36. James

****This part is going to be in James' POV. I don't know how good this will be and I don't know if I will end up deleting it later but just let me know how it comes out!**

Your comments are so nice and I'm glad people are enjoying this book!

P.S. This update is actually pretty long..so enjoy!

-James POV-

I look over to the right as I hear Grace take in a sharp breath after her father yells. I can see something out of the corner of my eye next to her and see an older woman with similar features to her dad.

When I look to see where her and Grace are connected is when I realize that there is a kitchen knife, in this woman's hand, and stabbed into Grace's side.

She says something quietly to Grace and then yanks the knife out before I can even react. I see Grace start to fall and quickly catch her and lower her to the ground. When I look back up both Dante and Cole have the woman pinned to the wall next to the door and the knife is on the ground near their feet.

I quickly turn my attention back to Grace to see her eyes slowly closing.

All of this chaos happened, in a matter of seconds.

I look down and see her eyes drooping.

"Somebody call the pack doctor! NOW!" I look back at Aria to see her with tears in her eyes and my parents holding her, "NOW ARIA, or she will DIE!" I look back down at my mate to see her almost passing out, she can't loose consciousness or there is now telling what could happen to her.

"Come on, baby, GRACE! Can you hear me? Stay with me baby, come on don't close your eyes on my baby. No! Grace! NO! Stay awake!" I start yelling more when her eyes close. I look around to see Aria gone along with my parents, hopefully to find the doctor.

I look up at Dante and Cole to see them staring at Grace in a panic and the woman still pinned by them, smirking.

"Get that thing out of here, NOW!" Dante snaps out of it and takes her and lead her out towards the basement, and hopefully to a cell where she belongs. I quickly take my shirt off and press it into Grace's side trying to stop the bleeding. The blood is coming out too fast and I can't stop it.

"Cole get my something else to stop the blood. She needs more pressure against it!" I look over and her takes him shirt off too and pushes it over mine and both of our hands are firmly pressing into her side trying to stop the bleeding. I realize I am shaking and I can't help it but tears are in my eyes.

What if Grace dies?

I won't be able to lead my pack properly.

I wouldn't be able to function properly.

I couldn't live without this tiny girl in my arms.

And if she makes it out of this, I will spend the rest of my life pampering her and reminding her everyday of how important she is to me, how much of an amazing and beatuful person she is, and how much I am irrevocably in love with her.

She has to make it.

She is my world and I can literally feel her life draining away from her right in my hands. And there is nothing I can do.

Not even a minute passes before I am getting anxious again.

"Damnit! Where is that doctor!?" I look up to the door way right as an older woman comes through.

"Alpha I need you to let her go so I can look, I am Dr. Kelly"

"Dr. Kelly if I move at all the blood will continue to flow, I-I'm trying to keep p-pressure on it b-but there is so much b-blood! What do I do! H-help me!" I look at her panicking.

"Okay then one of you is going to have to carry her to the hospital room while the other keeps pressure. I have nurses waiting for her ready to operate if necessary and with blood transfusions ready, can you do that?"

I quickly nod my head and tell Cole to keep the pressure. I quickly pick her up while Cole keeps the shirt on her side and we rush to the hospital wing. I put her down in a room where all the nurses are waiting and put her of the table. Cole and I let go and we are wuickly ushered out of the room, but not without protests from both of us.

One nurse looks at us both with a stern look.

"Listen! I know you both want to help, but the more time we spend trying to get you to wait outside is less time we are spending taking care of her! She doesn't have a lot of time before we could lose her! So you can make this easy and let us do our job, or endager the life of your mate and Luna! Whats your choice going to be?!"

Cole and I quickly exit the room after that and sit on the waiting chairs in the hall. We are both covered in blood but neither of us dare to leave that hallway. Hours go by and by the time night time comes everybody from my pack that came, along with her parents and my parents are waiting in the hallway.

Everyone just sits in the chairs or on the floor against the walls. Everybody in a sullen mood, some crying silently.

I haven't spoken a word since we left her in there and all I can do is think about the fact that my mate is dying, and there is absolutley nothing I can do about it.

After an hour of replaying the situation over and over in my head, I realize how many things I could have done to protect her. I could have been closer, I could have put someone guarding behind her. There was nobody guarding the door to the kitchen through the dining room.

We knew the reason we were coming is because of her aunt and we never knew if she had people working with her in the pack. We were going into this blind and we should have been more careful. I can feel myself getting more and more angry as time goes by.

I should have seen her! I should have stopped her!

I could have protected Grace! She wouldn't be in pain! And she certainly wouldn't be so close to death!

This is all my fault!

My wolf and I keep going back and forth of how we should have protected her and I quickly stand from my seat taking rapid breaths and I pick my chair up and throw it down the hallway as it shatters and I continue pacing.

Everyone around me gasps and I am trying to control my anger, I really am but all I want to go do is rip whoever that woman was apart, tear her limb from limb and kill her slowly. So she knows what it's like to watch her whole life pass before her eyes as I kill her.

