## **The Investigation Continues**

Damien's POV

The rescheduled pack meeting went as such: Kurtis and Oliver did a presentation on where they thought Jillian was, Devon said some things that made no sense because he wanted to point us in a di erent direction, then the females began creating search parties and put others people in the more domestic jobs.

Everyone was dismissing to go about their day and take on the tasks assigned to them. They all seemed more than willing to help out in finding the Luna. I was telling Christian that we were scheduled to go to the medical examiner's o ice to see the bodies and make some deductions ourselves when David's mom, Lana came up to us. Her hair was slightly frizzier than normal and she had red bags under

her eyes from crying. I motioned for the Beta to leave, "Do you need something?" I had always been a rather sympathetic Alpha, even though in this case David deserved worse than I was willing to give him. I hoped that I wouldn't have to explain that to his mom. "Can I talk to you privately?" she asked quietly. Gently I took her to the side, "What's going on?" Lana was a distant cousin on my mom's side, I had never seem her so broken before. She wrapped her self tighter in her sweater as if it would absorb her sadness, "It's about my son...." she sni led but continued, "I-I...I don't know what to say..."

her voice broke and she used the sleeve of her sweater to wipe away some escaped tears. "Lan, you need to listen to me." I put my hands on her shoulders, "There wasn't much I could do. He has always been disrespectful, there was only so much time before his actions were beyond my

patience" "Yes, yes, I know" She began to compose herself, "You were more than patient, its just- its just that- now I'm all alone..." I sighed and

took my hands o her, a few years back she lost her mate right a er her son was born. It was a surprise attack that le her nearly as upset as her son being exiled.

"If you want to leave, you have all the right to." I suggested. Lana just looked at me with big, sad, green eyes. "No." "No? I could set up a transfer for you-"

"Please. Don't send me away. I want to find the Luna."

Lana's words surprised me, even Stone stopped his tracks. She was just staying for Jillian? Pride swelled in my chest, the pack genuinely liked my mate. A few arrogant and envious pups were not the majority.

"Okay, if you need anything, just ask." I smiled at her. With a deep sigh Lana le to do her own duties.

"What was that about?" Christian came back and saw her leave. I looked at him, "Lana just was telling me about how she didn't want a transfer" "Really? She looked like she was crying"

"How long were you watching?" I turned around to go see the preserved bodies of the rouges in Pete's o ice, "A mother loves her kid, I took him away and she was sad. It's only reasonable" the conversation with the Beta was over now.

The Gamma began walking with us, "Would you get Devon for me? I would like him to come as well as Oliver..." I began then contradicted myself when Kurtis started to leave, "Scratch that. I need to talk to you"

Yay, your gonna get input from the idio**&**tone turned his head away as a sign of irritation.

I pulled the two men to the side of the hall so we weren't in anyone's way. "What's on your mind?" Kurtis asked. Christian gave me a leveled look as if he was trying to read my thoughts. When Oliver passed, I motioned for him to join our huddle.

"Alpha?" They all looked at me.

"Devon; what do you think of him?" I looked each one in the eye. At first I had no reason to trust him, but I also had no real reason not to. If he wasn't a problem with these men, maybe he wasn't an issue for me.

"Well...." Oliver spoke up, he was the over-analytical one, his gut instincts were usually right, "Today he suggested that we go in the opposite direction than all the searching I had done. Is he even certified to do that?"

He had a point. I didn't know how good he was at tracking, and his mind wasn't in tune with Oliver's. He was a man who was born with his nose to the ground, tracking everything.

"He was looking at Josie, so he's not my favorite person in the world." Kurtis didn't like anyone who messed with my sister. It was one of the only qualities that I liked about him. "Please don't kill him, I've had enough drama"

"He's shady. There's not much more to say, I've hardly talked with the guy" Christian shrugged, "Why do you ask?" "Wolf doesn't like him."

They all nodded in agreement, they saw him as a untrustworthy

person. Aren't you happy you aren't the only one?asked Stone and he

turned around from his childlike pouting. What are you kidding? You know I'm always right.

