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Reunited

<u>Jillian's POV</u>

They would never find me. I was destined to die alone, in a cell, bleeding to death.

I had come to terms with it.

<u>Damien's POV</u>

The first fight I ever got in was when Christian decked me in the face at nine years old. I went home and my dad saw it, he told me to hit him harder the next time it happened.

Christian never hit me again.

But normally I didn't pick fights for no good reason. Most Alphas just liked to argue and they enjoyed the scu les. I didn't want to bruise my knuckles on an idiot.

Right now my fingers were itching. Stone was pacing and my pack's excitement drew out my own. The maps of Easton's territory were hung up all around the room and we located his private property. Oliver was beginning to pace the floor, he was always thinking and strategizing. Kurtis was talking to the soldiers about the formation and how it was going to work. Christian was helping too.

The plan was set, but we had to wait until night to act. It was a form of agony for Stone and I. Soon Christian and I would leave to the territory while my men went in.

If Easton wanted to distract me, I would distract him.

Stone was bouncing on the balls of his feet and snarling, his ears slicked back to his head, if the day went well he wouldn't have to fight. But you never know.

Josie entered the room and she looked at me, beckoning me with her gaze. I looked to the Beta and Gamma to excuse myself. "What's going on?" I asked when she shut the door. My sister looked determined, "Has anyone been assigned to rescue her directly? Like, to get her out of whatever confinement she is in?"

I sti ened, Jillian told me that her father had a cell to beat her in, would he lock her away a similar confinement? "No, I haven't, why do you ask?"

"I can do it" Josie stood straighter.

"Why do you want to? Kurtis isn't going, and neither is Oliver"

"If you sent a male do you think she would react well? And if you send a female she doesn't know she would still freak out. Damien, let me go." My sister was beginning to beg. She said her reasons, but I really knew why. Both my sister and I have problems with appropriating fault. Sometimes we will blame ourselves harshly, then on dierent occasions we accuse everyone else. Right now, Josie needed the closure of getting Jillian herself. She was trying to balance her bad actions with good ones.

I knew that it would be impossible for me to get my mate without help. My job was set out for me; I distract Easton and leave my pack to the rest. Josie had to do her part as well. "We leave in an hour" I nodded and went back into the o ice. TodayJ vowed, today Jillian will be safe once again.

A er a few minutes of listening to the meeting I le again to prep myself. Crescent Moon was more of a defensive pack than an o ensive one. If we were crossed then we would fight pack twice as strong. But we didn't go around picking fights. That was why the pack was so successful. When I was a teenager many Alphas wanted to come and take my land, my territory. In doing so they brought wrath down upon their heads. That was how I acquired so much land myself. When a pack begins a fight and looses they have to give up a portion of their territory. So I have no hard feelings. Actually, I always knew the plot of land I wanted.

I went out the back door and wandered in the backyard. In one direction it lead you to the woods and the other directs you on a path to a little garden. I went for the garden. Outside was cool and refreshing. We would leave really soon and I needed to be ready for anything. My feelings had to he hidden and my thoughts to myself.

Easton would pull every trick he could to get me to buckle, I knew how he operated. If I showed weakness he had the upper hand. And if he had the upper hand....well, you know what would happen.

I needed to be reminded of why I was fighting, who I was fighting for. I was fighting for Jillian of course, but it was more than that. I was fighting for my wolf, for my pack, for my family, for my future children and grandchildren.

Jillian was so much more than just a she-wolf, she was an angel, a gi . She was someone to nurture and to be nurtured. She was my future in a person, she was the rest of my life compressed in a body. a Are you ready? asked Stone.

More than that, I'm double ready! Mate will be back in our hold, her scent in our noses and her touch on our skin. She will be safe with us again.Stone answered enthusiastically. He did not want to wait a second longer. Neither did I.

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We all gathered outside the pack house, the fighters would be going to the private property and I would be going to the o icial territory and talk with their Alpha. Josephine had that determined look on her face and I knew she was one hundred percent serious about her job. Kurtis gave her a hug and mumbled some things in her ear that I couldn't hear. Kurtis and Oliver never came on missions like this, if faced with a fight they fought, but they were the main attack coordinators, I just ordered the battles a er their consultation and ideas.

