonged. Lifting her up from the ground, he gently turned her on all fours. Her hands and knees rested firmly on the ground.

They were both sand and dirty, but he was far from logical reasoning. His thrusts were fast and

hard like he was expunging his frustrations. The most surprising part was that Nicole enjoyed every moment of it.

She loved the way his hands cupped and palmed her breasts, the way his fingers dug into her ass cheeks as he stroked her core with ferocious intensity.

She had never been this wild, but she loved it. The position they were in elicited more pleasure than she imagined she could experience. At the pace they were going, it didn't take time before they came undone.

Both of them toppled with their sweaty bodies. She didn't mind that he reeked of a mixture of grime, sweat, and sand. She absolutely loved it and found it endearing. His dirty smell brought a sense of nostalgia to her.

But Liam was far from done. His appetite was miles from being satisfied. He wanted more. He wanted to taste her. So he pushed her up and held her close, then ran at inhumane speed that made it look like he teleported them.

Nicole was out of breath. Her body was still recovering from her first orgasm in ages. She was shocked that he moved so fast and wondered where he got the ability from.

They stood in the room, his eyes were on her, his hands on her waist and he groaned, throwing his

head back as his eyes fluttered open and close. Nicole couldn't dare move or breathe. Her head swirled with pleasant shivers.

"Mate," he hissed and she looked at his blue eyes, dark and dilated.