Sorrow

Damien's POV

I haven't slept in three days and it was beginning to catch up to me. The first night consisted of me pacing the length of my bedroom just contemplating life and trying to calm Stone down. In some dark part of my mind I couldn't really grasp what had happened, it was so sudden. One minute Jillian was in my arms, then the next she was gone. That's usually when my neck begins to burn on the mark.

The second night was a lot of sni ing and hugging some of Jillian's favorite sweaters, and the third night, last night, was defiantly the roughest of them all. Every little thing that Jillian had done played on constant repeat in my mind and my chest hurt with heartbreak. I was angry with myself for just leaving her alone, like what kind of idiot does that? Granted I had no idea what was going on and I wasn't given the time to contemplate my actions, but that didn't bring Jillian back, did it?

I leaned up against a tree and watched the wolves in my division begin to spar. Normally I would be yelling out critiques and ordering them to straighten up, and I should be because it was my bad guards who made Jillian get kidnapped. But I just watched, I could tell some were waiting for me to yell something random like, "Learn how to punch!" or, "If you keep using the same move your opponent will win!"

I looked up at the sky through the green leaves of the tree. The night of the attack, Oliver had been in my room sni ing and checking for all kinds of prints or tracks. Some sort of clue. We knew who might have taken her, but we couldn't just waltz into their territory and kill some people. We had to plan this out and confirm our suspicions.

Mate....Stone whimpered, lying on his side and whining. He wanted Jillian so bad, her smell, her hair, her face. Anything at this point would help him. Don't get me wrong, I yearned for her too, but not nearly as bad as he was. He was the main reason I felt these emotions anyway. He made me want to lie on the ground, curse the Moon and die.

I was in pure agony.

I didn't want to eat, I didn't want to sleep, I just wanted to find her.

But I couldn't!

Over the years I had learned to mask my emotions, it was a defense mechanism. If it seems you have no feelings then how can someone penetrate your defenses? But right now I wanted to weep, did my face show it? Most likely. Did I really care? No, not really.

I want mate so we can cuddle again. She was so so and sweet, she was perfect! I love her, and now she's gone, maybe even dead. They must be torturing her or holding her against her will! What if she dies, Damien? How will our pack survive? A second mate couldn't even compare to her! She was so beautiful, with her dark eyes and pale fur. I WANT MATE BACK!!!!Stone wailed, rolling around on his back and craning his neck with pity.

The side of my neck began to ache slightly, I knew that a er a while the mark would begin to fade. I remember how my father's did.

"Dude, you can go. I can handle this." Christian put a hand on my shoulder. I hadn't even realized that he was coming towards me. I looked at him blankly before nodding my head and moving past towards the house.

The walk down the mountain was long, but refreshing. I remembered when Jillian first went up here, she fell. I helped her get back up and reach the finish line. The way she smiled knowing that she succeeded was purely radiant. It was a shy grin, and her eyes seemed to ask for permission before her face lit up with delight. Her laugh was like music to my ears and all I wanted was to hear it again.

"Why?" I murmured to myself when I headed inside.

I had built my home when I was eighteen because I wanted to get away from the memories of the Pack House that my father built and my childhood home that was stained with both my parents blood. But right now, it just harbored all the memories I had made with Jillian in the past few weeks. Like her peanut butter ice cream that was still in the freezer. I had bought some more a er we last fought so when we made up she could have her favorite food again and love me. But she never got the chance to eat it.

I moved through the kitchen and up the stairs to my bedroom.

Our.Stone insisted , Our bedroom, us and mate's

I made a sound that no grown man should make, or admit to making, when I closed the door. Normally Jillian would be up here waiting for me, peeking behind her hair at me then giggling on how bad I smelt. But she wasn't here, and I missed her presence.

I hu ed and went to take my shower. I did not want to think about that right now.

I got in the bathroom and stripped, I stepped into the shower and turned it all the way up, so it scalded my back. Maybe I would be able to wash away the pain.

Pain. That word had so many meanings, whether it be physical or mental. Everyone experiences pain in one way or another. Maybe in an accident, or a death.

Death.

Memories flashed across my eyes, Mother, gun, red carpet, screaming, crying, father, sister, Alpha. My heartbeat faster, my mind replaying the image of my mom killing herself over and over again.

Gun raised.

Sigh.

Gun shot.

Blood everywhere.

Screaming.

Gun raised, sigh, gun shot, blood everywhere, screaming. Gun raised, sigh, gun shot, blood everywhere, screaming. Gun raised, sigh, gun shot, blood everywhere, screaming.Gun raised, sigh, gun shot, blood everywhere, screaming.Gun raised, sigh, gun shot, blood everywhere, screaming.