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The medical examiner's o ice always made my stomach stir. The same scent radiated o the place like the one that overtook my father when I found him swinging from his broken neck.

But poor Christian was heavily nauseated and looked gray when we walked in. He actually gagged at the stench. "Alpha! So glad you could make it!" Pete came around with his lab

coat and latex gloves. I didn't know how he did his job, but I was happy he did it.

The other men filled up the space around the examination table. A dead male was laying there. Christian had to look away. A white sheet was pulled over the male's cold, pale body. There was nothing particularly remarkable about his physique or face. He was just a regular guy, with a nose and two eyes.

regular guy, with a nose and two eyes. He had no mark on his neck. With out my knowledge I began to envy him slightly. If I had died long

ago then I would never have to meet my mate and thus I wouldn't be in this pain. Shut up!Stone snapped, Do you really wish you never met mate? Are you really that **selfish**?

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I gulped at the accusation. Pete snapped his gloves and began to speak, "This is a 5"10 adult,

werewolf male. He shows obvious signs of wolf's bane poisoning and a slight fatigue in his le calf." "How can you tell his calf is fatigued?" I asked.

Pete li ed the sheet that covered the male's legs and Christian clutched my shoulder for a split second before pulling it away.

"Do you see the tearing of skin? I assume that he was bit by something or someone's wolf." Pete deduced.

There was a gash in the calf of the male, blood would have been seeping through if it hadn't been clotted in death.

"Is there no way to identify him?" Kurtis asked, peering closer to the frozen body.

"He has no marks or identification, here are his things" Pete pulled out a tub of random items he picked o the body. He had a watch and a small bag that held a vile that I assumed was the wolf's bane. And there was Chapstick.

"Why is there Chapstick? He must have known he was gonna die, he had wolf's bane in his pocket" Oliver questioned. "You know you can't have crusty lips when you die" Devon joked, an

"You know you can't have crusty lips when you die" Devon joked, and I hated it. Who did he think he was coming into my pack and talk to higher ups like the were old friends.

"Maybe there's something in it!" Kurtis grabbed the Chapstick and began opening it .

"Yeah, there would be something in it, hmmmmm, like what? Like Chapstick My voice was laced with sarcasm.

"No, like when you go to the beach and you put your money in a Chapstick container so people don't take it." Kurtis struggled with the cap.

Then the cap went sailing and hitting Oliver in the face"Ow!" He

He had a point.

clapped his hand over his eye. "Are you trying to blind me, Kurtis?!" He barked in surprised pain. The Gamma started to twirl the twisting bottom. Up came, not Chapstick, but a rolled up piece of paper. We were all mesmerized by

the tube as the Chapstick would in its place. Devon snatched it out of the container and unfurled it, "' It was no coincidence, we are one in the sameWhat could that mean?" He handed the paper to Oliver, who read it and turned it in his hands. I looked at my Beta, he was the only one una ected by the note. His

the paper, even Oliver forgot about his eye. We watched it slide up

eyes were transfixed on the dead man's neck. His face was almost as pale as Christian's. "For goodness sake, Beta, go vomit" Christian turned around and

grabbed the waste basket and puked. I meant in the bathroom.... but whatevermind linked him before turning around and letting him heave.

While the Beta barfed in the background the other men and I deciphered the note.

' It was no coincidence, we are on in the same'

The words taunted me and teased me. A fearful rage built up inside my chest. Swelling into hate, and from hate into contempt for whoever thought they could get away with this. It was like the enemy knew our every move before we all did.

I wanted to take Christian's head and bash it into the steel table I was so upset by this letter.

"We're there anymore things like these?" I asked Pete, digging around in the tub. "No, nobody else has anything but empty bottles of bane and the clothes whey wore."

"Alpha," The Delta commanded my attention, "Remember how we wondered if the Luna's taking and the rouge pack were involved with each other? This note just confirmed it."

"Yeah, I gathered that" I looked at the floor.

