

## Denied 411

### Chapter 411

-Josie -

Dad had spent the last few days arranging a wedding to beat all weddings. It promised to be grander than any wedding before, with alphas from other packs also in attendance.

My only reservation...was keeping Mum calm and getting her down that aisle.

One step at a time.

I didn't want to overwhelm her and judging by the wide eyes staring back at me through the mirror, she needed topping up with alcohol.

"Here Mum, have some more bubbles." I slowly pour some more champagne into her flute glass.

"I can't walk down the aisle drunk Josie."

"You won't be drunk Mum, just relaxed." I encourage her as Auntie Alora attends to her hair and Maya applies her makeup.

I've kept to a small group getting her ready, any more and I think she would have cancelled the entire thing.

The next thing on the wedding preparation to do list was getting her in her dress. A dress I picked

out myself.

"Okay, hair and makeup is done. What is next?" Auntie Alora looks at me with nervous eyes as she downs her own flute glass of champagne. It wasn't just Mum that was nervous, both Auntie Alora and I were doing our best to mask our emotions. "Getting dressed." I say out quietly, to the sound of Mum inhaling deeply.

"Just think of Dad waiting down the aisle for you Mum. How close we were to losing him, and how happy this will make him." I place a gentle hand on her shoulder, gazing at her reflection through the mirror.

We had almost lost Dad, she almost lost her mate. She had already agreed to the biggest commitment level with him, mating and having children. So there was no reason to over think this wedding. "Just think of it as a party." Maya smiles out as she applies the final touches of Mum's makeup.

"Like a pack gathering...you've hosted plenty of those." Maya was right, Mum was an alpha in her own right but she knew how to throw a great party as Luna of the Dark Phantom pack. "I'm not in a white dress for pack gatherings, and with all eyes on me."

"Yes they are Kaia, you just don't notice it. Deep breath in...it won't be like last time." Auntie Alora's hand lands upon Mum's other shoulder, Mum's reaching out to squeeze it.

Their bond was undeniable, they were extremely close. Even having not grown up together, not only were they sisters...they were best friends.

"Okay...let's show them who the Luna of the Dark Phantom pack is!" She firmly states before downing her flute in one shot.

"Yes Luna!" Maya chimes back, giving Mum her full affirmation.

...

"You look beautiful Mum, stunning. Like the moon goddess herself." Which now makes complete sense. I suppose Mum was the closest tangible being on earth connected to the moon goddess herself. Well except for me now as well. I had selected the perfect dress for Mum. It was elegant, it was romantic. It reminded me of a bride marrying on a beach, the Clear Water's coming to Mum.

Dad made it clear the wedding would take place here, but that didn't stop me from helping him incorporate coastal themed décor.

The dress snipped in at the waist with flowing arms and a long skirt that had cut out flowers adorned to it...I was just perfect.

Her dark flowing hair was styled up in a bun with loose hair strands flowing down her face, only adding to the beach theme.

She always had a glow about her, but today she looked even more stunning, even more goddess-like.

"What's this?" She turns to me as I hand her a small red velvet box. It was a wedding gift from myself, Jaxon and Jace. A pair of dangling white pearl earrings.

"It's from the three of us, we wanted you to have something new." I smile out, trying to fight back the tears building in my eyes.

I was trying to stay strong, trying not to scare her off.

It wasn't every day grown adult children got to see their parents marry one another. Got to share in the

memories...I just knew I would remember this day forever.

"They are beautiful."

"Just like the wearer..." I take the box back and carefully remove the earrings, handing them to her to put on.

"Are you ready?" I had been putting off asking this question. I could feel both Jaxon and Jace pressing me through the pack link to get things moving, they were waiting downstairs for her, to walk her down the aisle.

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"Just remember...keep your focus on Dad. He will be waiting for you at the end of the aisle."

She nods gently, before glancing at herself one final time in the mirror.

Here we go...

I lift her long train, gathering the excessive material in my hands; to aid her down the staircase. Praying that she doesn't fall...not now.

Two of her favourite males are waiting for her at the bottom step.

"Blimey Mum...who knew you could scrub up so well."

"Thanks Jace, I think there's a compliment hidden in there somewhere."

"There certainly is." He leans in, planting a kiss on the side of her cheek before looping her arm in his.

"Are you sure he is worthy of you?" Jaxon playfully grunts out, before leaning in but kissing her on her temple instead...placing his hand out for her to take.

"Yes, I know he is!" Mum smiles out, a hint of a blush on her cheeks.

