

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 26 - Tips

I turn around, facing him. I can't believe he really came!

Damian is holding me tightly against him, but his silver eyes are glaring at Vincent. I notice that everyone in the plaza has reacted to his presence. A lot of people have instinctively stepped back, shapeshifting to their wolf forms or regrouping with their peers. I'm sure some people even ran from the scene right away.

But the most scared one is definitely Vincent. He doesn't dare to look up now and is obviously shaking. Honestly, I don't feel sorry for him; I'm tired of his attitude, and if Damian can finally get him to understand his place, so be it.

"What are you doing here?" I whisper.

"I couldn't sit still while you were fighting this trash. And I have a few things to settle once you're done with him..."

His ice-cold voice is definitely aimed at Vincent. Even his pack members don't seem so sure about staying close to him now, as nobody wants to have a share of Damian's wrath. But I'm not like them; I don't fear him. Instead, I'm feeling even more confident feeling my mate next to me, holding me. I glance at Vincent, too, letting him make up his mind.

He is now looking at me, but carefully avoiding Damian's piercing glare.

"We agree to your terms, but we would like to pledge allegiance to you, Nora. I promise to do as you said, and I do recognize that I have been lacking as an Alpha."

To me? I don't understand why they would obey me instead of Nathaniel. Aren't they supposed to form alliances with other Clans instead of a single person? Now it's like he is submitting his Clan to me, but I'm not sure I want to be responsible for the Jade Moon Clan... Though in this configuration, it would be more like having ownership while Vincent is managing it. When our eyes meet, I think I get it. My earlier words really did have an impact on him. Is it possible that I do have Alpha potential, as Tonia and Nathaniel thought? I exchange a look with Damian, but he just nods, his eyes still on my former Alpha. He is clear: I can do whatever I please with them. So I turn to Vincent.

"That's fine for me, then."

“All right... The Jade Moon Clan, with me, Vincent Greene, as its Alpha swears a total and willing allegiance to Nora Bluemoon. May the Moon Goddess be our witness tonight.”

A few people in the plaza applauds or whistles. Nathaniel and Damian both seem content too, and my mate gives me a swift kiss on my forehead.

“Well done, princess.”

I smile and blush, still a bit shy. I believe it's the first time Damian called me by something else than my first name... I lean my head against his chest. I'm tired, but his warmth is the best thing right now. But as he glances down, I see him frowning with an angry look all of sudden. I forgot the blood running from under my sweatshirt. I shake my head and try awkwardly to lower my sweatshirt on my thighs.

“It's okay, it's not that bad.”

But he is not listening to me, his eyes fixated on the thin trail of blood. He turns to Vincent, and his about to say something, but all of sudden both Bobo and I suddenly turn our heads in the same direction.

Alec's smell. I'm sure of it. Bobo jumps ahead of me and starts running in that direction. I only take a second to shapeshift, escaping Damian's embrace. I hear Tonia behind me.

“Nora, no! Don't!”

But I'm not listening and not stopping. Running on all fours, I'm right behind Bobo, following Alec's scent in the north-west direction. I'm sure my brother was close just a second ago— we can't lose him again. Bobo is much bigger, but I still catch up to him, proving that I'm definitely faster than most. We run side by side, chasing the same person.

I hear, or sense, other people running behind us, too, but no one is apparently able to catch up to us. We have to act fast; I can't slow down. We chase him for a long time, and enter further into the industrial area of the city, running past several warehouses. Is that where he was hiding? This is a remote area of the city, so it could make a good hide-out.

I finally spot my brother running in his wolf form ahead of me. He is a mix of light brown, white, and sand colors that I can easily recognize even in the

dark. He is fast, too, but not as fast as I am, and I'm catching up. It's only a matter of seconds now. We have arrived at the Docks area, which I am not familiar with. From what I can see, there is nothing but old warehouses on our left and the sea on our right. But if Alec keeps going North, we will end up on the Sea Moon Clan territory, and I definitely don't want to enter there, or else we will be attacked right away.

But I'm almost on him! I realize I ran ahead of Bobo and lost him, but I can't think about it now, and he can't be too far behind. He will probably catch up soon. I have to focus on catching my brother. But without warning, I suddenly see him turn around to face me.

I wasn't prepared for that, and I try to slow down as much as I can. Alec seizes the occasion right away and jumps on me. For a second, I thought he was about to attack me, but instead, he pushes me on the side with all his strength. I'm already unsteady because of my run, and I can't defend myself. In a split second, I realize what he is doing.

He just pushed me in the sea.

Alec knows I don't know how to swim.

My body brutally hits the surface, and I gulp a lot of water unwillingly. I try to paddle, but I'm disoriented by my sudden fall and the freezing water surrounding me. I can't believe he got rid of me so easily!

I have to find the surface, but I'm choking, unable to breathe. I'm panicking, trying to fight off the water blindly, desperate for air. I'm starting to feel numb and tired. A dark veil is taking over me, and my head is spinning....

Hang on!

Air! I feel myself being pulled out of the water, and I start coughing unstopably. Someone's patting my back, helping me breathe and pulling my hair out of my face. I hadn't even realized I had shifted back.

"Are you okay?"

That's the voice that was talking to me during the fight! I want to answer, but I'm drowsy and just nod while trying to catch my breath.

"It's okay, breathe. Use the mind-link to talk to me, don't waste your strength."

How do I do that? I try to formulate a clear thought, and I feel my wolf helping me somewhere in the process.

Thanks.

I feel her shapeshifting next to me before I can take a glance at her. But when I look up, I immediately recognize her creamy-white fur and her gold, mesmerizing amber eyes. I've seen this wolf before. She was the wolf accompanying Nathaniel when I went to the Jade Moon Clan a few days ago.

Don't worry, they'll be here soon. Bobo got him. Just catch your breath, your mate is coming. I gotta go. Her voice echoes in my mind.

Wait! Who are you?

I can't stay. I'm not supposed to be here. Don't worry, I'll find you again. Don't tell them you saw me. Especially not Nate.

I want to say something again, but before I do, she's gone. And I am in no condition to be able to try and catch her. I'm exhausted, and can only lie on the ground. I close my eyes to try and chase the dizziness away, but an unknown smell suddenly grabs my attention: other wolves.

I hear growling and I try to stand, but I'm way too tired. It's no good... I look up and see a bunch of unfamiliar wolves have started circling me. They appear menacing, and I'm sure they are from the Sea Moon Clan. This is really bad. I'm lying on the ground, too tired to defend myself or even return to my wolf form! A guy in his human form goes ahead of his peers with a nasty look on his face.

"Look what we got here... A pretty mermaid just landed on our docks, boys. Are you lost, sweetheart?"

I answer with a growl. He is clearly making fun of me. Gosh, why do I have to be defenseless and n***d now?! He frowns at my growl, unhappy with my response. I wish I could be more menacing than that, but even my growl shows how weak I am at the moment.

