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"Not yet, will once she eats and showers," Ryker answers him.

"Give me more, what?" I ask nervously, did he mean the stuff that made my wolf leave me?

Ryker doesn't answer but Tyson walks out before returning a few minutes later with a black satchel. He puts it on the bench and unfolds it and I see needles and some vials.

"I said not yet," Ryker tells him. Grabbing the satchel and folding it back up before placing it on the fridge. But I saw enough, they were going to drug me. I jump up from my seat looking to the door and Tyson puts his hands out like he was trying to herd me.

"Tyson, leave her, you're scaring her and she will run," Ryker tells him looking at me before turning back to what he was doing.

"That stuff will wear off soon, you were supposed to give her more hours ago," Tyson tells him. Ryker nods but doesn't move, instead pours the contents of the saucepan into some bowls before grabbing some spoons.

I keep the table between us as he approaches. He puts the bowl on the table sliding it toward me but doesn't make a move to come closer. My eyes darted to the top of the fridge where he placed the black satchel.

"Reika, we won't hurt you. Your wolf attacked my brother, it's just a precaution till we get her back," Tyson says and I c**k my head to the side trying to understand what he is talking about. Ryker clears his throat and I watch his eyes glaze over, Tyson does the same as they stand they're having a secret conversation. Tyson's eyes are glassy as he stared through me.

"Get who back?" I ask looking between them and they seem to refocus on the room. Tyson looks at Ryker and I hear his heart rate speed up.

"Amanda's pup," Tyson says looking at Ryker who nods to him.

"You're going to help me find her?" I ask, looking at Ryker. He nods moving around the table and I step back moving to the other side and he sighs.

"I have people out looking for her, but I need you to trust me Reika, I am not trying to hurt you but for now your wolf isn't coping and it is best she remains dormant," I shake

my head at his words, how is it best she remains dormant? I need my wolf, she is all I have and he can't take her from me.

"Reika, please. We can't help you if you don't let us," Tyson pleads with me walking around the other side of the table and caging me in. My breathing starts to quicken, Ace walks in looking around before stopping.

"Reika," Ryker says. Ace walked in distracting me and I didn't realize how close he got and he was only an arms-length away now.

He holds his hand out toward me, and I step away only for Tyson to step closer. My breathing becomes faster and I suddenly feel like I am choking, panic kicking in and I try to feel for 46, begging her to come to help me. My vision becomes tunneled as the room dulls and I see the room suddenly tilt, the ground rushing towards my face before all I see is darkness.

Ryker POV

I could kill Tyson right now, he never should have brought it down. I understood his worry but now she will think I am drugging her for the sake of it. She hyperventilated before passing out. I could hear her begging and pleading for her wolf to come to save her, to get her out of this situation before suddenly her face went slack and she was tumbling to the ground in a heap. I grabbed her just before she hit the ground.

"Why did you interfere?" I ask, looking at Tyson.

"Her wolf comes back after everything you told us, what if she hurts herself, Ryker. I know you don't want to hurt her, that you spontaneously grew conscious, but you need to keep her sedated at least until we find out what is going on."

He grabs the bag off the fridge and hands it to me. I s****h it from him before walking upstairs and taking her back to our room. She comes to, as I place her on the bed. Tyson walks in with the macaroni placing it on her lap and I help her sit up. She looks at the satchel in my hand, her eyes going wide before she jumps up. Tyson only just grabbed the bowl before it tumbled onto the floor.

I could hear her heart beating in her chest, as she panicked. I grip her arm pulling her down onto the bed and she starts thrashing.

"I won't hurt you, stop thrashing," I tell her trying to remain calm through her kicking and hitting. She doesn't stop as she tries to fight me off.

"He won't hurt you Reika, stop he just needs to sedate your wolf, you will still be awake, just calmer," Tyson tries to reason with her but she was having none of it. She bites my arm trying to get free. My arm throbs as she draws blood and Tyson climbs on the bed holding her shoulders down.

“Stop he won’t hurt you,” Tyson repeats while I grab the syringe, my own heart pounding picking up on her distress.

“You take it then,” she tells him when she suddenly freezes seeing me stab the needle into the vial and draw some out. She scoots back knocking Tyson on his back as he tries to hold her down, his legs wrapping around her waist pulling her back against him.

“If he takes it, will you,” Tyson says making me look at him, is he for real? He wants me to drug myself?

“What the f**k?” I mindlink him.

“She might calm down if she saw you’re willing to take it,” He mindlinks back. I close the link to find her staring at me and I realize he was right.

“Sorry Brax,” I mutter,

“Just do it,” Brax says and I stab myself. The liquid felt cold as it spread throughout my arm. It takes a few seconds when I suddenly feel him becoming fainter before I feel him disappear going silent, a shiver running up my spine as I suddenly feel

hollow. Looking down at her, she stared wide-eyed like she couldn’t believe I actually did it. I put the cap on the needle and put it in the satchel before grabbing another.

“See I am fine,” I tell her through the feeling felt unnatural and alien and she looks at the needle in my hand. I see Tyson’s grip on her loosen and she sits up leaning against him. It bothered me how relaxed she was in his embrace but covers from me, yet I understood why. She wasn’t to blame for her actions.

“Bet that felt odd,” I hear Tyson’s voice flit through my head.

“Yeah doesn’t feel right,” I admit drawing more of the liquid Avery gave me from the vial. Reika watches but doesn’t move away when I move my hand toward her, instead, she watches as I stab it in her arm near her shoulder before pressing down on the plunger. She shivers getting the same reaction I did and I let out the breath I didn’t realize I was holding.

After a few seconds she relaxes, her muscles relaxing and Tyson lets her go kissing her cheek which makes me growl at him. He rolls his eyes at me before hopping up off the bed. I zip the satchel up handing it to him before grabbing the macaroni which had cooled a fair bit and was barely warm. I hand it to her and she takes it while still watching me suspiciously and I could feel she thought I was going to lunge at her any minute.

“I have to go see Ace, can we have tomorrow off since Lily is bringing the kids over,” Tyson asks and I nod.

“Yes!” He says punching the air excitedly. Reika goes to follow him and I grip her hand just as she is about to hop off the bed.

“Stay?” I ask her and she looks at my hand touching her. I jerked my hand back, her eyes darting to me like she was trying to decide what to do, I could hear her questioning her own judgment. Deciding to let her figure it out, I walked into the bathroom before turning the shower on, hoping she would stay. I felt this strange hollow feeling only having my thoughts in my head, no unwanted commentary from my wolf, no yippy and yappy, or his incessant urges pushing me to do what he wants. I didn’t like it, I missed him as much as he annoyed me, I missed the chatter, the company of having my wolf.