"It just makes the job easier. We can focus on finding one pack and not two" "Without branding we have no idea if these wolves are even a part of

a pack!" My voice rose and my breathing came in rapid, enraged, gasps.

Oliver looked at me and nodded his head before looking at the

examiner, "Have you run finger prints?" "Yes, I have but I need to be authorized by the council before I can get

matches" Pete played with his glove. His actions showed that he didn't even try. "Did you try to get authorization? Did you fill out the forms and the

applications?" I leaned closer and Pete pulled back, shrinking in his shame. "I-I..." he stuttered.

"You do know that this is your Luna. She is how this pack will survive. She is the key element to our kind. She is the most valuable thing to this pack! And you aren't even trying to find her!" I began to yell without my own knowledge.

"I SHOULD KILL YOU AND EXAMINE YOUR BODY ON THIS TABLE! YOU SHOULD BE THE ONE CAPTIVE, NOT HER!" Stone was livid. More importantly, Iwas livid.

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"Tomorrow you better have those papers and know who these people are, if not I'll have your head ripped o with my own teeth" I sneered and growled in his face.

I walked to the door, "Delta and Devon, stay here and find clues. Gamma and Beta, come with me."

They all followed my instructions: Pete ran to his computer, Oliver and Devon stayed. Christian and Kurtis followed. I started toward my o ice in the pack house. Everything in my o ice at home was

duplicated and sent there just in case anything happened. I stomped in and the men followed dutifully and silently. "Would you do a boarder sweep for me?" I slumped into my leather seat. A sharp ringing sounded through the o ice just as Christian and Kurtis began to leave, I motioned for them to stay when I saw the caller ID. The Northwester sector's boarder patrol. "Yes?" I answered, all calls made to this number would relay back to my house so the phone rang in

two places, either one that answered worked, and if it didn't work the

entire pack could use mind link.

"We found the dot." The dol I frowned, my memory slipping. "We found a child, a little girl. She isn't one of ours, Alpha." the guard continued to speak. Then

I remembered. Just a day ago there was a dot moving across the map, I knew it wasn't an animal. It wasn't following any of the routes the deer and

moose took during the winter-to-spring months. "A child?" It wasn't uncommon for children to accidentally cross boarders, but all the neighboring packs had fences installed and the Northwestern sect was too far for a child to just stumble into. We

Northwestern sect was too far for a child to just stumble into. We actually had no close neighbors up there. "How old is she?" I wondered, having an idea. "She can't be more than six, Alpha" he responded.

Hooking the speaker part of the phone under my chin I beckoned Kurtis over, "Go to the pack house and get Anastasia, tell her we are having a tea party." He looked at me funny, "The pup?" I glared at him, "Yes, the pup. Don't question me, now go!" I shooed him away.

"We are on our way" I hung up.
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"May I ask why you are going up to the North to have a tea party? You have responsibilities, you know" Christian looked at me funny when I began to strap a booster seat into the back of the Escalade. "I'm not having a tea party, Annie is" I answered simply when the seat was in place.

"You aren't her father, you know"

"I never said I was" Exasperated by my cryptic responses, Christian flat out asked, "What is your plan?"

"The little rouge they found is a pup, she could be connected to the pack that took Jillian. A er all they are confirmed to 'be one in the

same.'" I quoted the chapstick note, "Annie will play with her, then we can find out where she is from." "How? They are pups playing"

I risked, "You are too closed minded, Beta. Annie is smarter than the average 4 year old. She can hold a pretty decent conversation"

As if on command, Kurtis carried the little girl with her tea set neatly put away in its box waiting to be used. "Perfect!" I genuinely smiled when I saw her. Her childlike innocence was a salve to my soul.

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"Hello Alpha!" she grinned and squirmed in Kurtis' arm for me to hold her. I gave the kid a hug, I pitied her when we found her, just a baby in the middle of the woods. I knew that innocence only lasted so long and when she realized what her parents really did, she would be angry. When she became rebellious and upset I wanted to remember when she was a pup.