In response, all of them start growling back and come closer.

Suddenly, a large shadow flies over us, and a black wolf attacks them without warning. He pins one of them to the ground and breaks a neck in one swift

motion. All of the Sea Moon wolves take a few steps back, some getting ready to attack, some afraid. It takes me a few seconds to recognize Liam's fur, and by then, another beast comes.

He is pitch black, darker than night. Moving slowly, his fangs showing, the menacing wolf exudes the most dominating aura I've ever felt. He seems even bigger, surrounded by shadows. I gasp. All of the Sea Moon wolves are focused on his presence, obviously wary of him. No one dares to move an inch.

Damian finally reaches me, standing above my n***d body, in an obvious protective position. He is guarding me and looking straight at the man who talked to me with killer eyes. The guy gulps, his gaze switching from Damian to me back and forth. The terrified look in his eyes says it all.

"I... We didn't know, we just... wanted to check on her... It's..."

But Damian's eyes are still on him, without blinking. He is not growling or moving, but even I can feel his anger from here. Liam lets go of the neck he had his fangs in and shapeshifts. I avoid my eyes from the n***d teen in front of me.

"Hey, I thought you guys wanted to play, what's this?"

Gosh, Liam, you're having way too much fun right now...

"We don't want to cause a fight. We just came to check why intruders were approaching... And you attacked us first!" He shows his injured comrades, still laying on the ground. I can't tell if they are unconscious or dead, but the amount of blood on the asphalt is not good. Liam obviously doesn't care.

"So what? Do you want to complain? You guys should have stayed on your turf, instead of coming to take a peek at my brother's mate while she was vulnerable."

"We did not know who she was!"

But Liam shrugs. Above me, Damian lowers his head, gently pressing his muzzle against my cheek. He's worried about me. I raise my hand to lose my fingers through his fur. I'm so tired... I feel like I could fall asleep here, on the ground. I hear a car coming, and rushing steps towards us.

“Nora!”

It’s Tonia. She approaches me and covers me with a large coat. Finally! Someone who is bothered to let me out n.aked... Damian has been mostly covering me with his body, but still. He gets up, and I can hear him changing back, too. When I look up, he only has a pair of jeans on despite the cold, so I can see his bare torso... I never noticed how muscular he is. I look away, though I’m probably too cold to blush now anyway.

Suddenly, I feel strong arms pulling me up, and Damian is carrying me. It’s a bit embarrassing, being carried like a princess against his chest when I’m wearing nothing but a coat! And in the middle of a territory dispute, to boot. I’m soaked, tired, and I probably stink more than I can smell.

“Can’t we just go home already?” I ask.

Liam turns to me with a pout, visibly annoyed that I’m ruining his fun. But Damian doesn’t care. He turns back without a care for the dozen hostile wolves behind him and heads for the car, Tonia following closely behind us.

“What about Alec?” I ask.

“Bobo got him, don’t worry.”

Behind us, I hear Liam growling. He and the Sea Moon Wolves haven’t moved. But we reach the car, Damian sits at the back, still keeping me in his arms.

“Liam!”

The youngest Black brother can’t disobey, but he still gives a glare to the guy.

“Next time, guys.”

He runs quickly to join us and finally sits in the car while Tonia drives. I notice a few wolves outside that must have come with them, but they all quickly disperse as soon as the car starts. I try looking for the creamy white wolf from earlier, but I don’t recognize anyone.

“What about Nathaniel?” I ask.

“He stayed behind to take care of things with the Jade Moon Clan.”

I nod. Why didn't she want him to know her presence? I assumed she was from the Velvet Moon Clan, but it seems more complicated than that... And how could she mind-link with me? She is not from the Jade Moon Clan, and aside from that, only relatives or bonded mates can do such a thing.

Tonia put the heater on, and I'm starting to feel much hotter already. With head resting against Damian's shoulder, I feel his fingers gently running through my hair, and his other hand around my waist, holding me. What a day...

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Unlike I thought, I couldn't fall asleep in the car. I don't know what kept me awake, despite the long trip and my exhaustion. For a while, I just stared at Liam's silhouette against the window and the city's nightlife behind him. Tonia had some jazz music on the radio, not too loud, though. I wondered if this was her car.

Sitting on Damian's lap, I could feel his hands gently brushing my hair. Gosh, I always feel so safe whenever I am in his embrace. I'm cold, soaked, and exhausted, yet I am content being there. What happened in just a few hours seems crazy...

"You okay?" Asks Damian

"Yeah, just tired.... What about Alec?"

"We caught him. Bobo is taking him to one of our houses as we speak."

"Are we heading there?"

I want to settle things with my brother now. After selling me, and trying to kill me twice, I think it is high time we have a little conversation...

But Tonia stops me in my reflections.

"No, we are not. We are headed to the hospital. Nora, in case you haven't noticed, you are bleeding."

"Well, I know, but I figured I would just... heal."

"I meant you are still bleeding."

I realize Tonia's tone was a bit worrying for a reason. I check the cut on my thigh, and it is indeed still leaking a bit of fresh blood. And it stings, thanks to the seawater. It may be deep, but I thought my wolf would have taken care of that by now! Why am I not healing?

...Can't do that.

What do you mean we can't do that? I ask my wolf mentally. How come we can't do that? Any werewolf is supposed to do that! That's part of the checklist: Shapeshifting, enhanced sense of smell, mind-linking, night vision, and healing fast! Why don't we?

While I'm trying to get my wolf to talk, Damian lifts a bit of the coat, too, checking my injury with a frown. I bite my lip. Okay, this deep cut is worrying. Liam is looking, too, a bit curious. But that is only until realizing that this is still my bare leg, and thus, his brother is giving him the glare. He quickly looks away, but I'm pretty sure he is blushing. Sorry, Liam.

"Why aren't you healing?" Asks Damian.

"I wish I knew... I thought I would heal like any werewolf now that my wolf is fully awakened, but... I don't get it. Maybe it's the salt from the seawater?"

"You're not a bad spirit, Nora, salt doesn't affect werewolves..." sighs Liam.

"Maybe a witch's curse, then?"

"You mean the ones that our father would be stupid enough to keep living in a city full of werewolves instead of exterminating them...?"

I feel Damian stiffen all of sudden, but Liam apparently doesn't notice it. I knew about their father having chased all vampires and witches out of Silver City years ago— that's not a secret for anyone. He made sure it was rather... blatant. Is it the mention of their father that makes him react...?

"Liam's right, I don't think we have any witches left in the area, and anyway, I don't see why a witch would have anything against you. You were under the radar until a few days ago," says Tonia.

Well, I don't have any other idea. I keep looking at my cut, disturbed, but Damian puts his hand on it, slowing the bleeding. I sigh and rest my head on his shoulder once again. He presses his lips against my forehead gently.