Oliver looked nervous, rocking on his boots and being extremely fidgety. "What's wrong?" I asked, I could never question the Delta, he was a silent observer, he had clearer eyes than I while in the moment. "You do know that the possibilities of this being a trap are extremely high, right, Alpha?"

I sighed and looked down, "If it is, then I'll know that I tried." I made eye contact, "You know what to do if I die, so I'm not worried." "And what of the Luna? We would continue to find her, but how

would she take it if you died?" Jillian would find some twisted way to feel guilty, like it was her fault. Which was ridiculous, but a er some prodding she would become the Alpha. She was young, and her second mate would be awesome. I smiled ruefully, "She would cry a little bit, I hope" I hit his arm, "Don't worry, Oli. We got this. We are a pack and we fight, if it comes down to it we will." The purpose of this mission was no to start war, we had soldiers preforming the task but that was not the initial thought. If we must fight we will fight.

"Let's go!" I hopped in the driver's seat of the Escalade and waited, Christian was riding with me to Easton's o icial territory while the soldiers and Josie went to the private property just a few miles north. The Beta and I would split up, he would look for Jillian while I distracted Easton. We assumed that if she complied she could be in

his territory, but knowing Jillian's stubborn wolf, I had a feeling she

was locked away from everyone at the private setting. I began to drive before Christian had fully gotten into the car, he didn't question my haste.

An hour later we got to Easton's gate, I had made an appointment to meet him so the gatekeeper didn't keep me from entering. I had dropped o Christian a few miles before the territory mark so he could scope everything out. I had no fear for him, he was in constant contact with Kurtis and Oliver so he would tell me if anything interesting happened. Plus my Beta was nearly better trained than I. A maid of the house came to the door and o ered to take my jacket, I respectfully declined and we went further into the house. Unlike my pack house there was no door that lead from the outside into the Alpha's O ice, so we had to go through the whole house to get there. Discreetly I tried to smell the air for my mate, she didn't seem to be there, and Stone internally crumpled. He had high hopes of finding mate today- which was my determination, but the lack of her calming scent put him on edge.

The maid smiled at me when we got to the o ice door, "Alpha won't be here for a few more minutes. I hope you don't mind waiting." The female was small and about the same age as Jillian. The way she spoke her Alpha's name showed how little she truly respected him. It was like she said his title in spite.

Do you think our pack members act like this female doestone wondered just as I told her that I could wait. We both had the slightest insecurity that we weren't a good Alpha to our pack. I don't think so. At least I hope sd.sat in a leather chair across from the desk.

I tried to mind-link Jillian and I talked to Kurtis, he was telling me that the private property was well guarded and that it would be a challenge to get in. Then he gushed about the pecan mu in he was eating. I'm pretty sure he meant that for Josie. She could be pretty anxious when it came to her fighting ability, somethings from the past always stayed with you no matter how hard you tried to purge it from your mind. My sister and Jillian we both wonderful examples of that.

The door opened and Easton entered.

Sitting in his presence was like awaiting demise. It dragged on for some moments then it blasted forward like time was spiraling out of control further and further away. Easton walked into the o ice casually, he smiled like we were old friends, but I knew he had the grin of a snake. "Alpha, how nice of you to come by today. How was your trip?"

Stone twitched with anger at his attitude, he hated that we had to be patient once again. He wanted to fight and kill those who caused our pack pain. He wanted sweet, sweet revenge on our enemies. I reminded him of the task at hand and that we had to ride the wave

until we got the all clear. "The trip went well. I actually-" "How is your Luna?" Easton interrupted me and Stone seethed at the outrageous question. The snake knew exactly how she was doing, and I hated it. "Shouldn't I be asking you that question?" I leaned further into the chair I sat in.

"You think that she is with me?"

"Now I do" Easton froze when he realized his mistake. No one else knew that Jillian was taken, why would assume I knew she was with him? That's one of the reasons I was close-lipped about the situation. Keeping the information to my pack only made it easier to narrow down possible threats.