The water running along my body soon became a deadly shade of crimson. It was getting in my hair, under my nails. The smell was sickening. I inhaled sharply when I saw it on my hands. I moved to wipe it away frantically until I fell to the ground, tripping on the soap. My mother's blood! I was drowning in it! I couldn't get it o my skin!

I began to panic and scramble to get away from the blood. I fell back against the shower curtain, knocking down the rod with my body weight, I collapsed on my back, making the blood spray on me when I tried to regain my balance by grabbing at the shower head. The room was filled with steam and my hair fell in my eyes constricting my vision. I clawed it away when I backed up against the wall, watching the blood fall from the shower head and stain the white tile. I whimpered out loud, that was my mother's blood, I knew the smell. I first caught a whi of it when she cut herself chopping carrots, she sucked on it and she was good as new again. But this? No wolf could heal this, the amount of red in this room right now was painful. I whimpered but continued to watch, I couldn't take my eyes o it.

I blinked and it was water again. Just regular harmless water, not blood, just water. I was safe. I had broken half my bathroom, but I was safe. My heart began to calm and regain its regular pace, my breathing was slowing down and I stopped fearing hyperventilation.

I tilted my head to the ceiling to take my eyes o the shower head spewing hot water all over the room. Rolling my shoulders and groaning I looked to my le at the floor length mirror. In my reflection I saw my scared expression, wet messy hair and wild, unpredicting eyes.

Where were you?I asked myself, Why weren't you there? You could have kept her safe and she **would** be safe if you weren't such an idiot and thought that she could sleep while the rest of the pack would normally be on lock down. She could've slept when she was safe! She would be fine and none of this would have happened if you could just think and take her with you!

"Calm down" I muttered to myself while I li ed my body from the ground to clean up the mess I had made from this little episode. I turned o the water, got dressed, put the curtain back up and wiped up the water that could have seeped down to the next room if I wasn't fast enough.

A er all that cleaning I felt thirsty and hungry so I went into the kitchen to find something to eat. Stone kept on whimpering and whining and rolling all over on his back. I took a deep breathe when I looked in the fridge. Nothing looked appetizing. On a regular day I would have eaten at least one of everything, but my dark thoughts were having a negative e ect on my body.

"I can make you some soup if you want" My sister came into the room to see me aimlessly dri ing between the pantry and refrigerator.

Soup. Chicken soup, "Like how mamma made it?" on a regular day I wouldn't have called her "mamma" but like I said, this was no regular day. "Yeah, if you want" Josie leaned on the counter.

She knew about Jillian's disappearance, and she was worried, its just that Josie had a weird way of showing it. Whenever she's sad or guilty about something she had a tenancy to be extremely kind to the people around her. I had a strong feeling she felt guilty, for, she was the reason Jillian's kidnappers must have seen her in the first place. Taking Jillian to a club, just the thought of it makes me shake with anger.

"No, that's fine" my stomach knotted up thinking of Mother right now a er what happened in the shower. Josie walked over and put a hand on my cheek, "You need to sleep. You needto eat." she urged gently, "Tell me what you want and I'll make it for you while you take a nap."

But I didn't want to sleep, I wanted to keep working in Jillian's case, I wanted to find her day and night. Plus, nothing good came when I slept anyway, "You know why I can't" I put my hand on Josie's shoulder. She knew more than anyone about my night terrors, ever since mother killed herself, my subconscious would play it over and over again in my mind until I refused to sleep anymore. Jillian had made them bearable, but she wasn't here to comfort my mind when I rested. So I feared going to sleep, not knowing what would come of it.

But I was exhausted, my brain was always on something, I kept myself distracted. It was how I refrained from eating for so long. My body and brain seemed to be disconnected at this point, and somehow still depending on the other to survive. My thoughts refused to quiet and my body yearned to relax. My muscles have been tense since the night of the attack.

"Take a nap on the couch, it will do you good. If anything happens I will wake you up" Josie promised. Without much of a second thought I lumbered into the living room and flopped on the couch.

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I woke up a few hours later, I could tell for the sun was beginning to set through the window. Josie must have thrown a blanket across my chest when I had fallen asleep. I ran my hand over my face and took a deep breath, I wished I hadn't slept so long, I had to work on finding my mate. I didn't dream which was good though, but at the thought of Jillian Stone began to cry out again.

Mate. Mate! MATE!!!He was beginning to sound hoarse a er howling and barking and whimpering all the time.

Do you want to come out for a bit?I asked cautiously.

I want to die. Mate! MATE!!!!!His response wasn't any more or any less than what I should have expected. He was going to give me a headache, I felt his pain, I really did, but I needed something to drink.

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"Bourbon neat" I looked at the previous Beta, Michael. He know my order, but I still said it.

