

## Desert Nightmare - The End - Tips

{Dorian's P.O.V.}

After Allie's diagnosis, she spent the next day saying goodbye to the twins. Daisy and Demarco understood that Allie was leaving but didn't understand why. Allie explained it the only way she could—Mommy was sick and needed to see a special doctor help her get better.

"When Mommy be back?" Daisy asked.

"I don't know, baby, but I promise to do everything the doctor says. That way, she can let Mommy come home. But we can't rush it either. Mommy needs to get all better so that I can love you, your brother, and your sister the way you need to be loved."

"Mama no love us?" Demarco asked.

"No, no, no, it's not that. I love you guys so, so, so much, but if Mommy is sick, then I can't love you the way that I'm supposed to. I know this is hard to understand, but I promise I will do whatever it takes to get back to you," Allie explained. She hugged the twins tightly and kissed the top of their heads.

"Luna, please don't worry about anything. We will take good care of them," Sylvia assured Allie and bowed her head.

"Thank you," Allie responded with tears in her eyes. Both nannies hugged Allie, and they went across the hall to the nursery where Katrina was sleeping. Allie stopped right in front of the crib and shed her tears silently.

"Baby?"

"How am I supposed to leave her? She's still so young, and she needs me."

"I know, but it's for the best. You know that, and Dr. Malone told you that it's safer for Katrina."

"I can't believe that I almost hurt her. I don't even remember shaking her. How could I do that to my own baby?" Allie sobbed.

"It wasn't on purpose. And you're lucky that your friends were there to stop you before it got any worse. It just goes to show how much you need help and

support from the right kind of people, support that I've failed to give you. If we hadn't wasted time trying to find Heather or Gideon, we could have figured this all out sooner. I'm sorry, baby."

"It's not your fault, Dorian. PPD isn't something that people recognize until it's too late. You are right, though; I was lucky that Sam and the others were there. Who knows what would have happened had I been alone." I held Allie as we watched Katrina sleep for a few minutes until I received a link from Dr. Quinn that it was time for Allie to leave. Allie kissed Katrina goodbye and ran out before she could change her mind about leaving. I walked out behind her and closed the door. I made sure the nannies had the baby monitor before going to our room to grab Allie's bag. She wasn't permitted to bring any personal items other than some clean clothes, toiletries, and one family photo. Thankfully, we had taken new family photos a month after Katrina was born, so Allie took that one from the nightstand.

We walked downstairs, where everyone else and pack members were waiting. Unfortunately, Allie needing to temporarily leave the pack wasn't something I could keep secret, so it was announced shortly after Allie was released from the hospital the day before. Women and children were crying, our friends were too, and my mother was a blubbering mess while sitting in her wheelchair. Luckily, she and my father are expected to make a full recovery within a couple of days. Allie bent down to hug my mother.

"Oh, sweetheart. Don't you worry about a thing. Do whatever you need to get better. We will all be here waiting for you. Just concentrate on yourself," my mom encouraged Allie, who cried into her shoulder and nodded. She stood and moved to my dad, who said nothing but squeezed her hands reassuringly with tears in his eyes. Allie proceeded towards all of the girls as they bawled like crazy, including Sam, and she rarely ever cried.

"I'm sorry, Dani," Allie sobbed.

"No, it's okay. You were right. I should have known better than to keep asking you guys for help. I was wrong," Dani cried.

"Luna, it's time," Dr. Quinn said from the door. Allie nodded. She quickly made her way to all of the guys. Every single one had a hard time letting go, but it seemed Brandon had it the worst.

"See you, Gizmo."

“Bye, Brandon.” Allie pulled away as he reluctantly let go. Allie turned to the pack members and bowed her head in respect. She turned her heel and followed Dr. Quinn out the door without looking back. I followed with her bag in hand, and Dr. Malone, the therapist Dr. Quinn referred Allie to, was there next to a van to escort her to the facility. She walked past Allie and came straight to me.

“Alpha,” she greeted and asked for the bag. I handed it to her, and she smiled with genuine kindness. “Please, don’t be worried. I have treated many Lunas that have suffered from PPD.”

“How long will she be gone?” I couldn’t help but ask again.

“As discussed, her length of treatment will depend on how well she responds and how cooperative she is in sharing her life with me. Unfortunately, Allie has a lengthy history of personal trauma, and with recent events, it’s more than one person should have to handle.”

“When can I find out where she’s going?”