The other Alpha smiled, "You always had an eye for the pretty ones, must be a Kingsley trait" Easton mused. I did not like they way he was talking about my mate but I held in my rage. "You should she her now, acting as a female should. All submissive and quiet, she has been trained well" the man was trying to get me upset. I could just tell. Everyone in the werewolf community knew that my grandfather was one of the first to make his Luna have equal stance in the pack. Jillian was my equal in every right, and Easton knew I hated even the thought of her father 'teaching' her. I wished I hadn't made my feelings so obvious during the dinner.

I refused to give a response, I could not loose my cool here, not now, not under these circumstances. "I have every intention of making her my mate" Easton was honest. I knew Jillian, she would never do such a thing willingly. Even to those who had no right to her loyalty she was stubborn in that sense. She was too forgiving, but it meant that she would stick by my side. She had vowed to stay when she became Luna.

"You know that your mother was supposed to be mine until your father took her." Easton's lips parted in a sneer, "Chelsea was mine" Ewww....this guy is nasty! He has to be over forty**St**one recoiled at the realization that the man was more than twice Jillian's age. "You must have been devastated that she died" I had to let the conversation drag on, I had to. I hated the direction it was headed, my emotions were raw towards my mother's death and Easton knew that. I tried to steer my thoughts away from her demise and its e ect on my mind.

"Oh, I was... it's such a pity too. You could have saved her." The Alpha picked up a sparkling and squat brandy sni er from the desk. Inside was not the amber colored liquor though. My mind halted to a stop and I re-watched the scene in my mind like I had for years. The silver gun, the shocking sound....the blood and the screaming....

"I told gave her an ultimatum. Her pups, or herself" Easton frowned and swirled the liquid in the sni er. To my detriment I was interested, I had to hold it back though, not a single emotion could be conveyed. a⁵ Stone's tail twitched.

"I couldn't see her with him for another moment! If she killed her pups I knew that Kingsley would leave without a second thought, I would have her if she wasn't so stubborn! Chelsea decided to take her own life rather than your measly one. I want my revenge, Kingsley, your Jillian is far to valuable and your pack too strong. One

of them has to go, you can't have it all!" Why is he telling us this? Has he never watched movies? When ever

the bad guys tell their plans- af He wants a reaction. He wants me to not be in control, he wants that

Ohh I hate him!Stone growled.

leverage on me.

"You shouldn't have been so good, you were 12 and could barely shi . If you are anything like your father you are weak enough to kill yourself over a female too!" Easton slammed the sni er on the table and some droplets splashed on my skin and I pulled back. It was wolf's bane. A lethal amount.

"And now you will have the same ultimatum" A silver pistol was placed on the table in front of me next to the glass of wolf's bane. It was the same model my father had in the nightstand.

Her body laid on the bloody carpet, the gun, the casket, my father's sunken cheeks, Josie's shouts of fear and agony. My silence. My thoughts and memories ran on and on through my mind, the sight

of the gun made me want to fidget and the wolf's bane was beginning to burn my nose with its smell. I wanted to writhe and run away screaming. Just the memory of the deafening sound the weapon made, created this terror inside me that filled me with panic and

anxiety. The hairs on the back of my neck rose and my hands made fists to stop the shaking that were induced by the sight of it. Do not think about it, do not think about it, do **not** think about **it**!

took hold of my mind that was rapidly veering o and indulging the pain I felt and the anger that prickled under my skin. Calm, I need calm.

I tore my eyes from the gun and looked at Easton, "What is this ultimatum?" Thankfully, my voice did not convey the emotion I felt.

Thankfully, I could hold in my feelings. A wicked grin captivated his face and I wanted to pound his teeth out

with a sledge hammer. Or my fists, whichever came first.

"Well, your mother could have killed you and your sister or herself. You either loose your mate or your pack. So kill yourself, or kill her. Which will you choose?" He nudged the gun closer.

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Stone was taken aback and my mind raced. There were major loopholes for me to escape this demise. I could kill him with the gun,

which I would hate, or I could find another way to disarm him.