"Long day?" he inquired as he poured out my drink and handed it to me over the bar. He didn't know about Jillian, not many people did, I wanted to come to grips with it myself before I made it so public. Plus, if I felt that if I found her quickly there would be no reason to make a big deal of it. For now all who knew were the people that lived with me and Oliver, so he probably told Harley who might have said something to someone else. Werewolves were the biggest gossips, it wouldn't be a secret for long. Plus, I had to get help from my other trained soldiers to find her anyway. So far all that the Delta has come up with is a guess, but in the past Crescent Moon had its enemies. My father was brutal, and sometimes I wished he had thought about the future and not gotten into so much trouble.

"Yeah, you could say that" I took a sip of the whiskey, savoring the sweet wooden taste it le on my tongue. I was at "The Crescent" a bar on my territory that my father had co-founded with Michael. It was what he was going to do when he retired and he created it as a space where werewolves within the pack could mingle without the fear of being recognized by humans. I remember coming here a lot when I was a pup with my mother when we were running errands late into the night and we went to see dad. It was sacred ground for me, from the wooden bar stools to the sleek bar top.

"I haven't seen much of you since you found your pretty little mate, you in the doghouse or somethin'?" Michael asked chuckling. He was used to males coming in and complaining about their nagging mates. If I didn't face my problems by myself I probably would whine with them. It was shocking how much I envied them, right now I'd much rather be complaining about her than desperately missing her. I drank more. Michael took that for an answer and smirked, the blue eyes behind his circular glasses shinning with understanding. But he didn't understand like he tought he did.

Then a body slid into the stool next to me, I knew it was the Beta. "Just beer for me, pops"

"I don't know how you drink that stu . It tastes like pee smells" I commented a er Christian took a pull from his bottle. "And I don't know why you drink that stu , it tastes like forest fires" he remarked slyly. He had a point, I guess.

"Did you take wolf's bane?" Christian wondered a er a minute of studying me. "Just two drops" unlike my normal dosage of four. Stone was conked out but I had most of my senses intact. He was giving me a migraine with his constant screaming, what was I supposed to do? I motioned for Michael to keep them coming, I had finished drinking my glass. "I am not gonna carry you out of here" Christian warned.

"I'm not asking you to" I watched Michael pour me more then disappear to another wolf.

"How are you feeling? You usually don't drink this much" Christian was right, I normally would stop a er one drink then go home. "I'm not feeling too great" I shrugged and reached for the dish of pretzels that Mike had put out when I came in. I nibbled around one to make the letter "E". I observed it then popped it into my mouth.

"What's the last solid meal you ate today?" My friend asked when he saw me begin to ravenously eat the pretzels. "I don't remember" I answered, not missing a beat, "Why do you ask?"

"Josie is worried about you"

"So am I" I chuckled humorlessly. If Stone was already flipping out, in no time I would be too. Or maybe I was already, because I drank down the rest of my bourbon.

"If you need a break I can take over for a while. Go fishing or something" Christian suggested kindly.

"Fishing? Really?" I looked at him funny.

"Yeah, I heard its very therapeutic" He tipped his drink up for another swig, "Killing something, or letting it live; setting it free. It feels manly."

I rolled my eyes, smiling with amusement I looked at the bar counter, "It is tough though, being without her" I swirled the amber liquid in my glass, watching how it lapped over itself.

"Isn't this why you were so apprehensive about having a mate in the first place? Loosing her and going crazy?"

"Yeah, hopefully I won't pull a Cole Kingsley and hang myself from the exposed beams in my bedroom." All I used to feel towards my father was confused bitterness and sadness, but now I understood. But I at least had the hope of finding Jillian again, he had been trying to contact my mother for years before he bent and lost all hope himself.

I was bitter toward him because he le me and my sister alone. I had already lost my mother, then my father too? Then I was coronated as the Alpha of the pack and I could hardly shi yet. I never wanted to subject my son to that kind of pressure and fear by being cowardly and selfish.

But Jillian....her long hair and big black eyes, the smallest smile expressing the greatest amount of joy that no one could explain. Her so ness, her curves in contrast to my edges. I knew that I would willingly die for her in a heartbeat, would my pups keep me from doing so?

I knew that I couldn't ask questions like that, I haven't met my children yet and I didn't know the circumstances in which I would feel the need to commit suicide.

Would I die for her? Yes.

Would I die because of her? I have no idea.

Author's Note

Hello!

Poor Damien and Stone, this experience is shoving all their fears back into their faces. Damien is getting memories of his mother, and Stone is just facing the fact that his mate is somewhere he doesn't know.

What do you think of Damien not really telling people about her disappearance? Do you think he's making the right decision in terms to that? Is there something you agree with or disagree with on how he's handling all this?

Does anyone miss our girl, Jillian? (Me!- uh, sorry that was Stone ;)

Thank you for voting and commenting, it makes me happy to know that you are enjoying my first public story.

Love to all!

-Deanna

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