I brace my arms on the wall, letting the heat unknot my back. A few minutes pass when I hear movement in the bedroom and sigh. She was leaving. Grabbing the soap I start washing when I hear the shower screen open making me spin around. She stood there awkwardly like she didn’t know whether or not to hop in. I step aside, moving over and she walks past to the other side. Reaching around her, I quickly turn the other showerhead on, she watches me before stepping under the water. I turn away from her as an overwhelming urge to touch her washes over me.

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Reika POV

I stood under the shower, his back was to me and I grabbed the bar of soap and began washing. His scent was addictive, made worse by the steam as it flooded the room, filling it with his scent. I didn’t like not having my wolf, but I felt better knowing he wouldn’t be able to shift either. I was a little shocked when he stabbed himself with the needle, I didn’t think he would do it but he did, just to show me he wouldn’t hurt me. Knowing that made my stomach flutter, maybe he meant it. Maybe he wouldn’t try anything. Maybe if he gets Amanda’s pup back my wolf will forgive him and let me keep him.

He turns around facing me, rinsing himself off, my eyes roaming his body. The water glistened off his chest as it washed over him following the ridges of muscles that rippled over his body. The hard muscles under his skin moved with each movement as he washed his face. The strange urge to touch him became stronger, the need to feel his skin, feel the connection to him was hard to resist and I found myself stepping toward him before freezing when I realized I was about to touch him, forgetting who he is and what he has done.

My fingertips are barely off his chest when I pull my hand back, his eyes snapping open and he grabs my hand making me jump and I realize he was watching me the entire

time. His breathing is harder as he opens up my palm, his calloused hand rough against my palm.

“You can touch me,” he says, looking down at me before placing my hand in the center of his chest. Sparks ignited across my palm and I heard his heart skip a beat. Feel it thumping against his chest under my hand. He steps closer and I run my hand through his chest hair, feeling the hardness of him under my hand. His skin is hot to touch and his scent mouth-watering as I step closer inhaling his scent.

His hand moves to touch my hip pulling me closer to him, sparks moving as his fingers trail up my side before stopping at my ribs.

I move placing my other hand on his chest, my hands moving to his shoulders and he steps closer pulling me flush against him, his hand going to my lower back and I could feel his hard muscles pressed against my stomach and chest. He leans closer and I forget how to breathe when he runs his nose along my cheek to the crook of my neck. His husky voice was next to my ear.

“I will make it up to you, or die trying,” he says, and I pull my face away from him looking at him. His face was barely an inch of mine, he was so close his nose was touching mine. He rubs his nose against mine and I take a shaky breath, relishing his closeness and the warmth it brings. His hand moves to my cheek, his thumb running over my cheekbone.

“I’m sorry Reika, I know I said it before but I mean it,” He whispers, and goosebumps raise on my arms, every part of me calling out for him, calling out with a need to believe his words. He pulls me to him, wrapping his arms around me and pulling me closer, my face pressed against the center of his chest and I feel him kiss the top of my head.

I run my nose along his chest inhaling his scent, savoring it before relaxing in his embrace. Hearing a knock on the door we both look to the open bathroom door. Ace was standing there looking at the ceiling.

“Phone call came in. Tyson is on the phone with them. They found something,” Ace says and I feel Ryker tense.

“I will be down in a minute, Ring Lily and ask Damien to meet me out the front.”

“Are you taking her,” Ace asks, still not looking at us. I feel Ryker look down at me and I look up at him wondering what’s going on.

“You will stay with Ace and Tyson, my aunty will be over tomorrow,” he says, and Ace whines.

“I wanted to come,” he says, annoyed.

“No, not this time, stay with Reika. I will come back as soon as possible,” he says letting me go. I missed his warmth instantly and I wondered why I suddenly felt different towards him.

“Where are you going?” I ask and Ace walks off. Ryker reaches in, turning the showers off and grabbing some towels.

“To see what the packs found, I won’t be long hopefully, but stay with Ace and Tyson,” I nod and he wraps a towel around me.

I follow him into the room and he hands me a shirt and some shorts. I dry myself before slipping them on. Ryker comes out in jeans and a black shirt rubbing his hair with the towel.

He grabs his socks and boots before sitting on the end of the bed, just as Tyson walks in.

“Where are they?”

“Outskirts of Avalon City.”

“Good, ring Aamon and have him meet me there.”

“Already did and sent him the coordinates,” Tyson says, his eyes darting to me. Ryker looks up at him and gives him a nod putting his other boot on.

He stands up before walking to the door only to stop and turn back around, he walks toward me and I wonder what he is doing when suddenly grabs my chin before kissing me so fast. I blinked and he was already moving away. I touch my lips wondering if I just imagined it. I look up at him.

“I won’t be long, hopefully,” he says before walking out. Tyson steps out of his way and I see Tyson with a silly grin on his face. He shakes his head with a small laugh.

“What?” I ask.

“Nothing but it’s good to see the mate bond finally working,” he says before holding his hand out.

“Come on, we will go watch a movie or something in the games room.”

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Ryker POV

Walking downstairs I grab my wallet before walking outside just in time to see Damien's black mustang pulling into the driveway. I walk over, opening the door before climbing in.

"I heard I have a sister I didn't know about," he says thoughtfully. I click my seatbelt in and he turns the car around speeding out of the driveway.

"Yes apparently you do," I tell him, rummaging in my pocket for my smokes. I pull one out, lighting it and drawing back before winding the window down.

'Where to, and give me one of those " Damien says.

"Head toward Avalon City, and I thought Lily made you quit."

"What she doesn't know won't hurt her, besides if you're smoking in my car you can at least give me one," he says holding his hand out. I pull another from the packet, lighting it before handing it to him.

He draws back on it. "Argh that's better than s*x," he says, and I shake my head with a laugh.

"Don't tell Lily I said that, I don't get laid enough as it is."

"So not an image I wanted in my head."

"Wait till you have kids s*x goes right out the window and now she is always too tired like it is some chore," he says puffing away on his smoke.

'Yeah somehow I don't think that will happen for me, I can barely get your sister to touch me let alone sleep with me."

"Well, you did cut her toes off."

"Lily told you?" I ask, wondering if he would be upset. He shrugs before indicating around a roundabout.

"I get it, I do. You thought she hurt your family but did they really grow back?" He asks curiously and I nod.

"Freakiest s**t, I have ever seen," I tell him.

"Well hopefully we will get answers soon," I get a text message and reach into my back pocket pulling my phone out.

Zane: Got a couple of humans, also found some records.

Ryker: Keep one alive will be there soon.

I texted him back.

“Everything good, you seem off?” Damien asks.

“Yeah nervous about what we will find, and Brax is down for the count.”