“Again, I can’t allow it for the foreseeable future. It’s for her own benefit. You visiting with the kids could be a distraction, or may trigger her the wrong way. It’s best that we suspend all communication until we see improvement. If she does show signs of improvement, then we can allow supervised video calls and work our way up to in-person visits.” I wanted to protest, but she held her hand up and shook her head. “I know it’s not ideal, but in my 32 years as a therapist, I have learned that for some, cutting off their connection to the outside world works in their favor. And I will always advocate for the best interests of my patients, which in this case, is your wife. Have no fear; she will be in the best of hands.”

“She isn’t going into solitary confinement, is she?”

“Oh, no, of course not. The Luna will be free to roam the facility as much as she likes. No one is prisoner there. About 90% of our patients are there of their own free will. It’s specifically made for the supernatural, and located in a remote area with a lot of land. She will be able to shift once she can connect with her wolf again and take runs as often as she likes. Think of it as an extended holiday.” I nodded. She smiled once more and patted my shoulder before going back to the van. Allie had since gotten comfortable in the backseat. She looked out of the window directly at me and blew me a kiss while mouthing, “I love you.” I mouthed it back to her. I was frustrated because

we were told saying goodbye while embracing each other could deter Allie from leaving, and we were trying to avoid that.

Allie turned to face forward and buried her face in her hands, crying as the van started and began to leave. I watched the van like a hawk, and just as it was about to reach the gate, I shifted and chased after it. It went out of the gate, and Bandit jumped over. I heard paws from behind and saw that half of the pack was following. We ran parallel to the van about a hundred yards away in case any humans saw us. We were cut off by the hills and ascended to the top, where we caught the back of the van just before it left our view. Bandit stuck his snout in the air and howled sorrowfully while the pack howled with him.

Thirty minutes had passed, but Bandit was still howling to the skies. The rest of the pack had left one by one, leaving only Bandit, Eddie, and Mitch. Bandit finally stopped howling and sat down on his hind legs looking longingly at the road that Allie went down.

Come on, brother. Let's go home, Brandon linked me.

You guys go.

Dorian, it's been over half an hour. Gizmo is gone. She'll be back soon. She's strong. She'll make it through this, and she will be back better than ever, Mikey added. Bandit conceded, and we all walked back to the packhouse. When we arrived, we put on shorts that were left out, and to our surprise, we were met with Jed and Vivienne.

"Did we miss her!?" Vivienne exclaimed.

"Yeah. Allie left about thirty minutes ago," I replied without any emotion.

"Mon Loup, I told you we should have left sooner!"

"I was in a meeting with the Elders. I couldn't just up and leave!"

"Elders?" I asked.

"Yeah. After the twins were born, I figured out a way to finally get my dad to back off."

"And that would be?"

“Officially challenging him for the Alpha title.” I furrowed my brows in surprise.

“But you’re already the Alpha,” Brandon pointed out.

“Only by word of mouth. Because we never had an actual ceremony, I think my dad has been using that to his advantage. Which explains why a lot of his pack members aren’t taking me seriously.”

“So, you’re going to challenge him?” I repeated.

“After he challenges Zachary.”

“What!? Scanlan’s has been in your dungeon for months. Is he in any condition to fight?”

“He’s strong enough to lose. The Elders said that because no one challenged him, the title is still technically his. So, my dad is being ordered by the Elders to challenge Scanlan to reclaim his Alpha title as we speak. I will challenge whoever wins from that. Either way, it’s a winner takes all situation, and I don’t plan on losing. Not after what he tried to pull with me.”

“Are you sure you want to do that? He’s still your dad,” Mikey pointed out.

“It doesn’t matter. This isn’t about family ties anymore. It’s about morale. It wouldn’t have to be this way if he hadn’t tried to circumvent the law.”

“If that’s what you think is the best, then I’m behind you,” I said and gave him a fist bump.

“Can you guys stay for dinner?” Leah asked.

“We can’t. Giselle and Adrian are watching the twins, and I can’t trust anyone in that pack to not try and kill them,” Jed answered. “Andre, Dani, let’s go.” Dani looked like she wanted to protest, but Andre shook his head.

“Please keep us updated with Allie’s progress,” Vivienne asked. I nodded my head. They said their goodbyes and left. Everyone else went inside and got back to their day like it was any other day. The problem was that no day would ever be the same without Allie. I prayed that it didn’t take too long for Allie to come home.