But you have to distract himStone reminded me.

I looked back at the gun and wolf's bane. "If you really loved your mate, you would kill yourself." Easton whispered just loud enough for me to hear, and the way he said it made the thought stick in my head. He wanted me to give up something, both ended horribly. Either I kill Jillian with my own hands or I kill myself and face the same fate as my parents.

"Maybe I could get you some rope, and you could die like your weak father"

My father was not weak.

Jillian, answer melf I was going to die, I wanted to know whether or not it was futile. I would hate to have killed myself when she was alive. I couldn't let her go through that agony when she already is dealing with all these horrible things.

Jillian.My voice was stern and harsh, she needed to hear me. She needed to know how dire the situation was, and she needed hope that I was going to save her.

"Would you want me to shoot her?"

"You would hate yourself more if you did." Easton answered smugly. "To see her cower in fear would tear you to pieces, wouldn't it

Alpha?" a Stone's teeth bared and he growled, Damien, if you do what I think

your going to do, I will kill you I smirked at him and tried to mind-link mate one more time, Jillian,

answer me. I need you to answer me right now.

I looked back at the gun, "Is the wolf's bane for me?"

Easton made a grand gesture, "You have choices"

Alpha!! AlphaChristian shouted in my head. We have entered, I repeat we have entered!

Perfect.

"Should I give up my mate or myself? Hmm, what a hard decision" I

contemplated my options, while tugging on the sleeves of my jacket. Then I felt it, the feeling in my head that someone was trying to contact me. It was rushed and painful, it was so forced and

deliberate, I knew exactly who it was from.

Do you remember when mate tried to spear us in the eye with a pen? I asked Stone. His tale wagged with the memory. It was just a few weeks ago, but it was so sweet to think on. What would Jillian do? Stone was beside himself, Christian had given me the all clear, I could fight now.

"You won't leave until you make your decision. The female, or yourself!" Easton shouted, impatient and irritated at my calmness. He wanted me excited and riled up, he wanted me to freak out and kill something with the gun.

I fingered to pen under my jacket sleeve, it had a sharp point and if I aimed right...

Easton was leaned over the table, his eyes were big, and his breathing was labored and his nostrils were flared out with rage. I smiled to myself, he was so vulnerable and he was too distracted to notice.

In one move I pulled the pen out and shot it right to Easton's eye. He barked in pain and pulled back to reached for the gun, but I was faster and before he could do so I slammed his head into the desk. Driving the pen deeper into his eye and giving the satisfying squish of

it puncturing his brain. His body spasmed for just a moment then he stopped. d His fingers had closed around the pistol and I took it from his fingers.

"You actually gave me the easiest decision ever" Taking the sides of his head in my hands and staining my nails with his blood in one swi jerk of my arms I snapped his neck. at <u>Jillian's POV</u>

Hunger.

I lay on the concrete floor with my hand over my stomach. It growled and ached. I had not eaten since I was sent here. The hunger was agony, I felt weaker, my lung screamed from the rib slowly digging deeper and deeper into it. My head pounded where I had been hit into the wall repeatedly by my father.

Speaking of, he had come in today and slapped me around, calling me weak for crying and screaming. I breathed slower, my broken rib was causing more pain than I remembered ever feeling. Even lycanthrope didn't hurt so bad.

Haven't I been through worse?

Tears bubbled up from my cheeks, Alpha....Damien would never hit me or hurt me. He would kiss my stomach and give me food, he would tangle his fingers in my hair and hold me tight to his body. Damien would whisper in my ear that everything would be alright, and Damien would love me.

But why would he do that? I was weak. I was useless and sad.

Gladys laid down and rested her head on the ground. She sighed and closed her eyes.

Alpha!

using mind-link.

My final try at mind-link was met with silence. I continued to lay on my back, dreaming of a mate who loved me and cared. I thought of anything but the situation I was in. I couldn't get out, I couldn't run with my rib. I had lost a lot of blood and if I tried to stand I would fall and hurt myself from dizziness.