The ride to the sector wasn't long, we were in the South western part of the territory anyway, so the trip only took about 30 minutes. It was filled with two children (one of then being the Gamma) in the backseat singing "I love you, you love me" o key and pitchy.

When we reached the building I was getting a tremendous headache and I needed fresh air. You could have opened the windows, but hey, what do I knows?one

asked sarcastically. All the boarder patrol o ices looked similar. There were eight of

them, and we couldn't come up with new designs for them all. Recently they had been refurbished, things like paint chipping and needing new floors installed plagued the buildings. The were made in my great- grandfather's days, eventually they would begin to break. Closing my door and locking the car doors, I began walking up the

steps. My band of wolves following close behind. Joseph greeted us at the door, "Tell me everything" I ordered as we walked to the interrogation rooms.

"We looked into the forest like you said. At first we saw nothing, but today the child was found faint in the middle of the path by a guard." Joseph explained.

"Is she sick?" Kurtis picked up Annie when he asked the question. A pup's immune system was not nearly as a fully grown adult. At six years old the child could not shi , the nights were cold and she would

need fur to keep her even remotely warm. "She seems to have bit of a head-cold, nothing but sni les though."

Joseph lead us further down the hall. "We fed her and added some oral Lycanthrope to the mix, not enough to hurt her. Only enough to improve her health."

"Will she be up for visitors?" If so, my entire plan would have to be altered. "She doesn't speak much, only a thank you has been uttered from

her lips. But I think a friend would improve her spirits. Are you planning on keeping her Alpha?" Joseph looked at me while he opened the door for us to pass.

We entered the room and beyond the glass was a little girl. Her dark hair held beautiful curls and her skin was tanned by the sun. She looked emaciated for so young, her mahogany colored eyes bugged from her head and my heart panged to see such big, scared, dark

eyes. "If no one comes for her she will stay" I felt the same compassion when Anastasia was found. These children needed to be raised in comfort, not fear. They needed to be raised with love and attention; not killed like ants. Not le to fend for themselves in their most

She could not see us from beyond the glass, she looked at the wall

vulnerable times.

emptily like Jillian once had. I braced myself on the ledge of the window, taking a deep breath, I expelled all the unwanted emotions for another time. Turning, I looked at Annie, "You ready to make a new friend?" I tried to keep my tone light and kind for her sake. But my thoughts continued to dri to my mate when I looked at the small girl. What would Jillian do now? Would she want to speak with the child herself? Or would she stare a er her, a licted with her own thoughts? I wanted her- no, I neededher; the pack needed her. "Were there any marks on the child?" I looked back at Joseph, not waiting for Annie to respond. "Nothing but a scu ed up knee, we assume she fell and got that though" This morning at the meeting it was told that Oliver thought it was a trend to have pure, unidentifiable werewolves to the attack. Joseph thought that she had been perfectly clean to be sent out on our grounds. But was she even a part of the attack? What kind of monster would send out pups to fight? I sucked on my lips in thought. Christian shi ed form one foot to the other, beside me. "Should we do it now, Alpha?" "Yes" I motioned for Kurtis to put the child down. Once on the floor Annie moved towards me. She stared up at me with rapt attention. I crouched to her level and took the tea set from Christian who held it now, "I want you to go in there with that girl and have a tea party." I kept my voice gentle to keep Annie's attention. The child could ignore yelling, but responded to a gentle voice rather than an angry one. "What's her name?" Annie asked, interest piqued. Do we have a name? mind-linked Joseph who responded in the negative. "You will have to find that out, yourself" I put the box in her hands and pushed her toward the door of the sound proof room. The room had mirrored glass on the inside and microphones within.

Annie entered the room and pulled herself up onto a chair at the high table, "Hello" she greeted cheerily. The other girl watched her with bewildered eyes.

Speculators could listen in at the push of a button.

"My name is Annie. Do you want to have a tea party? You can be a princess" Annie took control of the pretend play. With her chubby fingers she set out the teapot and cups along with saucers and tea spoons, "Sadly we don't have any real tea, but imagine its delicious...what kind of tea do you like?"