"Shall we then?" Jaxon gestures out with his hand to lead the way.

They both looked adorable in matching black tuxedos, their silver coloured bows the same colour as my silk silver dress.

Everything had been planned down to the detail, not leaving any chance of something going wrong.

Lanterns adorned the front alpha house courtyard and on the path that leads to the pack house. Large sea shells are also placed symmetrically along the path as fairly lights scatter the tree canopy above.

I can hear the soft music of violinist as my brothers walk Mum down the path and I continue to carry her train from behind.

It was 6pm, the evening sun starting to relinquish her hot control upon the day, as the night started to move towards the moon's control.

In a few hours each lantern, each fairy light, each

candle would create the most beautiful setting, especially for the evenings entertainment.

As we enter the pack house, everyone stands. My eyes finding Kit's immediately among the crowd. He was in the front row, pride warming my heart that Dad would have asked him to sit there.

No matter what has happened, no matter what different opinions they have... Dad has accepted him as one of us, as my future.

White drapes hang across the pack house's ceiling beams above, with more fairy lights creating the most romantic setting for a wedding.

And there he is...Dad. He stood next to Uncle Jude and Ezra..who were both standing as his best men. He was wearing the same tuxedo as Jaxon and Jace, but instead of a silver bowtie, he was wearing a white one to complement Mum's dress. He looked like perfection also.

His lips open to a smile as he takes his first glimpse at Mum. His eyes burning a dark grey ash before it is replaced with an orange fire.

She doesn't falter once as she walks down the aisle, even though I am behind her, I just know her eyes are locked on Dad's. He was the only person she was seeing right now. He was her anchor.

As she reaches him, he cleverly places his hands out, touching her. Centring her, he knew her very well. Letting the mate bond work its magic to calm her.

She didn't once look at the sea of eyes watching her, she focused on him entirely.

"Pack members, alliance members, family and friends." Alpha Zederick greets everyone, his arms open and welcoming.

Alpha Zederick was on the board of council members for the alliance, he was well suited to be the one marrying two alphas today.

"We have come together to celebrate the long awaited union of Alpha Hector Varon and Alpha Kaia Glace..." He smiles out as there is a collective noise of whooping and cheering from the guests. Long awaited indeed!

"Tonight we celebrate the final commitment they have to one another, and you have been chosen to witness this marvelous event and to support them in their lives together afterwards."

I am standing near Mum, holding on to her bouquet...my eyes darting briefly to Kit who is

watching me with those dark broody brown eyes.

A sexy smirk forming upon his face.

My eyes move back to Jaxon and Jace, Jace's eyes focusing on someone...before he shifts uncomfortably. I follow his gaze and frown slightly...he was looking at Uncle Orpheus, Auntie Rosa, Cleo and Ares. My eyes cast behind them, his eyes staring at me with a smirk forming upon his lips...George.

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- Josie -

Of course he would be here, members of the Clear Waters pack were also invited, leaving only a select few behind to keep any eye on the borders.

This was a pack party on both sides after all.

The celebrations were in full swing. Music played by a live performer and back up band, a full spread of food for guests to help themselves, tables dressed in keeping with the beach theme and a bar...which was incredibly busy. The night was going to be one to remember. I can feel him watching me, feel his intense gaze but I'm looking for my mate instead, who I find battling his way at the bar.

I had nothing to say to George, we were nothing. I can't believe I was willing to live a half life with him when I can now see a full life with Kit. I didn't just have to survive anymore I would be thriving.

I had nothing to say to him and perhaps him watching me walk to Kit will make him see that I have no interest in him any more.

If it were me, I wouldn't have come to my ex's parent's wedding, I would have remained and guarded the borders. But maybe that's the difference between the two of us. He knows how to test limits...usually mine.

I go out of my way to avoid him, moving through the crowd of guests as I make my way to Kit who

is standing at the bar. He growls openly at the crowd around him, his aura demanding that they move aside for me. I roll my eyes, but can't help the way my stomach dips at his possessiveness and protectiveness. His hands wrap around me, enveloping his muscular arms and frame around me before he breathes in the scent around my neck.

"You look damn fine!" He breathes out as his hands move down to my butt before giving me a small tap of affection.

"Drink?" He places a champagne flute in my hands, the cold bubbles dancing in the back of my throat as I take a long sip. I needed this, I had been on edge expecting Mum to bolt for the door. Now that the ceremony part was over, I could let my hair down...relax slightly and dance the night away.