One Year Later

{Rylee's P.O.V.}

"What do you mean Allie isn't there!?" I shouted at Wyatt, who had just gotten off the phone with Dorian. After accepting Wyatt's proposal, we finally set a date for the wedding, and we planned to invite Dorian's pack leadership, but apparently, a very crucial individual was not there.

"Allie's been away for a year receiving treatment for postpartum depression and post-traumatic stress syndrome."

"A YEAR?!"

"Yeah. Dorian said that six months in, she got better, and they were allowed visitation and video calls. But Allie's not 100% yet, and the doctors can't seem to get her to open up about a certain event?" Wyatt stated it more like a question.

"Which event?"

"The day her parents died. She's discussed everything else between then and now, but not that. She refuses. She wants to go home because her anger has improved, and she's no longer a danger to the kids. She's able to handle the kids on her own when they visit the facility, and Dorian goes to speak with the doctors, but unless she opens up about that event, they refuse to let her leave."

"That's not fair. They shouldn't hold Allie against her will!"

"It's part of the program. She has to live through all of the past traumas she's endured. The problem with this one is that she doesn't know anything about it. She was only two."

"Then how do they expect her to talk about it?" I asked, confused.

"Maybe it has to do with how it makes her feel?"

"I know exactly how she feels," I replied empathetically. "But I was able to avenge my parents, and I got the answers I needed. Poor Allie doesn't ... Oh my god."

"What?"

"That's it."

“What’s it?”

“Wyatt, that’s it!” I shouted and jumped up.

“What!?”

“Call Richard! Tell him I need Svetlana to grab Lexie and to come and get me!” I shouted as I ran out of the room.

Why!?

Just do it!

I knew Wyatt did as I requested because Svetlana and Lexie arrived to retrieve me ten minutes later. I told Svetlana where we were going and answered their questions on the way.

When we arrived at Desert Moon and I was surprised at how different it looked and how small the packhouse was compared to the castle. I expected more, but then again, seeing that this pack territory was out in the middle of the desert where anyone can just come by and see it, it made sense not to have a ginormous castle. But I suppose a huge mansion was better than nothing.

“Who are you? State your business,” one of the guards announced.

“Hi, can you tell Dorian that Rylee is here to see him and that I’ve brought guests, please?”

“The Alpha isn’t taking visitors.”

“Please. Tell him I know how to get Allie home.” When I said that, his eyes widened and immediately mind-linked Dorian. Less than a minute later, the gate opened, and we were let in. Svetlana teleported us to the packhouse, where Dorian was waiting.

“Rylee? Lexie? And?”

“Svetlana. Dark witch, but friend. I am Richard’s second chance mate.”

“Richard’s second chance is a dark witch?” Dorian asked.

“Chosen second chance,” I corrected. Dorian lifted a brow. “He doesn’t care what Selene thinks. He’s not on speaking terms with her.”

“That makes two of us.”

“What happened? I thought you guys had a great relationship with my mom,” Lexie asked.

“Well, let’s just say she’s not too happy with how I handled a certain situation, and I’m not happy with her lying to us for so long.”

“Care to elaborate?” I asked.

“Later.”

“Okay. Wyatt told me everything and that Allie doesn’t want to acknowledge her parents’ deaths, or rather, confront the feelings that come with it.”

“Something along those lines, yeah.”

“I think it’s something else.” He quirked a brow at me. “I know how she feels. I’ve been there. I lost both of my parents, in a different way, but that feeling of loneliness and abandonment, I know all too well. But the two things that I got to have that Allie hasn’t are answers and closure.”

“And how is she supposed to get those?” Dorian asked, sounding irritated.

“Me,” Lexie said.

“Excuse me?”

“Lanie and Lexie have powers, Dorian. Lanie can go to the future and live through future events that will inevitably happen. And Lexie can send anyone to the past. Specifically, those who need answers and closure.” Dorian’s eyes widened, and he snapped his head towards Lexie.

“You can?”

“I can. And I think Allie needs this more than anyone. If she was only two when it happened, she’s not going to know anything, only what she’s been told. She needs to witness the accident firsthand and learn why it happened.” Hearing this, Dorian wasted no time and called someone. They went back and forth and it seemed that Dorian’s reluctance to back down got us what we



needed—a visit with Allie. Svetlana teleported us there to save time, and we were all surprised to see that it looked like a luxury hotel.