The girl's eyes so ened when she saw how nice Annie treated her. Her look remeinded me so much of Jillian's, I wanted to know what had happened to her. I wanted to know who hurt her and who messed with her childhood. No kid should be in an interrogation room, a fake scenario playing out before them. No child should be neglected and hated, nobody should feel abandoned. That was the

look I saw in her so eyes, loneliness. The girl opened her mouth to say something, but instead she shrugged her shoulders and watched Annie begin to pour the "tea" into their cups. "Okay, then it is delicious invisible tea. It is made from

invisible berries in the Northern forest." Anastasia went on with the game. The girl took her cup and li ed it to her lips, pretending to drink like I

had on multiple occasions. "If the berries are invisible, then how are they found to make tea?" She spoke!

Sweet relief flooded every single person in the room. Annie smiled and sipped her tea, "Well, that's why the tea is so

expensive, it takes hours just to find one berry" How does this child know about the economy? She knows more than me and I skipped her age, jumping from one month to seven years while she takes life one year at a timestone exclaimed jokingly,

trying to make my thoughts lighter. A fleeting smile made its way to my face. Annie then asked, "What's your name, princess?" She began to pour more tea. The little child looked up right at me, I knew that she couldn't see me, she had to be looking at herself. But chills ran down my spine anyway. Those dark eyes, those dark painful eyes and sorrowful demeanor.

Jillian...J closed my eyes and tried to reach out with mind-link, Please listen, please answer me-Pain ebbed at my skull and threatened to take over my body.

Physically as well as mentally. "Samantha" The girl said, she looked away from the window and answered Anastasia.

"Oh, that's a pretty name. Where do you come from, Princess Samantha?" Annie knew what I needed, she knew I needed a name and a Pack. But even though we knew the whole operation was set up as the same thing, we still had no idea if the unwanted werewolves were a iliated with the same pack, or if they were a rouge group. I growled in aggravation, I raked my hand through my

hair over and over, breathing in through my nose and out my mouth. Why couldn't I find her? Where was she? Who took her? Jillian, baby, your'e torturing me.... I pulled out a chair and sat far away from the window, I could hear,

but I could not watch that child anymore. She was put to fight at such a young age. She reminded me of Jillian and of myself. She was faced with trials before she could properly deal with them, there was no way her body could sustain a shi . If she could it would be a miracle. "Damien? Do you need a break or something?" Kurtis was concerned. His care made me defensive, "Do your job" I spat and put my head in

"I come form Midnight Destinies Pack" Her voice was the only thing I heard for a long time. Annie didn't even answer immediately. It was Easton.

It had to be him. There was no one else who would do this. He was mateless according to all the gossip that floated around the werewolf community. His last lover had dark hair and dark eyes. Like Jillian.

He was the Alpha of Midnight Destinies....

where you stand" I picked him up by the neck.

my hands again.

I looked up at Kurtis and he was pale with fear. He was the one who killed the original Alpha, he was the one who made all this drama....he was the reason Jillian was taken away from me.

Rage shook my body and I got up with enough force to knock over the chair that I sat in. "You!" I pointed an accusing finger at him and Kurtis backed up when I began to walk forward. "You are the reason for all of this. If you could control your wolf...." I reached him, Kurtis was backed up against a wall. He could not run. "I ought to kill you

"Alpha!" The Gamma wheezed while I gripped his throat. My claws began to come forth from my nail beds and fury made my grip tighter. Let him dieStone growled deeply.

"Jo-" Kurtis tired to explain without words. "How dare you call yourself a man and pin the blame on someone else! Especially my sister!" I roared and Kurtis stopped struggling, his face was becoming purple and his eyes rolled back.