Then I heard a door open. I tilted my head and sni ed.

This wasn't Cross, or my father. The smell was more feminine and the steps sounded gentler. This person was so footed unlike Cross and more careful than my father.

A figure came up to the cell door, the shadows enclosed the body, I stared at it. It had the obvious shape of a female, with her curves and long legs. The figure had gloves and somehow opened the door, she must have found a key.

"I'm gonna get you out of here okay?" The woman had a soothing voice when she walked in and crouched next to me. She smiled and took my hands to unlock the cu s that bound me. I whimpered with relief when the silver chains came o my wrists. Pink rings circled my arms and I rubbed them.

The figure took my feet this time and unlocked those cu s. I noticed how she had dark brown curly hair and both sides of her head were shaved down to peach fuzz. "Josie?" I rasped. The chains came o my feet and I tried to sit up. "Yeah, it's me. Don't hurt yourself" Josie was here. I thought I was dreaming until I felt the pain of my ribs when she helped sit me up. "Damien will be here soon, we are here to save you" Josie patted my hair and stood. Her eyes glazed and I knew she was

Frantic and heavy steps interrupted my observation of my mates sister. "What are you doing here?!" A male shouted when he saw Josephine. Josie shrugged at my father and his upset attitude. "Jillian, come here" I began to crawl over, fearing the punishment of disobedience. If Josie is here than that means mate it toœladys became excited. "No, Jillian, stay away from him!" Josie order me otherwise.

"How dare you keep my daughter from me?" Josie nearly buckled at his words. "She's your - Jillian this is...."

We may have the same blood, but he is no father to m**&**ladys admitted harshly.

Josie stood straight, "Well she is my brother's mate so she can make her own decisions without her 'Daddy' telling her what to do." Josie spat, her temper rising.

"How can she make her own decisions when she can hardly move?" Dad gestured to me with disdain written all over his face.

"How much you want to bet that those wounds were inflicted by you?" She rose her fists, "Fight me"

My dad sco ed, "I don't fight with women"

"Than what is Jillian? You seem to have no problem hitting her" That set him o , "You told?" He growled in my direction, "You **told**

them?!" He jumped for me in a fit of anger, I ducked nervously, but Josie intercepted. She blocked me from his blow and began to kick and punch him. "Run!! Run, Jillian, run!!"

Moving was di icult, I could hardly breathe, but I went forward. Josie had said that Damien was coming, he was here! I rolled and began to

crawl on my hands and knees. I had barely moved a step before my hair was yanked and jerked me back. I yelped, my hands flailed and I tried to break free. "Let her go!" Josie shouted and the hand let me go. "Jillian leave!! Leave now!"

I li ed to my feet and ripped myself up, the pain was dizzying but I pulled forward. My sense of direction was all screwed up. Go, go, go!! Josie's voice was thundering in my ears and forcing me forward. I took a stride forward and soon adrenaline was pumping through my veins.

I clutched my ribs and limped up the stairs. Every single thing hurt, even my teeth. I wanted to scream but my throat was dry, I wanted to run but my legs and ribs were on fire.

There were brick stairs that lead up to a door, light was coming though the window in the threshold. I headed that way. Once through the door I had to make a choice, le, right, or straight? The space was a large breezeway and the sound of wind was loud in my ears. Gladys had no idea.

I wanted to cry.

Le ! Go le ! Gladys barked within me, she smelled mate.

I turned le and continued that way. I li ed my nose and inhaled deeply. I tried to detect the smell of pine and cinnamon, but all I could smell was sweat and blood. My own sweat and blood, it was nauseating. I crept along the wall, my body aching and needing rest from the short distance I traveled. Josie had not emerged from the cells and I worried that my father was winning the match. A groan le my lips when my feet began to drag and my weight was

too much to carry. I could sleep right now, all I would have to do is sit and close my eyes for just a second.....

Cinnamon!

My eyes opened when Gladys detected the scent. Mate? Damien! Are you here? pleaded telepathically, needing his presence and comfort in my time of distress and hardship. I forced myself to turn the corner, noise was on the other side. Shouts of anguish and cries of anger made me flinch, what is going on? thought. Was I in the middle of war? Was I the center of a battle?