“This is where she is staying? This is a mental hospital?” Svetlana asked.

“Where are we exactly?” I asked.

“Boise, Idaho.”

“What the fvck is an Idaho?” Lexie asked under her breath as we went inside.

“It’s not a what, Lexie. It’s a state!” I gritted my teeth and rolled my eyes.

“Well, my bad.”

We went past reception as it seemed that no one bothered to stop Dorian. We went through some doors that led to the library. Allie was sitting in the corner on a bean bag with a stack of books next to her. She looked up when she sensed us before putting her book down and ran to Dorian. He picked her up and kissed her. It was heartwarming to see their love for each other.

“What are you guys doing here?” She turned towards Lexie and me, hugging us as well. “Lexie, are you pregnant?!”

“I am. How did you guess?”

“I can sense them, for one, plus I felt your baby bump when I hugged you just now. Congratulations! Twins are fun but hard.”

“Thanks. And trust me, I already know how hard they’re going to be. At least, from what Lanie tells me.”

“Huh?”

“Later, baby,” Dorian told her. “Rylee and Lexie are here to help you.”

“Help me? How?”

“We’re going to send you back to the day your parents died,” I told her straight forward. Her eyes suddenly held so much anger and fear.

“What!? Why!?” she shouted as she clung to Dorian. He lifted her chin to face him.

“Because, Allie, you need to relive that day. You refuse to talk about it, which is why you can’t come home.”

“Allie?” She turned to face Svetlana. “We’re not doing this to hurt you. We’re trying to help you. You have questions, and no one has answers. The answers you seek are in the past. Going back to that day should help you find those answers and possibly help you get the closure that you need.” Allie seemed to be deep in thought, and she was fighting with herself. Her eyes glowed gold, which meant she was speaking with her wolf. I could easily have Mercury come forward, but I wasn’t going to do that. Allie closed her eyes and took a deep breath before nodding her head.

{Allie’s P.O.V.}

After agreeing to Rylee’s plan, I took Lexie’s hand while Rylee and Dorian took mine. I looked at her, confused.

“There are rules to going to the past, and I have to make sure that you follow them. Dorian is for moral support, just in case,” she explained. I nodded my head.

“Allie, when you get all of the answers you need, the magic will end, and you will come right back here. It will know when,” Lexie said. I nodded in response. I watched as Lexie’s eyes and hair changed colors, and a symbol appeared on her forehead. A bright light blinded me, and the next thing I knew, I was standing in the middle of a roadway.

“Where are we?” Rylee asked. I looked around and knew exactly where we were.

“Concord, New Hampshire. This is where I grew up, and this is the main road that leads out of it, or at least, one of them.” I walked up the road, not knowing why I was brought here when I spotted a car pulled over on the side of the road. It seemed like they needed help. I began walking towards them when Rylee pulled me back and made us hide behind a tree. “What the hell?” I asked her.

“Rule number 1, don’t let anyone see you.” I nodded my head and looked back at the couple, who appeared to be arguing.

“Who are they?” Dorian asked. I listened carefully and could make out what they were saying. They were speaking in Korean.

“Naneun hangug-eul tteonaji mal-a.ss-eoya haessda!” (I never should have left Korea!) the woman shouted.

“Huhoe dwae?” (Do you have regrets!?) the man asked.

“Geurae! Huhoe dwae!” (That’s right, I regret it!)

“Na Eun ee neun!?” (What about Na Eun!?)

“Who’s Na Eun?” Rylee asked.

“Na Eun was my Korean name. Oh my god, those are my parents.” I stood up to run to them, but Rylee stopped me again.

“Allie, you can’t!”

“I have to warn them about the accident! I can save them!”

“No! You can’t. You’re not meant to stop the accident, Allie. You’re only meant to learn why it happened. That’s why we’re here. Rule number 2, don’t fvck with the timeline!” I turned back to see them getting into the car, still yelling at each other.

“No!” I got up and ran after the car.

“Dammit, Allie!” Rylee shouted after me, and she and Dorian followed. I had to stop it from happening. I saw that it was starting to rain. This is where it was going to happen. Right here, right now. I was trying to use my werewolf speed, but I didn’t have it. “What the hell!?” I was running like a human, but I pushed anyway. I ran as fast as I could when I heard a sudden bang and tires screeching. “NO!!!” I ran ahead and watched as the car spun out of control and went over the embankment. “UMMA!!! APPA!!!” I ran over to the edge and watched as the vehicle rolled several times before landing upright and catching on fire.