“It’s okay, we’re almost there, baby girl.”

“Thanks, Tonia, but... I don’t get it. Why don’t I heal? There is already too much going on with my brother and all that mystery surrounding my birth, and now this...”

Nobody answers, but I feel Damian tensing up. I should have known. If it appears that I am really unable to heal myself, my already very protective mate will probably not like it at all... We finally arrive at the hospital, but no VIP room this time. Damian carries me straight to the ER, and an old lady doctor comes to examine me. She is tall, very thin, and wears her long white hair in two braided buns. She seems acquainted with Tonia, judging how they are openly conversing about my injuries and sharing her notes. Apparently, other than my obvious cuts, I have a broken rib and a few bruises, but that’s it. After a few stitches and the bandaging, I’m only left with some swelling and a blood transfusion.

Liam gives me a wink. “Not bad for a first battle.”

“Nana, any idea why Nora isn’t able to heal herself?” Tonia asks the doctor.

Wait, what? Does this mean this woman is actually Bobo and Tonia’s grandmother? She does look a bit like the siblings now that I think about it... She has the same honey-colored skin and Bobo’s greenish eyes. Well, that would explain how Tonia knows so much medical stuff.

“I don’t know, sweetie. This is the first time I’m seeing such a thing. Well, you are healing a bit faster than a human, to be honest, but a werewolf would already be healed by now.”

“Then what is it? Maybe a spell?”

But the doctor rolls her eyes at Tonia. “What’s with those stupid ideas? There is no witchcraft that can make it so that a werewolf can’t heal herself. Trust me, I know enough about black and white magic to know this has nothing to do with it.”

I’m even more curious now. Their grandmother seems to be even acquainted with magic, how cool is that? But she just smiles at me and shows my banded injury with a comforting smile.

“It’s going to be okay. You just have to bear it the human way.”

“I can do that. It’s not like this is my first time...”

Liam smiles, but his brother is clearly not happy about it. He’s stayed silent since the doctor came and was next to me for the whole examination, but I’m starting to think it might have been better for him to stay outside. He reacts so negatively each time I’m wounded...

We exchange a look, and he suddenly exits the room without a word. Tonia’s grandma watches him go, but she clearly isn’t affected by his Alpha aura.

She is not one of us. Whispers my wolf.

Oh, that certainly explains it. I wonder how she got werewolves grandchildren then? After all, she still seems to know quite a lot about werewolf specifics.

“He probably just went to call Nate or Neal,” explains Liam.

I nod and turn to Tonia and her grandmother.

“All right, can I go now, doctor? I have spent enough time in the hospital as it is, recently.”

“Oh, you can call me Nana or Granny Adriana, sweetie. And yes, just finish up this transfusion and then you’re free to go. But you should rest tonight, and make sure you eat enough, okay? You’re still too thin. Antonia, tell your brothers they have to come to see their old Nana sometime.”

Granny Adriana gives us a smile and exits the room. Liam and I turn to Tonia with the same smirk.

“Antonia?” I tease.

“Oh, shut up, you two. I hate my first name,” she grumbles.

About an hour later, I finally exit the hospital. It is completely dark outside, but Damian carries me straight to the car despite my protest. I insist on going to see my brother, but the three of them are against it.

“You need to go home and rest, baby girl, you heard Nana. And your brother can wait.”

“Don’t worry, Bobo and Nate are watching him. He’s not going anywhere,” says Liam.

Damian doesn't say a thing, but he clearly agrees with them. He's barely said a word since the hospital. I wonder what he is thinking. But to be honest, I'm too tired for any deep thinking right now.

Once we finally reach the apartment, Damian carries me all the way to my bathroom before exiting to take a call. I can finally take the hot shower I dreamed about on the way. It was high time, because I really do stink after the battle and that short swim. Tonia comes in to help me wash my hair, since I'm too tired to stand after all that. I really have to work on improving my stamina.

When I'm done, I finally feel clean in my blue pajamas. I arrange my hair in a low bun for the night and prepare myself to sleep, when Tonia comes back carrying a tray with a three-course meal on it. I frown.

"No, don't you say you don't want it," warns Tonia. "If you do, I can call the Boss and have him spoon feed you like a baby."

I can't really say anything after that, so I let her put it in front of me on the bed. Well, it does look good. Vol Au vent, pesto pasta, and even an almond cake for dessert. I bet this came straight from Nathaniel's restaurant.

I start eating under Tonia's close surveillance. We don't really talk since she is busy texting someone and I'm lost in my own thinking. I haven't forgotten about the she-wolf that helped me during my fight and pulled me out of the water. Seeing how she called him "Nate", I guess she is related to the second brother somehow. But then why wouldn't she want him to know she was there? He didn't seem to have anything to say when she was with us at the Jade Moon territory... I wish I knew her human form or had seen her Clan marking. She said we would meet again soon, but how? I don't even know her name!

"Nora?"

Damian came back to the room, followed by Liam. Apparently, I'm not the only one that showered: The youngest brother also smells like soap. Damian, however, is still wearing his jeans tainted with my blood. I'm not done eating, so he sits in front of me on the bed while Liam walks to the window, standing next to Tonia with his arms crossed.

Damian's silver eyes are glowing in a scary manner, and I'm instantly worried. Did something bad happen?

“What is it?”

“Why does Bobo say that your brother is the guy that attacked you?”

Oh, crap.

I forgot about that. I didn't even think Bobo would be able to identify him, considering how it was raining that day, but he did chase after Alec and hurt him. He must have identified him then, and that also explains how he recognized his scent as quickly as I did earlier today. I bite my lip. Damian looks really angry, and Tonia is staring at me with wide eyes, too. I put my fork down. How do I handle this now?

“Nora!”

“Don't yell at me! Yes, Alec is the one that tried to kill me.”

They all look at me, shocked.

“I thought that Marcus guy was the one!” Yells Tonia.

“No, the guy you saw that night in the alley was Alec.”

“But I thought you only wanted to find your brother to ask him about your birth thing?” Says Liam.

“Yes, that, too. But Alec does hate me, and yes, he tried to kill me.”

Twice, actually, but they don't need to know that. Gosh, Damian looks furious. I feel bad for not telling them the truth from the start, but I'm a hundred percent sure he would have killed him on the spot if he knew everything.

“I knew something was odd about your brother,” exclaims Liam. “When we were at the Jade Moon Clan that day, your former Alpha and that weakling girl did mention he had been wronging you. And you said he lied, too.”

“No wonder he wanted to avoid us so badly now,” says Tonia.

The only one that remains silent is Damian, despite his fuming eyes still on me. I try to reach for his hand, but he gets up. Both of his fists are clenched.

“Damian, say something, please.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because I didn’t want you to get mad at him.”

“Now, really?”

Okay, I do realize it is way too late now. He is obviously furious, and mad at me, too. I sigh, trying to find my words.