“You have no wolf?”

“No, I don’t need him, I can handle myself if need be. Reika wouldn’t let me sedate her.”

“So you sedated yourself?” I nod flicking my smoke out the window. He shakes his head before sighing.

“So what is she like?” He asks curiously.

“I don’t know, it’s hard to explain, she is almost childlike in some ways. She has no memory of a lot of things her wolf endured.”

“Layla was the same, still does it sometimes when she becomes upset, blocks Lily out, and takes over. I have trouble telling them apart sometimes, it can’t be helped, though Layla is always more eager to let me in her pants,” he says shaking his head. I chuckle at his words, poor bloke was s*x-deprived.

“Yeah but Lily and Layla are good now, I’m not so sure about Reika and Amanda. Her wolf has been through hell to protect her, but she is savage, instinctual, almost rabid, compared to Reika. Reika is quiet and more stand offish, her wolf however I am pretty sure will murder me in my sleep if given the chance, I will have to sleep with a towel wrapped around my throat to stop her from cutting it in my sleep,” I tell him.

“Her wolf will calm down now you have marked her, Layla did when I marked Lily.”

“Yeah but Layla wanted Lily marked, it was Lily who refused you. With Reika, it’s the opposite her wolf wants nothing to do with me.”

“That is odd, usually the wolf wants the bond,” Damien tells me. I nod in agreement. It took hours to get there, it was nearly early morning by the time we arrived. Following the directions of the GPS which I turned on when we started to get close.

Following an old beaten-down dirt track just off the highway near Avalon city, we pull up out the front of a huge single-level brick building. There were no signs, nothing. The place looked abandoned, and I could see Wolves standing on the perimeter around it.

Getting out, I see Aamon standing near the door. He looks up as I hop out of the car, and he makes his way over to me with Zane and Tate.

“What did you find?”

“Ryker,” Aamon says, and I don’t like the tone of his voice as he grips my shoulder.

“What? What is it?” He doesn’t answer, instead looking to Tate.

“So is this where she was kept?” I ask, becoming annoyed with their silence.

“Yes, we know she was here.”

“Okay then let’s go.” I tell them walking through them toward the building when Tate grabs my arm.

“I don’t think you should go in there, we found some,”

“Found what?”

“They documented it all, there are videos of everything,” Aamon answers.

“Okay well, I need to see the videos, did you find her daughter?”

“She is dead Ryker,” Tate answers my question.

“No, she isn’t dead, her wolf said they promised to give her back to her if she did what they asked,” Tate shakes his head and I see him mindlink, probably to Drake.

“She died a month before we found Reika,” he says, and I feel my stomach drop. Damien makes a strange noise behind me, and I look at him. They may not know each other but she is his family.

“Show me,” I tell Tate who nods before walking toward the building and I follow after him.

I was not telling my mate her pup was dead until I knew for sure. Walking into the building was vastly different from the outside. Everything was white and sterile-looking. Multiple labs filled the place and offices. Fluorescent lights burning brightly above my head made the entire place look like a hospital. Tate takes me to a door down a long corridor before pushing it open to reveal some stairs. We follow them down, lights flickering on above our heads, picking up movement. We walk down to what must be the basement but like upstairs everything is sterile looking and white. These were not ordinary cells but a heap of frosted bulletproof glass sectioning off each cell. There was a desk that sat in the middle of the room with a filing cabinet beside it.

Four glass cells behind the desk and two in front. Tate walks over and presses a button; the glass goes from frosted to clear and I can see inside. One cell had a man in it wearing a white lab coat, two werewolves one I recognized as Jacob were standing next to him while the man cowered at their feet.

I walk over to the cell peering in the glass window. I could see scratch marks on the walls, a steel bed, a toilet, and a shower in each one. They had no windows, but each room had vents in the walls and a grate in the floor.

"The man said that one over there was Reika's," Aamon says behind me. I turn and look at the one he is pointing at.

Tate presses a button and I hear a loud buzzing before the door opens and I step inside. This one was the same as the others, except this one had a weird mirrored glass leading into the cell next door. Looking up, I see cameras in each corner of the room. There were claw marks on the glass, the walls, and the floor. Everywhere like she tried clawing her way out. I swallow the bile that rose in my throat. This is where she lived, in this cold empty environment.

Turning around I walked to the desk and Aamon was looking through a box.

"We found these," he says, moving the box toward me. I look in it and see heaps of DVD cases, hundreds of them with different dates and two files. I pick one up looking at the name on the front.

Patient 46/ Amanda it read. I open it and find a list of experiments and documents, scanning it quickly. I placed it down and would read it later. Picking up the other file I read the label.

Patient Lucy/ 46 biological child. My stomach drops when I open the file and see a picture of a little girl around 8 years old which would have made Reika only around 15 when she had her. She looked like Reika.

Same blonde hair, same nose, and lips. I find another picture of Reika sitting on the floor, her arms outstretched as I see a baby which must be her daughter walking toward her. I look at the picture and realize it was from inside the cell.

Flipping through the file I come to Lucy's information. Her age, date of birth, weight, and in big red writing across the page was stamped deceased. I flick through trying to find out how she died. My knees buckle and I sit on the end of the desk to stop from falling.

Patient Lucy/46, had three different tests they had done which looked like blood records before a procedure. On the bottom, it was signed and dated to three and half weeks before I first spotted Reika.

Patient Lucy/46 did not survive the shift. It read my hands shaking as I picked up the last photo and it was of her half-shifted body, blood coming from the little girl's eyes and nose as she stared up at the person taking the photo, her face ghostly white. I close the file before reaching for the bin.

I threw up, they did that to a child and would make a child suffer through that. I retch emptying my stomach into the bin. The image of her half-shifted body would haunt me for the rest of my life, there are just some things you can't unsee. Wiping my mouth and looking up. The man trapped in the cell's eyes widened and I have never felt such rage before as I walked toward his cell and ripped the door open.

He would pay, they would all f*****g pay for what they have done.

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His body was a mangled heap as I left the cell. I wanted to kill him but knew if I did we would never get the information we needed with him being dead, and there was a lot we still didn't know that he could possibly have the answers to.

I washed my hands, ridding them of the blood, my entire body trembling and for once I was glad Brax wasn't with me, he would be dead for sure, Brax would have torn him to pieces till there was nothing left. Zane walks over to me with a file in his hand as I was drying my hands on some paper towels.

"According to this, there are 12 more facilities like this," he says, showing me a list of addresses and numbers. Looking at what they were listed under made my blood boil. They were all listed as dog pounds and the fact that they had more warehouses and facilities like this made me wonder how many more people were trapped in them, how many more people like Reika.

"What do you want to do with him, and about these?" Zane asks. I take the file and Aamon walks over, peering over my shoulder.