"Damien!" A heavy body pounced on top of me and hooked my throat under his elbow. The Beta brought me my knees, Kurtis was long forgotten. I dropped him on the ground and he gasped for air. I tried to flip the Beta over my shoulder, but he held strong. "You must stop! What if the pups see?!" His voice was ground shakingly loud in my ears. I whimpered and continued to struggle. Red flashed along my vision Stone wanted to shi , I wanted to let him so badly. He could rip into Kurtis's flesh and let his blood be shed all over the earth. "The children, Damien!! The children. Think of Jillian, how would she like

it if you killed your Gamma in an act of rage?! How would she like that?! Think of Josephine! Would she ever talk to you?! Kurtis is all she has!!" Jillian...her name was like water over my heart, soothing and comforting. I could not think of her while I killed, she was too pure to

the the seed of my terrible thoughts. I tried to breathe, but the Beta cut o my air. I felt dizzy when I stopped fighting and he released me. I sat on the ground and coughed, my pride burned. Stone was angry. I got up without help even though Christian o ered me his hand. I decked him in the face, a swi punch that would bring a black eye. The Beta gasped and reeled back, clutching his eye he fought hitting me back. He knew the gesture when I pushed him down to the ground. He rolled over on his back, giving me the respect I deserved. I was the Alpha, and I was the winner of this fight. "We are done here, get the pup and let's leave"

I didn't wait for anyone as I le the building. Never had I felt so upset. The ride home was utterly silent, Annie fell asleep and neither Kurtis or Christian dared to speak. We dropped the pup back at the pack house and went home. There we saw Oliver, Devon and Josie all sitting at the table in the dinning room. The were all talking easily to each other until I entered the room, they noticed my aura. Josie got up to greet her mate, but Kurtis only halfheartedly payed attention to

her.

My sister looked at me warily, her eyes questioning me as I sat down at the head of the table. "Wine or whiskey, brother?" her tone was cautious, I knew she would gauge my rage by what I drank. "Wine" I looked straight ahead, my thoughts were elsewhere. Josie asked Kurtis to help her in the kitchen. Soon dinner was served; roast beef and buttered pasta. Everyone waited for me to take the first bite, it was customary for the Alpha to eat first. It showed that he was strong enough to handle the food and that the rest of the pack could as well. During hunting season, the Alpha ate first to accept the hunted game, thus allowing the rest of the pack to eat.

My appetite was crushed along with my happiness, but I ate anyway. Taking a drink for the glass I closed my eyes and savored the sweet flavor of the wine. There was no bite of wolf's bane and while that would set me o normally, today I was happy that Stone would stay present during dinner.

I nodded, prodding him to continue, "He found put where the man on the table was from, he said Midnight Shadow"

Devon looked slightly panicked, he looked at Oliver like he was hearing this for the first time.

"Pete did the finger prints" Oliver spoke up.

"No. The packs are from Midnight Destines" I took a bite of food. Even if my mind didn't want food, my body needed it.

Oliver looked perplexed, "There were other bodies from Red Moon too," he scratched his beard and frowned. "Where did you hear that it was Midnight Destinies?" "A pup was found and said that it was them" Kurtis spoke quieter and

acted more submissive than he usually did. Josie gasped and held his arm. My sister looked at me, she knew what I wanted to do. I drank more wine.

Devon was having a hard time balancing food on his fork, his hand shook violently. I noticed where he sat. The man sat at my right hand! That's where Jillian sat, and that's where Christian should be because she isn't here.

"What troubles you?" I tried to ask calmly, but my tone had bite to it. What did he think he was? Waltzing into my pack, sitting at my right hand like he was worth something....

"Nothing." He put his hand in his lap. I looked away, anger taking root in my mind. I did not like this man, he was foreign, I didn't know if I was tricked or if he was even on my side. His presence made me uneasy. I swallowed the feeling, "How will we know who the culprit is? There are three packs, how do we know which took the Luna?"

"We don't know" Oliver admitted, he stabbed some beef and bit into it. Then I snapped.