“Damian, I need to solve things with my brother. Yes, Alec hates me, and he tried to k!!! me. But that is my problem, okay? I need to talk to him and solve things with him. And I can’t do that if you k!!! him first!”

“I want to k!!! him, Nora! I don’t give a damn about him being your brother! I’ll s*****r anyone who touches you, and he fvcking*g tried to k!!! you! You would be dead if it wasn’t for Tonia and Bobo! You lost your voice, and you were in a coma for days! How do you think I felt after I finally found you and yet I had to watch you while you were unconscious in a hospital bed day after day?!”

“I am mad, too! How do you think I feel after my own brother tried to strangle me? Damian, for the last ten years there wasn’t a single day Alec was nice to me! He was the worst! But he is still my only bl00d relative left, and I need to know why he is like this! I’m not protecting him, I just want to face him myself! Damian, I need you to let me do this!”

He stays silent, and I can tell he is seriously thinking right now. Gosh, why do we always end up yelling somehow? I’m even more exhausted now. And in front of Liam and Tonia, too, though they both seem concerned.

I get up and grab Damian’s arm. He ignores me, but I still hold his hand and look at him.

“Damian, please. Alec’s attltude changed after my parents’ death, and I need to know why. He is the only want that can help me know why my birth was kept a secret. After I talk things through with him, I promise he will be out of my life.”

He stays silent for a while, then turns to me, with his ice-cold eyes.

“That’s why you didn’t want me to hurt him.”

“Yes. You promised me, Damian.”

“That was before I knew he tried to k!ll you!”

“Damian!”

He can't go back on his promise now! We both glare at each other for a long time. I'm not going to let him touch Alec. Then, I see his eyes shift slightly, and he points my scar.

“Is he the one that did this?”

“What? No, Alec has nothing to do with my scar, I swear.”

I'm telling the truth this time, and I really hope he will believe me. He keeps staring at my scar, and I hate it. He usually ignores it, so why is he curious about it now? I tighten my grip on his hand, seeing how conflicted he is. Can't he stay here with me? I just want to go to bed, sleep in his embrace again, and forget about all this for a few hours.

But the anger in his eyes is not reducing in the slightest. I bite my lip.

“Damian, please. You promised me you won't hurt him.”

He looks at me again, and all of sudden leans in to kiss my forehead, before storming out. I stay there, completely blank. Where did he go now?!

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After Damian's departure, I turn to the others, but a long silence follows for a while.

“Don't worry,” says Liam, “my brother never breaks a promise.”

I wouldn't be so sure about that. He looked really, really angry. What do I do? I turn to Tonia, worried. What if he really kills Alec? I need him to talk! After staring for a while, she rolls her eyes and takes out her phone.

“All right, I'll call Neal. But I can't guarantee the Boss will listen, Nora.”

I nod, biting my lip anxiously. It's better than doing nothing... I haven't met Neal yet, but seeing how mad he was just now, I doubt even Nathaniel will be

able to stop him if he really decided to kill Alec. I just need to talk to my brother. Why do I have to worry that Damian will actually slice him or something?

Tonia exits the room to call her brother, and I sit back on the bed, exhausted by all this tension. Liam comes to sit with me, pushing the tray towards me so I can finish eating.

“Your brother is a real piece of sh!t.”

“He wasn’t always like that... When we were kids he was nice to me. My mother never really liked me, but Alec and my dad did. He changed when she died.”

“Do you have any idea why?”

I shake my head and finish eating my pasta while thinking. Why, indeed? This is the biggest mystery so far. How did my brother come to hate me overnight?

“He said something like it’s my fault we are orphans.”

“About your parents’ death? But you said it’s just your mom that went nuts. How could it be your fault? The police report Nate found was the same.”

I sigh. I really don’t understand either. I was there when our parents died, and that was the most horrifying thing I ever saw. Alec was there, too, we both saw the same thing. So why does it feel like I’m the one missing a piece of the puzzle?

Liam takes a piece of my cake, frowning. He really looks a lot like Damian when he does that. The three brothers really look a lot like each other despite their different personalities. Nathaniel is the only one who is blonde, but he has blue-grey eyes like Liam and is about the same size as Damian. Liam is obviously younger, and of a smaller build, but he will probably catch up in the future.

He notices I’m observing him and frowns again.

“What? Is it because I took your cake?”

I laugh a bit and shake my head. Liam can be really childish sometimes, despite being almost my age.

“No, I was just thinking. You guys are close.”

He shrugs. “We had to. Our father was... He never gave a damn about us. He was obsessed with his Alpha stuff and never cared about his family. The only one he ever cared about was his mate, our mom, but he changed a lot after suddenly becoming the Alpha. He did nothing but work, and he didn’t care for anything else anymore. And Mom... Our mom was sick for as long as I remember, but she loved us. She was the best.”

Looks like Liam was really fond of their mother... I wonder what she looked like. Did they take after her? As for me, I didn’t resemble my mother, nor did I ever felt close to her... She clearly always preferred Alec, but she wasn’t cold to me either. Liam takes a new piece of the cake and keeps talking while eating.

“We took it hard when she died... But the worst was our father; he got even more violent. Her death really made him snap.”

I frown and get closer. I know that look in Liam’s eyes. I know it all too well. Could it be...?

“He beat you?” I ask softly

He nods, avoiding my eyes. “He beat anyone... any reason was good. But Damian and Nate took most of the hits. They always protected me because I was younger. But that just made him even madder. Life with our father was hell. Damian stood up to him every day, and even his Beta couldn’t stand him. He fought with anyone like some mad dog. He always was crazy about gaining more territory, kllling vampires, even fighting other clans...”

I didn’t know that. Back when I was young, the former Blood Moon Alpha was famous for being ruthless and extremely violent, but I never imagined he was even abusing his own children. I remember how people even respected him a lot for chasing the vampires out of Silver City, years ago. But I guess none of them knew what kind of man he really was... No wonder Damian got as strong and fierce as he is today if he had to face this kind of monster since they were young. Liam growls and turns his head to me with a frown.

“Honestly Nora, if your brother is the same kind of bastard as my father was...” He sighs and shakes his head with a disgusted face.

I know. I think I finally understand Damian's anger towards my brother. And he experienced all of my hardships through our bond, too... He can't ignore it so easily. Who would have thought our families had so many similarities?

I finish eating with Liam's help. Apparently, he and Tonia will sleep in the apartment tonight. I wonder if Bobo is guarding my brother with Nathaniel. It's a bit weird to not see that big brown wolf following me everywhere tonight. I guess I got used to his presence.

Despite my exhaustion, I have an agitated sleep that night. I have nightmares about drowning, Alec hitting me, and a young black-haired boy crying. Images of everything that happened today keep coming, more vivid and intense. When I wake up in a cold sweat, I am trembling and feeling almost more tired than I was before going to sleep. It is about five in the morning, and still dark outside.