"I will take care of these if you want?" He says reading what we were looking at and I nod, handing the file to him.

"Take some of my men and take Tate with you," I tell him and he nods, walking off. I sat at the desk, I felt sick, and I missed my mate. Hearing rummaging I looked up and Zane was going through the box. He pulls the disks out and reads them, stacking them on the desk beside the box.

“What about him?” Zane nods toward the cell holding our human prisoner. I growl. The noise shocked Zane and myself knowing Brax was coming back, he should be dormant for a few more hours. That stuff can last up to 12 hours in our system.

“Heal him and keep him locked up,” I tell him, and he nods, walking off toward the cell. I picked up one of the disks. I read the label, patient 46 Age 9.

Just as I was about to put it in the disk drive, I heard my father’s voice behind me. I knew he was here somewhere, but it was the first time I had laid eyes on him.

“Don’t watch them, son.”

“I need to know,” I tell him.

“Believe me, you don’t want to know”

“You watched one?” I ask and he drops his hand on my shoulder giving it a squeeze.

“I watched five minutes of one before I couldn’t watch anymore,” he said, and I looked up at him.

“I need to know, go if you can’t handle it,” I tell him. He nodded his head and an indecipherable expression on his face as he looked back at me.

“Ryker!” He said squeezing my shoulder and I could hear the concern in his voice.

“I can’t understand her if I don’t know her,” I tell him.

“You do know”-

“I will stay with him,” Zane says, walking over, dragging a chair over and placing it beside me.

“I am going to go see what Aamon and Tate are planning,” my father says, and I nod and Zane sits beside me looking at the disks.

I place the disk in. The screen loads before a picture comes up of inside the cell. My stomach twists when I see a little girl. Her hair to her shoulders, she only had underwear on and a singlet, her back to the camera staring at the mirrored glass inside the cell. I was about to fast forward it, moving the mouse on the screen when I heard something. At first, it sounded like muttering and soft murmurs as she continued to stare at the glass.

I turned the volume up on my mate as a little girl. She was staring at her own reflection in the glass. I turn the volume all the way up, her voice becoming clearer.

She was talking to herself or so I thought until the voice changed to one I recognized, her wolf's. They were having a full-on conversation, going between the soft murmurs of a child then changing to a deeper rough version of the same voice, just the tone slightly different.

"Do you remember my mummy Amanda?" She asks.

"No, but I know she loves you very much," her wolf answers. My mate seems to think for a second before jumping to her feet.

"Wanna play?" She asks before rushing to her bed and grabbing a tennis ball. She looks back to the glass throwing the ball at it and it bounces off and she catches it. She giggles and throws the ball again and I fast forward a bit. I continued to fast forward, stopping every now and then and listening. Each time I find my mate talking to the mirror, talking to her wolf Amanda.

Zane sat watching as I continued to skip and stop when suddenly I stopped on a part that made my breath hitch. The door to her cell opens, my mate rushing away from the glass and getting under the steel bed out of view of the camera. I watch as a woman comes in trying to coax her out from under the bed, when that doesn't work she uses force. I watch horrified as she walks out of the cell before returning with a cattle prod. She jams it under the bed, and I hear her crying s**s, and screams, the noise making my blood boil.

"Get out now! Come to me!" The woman snaps at her and I hear the zap, her screaming s**s along with it. My mate comes out crawling on her knees before the woman hits her, smacking her repeatedly across the back with the cattle prod. She then pulls a syringe from her pocket before injecting her with something and leaving. The video was mostly them taking blood, then beating her tiny body as I continued to skip and stop.

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My mate's only comfort seemed to be the mirror and her wolf between the hours of sleeping and waking, torture and experiments, and all the vile things they subjected her to. Men in lab coats watched her and injected different things in her that would make her sick or make her scream in pain.

I pull the disk out, my hands shaking as I pick another at random before popping it into the disk drive. The new one she was 13. It shows her talking again to the mirror, only this time the experiments got worse, the things of nightmare only her wolf would take over and fight back. She would shift attacking those who entered, with a rage like no other. She even killed a few people that worked here before the room would fog up with smoke and I realized what the vents were for, wolfsbane. Once she was out they would

strap her tables and do horrendous things to her. Taking skin, fingers, injuring her while people stood around watching and taking notes or commenting on what they were observing like they weren't watching someone be tortured.

"I can't watch anymore; we shouldn't watch anymore," Zane says.

"Then go," I tell him. My anger rose with each passing second the more I watched. Zane eventually leaves and I pop a new one in. I don't know how many hours I was sitting there watching the screen, but I couldn't stop, I knew I wouldn't till I watched every single one. Brax whimpered continuously and I think my burning rage burned the stuff out of my system faster.

I was watching another when this time she was 15. I watch as the door opens, and my mate looks up from her spot on the floor. "46," The woman says. This was a different woman, and I recognized this woman. I remembered seeing her picture at Lily's house once when I was a boy helping her clean out the basement. She had finally convinced Damien to throw everything out that he stored from his past. I remember seeing it in one of the boxes and asking Lily about who it was.

"That's Estella, Damien's mother," she said with disgust before ripping it to pieces and placing it in the bin. Looking at the video it was her. It was definitely Estella, Damian's mother.

My mate doesn't seem to be too worried about her, almost comfortable with her.

"I have a surprise for you, they said you could see him if you let me do just one little experiment," Estella tells her.

"They did, what do I have to do?" my mate asks nervously but I could also see a pinch of excitement at the woman's words.

"I just need you to lay down on the bed," she says. My mate seems confused but does as she asks laying down.

"Will it hurt?" My mate asks and Estella shakes her head.

"No, it's a gift from your mate," she says. Another woman walks in with a triangle-shaped pillow and a sheet.

My mate growls at the new woman who glares back at her.

"Don't worry about her, lift your b*m up for me and take off your pants" Estella tells her.

"My pants?" She asks.

“Yes, you need to remove them. I know it’s a little strange, but I promise I will be gentle, you want to see him don’t you?” Estella asks her.

My mate hesitantly does what she asks, removing her pants and Estella places the pillow under her b*m making her lay awkwardly on the bed.

“You promise I will get to see him?” She asks and Estella nods.

“Yes, but you have to stay very still and lay on your back for an hour. You do that for me, and I will let you see him,” she says. Estella drapes a blanket over her before pushing her knees up. The other woman leaves before returning with some long string with what looked like a balloon attached to the end. That’s when I realized what they were doing. This is how she got pregnant. When they were done Estella told her to remain still and not move. My mate does what she is told, twiddling her fingers looking at the ceiling. I skipped the recording for an hour wanting to know who her mate was. I noticed she never left the cell in any of the videos when they experimented. They always brought everything to her; she never left the cell.