"James" I hear a broke cry to my left. I look over and see my mom crying with her hand over her mouth trying to cover her sobs.

"Mom please just don't come near me" I took a deep breath, "I cant, I just cant stop blaming myself, I should have seen her! I should have stopped her before she could do that! I should have protected my mate! I couldn't even do that for her after everything else she has been through and it just makes me so angry! She doesn't deserve any of this!" I punched another wall and pull my hand out of the whole it created. I can feel the rage inside of me as I lean both my hands against the wall and my head breathing heavily.

I hear footsteps and I feel a small hand on my back, I turn to my right and see my mom looking at me, tear streaks stains going down her face.

"Aw baby I know she doesn't, but think about Grace, would she be okay with you blaming yourself?" She rubs her hands in circles on my back and I can feel myself calming down a little.

"No! She wouldn't be mad at me at all! And thats what kills me! She is so nice to everybody! She deserves to be mad at me! This is my fault!" I turn around and look at my mom, tears welling up in my eyes.

"What will I do without her Momma? I can't lose her" the tears spill over and before I know it I collapse onto the ground and bring my knees up to my chest and lean my head back onto the wall. Tears making their way down my face. I am a horrible excuse for a mate and I will never forgive myself if she dies.

I feel someones arms go around my shoulders and open them to see my mom on my left side hugging me. She is sitting on her knees next to me and I can hear her sniffling and crying.

"I know baby, I know you can't, but she is strong, she will make it out of this and you won't have to lose her baby" She talks to me and before I know it I hug her back and I am crying on her shoulder.

Me, I big Alpha male, crying on his mothers shoulder. I have always been a Momma's boy but this is the first time I have ever cried like this since I was a child.

All I can think about is the horrible like Grace has had and what she has had to endure, and so far I haven't protected her for anything. I am failing in my job as her mate.

About an hour after my mom hugged me, calmed me down, and sat next to me on the ground. The Dr. Kelly came out. I can see blood on her scrubs and I'm not taking that as a good sign, though I am also covered in blood and have yet to change, or even put a shirt on.

I stand up and walk over to her.

She looks at the crowd in the hallway and then finds me as I get closer and begins talking.

"She is stabilized for now. The knife missed any major organs by centimeters, she was seriously lucky, but the next 24 hours are crucial. She lost a lot of blood and we gave her transfusions but I'm not sure how much that helped or how her body will take them. She was in a weak state before and recovering from whatever her problems were before but now it is putting more strain on her body while trying to heal this wound too. If she makes it through the next day or so, I think she will recover perfectly fine. But even if she does make it, her body will be very weak for weeks. Her body isn't healing as fast as a normal werewolf and that worries me" I nod my head at her and she turns to talk down the hallway but I stop her,

"Can I go and see her?" She looks at me hesitantly.

"Yes but only three people in there at a time" she pauses and takes a deep breath, "Alpha, I have to warn you, she is hooked up to a couple machines, and there are tubes, wires, and IV's. It's not going to look pretty. And you can't move any of those. You can hold her hand, but do not try and wake her up or move her in any way, do you understand?" she looks at me. I nod my head and rush past her to the room. I don't care who else comes in but there is no way I am not seeing her.

I walk in the room and just like the doctor said, there are tubes, IV's and wires everywhere. She is deathly pale in the bed although I think someone cleaned the blood that was all over her.

I slowly walk over to the side of her bed, pull the chair that was against the wall and sit next to her.

I look down to her little pale hand and gently clasp it in between my two larger hands. Her hand is so cold and tiny it breaks my heart.

For a little while I just stare at her face and try to memorize every beautiful feature.

A little bit later I hear the door open and I quickly look to see who it is. Once I see Grace's parents, I relax and look back at Grace. I hear her mom gasp from the doorway.

"Oh my baby!" she walks to the other side of the bed and grabs her other hand while tears stream down her face. Her dad comes and stands behind her mom and wraps his arms around her as they silently stare at their daughter unconscious on the bed.

We stand like that for I don't even know how long, until her dad breaks the silence.

"Alpha James? You parents made dinner with Dante and Aria, they just told me and if you would like they can bring you food."

"You can just call me James, both of you," I look over to her mom and she gives me a small smile, "I'm really sorry this happened right after getting your daughter back, I understand if you guys can never forgive me for protecting her, I will never forgive myself. And thank you for the offer, but I'm not hungry. I can't eat knowing it's my fault Grace is hurting." I think back to her time with the rogues and if I had found her sooner, she wouldn't have had to endure so much. That's my fault. He being in this hospital bed is my fault. Once again I couldn't protect her from her aunt or her aunts followers.

I think back to the torture Grace had to endure and compared to that, my life has been good. It was difficult with training and learning how to run a pack. But I wouldn't trade it for anything. Sometimes I wish I could take away all of Grace's memories and pain from her time with those rogues.