I know I won't be able to go back to sleep. I used to have such nights back in the basement, so it's nothing new to me. Instead, I decide to get up and head for my bathroom. I check my injuries while dressing up. Thank Moon Goddess it does look a lot better than yesterday. I decide to leave my hair as it is after brushing it quickly and put a sweater on since I'm still feeling chilly. Fully awake, I head to the kitchen as silently as possible.

However, I didn't expect to find Damian there.

His dark silhouette is standing still, facing the large window with a cup of what smells like dark coffee in hand. He changed clothes and even shaved properly. Upon seeing me entering, he frowns and walks up to me.

"Nora? Why are you up at this hour?"

"I could ask you the same thing. When did you come back?"

He sighs and puts his cup down to embrace me. Gosh, it's only been a few hours and I already missed being in his arms... It seems like his anger has dissipated. The question is how...?

"Half an hour ago. Don't worry, I didn't go to kill your brother. Neal called me on the way. He convinced me not to. So, I went to the company's office to work instead."

So he just went to work? In the middle of the night? I hope nobody was around to receive his anger on the way to his office... I need to thank Tonia's older brother later. I wonder what kind of Beta he is, but obviously, he knows how to handle Damian fairly well.

"To work? You didn't sleep?" I ask.

"I did, about three hours. I have a private loft above my office."

Of course, he does... I don't even want to try thinking about how rich he must be. The less I know, the better, for now at least.

He puts his hand on my cheek, examining me despite the darkness. I must look tired. It's a bit embarrassing.

"How are you?"

"I'm okay. I just couldn't sleep..."

All of sudden, he lifts me up to have me sit on the kitchen counter, facing him. He is still taller than me, so I have to look up. Standing so close to each other like this, with him between my legs, is kind of embarrassing. But he doesn't seem to care. Instead, he keeps his hands on my waist and lands a soft kiss on my forehead. Then, he retreats to look at me in the eye, with a serious expression.

"Are you worried? About facing your brother?"

I just nod, biting my lip anxiously. I have to admit I am. It's not like we will be thrilled to see each other... And we will have to discuss some really, really painful memories.

"I hope I will get the answers I'm looking for. It kills me to be in the dark, not knowing why Alec resents me so much, why he hated me all this time... Why he hurt me so. I just... I don't know how I can find the strength to face him after everything that happened."

He gently brushes my hair and leans to gently kiss my neck. I shiver slightly, but his lips keep going, flying like butterflies from my neck to my jawline, to my cheek, before he finally takes my lips for a sweet, long kiss. I answer his kiss, and a small fire ignites inside. Whenever Damian touches me, it's like the most natural thing in the world. All of my anxiety goes away, replaced by

this instinctive desire for my mate. Yet, I don't want to let go of my human self, a bit shy and clumsy. I place my hands around his neck, looking to gather some self-confidence I don't have. It's like Damian is passing some of his strength to me, and when our lips part, I feel a lot better already.

He looks into my eyes and whispers, "Nora, I won't let him do anything to you anymore. Don't worry. I swear, I won't let anyone touch you, hurt you, ever again."

I smile to him and put my hand on his cheek.

I love this man.

I don't know when I truly came to realize it, and I don't really care. I just know I do. The way he is so dangerous, yet so protective of those who matter to him. The way his silver eyes look at me as if he could capture me. His warmth, the feeling of his skin against mine, and the ways he kisses me, so forceful yet so tender. It feels so dangerous, so wild, yet so right. It's like I'm a different person, a version of myself I had yet to reveal. Being with Damian can be scary at times, but I still find myself wanting more.

Like this, when I lean to kiss him, despite blushing like crazy. It's thrilling, and I feel a bit proud, being able to show my feelings, too. He smiles softly, obviously pleased by my boldness. But then he is the one to kiss me again,

"Oh please, can't you guys get a room?"

I jump, surprised by Liam's voice. Why can't anyone sleep at this hour?

He is looking at us with a disgusted face, with only his pants on and his hair all messy. Damian sighs and retreats, leaving his hands around me but still watching his brother's moves. Actually, Liam ignores us and walks to the fridge, with a grumpy face, scratching his bare stomach. But he frowns after a while and turns to me.

"Nora, you guys don't have anything ready to eat here? I'm starving!"

Now that I think about it, I didn't see him have dinner yesterday, aside from my almond cake he ate on his own. I don't know who usually cooks for him, considering that he lives downstairs, but he is obviously clueless while looking at the fridge's content. Damian sighs and lets me get down of the counter.

“I’ll make something if you can wait a bit.”

“Yes!”

He makes a winning gesture with his fist, and I just roll my eyes. I guess it’s okay to cook breakfast at 5 AM if everyone is up anyway.... Tonia is still sleeping, but she will probably get up sometime soon, considering she’s a morning person.

Turns out I was right. An hour later, the four of us are seating around the table, having breakfast while it’s still totally dark outside.

Tonia turned to Liam as I was serving orange juice. “What about the school, kid?”

He rolled his eyes and was about to say something, but then his eyes crossed those of his brother. In a split second, the two of them exchanged a look, though they didn’t say a thing. Liam sighed, and his attitude while answering to Tonia changed. “I... I’m going. After breakfast.”

I can’t help but smile. Apparently, Liam can be cheeky with others, but he won’t risk it in front of his older brothers... I already noticed it before with Nathaniel. He sighs, but Damian is just quietly enjoying his coffee. Now, Tonia is smirking while Liam is frowning at his breakfast.

I start drinking tea, absorbed by the first rays of sunlight throwing orange and pink shades into the sky outside. Now that I think of it, we are in the 1st of December. It’s already been more than two months since I met Damian, his brothers, and the siblings. My life really did change a lot in just a few weeks. So much, it’s almost unbelievable. I still feel like I could wake up at any moment, finding myself back in the basement and realizing this was all just a dream.

“What are you thinking about?”

Damian caught me daydreaming, and I blush a bit.

“Not much... When are we going?”

“It’s up to you, princess!”

I turn around. Nathaniel just arrived, looking very proper as usual. He walks up to us and helps himself with the coffee. Judging from the large cup, he probably didn't get much sleep either.

"What about Alec?" I ask.

I was almost prepared to see him followed by my brother, maybe even Bobo, but he came alone. Now that I think about it, I didn't see them catching Alec at all. I hope he didn't fight and hurt someone. Though if Bobo was the one to catch him, I doubt he did anything bad to the big wolf...

"It's okay. He's under tight surveillance and all ears for your questions."

I frown. I don't like the way he said this. He might be smiling but I still don't really believe it, not with his choice of words. I turn to Damian, hoping he did respect his promise, but this time, he is ignoring me and eating his breakfast without any expression. I put my cup back and get up to face Nathaniel.

"Okay, let's go see him now, then."