I waited for this mystery mate to enter, only he didn’t. Instead, I see the mirror flicker before turning clear like glass. My mate jumps up excitedly and Estella walks in with what looks like a hand radio handing it to her.

“You were very good 46, here is your reward,” Estella tells her. My mate takes it excitedly when I see a man on the other side of the glass walk over to her and sit on the floor. A radio in his hand I watched as they talked only it was mainly her wolf talking to him.

They talked for a few hours before I couldn’t watch anymore, I thought she actually had contact with this mate, yet they never physically touched, it was all through glass. I put another one in, and it was labeled 46/patient zero.

I watched as my mate labored, screaming and crying not understanding what was going on, not understanding what the huge swelling bump attached to her was actually a baby. All she understood was that she was in pain. Estella told her it was a gift from her mate. Yet all she did was scream while Estella told her to breathe and offered her no other relief. I was horrified she was just a child, a child having a child. I skipped a few hours only to stop again, she is still in labor. This time she was begging them to kill her and banging on the glass.

A woman walks in after a few minutes of me watching her scream and beg to make the pain stop. The woman walks in with a cattle prod electrocuting her telling her to stop whining and banging on the glass before suddenly loud music comes on, so loud my mates dropped to the ground in fetal position screaming through her pain while covering her ears from the loud music.

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I skip another 3 hours when I see people rushing into her room before five men hold her down, blood coating the floor and her round stomach moving violently.

She was screaming and crying. I watched horrified as they cut the baby from her with no sedatives, no pain relief just cut her stomach open and reached in pulling the baby free, my mate seeing the baby seems confused like she didn't understand how the baby got in her before suddenly holding her arms out wanting the child. They refused her and sedated her.

My mate passes out and they walk out taking the baby. She slowly healed and eventually she woke up looking around the room confused, she touched her belly before looking in the mirror and I saw her wolf come forward punching and headbutting the glass. Screaming for her pup.

I skip hours of her hitting and kicking the glass, her entire body b****y from hitting the glass when eventually the door opens, and Estella walks in with the baby bundled up. My mate freezes before sniffing the air. Estella gives her the baby and my mate sits down with the baby on the bed. Estella watches the baby in my mate's arm that seems to settle before lifting her shirt and putting my mate's b**b in the baby's mouth.

My mates look up with tears running down her cheeks before looking at the baby in her arms while she feeds it.

Once she finished feeding her she then curled up with the baby in her arms falling asleep. Estella leaves the room.

"Ryker?" My father says walking into the lab making me jump, I didn't even hear him come in too absorbed in what I was watching. I look up staring at him. My back cracked loudly from the movement, and I felt stiff and my body ached all over. Brax left a while ago, unable to hear our mate's screams, unable to watch the things she suffered through.

"Son it's time to go home, you have been here for more than 24 hours staring at that screen," my father says. It's been 24 hours?

"Son?" He says again touching my shoulder.

"You should go home to your mate. Tyson keeps sedating her but she has been asking when you will return." Just at the mention of her, I remember my mate despite watching her on a screen for hours, the fact that she was at home, alive, despite everything she endured, broke me.

Something snapping and breaking painfully within me. Everything I did to her, hit me like a ton of bricks and suddenly I couldn't breathe, I broke down. I don't even remember the last time I cried but I know I was young. I didn't even cry when I killed Danika, but knowing what she endured by my hands and by them suddenly crushed me.

I broke down, coming apart at the seams and I grabbed him, hugging him. I just wanted him to take it away. Take away the pain like he did when I was a boy, making everything alright because I couldn't fix this, I couldn't save her from them, couldn't save her from me.

"I know son, I know." he says, hugging me tightly while I drenched him with my pathetic crying. I must have looked so weak, but I didn't care, I just couldn't stop.

I don't know how long I was sobbing like a baby, but eventually, the tears stopped, and I pulled away suddenly embarrassed. My father grabs my face, sensing my embarrassment. Jacob in the cells behind me averted his gaze, but I knew he had seen what was on the screen, knew he felt bad for me forcing him to chain her up in the cells back home.

"Everyone breaks, but now you need to go home and be there for your mate"

"But how? How do I tell her Lucy is dead, that her child is dead? And how do I face her after what I have done?"

"Trust in the mate bond, Tyson said she is becoming restless, she is scared, Ryker. She has no wolf and no connection to anything and right now her only connection is sitting here, in front of a screen, when you should be at home with her," he says.

"I haven't finished them," I tell him.

"Take them and watch them another time if you need to, but it's time to go home," he tells me. I nod getting up. I jam everything in the box.

"What about him?" My father asks glaring at the vile man in the cell. I look at Jacob.

"Keep him alive" he nods.

"You're not going to kill him?" My father asks, shocked.

"No, but I know Amanda will," I tell him, and he nods. My stomach growls hungrily.

"Damien is upstairs waiting for you, make sure you get something to eat, and I will go get Jacob and Mathias something, Drake should be back soon. He can take over here till you figure out what you want to do" my father tells me. I nod, tucking the box under my arm and walking toward the stairs. My eyes felt like sandpaper as I climbed the stairs.

Walking outside I see Damian leaning on his mustang, a smoke between his fingers. He passes me the packet and I take one out lighting it. "You okay?" He asks, taking the box from me and placing it on the back seat. I say nothing and just hop in his car.

We drove in silence for a bit before stopping at McDonald's only to then jump back on the road. I eventually fell asleep and woke to Damien shaking my shoulder.

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"Come on Alpha, we are home," he says, and I stretch lifting my head from the window. I saw that it was early afternoon, I couldn't believe we had been gone for two days. It was supposed to be there and back. I didn't expect we would find so much and now I was drained. I just wanted to go to bed and curl up and sleep, forgetting what I saw on the DVDs. Hopping out of the car. I see the front door open, and Lily comes out racing to Damien and chucking herself at him. He laughs at her actions which reminded me I needed to tell him I saw his mother in some of the videos.

"Argh, I missed you," Damien tells her, kissing her head. She sniffs him before pulling back glare on her face.

"Have you been smoking?" She says stepping away from him.

"No aunt Lil, I was smoking in his car," I told her, and I saw Damien give me a relieved look. She would eat him alive if she knew not only was he smoking, but he also smoked an entire pack on the way home.

"You wouldn't be covering for him?" She asks, eyeing me and him suspiciously. I pull my packet from my pocket showing her, "See all me," I tell her, and she looks at me before nodding and then giving her husband the stink eye, he was definitely in for it when she got him alone.

"Where is my mate?" I ask her and she turns walking over and gives me a hug.