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN 'YOU DON'T KNOW'? SHE IS THE LUNA AND YOU WILL FIND HER! SHOULD I RENOUNCE YOUR TITLE? WOULD YOU LIKE THAT?" I stood and hurled the wine glass at the wall, I had drained the glass but shards flew everywhere. I nearly hit my sister

with it. She ducked her head under her hands to avoid being cut. Oliver was not the only one who looked absolutely terrified. Kurtis was pale, Christian wide-eyed. The shock of my outburst surprised even me. Rarely did I allow such anger to eat me alive until I broke into an unfathomable rage.

"Leave" I ordered my company away, each had the same face as I, shock and fear. At that moment I was scared even of myself. What kind of horrible things could I do when my mind was not fully engaged, what pain could I bring accidentally?

I swallowed as I watched Oliver leave through the front door with Devon. Kurtis, Josie and Christian all disappeared upstairs and I fled out the back door. I drank in the night's coolness and breathed in the beautiful sight of moon and stars, the wonderful comfort the moon brought me in my time of trouble.

I remembered how Jillian had wanted to watch the stars the night our wolves spent time together. She tugged my arm and stopped right on the porch with her head up-tilted to the gibbous. She asked in that sweet voice if I would stay out with her, her hair was still frizzy from the shi , and her face slightly pale from the reflection of the bright moon. I had hurried her along because I knew that the

morning was soon and I had a meeting that would require more that just my presence. Now more than ever I wished that I had taken that moment, that single moment and appreciated that she was here. I had told myself

that we had years and years to look at stars and the ever changing but consistent moon. I hadn't realized that I only had a few more days with her.

It seemed like ages since I had last seen her face. Those black sorrowful eyes, filled with beauty and a deep kind heart. It felt like years since I felt her hair between my fingers, decades since I touched her skin, millennia since I heard her voice.

I released an aggravated cry into the night as I raked my hands through my hair. Why did this have to happen? Why was there so much confusion and so much grief? What did we do to deserve the Goddess's wrath?

Goddess's wrath? Was I being punished for my father? Or my own heartless, thoughtless actions? If it was me why was Jillian being cursed for it?

She did nothing wrong! The wind picked up and a gust of breeze blew over the house, around the porch and beating against my skin. If only I could sprout wings and fly away from all this pain, this su ering that I had been enduring

for what seemed like ages. My entire life was filled with struggle, the moment I found peace, it was taken away from me.

The back door swung open and my sister walked out onto the porch. "What?" I asked sharply, I was not in the mood to talk. "I just wanted to know if you wanted to tell me about it" she stood

next to me and leaned against the railing to peek at the stars. "No, I don't want to talk"

"Maybe you'll want to listen" Josie turned to me and played with her jacket sleeve.

"What do you have to say?" I tilted my jaw angrily. "Damien, it's my fault...." Josie stopped and swallowed, "I shouldn't

have.....I just...."she took a deep breath, "I needed freedom again...and I wish more than anything that we had gone to see her sister and not listened to my selfish plans. I want to go back in time so

she could be with you. I-I'm so, so sorry, Damien" I payed attention to her. I let my anger die down, not all of it was Josie's fault. If someone really wanted Jillian they would find any

way to get her. "Jo, don't beat yourself up over this" I accepted her apology. I

touched her shoulder and bumped into her playfully. Stone grunted.

He was mad at everyone in this situation, protection should have been my first instinct that night, then Josie shouldn't have pulled Jillian somewhere she didn't belong, and the whole pack should be

dead set on finding their Luna.

I don't care how we do it, we will find mat&tone said, determination dripping from every word.

<u>Author's Note:</u>

Hey!! They're so close yet so far. Damien is taking his frustrations out on his friends and family. It raises the question if he was like this before he met our lovely lady Jillian, or if he is misguiding his sadness and channeling it into anger. Do you think Kurtis should hold the blame for Jillian's kidnapping? Or should Damien take more responsibility? What about Josephine? Is she at fault for taking Jillian to a place that she would be vulnerable? Also, what do you think of the kid the pack found? Should Damien take everything she says for truth? Sigh, so many questions. Thank you for reading and voting, each and every comment is loved and you are loved. Have a wonderful day! Thanks again,

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-Deanna

Continue reading next part 🗆