Nathaniel nods.

About twenty minutes later, the four of us are in the familiar white car that I assume to be Nathaniel's, since he is driving instead of Tonia. Liam stayed home to finish his breakfast before going to school. While in the car, I feel the anxiousness rise again. I turn to Damian, but he is just looking at his phone, his hand on mine. It looks like he is reading emails, probably working.

I try thinking about something else instead. Looking at Nathaniel in the mirror, I suddenly remember the she-wolf from yesterday. She mentioned him specifically, even referring to him as "Nate". Aside from Liam, no one seems to call him that.

Now that I'm reminiscing about her... something does feel familiar. No, it smells familiar! It's her smell, I'm sure of it. So why can I smell it all over Nathaniel's car...?

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 29 - Tips

It's a bit disturbing, actually. I can smell Tonia and Damian, of course, but aside from Nathaniel's smell, which obviously dominates, I'm sure I recognize that she-wolf smell... Doesn't that mean she comes in here often? But if she's

close to Nathaniel, why would she hide from him that she actually intervened yesterday night and saved me...? I don't really get what could be between those two.

Moreover, her relationship with Nathaniel aside, I still have to understand how she got to mind-link with me. That was my first time experiencing it for real, and it felt so natural, so clear. I wish I could hear her voice again. She said she would find me. How? She sounded confident, but I'm guarded non-stop by either Damian and his brothers or Tonia and Bobo. Is she okay contacting me with them around? Will she?

While I'm lost in my thoughts, the car finally stops in front of a large, modern-looking company building. Looks like we've arrived. For some reason, I was expecting something more secluded, like a warehouse or a cabin.

Damian opens the door for me and takes my hand to guide me in the building. There's even a middle-aged doorman, and he politely inclines when the brothers walk in. He's not a werewolf though, is he? The building looks pretty normal, against all my expectations. Once we come in, there is even a lobby, and two ladies welcome us from behind the reception desk. Gosh, this is a bit intimidating... Isn't this an office building? I'm glad I dressed properly. I'm wearing a white sweater and a pair of dark jeans, but I wish I had put heels on instead of my sneakers... Well, Tonia is wearing a jean overall and her usual sports b*a, so I guess it's okay.

There are a lot of office workers despite the early hour, but nobody really pays attention to us. Damian leads me to an elevator and some people that were about to enter actually step aside as soon as they see him, to let us through. Why does everybody turn so silent as soon as they notice Damian? It's like he's some royalty; a lot of people turn around or politely salute him wherever we go. Even as the elevator stops at several floors before ours, some office workers that were obviously waiting for it don't dare to enter and ignore it as soon as they see the brothers. It's a bit embarrassing. But Nathaniel and Tonia don't say a thing, and Damian still hasn't let go of my hand, caressing it with his thumb.

"Is this your office building?" I ask.

"One of them," answers Nathaniel. "Damian works at the headquarters, but here is just a secondary office. We have a dozen like this across the city."

I don't really grasp the difference between the two, but I have my answer. I should really start learning more about the Black Brothers' businesses. I hate feeling so clueless like this. When we reach the eighteenth floor, which seems almost empty, Nathaniel guides us through several corridors, until we finally enter a large meeting room.

As soon as I enter, I gasp. It's reeking of blood here! I cover up my mouth, feeling immediately disgusted by the smell. But I have more things to be concerned about.

The room is actually empty, except for chairs. There are three people already present. A large and tall guy, with tanned skin like Tonia, is leaning against a wall with a nonchalant look, playing with a knife. His hair is completely shaved, he has a ring piercing on his eyebrow, and with his black costume, he looks like the protagonist of some spy action movie. He salutes Damian as soon as we enter the room. "Hello, Boss."

Is that Neal? Probably, he looks a lot like Tonia and older. Plus, Bobo is there, too, in his wolf form as always, sitting in a corner of the room. He sees us come in but doesn't move. Neal walks up to us and very politely salutes Damian, but I don't care.

All I can see is Alec, sat up in a chair in the middle of the room, looking like he just came back from hell.

That's not exaggerating. He has a lot of blood on his face and his clothes. As I thought back at the mall, he's definitely a lot thinner than before. His upper lip and one of his eyebrows have large cuts that are still open and bleeding, and he has a black eye. His shirt is ripped open, and his chest shows contusions and large lacerations. He's a total wreck. They even actually put a large plastic cover under his chair so all the blood wouldn't stain the floor!

"You promised not to hurt him!" I yell, furious.

I want to run to Alec, check him, but Damian holds me firmly. I glare at him, but he won't let my hand go.

"Oh, he didn't," says Nathaniel.

I stop and turn to face him. The second brother is smiling at me with a look I don't like at all. He walks up in front, and he and Neal both raise hands.

“We did, princess. You can be mad at us, but we didn’t promise anything.”

Who are they kidding?! They just took advantage of my own words! I glare at both of them, furious, but they obviously don’t care. Neal has a blank expression and Nathaniel keeps his annoying smile. They act like this is some funny joke, but I’m miles from being amused right now!

“Stop laughing! I didn’t want you to hurt him!”

Neal rolls his eyes. “Oh, please. We were already nice, considering what he did to you and how much he struggled. If it wasn’t for you, this would be settled already.”

I know what he means by “settled”, but I’m not scared by them. I’m too mad right now. They are telling me they didn’t k!!! Alec for my sake? How is that supposed to be a proper explanation?! But before I can say a thing, a laugh starts from behind them.

All eyes turn to Alec. My brother is laughing like a mad man while looking at me. “There she is... My precious little sister! What now, huh, Nora? You want to finish the job and k!!! me? You must have wished for this all these years...”

Is that really my brother?

I look at him, disgusted. He has that crazy look in his eyes, in the way he stares at me that makes me really uncomfortable. But I can’t step back now. I’m done being intimidated by him or his words.

“Enough with this, Alec. I never wanted you dead.”

He scoffs and suddenly stops laughing. “Too bad. Because I want you dead.”

Damian immediately starts growling loudly while heading towards him, looking furious. I try to hold him, but it’s actually Neal that comes and stands between Alec and him. They struggle a few seconds, but with me and Neal holding him back, he eases up a little. Tonia is growling, too, less loudly, and Nathaniel is just staring at Alec like he’s observing some science experiment subject. Bobo stood up, too, and starts walking in circles around Alec. I know he’s ready to attack and k!!! him at any moment, though he doesn’t look agitated at all.

With nobody actually stopping him, Alec keeps talking.

“Mom should have just killed you in the first place. Too bad she missed!”

“Stop talking like this!”

“Why? You don’t like it? But it’s the truth, isn’t it?”

“No. Mom was sick, she...”

“YOU MADE HER SICK IN THE FIRST PLACE!” He suddenly yells.

