

Chapter 115 Answers

Umayza

I open up the fourth journal and I can see that this is a well-read journal, as if someone revisited a part of this journal over and over again. It starts out as the other journals, her ability manifests at the age of eight and she gets trained to find out how strong her ability is.

Meagan is capable of reliving a memory that is five years old and I think I know why someone would want to reread this over and over again, especially if you are looking for certain answers. She writes about her first assignment and what happened after she recounted the memory, making her reluctant to use her gift.

Somehow they always managed to find a High-ranking male willing to take a female with the gift as their Mate and it was no different in this case, except that she didn't want the male as her Mate. Meagan writes how her Mother came to her room to talk to her about it and that her Mother cuffed her to her bed.

Meagan was raped and forcefully marked by the male her family chose as her Mate, she was forced to keep using her ability and her Mate had raped her multiple times a day. She writes about the day that made her decide to end her life, she had been in the kitchen preparing dinner with a few others when her Mate had walked in.

He had pushed her with her face against the wall and had started to push his cock in her backdoor while everyone was still there, but no one had said a word. They had just watched as he had raped her over and over again, before he had turned her over to two Warriors that were present.

The three of them had raped her until she was unconscious from exhaustion and when she woke in the morning she found herself laying on the kitchen floor. Meagan had managed to grab a knife from the counter and had made her way up to her room, after writing about what had happened she wrote a farewell note.

I never asked for my so-called gift and I never asked for my so-called Mate. You forced this way of life on me and not once did any of you ask what I wanted. Yesterday a line was crossed and there is no coming back from that. My life ends here, my story ends here.

Not a word of love, affection or other kind emotion, she just left this world behind, she enforced her right of free will for the last time, she took back what they stole from her; her right to decide for herself and wrote the end to her own story when she took her own life.

Tears are streaming down my cheeks as Evander is holding me in his arms and Conri is running his hand up and down my back. They have no idea what I just read, but they can feel my emotions as if they are their own and I am grateful that they are by my side.

Dad asks if I want to talk about it and I tell him they are welcome to read the journal, but that I never want to hear about this female ever again. Conri takes the journal from my hands but returns it as he sees that there is writing in the back.

It is a recount from a memory she relived, but it had not made sense to her and there for she didn't mention it to anyone. When she was told what had happened to the female she had relived the memory from, she finally understood what she had relived; the gift of the single line.

Considered a myth among everyone with the gift of perception, because it would allow someone to follow a single Wolf or Lycan in the memory to the next important event. Only one other person before her had claimed to have the gift, but she was never able to proof it.

The memory she was forced to relive that ended with the death of the female was from a year earlier. Her assignment was simple, she needed to find out if the female had seen another male at that time and the memory she relived shown that there had been a male with her at that time.

But what she never revealed was that she had seen the male leave with a bag and that through the eyes of the newborn Pup in that bag she had seen them leave in the middle of the night, she even saw where the Pup had ended up. However, she never told anyone and if anyone read this part of the journal it would be too late.

Evander links the others to pull over, because he wants to know what has gotten me so upset and he will feel more at ease if there is enough protection around the SUV. Dad knows it will take too long if each of them reads it on their own, but he also knows I don't want to hear it again and he decides to leave me out of the link.

Dad grabs the journal and I can tell that he is reading it to them through the mind-link. I see different expressions cross their faces and I know when he is done reading, because everyone turns their eyes to the ground. Like me they are saying a silent prayer for the female that took her own life.

Asilda writes something on a sticky note and asks Dad to place it on the journal; Only suited for the cold hearted among us, Tragedy. I look at Asilda and shake my head, "No, not completely. Meagan had the gift of the single line; it is a part of the gift of perception.

Not everyone with the gift of perception can access the gift of the single line, but vice versa it is connected. When I relived the memory of the newborn Pup I had tapped into the single line and that is why I was able to see who saved them in the end.

In the back of her journal there is a recount of a memory she relived and she saved a very important person in our History, she saved the heir to the throne by not revealing what she had seen." I say and I know that everyone here remembers our History lessons on the royal family.

My ancestors have used their ability to gain money, but at least now I know there was one other female in my family that didn't approve of it. She saved our Royal Bloodline and to make sure she didn't have to live in hell anymore she took her own life.

Dad orders Armand and his Squad to let their Lycans out for a run and that includes my Mates as well, but they are reluctant to leave my side. Theron suggests taking runs in shifts to make sure a few of them are here, just in case Asilda's Brother returns.

I sit down on a boulder by the side of the road and as I let the contents of the journal pass through my mind I absentmindedly stroke Kane's fur. I get jolted from my thoughts when he pushes his snout between my legs and for a moment I just want to let him do whatever the hell it is he wants to do, but then I remember it isn't just the three of us.

"Kane, stop. We are not alone and.." I can't form any other words as he presses harder on my core and I actually have to jump away from him. "Kane, stop it. This is not the time for this." I growl at him and he places his head on top of mine, "But you liked it." Kane replies teasingly and I hide my face in his neck.

I love the way his fur feels beneath my hands and I pull him closer to me to enjoy it a little longer, "I love you, Kane." I whisper as I run my hands through his fur and it seems that Mylo is getting a bit jealous as he moves in behind me. I am surrounded by their soft fur and I slide one arm around Mylo's neck to pull him closer to me.

"Kane, our turn to run." Theron says through the mind-link and I hear Kane whimper softly, he doesn't want to let me go. I tell him he needs this run as much as the others did and very reluctantly he backs away from me. Mylo lies down at my feet and I can't resist the urge to snuggle into his side.

I enjoy the warmth of my Mate in his Lycan form as I start reading the next journal and it contains more of the same, it is as if most of my ancestors enjoyed ruining the lives of others. I remember reading through the information the Council had on Calliope and Wenonah and I had always thought that they were horrible in their actions.

But reading through these journals I come to the realization that they were not the only ones; I fear what the other journals will reveal about my ancestors and their crimes. I doubt if any of their employers are still alive, but maybe the Council can rectify some of the damage my family has caused.

I finish reading the journal with a sense of determination to get justice for all their victims and in my head I am already planning on how I want to do that, what I need to make amends for what my ancestors did. With the next few weeks off I will be able to make notes and hopefully correct a few wrongs.

With the journal on my lap I rest my head against Mylo and just stare up at the sky. Clouds drift by as I see a bird fly overhead every now and then, I listen to the conversations around me without actually hearing what they are saying and slowly my eyes close on their own accord.

I am barely aware of the two arms that wrap around me, I hardly notice that I am placed in the SUV and I don't feel it when Orion starts driving again as I get pulled deeper into my sleep.