

Chapter 45

*****Sam*****

I sat there for what seemed like hours.

Naked and alone.

My wolf was numb.

I couldn't feel anything.

We had lost our Mate.

Our other half.

We had nothing else to live for.

I tried to stand up but my legs wouldn't hold me up.

They felt like jelly.

I had no strength.

To do anything.

What was wrong with me?

'Our Mate is dead.' My wolf howled, so filled with agony it had tears streaming down my face.

But I didn't feel it.

I felt numb.

I looked at Jack's mangled body.

I had done that.

I had killed my own father.

I had watched as he had taken his last breath.

And all I felt was anger and pain.

I screamed all my pain pummeling my fists into my fathers carcass.

This was all his fault.

Chris was dead because of him.

I hated him.

I hated him with everything in me!

"Why? Why? Why?" I screamed over and over.

Hitting him and crying.

I didn't deserve this.

No one did.

I was covered in blood by the time someone finally stopped me.

Arms wrapped around me and I cried against them.

It was Don.

He was always there.

His hand caressed my matted hair.

But I didn't care.

Nothing could make me feel better anymore.

I slumped against him feeling tired.

"Sam, everything will be fine. Chris wouldn't want to see you like this."

Just the sound of his voice had me going into uncontrollable sobs.

My body shook at the force.

Don held on tight as he carried me bridal style inside and away from Jack and Chelsea.

I was so tired.

As he took me upstairs to my room I could hear people crying.

Crying for their long lost Alpha.

For my Mate.

For Chris.

"You need to sleep Sam, but you need to wash this off."

I couldn't talk, I couldn't open my mouth for fear the whole house would hear me crying.

"I guess I could just let you bathe while I wait outside?"

I looked at him.

His brown hair was wet from a recent shower.

But his topaz eyes are what caught my attention.

They were blood shot from crying so much.

And he had worry lines around his mouth and forehead.

He looked like he had aged years.

Of course his best friend had just died, his brother.

I cleared my throat.

"I can do it."

He nodded, giving me a slight smile before leaving me alone.

I stood under the warm water watching it wash away the blood down the drain.

Jacks blood.

My blood.

I let my tears blend in with the water.

Chris flashed through my mind.

Our first real kiss.

His smile when I said yes to him.

Or his arms wrapped around me as we slept.

His body heat as I was pressed against him.

I was hollow inside.

Empty.

I don't know what I would do with out him.

I couldnt live without him.

I wish I could just drown myself here and right now.

But Don was waiting outside.

I couldn't make him lose two friends in one day.

I turned off the water and wrapped myself in a fluffy white towel.

When I opened the door I found a sleeping Don on my bed.

He looked so young and innocent.

And tired.

Just like I was.

I held in tears as I looked through Chris's drawers and put one of his big white t shirts.

His smell engulfed me.

My wolf whimpered.

She missed him terribly.

So did I.

I couldn't wrap my head around the fact that he was gone.

He was always so strong.

And so in control.

And so.... Chris.

My heart was broken.

My wolf in pain.

My soul shattered.

I was alone.

Forever.

I couldn't feel anything.

I sat down next to Don.

I didn't want to wake him up.

He had been through so much today.

I turned off the lights and snuggled up to him.

I just needed to sleep.

I fell asleep before my head hit the pillow.

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I was sitting looking at the lake.

It was so peaceful.

I could see my reflection in the blue water.

My wolf was pure white.

My grey eyes stood out as the moonlight shone bright.

My ears twitched as I heard leaves rustle behind me.

I turned and saw Chris's black wolf.

His striking blue eyes met mine.

He rubbed against me and I shuddered.

I had missed his touch.

'Chris?' my voice cracked as I stared at him in wonder.

'Sam.' He wolf grinned as he licked my face.

I laughed as he bumped me playfully.

I jumped into the lake and splashed in the water.

We played and laughed.

I had missed him.

I went to nip at his ear when he stopped suddenly.

I paused and looked to where he was looking.

It was dark in the woods as the wind rustled the swaying trees.

Suddenly Chris started growling, blocking my way.

What was happening?

Suddenly he lunged and met head on with a rusty wolf.

Jack.

'Nooo!' I yelled.

I ran as fast as I could and tackled Jack before he could reach Chris.

He rolled a few feet away before regaining his balance.

He snarled hatred in his eyes.

He lunged at me.

But Chris got in the way.

'Nooo!' I screamed 'Not again.'

Jack's jaw connected with his neck.

They fell to the floor in a heap.

I watched as his life seeped out him again.

His blue eyes met mine.

I was crying so hard he was blurry.

'I love you.' He said as he took his last breath.

'No!' I cried as Jack started stalking towards me....

....

"Wake up Sam, wake up!" Don shook me. "It was just a nightmare. "

I opened my eyes to meet his topaz ones.

I was soaking in sweat and tears were running down my face.

"Shhh. Everything will be okay. I promise." He rocked me as I cried.

"I can't do it Don. I can't live without Chris. " I sobbed "I can't. I can't."

"You can Sam. Ill be here for you. I always will. " Don held on tightly.

I could sense his pain, his grief.

But yet all I could think about was me.

And what I had lost.

My Mate.

My soulmate.

My other half.

And now he was gone.

Forever.

How could I go on?

***** Chris*****

I opened my eyes.

I shielded my eyes from the bright sun.

I felt the sun on my skin.

The wind blowing the grass, tickling me.

Where was I?

Was I dead?

If I was I didnt expect it to be like this.

So peaceful.

The wind blew a beautiful tune to my ears.

Someone was humming.

I turned and spotted a tall tree a few feet away.

I saw a swing on a branch.

A girl swinging .

Dark hair and grey eyes.

Sam?

I walked slowly toward her.

She smiled as she saw me walking toward her.

But I couldn't smile.

Because that meant that she had died to.

Jack had succeeded.

And as much as I was glad to see Sam, I wasn't happy at what that meant.

She deserved to live happily after everything she had gone through.

But I also knew that soon after a Mate died, the other would follow.

My heart broke.

Sam deserved to live.

To be happy.

With me.

But that wasn't possible anymore.

I was dead.

But I had saved Sam in the process and would do it again.

I stopped a few feet away.

Sam continued to hum as I neared.



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