I don’t get it! What do I have to do with our mother’s sickness and our parents’ death? Why is it always about me for Alec? How is it my fault? I was seven! I remember way too vividly what happened, and I had nothing to do with it!

I remember it all too well.

It was the end of November, ten years ago.

I had noticed that my mother had started acting strangely for months already. From when I was young, she had always been a very calm and discreet woman. I don’t think we had many visitors, so her whole life revolved around her father and us. She took care of the house, watched us, and never worked. Dad was the one always away for work, for days sometimes. I suppose that had to do with the pack, though I don’t really remember it.

Our mother never seemed unhappy, but she was clearly the happiest whenever Dad was home. I don’t think that she didn’t like us, but somehow, she was never a very loving and caring mother. It seemed more like a job, a mission she had been assigned on since we were born. Alec was the one always looking for a mother’s warmth, while I was okay with her passive attitude. She never really scolded us or got angry with us. Although she kept asking dad to have more children with him, I always wondered why, since she didn’t really seem cut for motherhood. Maybe it was just her way of having his attention. All she wanted was for our dad to be with her, look at her. When he was, it was like her whole world illuminated. The whole house was much happier then.

She was a pretty woman, with her long brown hair and dark eyes, but she was like a lifeless doll unless our dad was here. She would always make herself very pretty and tell us to behave when he was to come back to our house. They were the best days for everyone, as dad was home and mom was nice and happy.

As time passed, it somehow got worse.

She kept ignoring Alec and me, and always looked for my dad. Mother paid less and less attention to us, while she always wondered how to look prettier for him. It got to a point where she couldn't stand him being away. Sometimes, when he was away for work, she just sat and blankly looked outside the window for hours, not hearing a thing around her. She could get confused about what time it was, or the date of the day. She asked where our father was a hundred times a day, and only talked about him. As kids, it was complicated to live like that, but Alec and I somehow got used to it. We just looked after her and talked to her when we felt she needed it. I thought it was fine that way, but I was just a child then. I had no idea how bad it could go.

On that day, it snowed for the first time of the year, so I got home all happy.

I loved the snow back then because snow kept dad home.

I don't remember where I was earlier. I think I was with a friend... I can't really remember. I just remember how I played in the snow on the way home, jumping around and leaving my little boot footprints on the white coating of powder

But as I walked closer to our house, I started hearing terrible screams. I recognized my mother's voice right away and started running to our house. I had no idea what was going on; I was just worried about my mother. I pushed our front door and followed where the screams came from, completely panicked. When I entered the room, my parents were there, loudly fighting and struggling. Mom, her hair all over the place, had a large kitchen knife in her hands and kept trying to stab my father with it. Dad was holding her wrists, yelling at her to calm down. Alec was there too, crying, trying to hold her back and begging her to stop. It was the most terrifying thing ever. I had no idea what was going on. Dad was yelling. Mom was screaming, tears running down her face. She looked crazy and... desperate.

I wanted to run away. But I was so scared something bad would happen to my dad, I went toward the scene instead. I didn't even make it all the way. A slashing sound and blood covered my favorite white coat. I saw my father's chest cut open, and his eyes wide open in surprise. His knees gave away, and he fell on his side, right next to me. I remember how my eyes slowly turned down to him. His were looking straight at me.

He muttered my name very slowly like he just realized I was standing there. For a second, the scene froze. My mother's yelling stopped, and she looked at me, in shock. I thought it would stop, that she would realize what she had done.

The next second, a silver flash, and the left side of my face suddenly started hurting like hell. My vision went completely red. I saw my mother branding the knife one more time, and the thought that I was going to die struck me.

But a dark silhouette suddenly came over me, and I was pinned to the ground as my head hit hard against the floor. I cried from the pain, but the fear was even worse.

Because the thing covering me was moving, I couldn't see a thing and I heard my dad's breathing next to my ear. Mom's screams started again, and more slashings sounds came as the body over me blanched over and over again.

I was so scared. The side of my face hurt, and I could hear terrifying sounds, yet I was blind. My mother kept screaming, and Alec kept crying loudly. It seemed to last for hours.

I heard my father's breathing stop right before I fainted.

His Blue Moon Princess Chapter 30 - Tips

"When I came back to my senses, mother had stabbed herself, too. The knife was still there, right in the middle of her chest, and you were crying, Alec. Dad's body was still on me, and I struggled to get up. I really remember it. We spent a long time there, both crying in silence. When you got up and left, without saying a thing, I just followed you. That's how we ended up in the streets, and Vincent found us a few days later."

"Oh Moon Goddess, Nora... And you were just a kid..." Muttered Tonia.

They are all looking at me with wide open, shocked eyes. I can't blame them. It's my first time telling this story out loud, and it's really horrible for me, too. I really didn't want to reminisce, but it's time to clear this up with Alec.

Damian's hand is still firmly holding mine, and thank Moon Goddess it is, because I'm shaking. All those emotions are overwhelming me, and my wolf is loudly whimpering, too. My parents' death is like a big black hole in my heart; there is no way I can talk about it calmly.

But Alec is looking at me with eyes of contempt, not moved in the slightest.

“Sorry, was I supposed to cry?”

“You can say what you want, Alec, but I did not kill our parents.”

“Really? You think that’s it? You’re so clueless, it’s pathetic, Nora.”

“What?”

I want to believe he is the one who is acting crazy, and making no sense, but for a second, he looks so composed and sure of himself that I can’t help but wonder. Is it really possible? Something I possibly missed in that memory? Something that Alec knows and makes it all plausible? But it can’t be. I saw it with my own eyes, and I’m a hundred percent sure of this memory. Mother stabbed our dad, and I couldn’t do a thing to prevent it.

Maybe that’s it? Because I could not stop it? Because I came too late?

But Alec laughs at my confused expression. “Oh, you can stop thinking, Nora. You have no idea, do you? You’re so pathetic... You think you’re a victim, that you couldn’t have done anything wrong? But guess what, sis. You didn’t have to do anything! You did anyway!”

He’s crazy. His sentences make no sense. Why do I have to listen to all this? I shake my head. “Enough, Alec!”

“You were freaking born! Here’s what you did wrong!” He suddenly yells.

What? What is this now? This is.... just nonsense...

While I’m lost by my brother’s words, Tonia suddenly walks up to him and slaps Alec with all her strength. She looks furious.

“I’m done with your stupid word games! Spill it now, or I swear I’m finishing you myself!”

“I said it! If she wasn’t born, my family would have been perfectly fine!”

“What do you mean?” Asks Nathaniel, visibly getting impatient, too.

Alec spits a bit of blood to the ground, probably because of Tonia’s hit. She steps back to let him talk but still crosses her arms with a menacing look. Alec

looks at Nathaniel then Tonia before his glare comes back to Damian and me. He starts talking, in a low tone.