I was secretly praying that Kit hadn't noticed about a certain guest being here, I really don't want any drama tonight. This is about Mum and Dad.

"Relax, you're so tense. Everything was perfect."

"It was, wasn't it." I take a deep breath in, relaxing my shoulders. Kit was right, everything was perfect. George wouldn't cause any issues tonight, why would he...it would reflect badly on him.

The music hushes as both Mum and Dad are welcomed onto the dance floor for their first dance as a newly married couple. I watch in awe as Dad twirls her, dips her...kisses her upon her collarbone,

much to the cheer of the surrounding audience. They were perfection. It was like they were teenagers again.

I spot my brothers sitting down, both with a beer in hand laughing with their group of friends. I head over, intrigued as to what they were discussing when Cleo beats me to it.

I can only see the back of her as she bravely walks over to the cackling group of lads, her hair tied up on a bun, her back open with a dark navy dress that makes her look older than she is.

The males continue to giggle, except for Jace, his eyes are on her, watching her descend towards them.

It's hard to hear her quiet words over the noise of their laughter and the music, but I get the gist as Jace coldly glares at her, before shaking his head and turning his back on her.

I can see the disappointment in her demeanour, she had asked him to dance...and he had coldly rejected her. What was his problem.

I take a step closer, preparing to console her as she turns, her face bright red from embarrassment...only for Jaxon to step in.

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He places his arm around her shoulder, whispering something in her ear which gains a shy chuckle from her, only for him to pull her onto the dance floor.

There was a time Jace and Cleo were thick as thieves, that he would defend her even to her own father...I don't know what is going on with Jace, but this new bad boy image just isn't him. She doesn't deserve to feel the brunt of his anger, an anger I have no clue if its

source.

His eyes, now like daggers, are fixed on Jaxon. He moves, barging past me and heading towards the bar.



I watch on bewilderment as he helps himself to a bottle of whiskey, only for Kit's eyes to look at me with uncertainty at my brother's odd behaviour.

I shrug in response, tonight was about no dramas.

I would question him on his actions in the morning. I didn't have the head space for this right now.

I can scent him closing the gap towards me, before his hands land on my hips and he spins me under his touch, under his control. There was a time Kit would never have shown me affection in public, but here he is, dancing with me for all to see.

Lost in his dark broody eyes, I almost miss the commotion at the bar, where I spot Jace pushing Jaxon away from him. His hand tightly grips around the bottle of whiskey as he continues to down it.

Eyes of the pack watch on nervously, as Jaxon stands in front of Cleo, almost blocking her from our own brother.

I scan the party, Auntie Rosa and Uncle Orpheus are on the other side of the pack hall conversing with Mum and Dad. This was the type of drama that had no place here tonight.

I can't help but worry as Jace scowls past Jaxon, towards Cleo...his alpha aura rolling on to her. What on earth had she done to be the target of his murderous flare.

Its sole purpose was to belittle her, to command her...only for Jaxon to counteract it, trying to protect Cleo.

"I'll be right back." I seethe out to Kit as I break his hold, picking up the hem of my dress as I storm over to the bar. I was starting to boil with anger, I could feel my blood pumping that little bit faster.

I can feel their auras, thick, heavy...trying to suppress the other. They haven't fought like this since they were children.

"Stop, both of you!" I seethe out, placing both hands out.

A low threatening growl emits from Jaxon, his hand protectively holding Cleo behind him. Jace's eyes roam down, that cold scowl continuing to be aimed at Cleo, until he breaks his aura, pushing past Jaxon and heading outside. "What was that about?" I demand from Jaxon, his eyes that of his wolf.

"I must have done something to annoy him, it's like he can't even look at me." Cleo sighs, her eyes falling upon me. She's gripping onto the material on the back of Jaxon's shirt...she had been terrified but had been masking it. "You've done nothing wrong, he's being a prick!" Jaxon growls as he starts to head outside but I pull him back. Alpha upon alpha wasn't need right now. We needed this situation diffused, not to add fuel to the fire. "I'll go, stay here with Cleo." I say to Jaxon through the mind-link.

I move through the dance floor, following in his wake as I watch him head towards the direction of the hospital.

I push through on the mind-link but he blocks me out, my concern in his current mental state not getting through to him. I can feel confusion through the sibling bond, feel darkness oozing out of him. "Jace!" I scream out after him, as he stops... his head turning, his eyes glaring back at me.