“ALLIE, NO!” Dorian caught up to me, preventing me from jumping down to save them. “Allie, you can’t save them!” Rylee shouted.

“I have to try! Let me go, Dorian!” I cried and tried to push him away. “I HAVE TO SAVE THEM!!!”

“Baby, they’re gone!” As soon as he said those words, the car exploded.

“AHHHH!!!” I screamed as I struggled to save them, but Dorian held onto me. “I have to save them! I have to save them!”

“Allie, you can’t!” Rylee said while grabbing my face.

“Then why did you bring me here! Why!?!” I screamed and tried to keep pushing Dorian away, but his strength was no match for me.

“To get you the answers that you seek. Lexie’s powers only send you to when and where you need answers. We don’t know your questions, Allie, but Lexie’s powers do. They take you to where your answers will be. They brought you here, to this moment.” I grabbed my head and cried as I watched my parents burn. I fell to my knees and sobbed. A few minutes later, we heard sirens blaring. “Come on, we have to go. We can’t let anyone see us.” Rylee pulled me away, but I kept fighting back. Dorian ended up throwing me over his shoulders and we all hid behind another tree and some bushes. We watched as the fire crew put out the flames and the police set a perimeter. I was crying non-stop when I saw what was left of the wreckage. Dorian was covering my mouth with his hand as he cooed and consoled me.

“Captain, it looks like there was something in the back seat!” one of the firefighters shouted. I immediately stopped crying. We all looked.

“It looks like it may have been a car seat,” the fire captain said. “The door’s wide open. It may have been ejected from the car. Everyone, start searching for a car seat. There may have been a child in the car!”

“Over here! I got her! She’s here!” one of the police officers shouted. We all watched as I was pulled from between two bushes and trees. “I need a paramedic! She’s not breathing!” We continued to watch as paramedics worked on my tiny body and raced me to the ambulance. That’s when we all saw someone looming over them.

“Is that?” Rylee started to ask, and Dorian and I nodded.

“Anna.” Not even a second later, we could hear my cries.

“She’s alive!” the EMT shouted.

“Alright, let’s take her over to the hospital and get her checked out,” the fire captain ordered.

“Poor kid. She just lost both of her parents. I wonder what’s going to happen to her,” a police officer said as they watched the ambulance take off.

“Who knows, but hopefully, she has family who will take her,” another replied. I was about to stand up to ask more questions, but as soon as I did, we were sucked into a giant black hole. The next thing I knew, a light formed beneath us, and we fell. We ended up falling flat on our faces but landed in a pile of bean bags.

“Ow, what the fvck?!” I grunted.

“So sorry, the height from the ceiling to the floor wasn’t enough to break your fall, so I had to use bean bags,” Svetlana explained. I got up and froze in my spot as I replayed everything I just witnessed from my past.

“Baby, are you okay?” Dorian asked me. I looked up at him, tears immediately flooding my eyes, and I broke down into a blubbering mess. “Shhh, it’s okay, I got you. I’m here. I got you.”

“Why couldn’t I save them?”

“Because they were always meant to die, baby.” I cried into his neck as he held me close, but I heard him tell Rylee thank you. After sobbing for several minutes, I felt a sudden weight lifted off of my shoulders. Dorian and I went to Dr. Malone to explain what we did and that I was finally ready to talk about my parents’ death with her. Two hours later and after tons more crying, Dr. Malone cleared me to go home. After one year of being away from my family, my pack, and my kids, I was finally ready to go home as the new me—the fixed me.

Svetlana dropped us off, but not before I gave my unending gratitude to Rylee and Lexie for helping me get the closure and answers that I never knew I needed, and not before Rylee invited us to her wedding in a few months. Seeing my parents’ death with my own eyes was another trauma to add to the list, but it was one that I needed to see to help heal from the loss. I’ll never forget what I saw that day or understand why it had to happen, only knowing that it was supposed to happen, and I was supposed to live. It was nothing but a freak accident, and it couldn’t have been prevented, unfortunately. But now I know that, and I’ll never have to wonder what happened or why I lived, and why they didn’t.

Now that I had those questions answered, I had a few more that I needed answers to. One, why the fvck was Anna there? Two, what kind of deal did Dorian make with Lucifer. Three, what happened with Gideon and Heather?