A male I recognized jumped in my way while trying to dodge another soldiers attacks, "The Luna has been found!" He turned around just as I was loosing my balance, the soldier grabbed me before I toppled over. "It's me, Jillian. Do you remember me?" He pulled me along behind the brick wall, I squinted at his dirty blonde hair and sparkling brown eyes, "Beta?" I leaned into his side from lack of balance, "Where is he?" I murmured, my mouth felt heavy and I wanted to sleep so badly. "He's coming, it's ok....don't sleep, not yet..." Christian patted my back, his voice was gently reprimanding me for tying to nap. "Keep your eyes open!" The Beta barked and shook me slightly, I cried out in pain, "Oh, I'm sorry!" he apologized quickly, "You have to stay awake...Alpha!"

Gladys perked up at the sound of his title, the heavy clop of boots made Christian shi me in his arms, "Jillian..." A gru male voice whispered in my ear, he pulled me close and buried his head in my neck, "Alpha..." I hissed his name because he was holding me too tightly. Quickly I was readjusted and li ed into Damien's strong arms. It didn't hurt anymore.

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Damien pressed his forehead to mine and his eyes shimmered with unknown emotion, the le eye was hazel brown and the right bright green. Gladys hummed and Stone sighed with contentment. "We're gonna get you home, okay, Jillian?" I nodded slowly. "Were's Josie?" Damien went back to work mode from comforting me. "Last time I checked she was down in the cells" The Beta gave his best answer. "She's fighting Dad..." I leaned my head against Damien's chest and tried my best to stay awake. "Alright, gather everyone up, our business here is done" Damien started walking away when he gave his orders.

I watched the world from his shoulder, I felt disoriented, one moment I was trapped and dying, the next I'm being rescued. "Are you real?" I pressed my nose to the fading mark on Damien's neck, he smelled real, he felt real, I wantedhim to be real. "Yeah, I'm real, sweetheart." The Alpha's voice was gentle and warm.

"Hey!" a deep voice made Damien halt. "What?" he growled in irritation. Cross came into my vision, "She's ours" Cross looked ticked, his hair was ru led and there was a long scratch down his cheek to his collar. Damien shi ed me in his hold so he could look at my neck, "Nope, she still wears my mark. Plus I only take orders from the Moon herself" He began to walk again.

"Don't you dare turn your back on me!" Cross stomped his foot like a pup on the verge of a tantrum.

Watch meStone snarled sarcastically. "Look this way, Jillian"

Damien shrugged my head o his shoulder so I could lean on his chest again. "I WILL GO TO THE COUNSEL ABOUT THIS!!" Cross threatened. But his words had no weight to Damien. "Go ahead, make my life exciting" he called over his shoulder tauntingly. Cross continued to shout, but Damien kept on walking until we got to his Escalade, "Could you get the door for me?" My mate's voice politely asked, a great contrast to the other Alpha's loud screaming. I slid my hand through the handle to open the backseat door. Damien slid in with me in his lap, "Don't move" he commanded and closed the door himself. Christian and Josie were already in the driver's seat and passenger's spot, "Is everyone out?" Damien pulled his seat belt on while Christian began to drive away, "Yeah, they are leaving now." Josie turned in her seat and looked at me with a smile, "You can sleep

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

now, Jillian"

The End

I'm just kidding, the book isn't quite over yet. But Jillian is back!!! Damien is gonna live!!! YAY! So Easton was the one who made Damien's mom kill herself. He's

pretty messed up in the brain, am I right?

I'm so sorry about the delayed update, I was bombarded with other stu that I didn't want to do, and had no time to write. Plus writers block is a pain in the neck. I hope this was a good chapter, it seemed so good in my head. You can tell me if you hated it. If I was a reader I would be so done with myself right now, so that makes me even more thankful that you guys still read. Thank you!!!!

. . . .

Thanks for reading, commenting and voting, every little thing helps.

I love you people,

-Deanna

Continue reading next part 🗆