"Inside with the kids, she asked about you a couple of times, wanting to know where you went. Tyson has been giving her those sedatives."

"Has she put up a fight over them?" Lily shakes her head.

"No, she likes the boys, and she can be a little strange around the kids sometimes, she is always watching them curiously, it is making Layla a bit on edge," Lily tells me.

"She won't hurt them; she means them no harm," I tell her.

"I know that, she has been playing with them on the swings. I think they are still out the back," Lily says.

"Want to meet this sister of yours?" I asked Damien who was quietly listening.

"Yes, I've always wanted a sister, funny how things turn out," he says to himself. We follow Lily inside and I see Tyson sitting on the couch. He comes over to me.

"Did you find her?" He asks and I shake my head, he looks at the box in my hands.

"What's that?"

"Nothing, but can you put it in my office and make sure you lock the door? I don't want Reika finding it," Tyson takes the box walking up the stairs and I walk through the living room and out the kitchen before stopping at the double glass doors. I see my mate with the kids out the back. She was pushing Amelia on the swings. The two boys were hanging upside down on the monkey bars. Lily has three kids which are triplets, Amelia, Thatcher, and Dominic. They are 12 now.

"Dad," Amelia squeals, jumping off the swings and running toward Damien as he steps outside. My mate looks up and over to us as we walk down the back verandah stairs. She runs to her father in a blur of long black locks rushing toward him. She crushes him in a hug and he kisses her hair. "My princess," he tells her, squeezing her and walking her back towards the swings where Dominic and Thatcher are.

"Dad!" Both boys did not bother to get off the monkey bars despite their father being gone for two days.

"What, no big hug?" He says taunting them. Reika watches him moving from foot to foot. I wanted to touch her, hug her and make sure she is okay. She looks up as I approach her watching me before shocking me when she steps toward me. She looks up at me but doesn't move closer. Brax pressing against my skin wanting to touch her, needing to feel her warmth and I suddenly yank her towards me. Crushing her against my chest. I thought she would have pulled away or even attacked me but instead, she wrapped her arms around my waist, hugging me back and sniffing my neck. Tingles flood my body at her touch, and I hear her take a breath before relaxing melting against me.

Damien clears his throat beside me, and I completely forgot I was meant to be introducing them.

"Reika, this is Damien, he is."

"My brother," she says, answering.

“Hi,” she says when Damien holds his hand out to her. She places hers in his when he suddenly pulls her to him, hugging her. She was stiff for a second before hugging him back with one arm awkwardly.

“Always wanted a sister, don’t suppose we have any brothers out there,” he says, and he lets her go. She looks up at him before shaking her head. “No, but Amanda was like me,” she says, and Damien looks at me.

“She doesn’t realize she is Amanda,” I mindlink him, he nods.

“Well, that’s something I guess,” he says, pulling her toward the swings and back to the kids. I watched him and Lily with her for a few seconds and she seemed comfortable enough, so I walked back inside needing to shower. I walk past my office before stopping and checking the door. I groaned when I realized it was unlocked. I told Tyson to make sure he locked it.

Walking inside, I grab the box sitting on the center of my desk and place it in the filing cabinet and lock it with the key. Walking out I flick the light off, before locking the door and heading upstairs to shower.

I felt uneasy, how do you tell somebody their child is dead when they don’t even understand the child is theirs. The thought alone made me feel sick. Turning the shower on I hopped in, hoping to wash the stress away when all I wanted to do was hold her close and take it all away, all the pain and hurt, everything. She didn’t deserve any of it, the tapes running through my head on repeat. Her screams, her begging, and her wolf’s rage. No wonder she dissociated herself from it all. You can only take so much before you break and break her they did, now I just had to fix her.

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Reika POV

I played with the kids for a while and spoke with Damian. He seemed nice, but it was awkward talking to someone I didn’t know even though we were related. Looking around, I noticed Ryker was gone, that he couldn’t even bear to be around me for a few minutes, even when he was gone all that time.

Sitting under the tree next to play equipment I watched the kids play, watching my brother and his mate. They seemed happy, always touching, always smiling at each other, making me wonder if we could ever be happy like that. I feel for my wolf suddenly feeling lonely, but like usual, I get no reply.

Some part of me seeks out interaction. I never realized how lonely it was without my wolf. She was literally all I had, and she was gone, now I had nobody.

Damian looks around for a second before spotting me, he walks over sitting next to me on the grass while Lily tries to get the two boys off the monkey bars.

“Where did Ryker go?” He asks, looking for him.

“Not sure I think he is inside; I can feel he is close,” I tell him.

“That must be strange for you, not having your wolf to guide you and in your head,” he says, and I nod.

“It’s lonely,” I admit to him.

“You have Ryker,” he says, and I look at him.

“I don’t think he wants me for a mate,” I tell him looking past him and at the house.

“He does, he just doesn’t know how to show it. Do you want him?” He asks, making me think.

I looked at Lily, she seemed happy to have a mate. But we aren’t like them, Ryker hated me, and probably still does.

“My wolf said mates are bad,” I told him.

“I never asked what your wolf wanted but what you want. So, do you want Ryker for a mate?” he asks. I don’t answer. I don’t know how to be his mate.

“You should spend time with him, he isn’t as bad as you think”

“Did you find anything, Tyson said you found where I lived?” I ask, wondering if they found Amanda’s daughter. I wish I could remember her name. It would make it easier for them to find her, yet every time I try to remember all I get is darkness.

“You should ask Ryker.”

“But you were there, you went with him?” I ask and he nods.

“You never should have been raised like that? Go see your mate Reika, he missed you just as much as you missed him” He says before hopping up.

“What do you mean?” I ask.

“That’s why you feel lonely, Reika, not because your wolf is gone, but because your mate isn’t near you. I am the same with Lily when she isn’t around. I get the same urge to want to be with her, like gravity trying to pull us back together”

“He is probably busy,” I tell him.

“Only one way to find out,” he says walking over to his mate.

I sit there for a bit before getting up and heading inside. I used my nose, following his scent before realizing he was in his room. I knock on the door but get no answer. Opening the door his scent was stronger, so I knew he was in here.

“Ryker?” I ask peering into the darkened room; the roller shutters were down blocking out the light. I hear soft snoring, realizing he was asleep. I walk over to the bed looking down at him, his face relaxed peacefully in his sleep.

Damian was right, just him being close was enough. I almost felt calm, warmer inside, reminding me of how I felt with my wolf, she always made me feel calmer. I knew she would protect me; it was weird getting the same feeling from him considering he hurt me.

I climbed onto the bed across from him, maybe I could nap with him, and he wouldn’t mind. Anything to make the hollow feeling leave, it felt cold and made me feel like I couldn’t breathe, making me have to concentrate hard forcing myself to breathe.