“Mom wasn’t sick, she was just in love. She had loved our father for many years since they were kids. They were from the same Clan, and they grew up together with the other children from their pack. Yet the only one mom ever loved was him. But they weren’t fated mates. So, even if she tried, our father always eluded her, because he believed he might find his mate someday....”

His eyes shift from me to Damian with a smirk. Damian growls again, but I put my hand on his chest to have him hold it in. He annoys me, too, but I want to hear it. Damian’s hand covers mine and presses it softly. His growling gets a little softer, but he is still glaring at my brother.

“But as years passed, it became clear neither of them found their mates, so eventually he agreed to start dating mom. A few months later, she got pregnant with me, and they eventually married. Can you imagine how happy she was? The love of her life finally marrying her, letting her have his children!”

I don’t like how he makes it sound...

“Father was one of the Clan’s hunters. He wasn’t very good at it, to be honest, and our grounds weren’t the best either. So he wandered further and further into the North to bring back satisfying prey. Every time he was away, Mom disliked it, as you remember. Yet there was another reason. As our dad went away, she started to wonder. What if he was still searching for his fated mate?”

Insecurity? Is that what it was? But our father never found another woman...

“But father always came back home, and every time, Mom’s worries disappeared just as easily. For three years, she was all right. She just missed him while he was hunting. She soon forgot about her doubts. Because no matter what, dad always came back and eased her. One night, while he had been gone for days, Mom was awakened by a baby’s cries. That’s how you came into our lives, Nora. A newborn baby, crying on our doorstep.”

Wait, what? I can’t be. They told me... I mean, I was sure I was born from Mom! And plus, I resemble my father!

I suddenly understand. Oh, no, no, no....

Seeing the expression on my face, Alec smirks.

“Do you start to understand, Nora? Mother took you in. After all, you were just a newborn baby, and your parents were nowhere to be found. When father came home, he agreed with it right away! How funny, huh? Mom had no idea back then. She started taking care of you, too, as her own daughter. After all, Dad loved you, didn’t he? Do you start to understand, Nora? What sort of bastard our father was?”

I shake my head. No, I don’t want to hear it. My dad didn’t do that.

Alec sighs and smiles.

“So, years passed! Mom was fine letting you believe you were her daughter since it made Dad happy that way. Yet she slowly started to doubt, watching you grow. Because somehow, you looked like me. You looked like Dad. How amazing is that? Whenever Dad was away, our clueless, stupid Mother was left with the two of us and her doubts. Despite our three years difference, it started to show, Nora. Our nose, like Dad’s. Our curly black hair. Even our voices. All those little, but intriguing, similarities. Can you imagine how much Mom started to think and wonder? What if? What if? What if you really were our Dad’s daughter?”

Tears silently start running down my face. I wish he was lying. I wish this was all a made-up story, something twisted that Alec invented to hurt me. Yet why does it feel like this is the truth? The last, scary piece of the puzzle.

“Years and years to wonder, Nora. She never dared to ask. If she was wrong, Dad might get angry and leave her. That thought alone kept her silent for seven freaking years. Can you imagine what it does to the mind, Nora? All this time, every single minute, wondering if you are raising your husband’s child, yet knowing it’s not yours? But she loved him. Oh Moon Goddess, she still loved him so much she kept her doubts to herself for so long. Until that day.”

That fateful day. And all this time I thought my mother just had gone crazy all of sudden... I had no idea she had to keep it bottled for so many years. How did she feel every time she looked at me? Did she despair inside, yet hide it? She never said a thing...

Alec closes his eyes, and I suddenly see a tear among the blood on his face.

“One day, she finally asked him, Nora, she did. I was upstairs. I heard them yelling... When I came down, Mom was... she was crying. She kept asking him how could he do this? Have a child with someone else and leave another woman’s baby on her doorstep? He didn’t say a thing all these years, keeping the lie alive! But you know the worst, Nora?”

This time, we are both crying. Tears flow, and I can’t stop. Alec doesn’t care, he keeps talking, half smiling, half crying. He looks crazy again, and his tone keeps changing. Yet this time no one is stopping him. We are all listening to him, stunned by the truth unveiled today.

“He didn’t even do it for her! It’s not because he wanted to keep his marriage! Not even because he was afraid of leaving her, or because he wanted to stay with his family. He lied for you, Nora, all for you. He wanted his daughter to have a normal family, to be able to grow up with a mother and a father. With a Clan to protect her. All his lies, all he did, he did it for you!”

I’m crying desperately, shaking my head. I can’t hear it. I can’t believe it.

“You did it! Because of you, my father became this man! He drove my mother mad, and he lied to us! Just because of you, Nora! Because of you!” Yells Alec.

I can’t hear him. I’m crying and sobbing hard, I don’t want to hear this. My head is spinning. I want to leave this room, I want to forget this.

I hear Damian’s voice, but I don’t understand. Strong arms hold me, and I fight the dizziness to stay awake. I blink several times, trying to breathe to calm myself down. I feel a hand on my back, patting me. Tonia’s voice finally reaches my ears.

“That’s it, baby girl, breathe, slowly. Calm down, it’s okay. It’s okay.”

“Nora, Nora...”

I hear Damian repeating my name, and I feel his arms around me. I’m in his arms again, but I still feel colder than ever. I close my eyes a bit to rest against his chest while trying to slow my breathing and stop my crying.

“She has a bit of a fever, boss, probably from last night...”

“Let’s take her back.”

“No!”

I don't know where I found the strength to protest, but I open my eyes and clumsily try to stand up again. Damian helps me, and I can rest on him while regaining my composure as I can. I turn to Alec.

“What about my mother, then? My... birth-mother.”

He shrugs. “How would I know? I figure the b***h is dead... How about you join her?”

Bobo and Neal both angrily growl at him, and Damian turns to his Beta. “We're done with him.”

“No, stop!” I yell.

After all this, Alec is a victim, too. What happened to our family was not his fault. He was just a kid, too, only ten! He loved our mother so much, and... after what happened, I can't blame him for hating dad and me. I know how awful he was to me, I didn't forget any of it, but... but I don't know what I'm feeling right now and I'm totally confused. Too confused to make any good decision. Yet I can't let Damian have him k!lled. That's not something wise to do at the moment, and I don't want to regret it later.

But Alec laughs at me again with a smirk.

“What, you want to save me, Nora? Play the nice sister? The pitiful one? When are you going to get it? I hate you! And I don't regret a thing I did to you! Every single time I hit you was fvcking*g worth it! I wish I had k!lled you that night!”

All of sudden, I lose balance and see Damian jumping on Alec. He's way too fast for me, and I'm still feeling weak. I see Bobo jump to stop him, but Damian just punches him away like he's a sandbag. Neal steps in a second later, but Damian runs into him with full force, and his Beta is projected against the wall.

Within a split second after shaking off the two brothers, Damian shapeshifts into a black wolf, his fangs ready to take my brother's throat.

I scream.