She may be free but I know it stills haunts her. She whispers in her sleep sometimes and occasionally gets nightmares. Even when she tells me it's nothing, I know it's all she can think about sometimes and I really don't know how she does it. She is one of the strongest people I know and I wouldn't trade her for the world.

She is my world.

I look back at Grace and focus on all of her features, noticing all of the small scars around her neck and face, wishing she never had to endure any pain to get those scars. All of her freckles, thinking every single one of them makes her that much more adorable.

"James, this isn't your fault. You didn't know. How could you? Even I never expected this from Molly, I still can't understand whhhy she would do something like this.." her dad trails off, genuinely confused.

"Molly?! That was Grace's Aunt Molly?!" I whirl on them as soon as I connect the dots. I should have known

"Yeah?" her moms answer warily, "why?"

I shake my head dismissing the question, instead asking more of my own.

"Where is she?" I ask.

"She is held in a cell in the basement until we figure out what happened" he dad answers this time, still looking lost and confused.

"Keep her there. Do not let her go, keep a guard on her at all times" I say sternly. Her parents look more confused but just nod their heads slowly. I see her dads eyes glaze over for a couple seconds before her focuses back on the room and Grace.

"Where is Grace's sister?" I ask warily. From what I know, if she were at the pack house, she would have been all over Grace from the second she walked through the door.

"She was out with about 5 guards hunting down more rouges. She left about a week ago and we were expecting her any day now." She turns to look back at Grace, still holding her other hand.

I nod my head and look at Grace's dad, "Molly?" I question as I raise my eyebrows.

"It's done, she will always have a guard on her. Can you tell me why I am guarding my sister like a prisoner?" he questions sounding annoyed.

"That thing should be considered the farthest thing from family" I spit out with disgust, I look and see rage cover her dads face before I quickly speak again, not wanting to get into a fight with Grace's dad, "she is involved in the kidnapping and everything that happened to Grace over the past ten years." I state firmly.

Shocked looks cross her parents faces and they look back at Grace still slightly confused.

"That makes no sense!" her dad exclaims.

"Sir, I know you wouldn't want to believe it, but it's true. I have seen Grace's memories. She showed them to me while she was trying to tell me about her past. She couldn't even explain it, she just showed me the awful things she had to endure. When I found her she was emaciated, beat up and badly injured. She didn't talk for weeks, and according to what she told me, she hasn't spoken for ten years before I met her. She has been at my pack for a couple weeks, never talks and barely eats. The Grace you see now is far different from the scared Grace I found a month ago. She doesn't like meeting new people, has constant panic attacks, and gets jumpy and scared at any loud noises. She was about 15 pounds lighter than she is now, and according to the doctors, she still needs to gain more to be at a healthy weight. And if you saw all of the scars she has on her body, you would wonder how a person could have gone through so much pain and still come out as amazing as she is," I stop and stare at my mate. I stand up and move closer to her, pushing a strand of hair behind her ear,

"I am not telling this to upset you, I am telling you this because you have a right to know. You also need to know why your sister, Molly, can never be let go. When Grace wakes up, I will give her the option of telling you the full story, and you can do what you will with the information. But for right now, its not my story to tell" with that I sit back down and grab Graces hand again.

Staring at her,

willing her to be okay,

to make it through this alive.

I register her moms quiet sobs and her dads sniffling while trying to comfort his wife.

About a half an hour after my speech and her parents calmed down from the new information, they convinced me to shower in the bathroom attached to Grace's hospital room, saying they would have Cole bring me some clothes and they would go get us all some food. They insisted on the shower and eating, saying Grace wouldn't like it if I wasn't eating because I was worried about her.

And it's totally true, it would make her sad to see me sad, or anyone else for that matter. She is just too nice.

Cole came down in different clothes and he probably showered to wash away all the blood he had on himself while helping me with Grace. He hands me some clothes so I went to shower as her were parents leaving, promising to bring back with food soon. Cole said he would stay with her, while I showered. I trusted him to get me the second anything happened. I planned on a quick shower anyways.

I went to the bathroom, stripped off what was left of my dirty shorts, just putting them in the trash and jumping in the shower. I showered and washed all the dried blood off of me relatively quickly and got out.

I quickly put on the basketball shorts and white v-neck Cole brought me and walked out the door.

When I walked in the door Cole was standing looking towards the dooorway, a confused look on his face while a young girl, probably around the age of 16 stood in the doorway, tears in her eyes while she stared at Grace on the bed.

"Who are you?" I practically growled out. Not even a second later Cole growled at me and I look over to him and raised my eyebrows. Since when would Cole growl at me, for anything?

As if noticing his presence for the first time, the girl head snapped over to Cole and they both stared at each other in the eyes. She broke the stare and looked directly at me.

"I'm Adeline, and who are you? Why is my mate, in the room of my sister who has been missing for ten years?" she looks between Cole and I as she speaks, you can see the confusion written across her face.

I'm not sure how I feel about this chapter; vote if you like it and want me to keep it and comment what you think

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