“Come here” I hear his voice before seeing his silver eyes flicker open in the darkness, making me freeze as I climb on the bed.

“I won’t hurt you Reika, but your anxiety will stop being close to me,” he says rolling on his side to face me.

“Anxiety?” I wonder what he means.

“That feeling you’re getting, that’s what it is called, why you feel like you can’t breathe,” he says.

“Do you want me to go so you can sleep?” I ask thinking maybe I should leave and go to Tyson’s room; he might rest better if he can’t hear my thoughts.

“I will sleep better with you beside me,” he says, making me look at him while I debate what I should do.

“Did you find Amanda’s daughter?” I ask him but he reaches for my hand.

“Not yet.” He says and I feel something strange wash over me making me wonder what it is. It made me feel sad, overwhelmingly sad.

"You can feel my emotions," Ryker answers my thoughts about the strange feeling.

"So that's not my feeling?" I ask and he shakes his head.

"Not mine, because you're over there and I am here, so come lay with me," he says pulling the blanket back.

I crawl closer before laying down, Ryker reaches over before gripping my hip and flipping me before dragging me closer and pulling the blanket over us.

I feel the heat from his chest seep into my skin, warming me. Sparks rush over my skin, and I turn over facing him. "Lift your head up for a second," he says, and I do. He puts his arm under the pillow before using his other arm to pull me closer and I lay my head on his arm.

"That's where you belong," he says. Pulling me to his chest. I put my hand on his cheek feeling it, his skin scratching my palm.

"I need to shave," he says when I feel his hand move under the blanket going to my lower back. He rubs circles with his fingertips. My body relaxes as his scent surrounds me making me want to lean in and inhale his mouth-watering scent.

"That feels nice," He whispers, turning his face and kissing the inside of my palm, his eyes closing. My stomach flutters at his words and he chuckles while all I can think about is his scent and the strange feeling in my belly.

"You can if you want," he says, making me confused.

"I can hear your thoughts," he says, his arm under my head moving and I find my face pulled closer to his when he suddenly sits up looking down at me. He puts his face in my neck, running his nose across the mark on my neck making me squirm as it tickles, my entire body feeling like it is engulfed in sparks. He laughs and I can feel it rumble in his chest when I suddenly feel him run his tongue over it before he sucks on it.

I didn't think the tingles could get any worse but the moment he ran his tongue over it, my entire body tensed, the tingles spreading everywhere rushing to between my legs. Making a moan leave my lips, my hand on his side tugging him closer as he sucked on my skin. A strange feeling washes over me, making me want to pull him closer, I didn't want it to stop as I pulled him closer, my breath coming out airy like the noises escaping me. He growls softly, almost a purring sound before he pulls back looking down at me. He smiles, brushing his nose on mine. When he goes to pull back I kiss him, and he freezes and I pull back.

Did I do it wrong? I wondered when he didn't react, and he chuckled while shaking his head.

“No, I just wasn’t expecting you to do it,” He whispers before pressing his lips to mine. His hand goes to my neck before he tilts my face, his thumb tugs my chin gently making my lips part and I feel his tongue trace across my bottom lip before moving between my lips. He kisses me softly, his tongue brushing mine before he kisses me harder, his tongue tasting every inch of my mouth and I kiss him back. He makes a strange noise before sucking my bottom lip in his mouth before pulling back. He looks down at me pecking my lips softly before laying back down.

He tugs me closer, placing my head on his chest and I touch my lips, liking the tingling feeling on them. His hands stroked my hair before I felt him kiss my forehead.

“Do you want to sleep with me? I mean. Not that.... Argh never mind, just stay with me,” he says, making me wonder what he was trying to say. I just nod, closing my eyes and draping my arm across his chest, he pulls the blanket up and I snuggle against him, nice and warm.

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Ryker POV

Waking up I felt completely rested, Reika was still sleeping soundly beside me, and I rolled, her head falling on my arm. I brush her hair back, running my fingers through her hair and she moves, her face seeking my touch. I kiss her lips softly, careful not to wake her before hopping out of bed. I tuck my pillow next to her so she can still smell my scent before walking out of the room and heading downstairs. I find Tyson and Ace sitting in the kitchen eating cereal for dinner.

“Where is Lily?” I ask them.

“Left a few hours ago,” They shrug, and I look outside to see only darkness.

“Where is Reika,” They ask with goofy smiles on their faces.

“In my room, if you must know.”

“Good, she didn’t get much sleep last night, and I am pretty sure she went and slept in your walk-in.”

“What on the floor again?” I ask and they nod.

“Probably your scent, did you find Amanda’s daughter,” Ace asks. They ask the one question I was hoping to avoid.

“Yes, but I trust you boys not to say anything to her yet.”

“She is dead isn’t she,” Tyson asks and I nod. My stomach is turning at the knowledge.

“F**k!,” Ace mutters.

“That’s not all,” I tell them and they both look up.

“You know Amanda is Reika right,” They look at each other.

“You said something about it the other day before you left, so they are the same person then,” Tyson asks.

“Yes and Lucy, is Reika’s daughter,” I tell them and I watch both of them pale slightly.

“Ryker, Reika..”-

“I know, just let me figure out how to tell her first okay? I will be in my office if you need me but knock, don’t just walk in,” I tell them not wanting them to see the videos.

I checked on Reika first making sure she was still asleep before walking back to my office. Unlocking the filing cabinet, I grab the box and place the next DVD in the DVD player. I stare at the box, seeing one that says Lucy. I pick it up and put it back in the box before turning the DVD on. I turn the volume up.

My office was soundproof so I didn’t need to worry about anyone hearing. The new DVD was mostly her talking to the glass, talking to her mate, or playing with Lucy.

Their experiments got worse, worse than ever and they had the perfect bait to get her to do what they wanted, Lucy. They would take her, refusing to give her back until she complied. Though now their experiments would be more brutal. Removing organs, injecting her with different things, and hooking her up to all sorts of torture devices to see how much she could bear. She endured it all. Everything they did to her on the promise of giving her daughter back.

She did everything they asked, her screams were deafening, blood-chilling, and made me feel sick. Hearing a knock on the door. I switch the tv off before hopping up and unlocking the door. Sitting back down, Tyson walks in leaning on my desk.

“Aunt Lily is taking the kids to timezone tonight, can Ace and I go with her and the kids, she is downstairs?” He asks.

“You didn’t have to ask,” I told him.

“Kind of do, you’re my ATM,” he says, and I shake my head.

“My wallet is in the kitchen but I don’t have cash on me”

“I will take your card then,” he says walking out.

“Hey, don’t you want the pin”

“Already know it, it’s the same as mums,” he says with a chuckle. I chuck my stapler at him and he shuts the door before it hits him, before opening it again.

“Missed, how do you think I brought that Xbox,” he says, popping his head in again, the cheeky little s**t.

“Have fun” I call to him as he shuts the door. I turn back to the TV, turning it back on. Once that one finishes I grab the next popping it in. She was 16 this time and Lucy was around one. Reika looked so young in these videos her face still rounded with adolescents compared to her now.

I watch Lucy’s first steps, I watch her talk to her mate through the glass, and do more experiments. I was watching Reika roll a ball to her daughter when I heard a noise behind me, making me jump. I grab the remote before pressing the button trying to turn it off. Her eyes stuck on the screen as she stepped into the room.

“Lucy, roll the ball to mummy,” Reika says and I jump up, giving up on my fumbling fingers, and rip the cord out of the wall, the screen going black.

“Lucy?” I hear her murmur eyes on the screen. I walk over to her but she sidesteps me rushing to the TV.

“Where did she go? Put it back on,” she says tapping the screen.

“Reika?” I call her, but she suddenly turns around trying to jam the cord in the outlet.

“Make it work. Make it work,” she says trying to jam the plug in with her shaking hands. She spins around looking at me. “I want to see. I want to see her! Turn it on!” she says frantically with tears rolling down her cheeks. Her confusion smashes me hard as she snatches the remote off the table pressing buttons.

I take it from her, reaching for her but she steps back “Please? Please turn it on!” she begs smacking the screen with her palm.

“Reika you shouldn’t watch,” I tell her, and she starts smacking her head, and completely losing it.

“Bring her back! Make her come back!” she screams, grabbing chunks of her hair.

“Okay, okay, just stop hurting yourself,” I tell her, stepping around her and plugging it in.

She turns to look at the screen and I turn it on. She stares intently. Her eyes are not moving from the screen.

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She watches herself playing with her daughter. “Why isn’t Amanda, why does she look like me?” she says touching the screen when suddenly she hears her own voice again.

“Good girl, Lucy, roll it back” Lucy giggles rolling the ball back,

“Ready? Catch the ball,” Reika says at the same time as she does on the screen, making me look at her.

“She is mine” she gasps, touching her daughter’s image and watching the video. I watch her watching herself when suddenly someone walks into her cell. They try taking Lucy from her, but it doesn’t work, she fights back putting herself between her and her daughter who was crying.

“You can’t have her; I did what you asked” I hear her scream at them before she attacks them.

Lucy crawls under the bed hiding and Reika kills two people that enter her cell. I stood up, about to turn it off but she was in the way. She calls her daughter out from under the bed shielding her eyes away from their bodies that were lying bleeding on the floor. Suddenly the door opens again, and I pause in shock when I see they let her mate into the cell for the first time.

He holds his hands up and she stares at him oddly, like she couldn’t believe he was there, in her cell.

He waves to his daughter, and she rushes to him, hugging him, wanting to touch him, her daughter in her arms. I couldn’t make out what they were saying because he was talking in a hushed voice, but he sits on her bed taking the baby from her. She sits beside him and brushes Lucy’s hair with her fingers when the door opens again. Three people walk in, and she attacks them, her mate holding the baby when he suddenly walks over handing Lucy to the woman standing at the door.

He tries to calm her, when Reika realizes he hasn’t got the baby in his arms anymore. She lunges at the woman, but he grabs her telling her it is okay and the men rush from the room.

I look at Reika, her entire body shaking as she watches the screen and I hear her snuffle before turning my attention back to the screen. I touch her shoulder and she jumps.

“What did they promise you?” She screams at him smacking him. He grabs her restraining her before I hear his voice.

“Look, I will come back for you, I promise,” he tells her, and she shoves him off.

“What?” She says.

“If we give them Lucy they will let me go,” he says, and my blood runs cold. He sacrificed his own daughter for his own freedom.

“No, get her back now!” she demands, and I watch as fur starts to grow on her, her face twisting in pure rage.

“Amanda, calm down I will come back for you,” he tells her, and she shifts. She ripped him to pieces. I had never seen anything like it, there wasn't a piece of him that was left attached even after she killed him, she ripped into him till there was nothing, but skin, blood, and bone left before shifting back.

“I did what you wanted! I did everything! Give her back!” She screams smacking on the glass, but it falls on deaf ears as they ignore her.

She starts trying to smash her way out of the cell, tearing her hands apart and clawing at her own chest screaming for Lucy. She runs at the mirror glass before she suddenly stops completely immobile like a statue. She stares at herself in the glass, and I watch her eyes turn black in the mirror and I know that's when her wolf took over for good. The room fogs up filling with steam and she suddenly collapses before the screen goes black signaling the end of the video.

Reika stares at the screen, her eyes all puffy and bloodshot, tears streaming down her face.

I pull her to me, wrapping my arms around her trembling body. “She took it from me,” she whispers.

“She did it to protect you,” I told her. But she shakes her head before I feel a wave of something when she pulls back looking at me.

“You found her, if you have these you found her,” she says, and I feel my heart twist painfully in my chest.

“They are just videos,” I tell her, pointing to the box on the table. She moves away looking in the box picking up the different disks.

“What's it say,” she says, pointing to the writing. Pulling more and more out.

“Ryker help me, what's it say?” She says, looking at me.

“They’re just videos of you” when she grabs the files looking in them, I try to s****h Lucy’s from her, but she turns, ripping it open when Lucy’s photo falls out. She picks it up looking at it. Her fingers brushed the photo gently.

“She is alive” she gasps, her tears dropping on the page before she looks in the box before looking at the file. She starts grabbing disks comparing the writing to the front of Lucy’s file and I try to grab them, but she shoves me away before grabbing one that matches.

I try to take it from her, but she snatches it back.

“I want to see her; I want to see her put it on,” she says trying to figure out how to put the disk in.

“Reika?” I call her, but she ignores me, trying to figure out how to open the DVD player. It works and I scramble to grab it out before she pushes the buttons. I eject the disk.

“No, Reika,” I tell her.

“Put it on Ryker, why are you being like this?” she screams pushing the disk back in. She starts pressing the buttons when I unplug it. She screams annoyed before turning on me.

“Reika.”

“Turn it on! Turn it on!”

“I won’t do that,” I tell her.

“Why? Please! Please, I need to see her! I just want to see her!”

“You can’t see her Reika,” I tell her looking at the disk she was putting in.

“Where is my daughter?” she asks, making me look at her.

“You have these, what did you do to her?” she screams.

“I did nothing, she wasn’t there Reika. We searched every inch of the place”

“Let me see the video, she was there”

“She isn’t there, I promise just sit down, please”

“She is there,” she says pointing to the photo on the desk.

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