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- Josie -

"Jace!" I scream out, trying to push on the mind-link between us again but he continues to block me out.

I take a step closer to him, to bridge the large distance between us, but he roars out at me. A warning not to come any closer.

My wolf pushes forward in a defensive move, she would be ready if he really lost control. Not that he would, he wasn't Jaxon.

Yet, I can't escape witnessing that something was changing him...before my very eyes and I wouldn't stop until I found out what.

"Jace." I call out to him again, a plea in my tone. If he would just talk to me, trust me to make things better. Give me a chance to help him...

He shakes his head at me, it is clear even from this distance, he needs to be alone right now and I know better than to push it tonight.

Hopefully he'll be calmer tomorrow, hopefully with the alcohol no longer in his system he will be able to think clearer.

Anger was always Jaxon's thing, not Jace's....also not mine but he was making me so cross right now. So angry at the way he had treated Cleo just now.

I let him walk away, let him clear his head as he steps into the darkness of the night. I make that choice tonight not to follow him.

I needed to calm down before I told him a few home truths that might cross a line.

I could smell its calming effect on me, that sterile scent of the hospital calling out to me.

It was the best place for me...to clear my head. It always calmed me.

Yes tonight was about celebrating but there were still patients that were healing in the hospital, pack members that couldn't make it to the wedding because of the attack.

An attack orchestrated to get to Mum and me.

Stepping through the reception doors I already feel that wave of anger at Jace start to loosen its hold on me.

This was the best place for me until I calmed down enough to return to the celebrations. I didn't want Mum worrying about anything, Dad was her

focus right now. As it should be. He has wasted 19 years for this, I refuse to ruin it for them.

I move through each ward, checking each patient's chart. Most staff were at the wedding celebrations, except for a few that had stayed behind for a skeletal shift. They could get word out to the pack doctors immediately if a patient's health deteriorated.

I would make sure I packed them some wedding cake to take over to their homes tomorrow as a thank you for staying behind.

Maybe being here wasn't the best choice for me after all, checking chart after chart was

only increasing my anger again, not decreasing it.

I felt like a fraud, a saviour that put all these people in harms way in the first place.

Without me, they wouldn't even have been put in danger.

I move to my little preparation room, knowing that as long as my hands are busy my head

wouldn't be able to dwell.

I'll make one herbal remedy mixture which I can leave to blend together overnight before using it in the morning. I just need to be careful not to spoil my dress.

I reach every jar, except for one. The one that Kit got for me when he was last here.

Damn, he put it back on the top shelf and I didn't remind him.

I try and reach, stretching my upper body internally cursing at myself for not being a few inches taller.

A hand reaches past mine and grabs it with ease. I laugh out, trust him to come looking for me. I suppose I had been a while.

I turn, my lips already moist in anticipation for a kiss when I freeze in complete horror.

It wasn't Kit...

"I knew I'd get you on your own at some point tonight." His voice low, sultry.

"George..." I gasp out, his closeness already making me feel uncomfortable. I cringe at the thought of thinking it was Kit, how could he ever be my Kit.

"You shouldn't be here...this is for staff only." I try to back up a bit, only for my lower back to hit the edge of the work top. I was stuck, caged in as his arms lean forward and rest on the work top behind me.

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His face inches from mine.

He was drunk, I could smell the alcohol on his breath. I hated him drunk, always have.

"You need to get back to the party George, I can't talk right now." I try to push him off me but he doesn't budge.

"I'm not here to talk..." The corner of his lips curl up, his eyes void of emotion.

"No? What do you want then?" I raise my chin, determined to not let him see that his current closeness was sending alarm bells to my wolf.

"I thought we could...you know...catch up...like old times."

"You just said you weren't here to talk!" I scoff out, I didn't have time for his games. I push on his chest trying to create some much needed space between us. The air around me was becoming difficult to breathe, he needed to back the hell up.

"I'm not here to talk." He sneers as his hands move, gripping at my wrists and yanking them behind me.

In the same motion, I want to vomit as his tongue licks across my collarbone...trailing up to my neck.

"Get off me!" I growl out, fighting against his hold.

""You used to love it when I did this to you."

"That was then, and I'm with someone else now. A mate, I found my mate." I bark back, moving my body to find a way out. "You'll always be mine Josie..." I feel his teeth graze slightly against my neck, my sensitive spot...where Kit will mark me. I see red.

"No!" I growl out again, raising my knee and kicking him in the balls. I wasn't his, I was never his.

His hands drops to his private parts, as he squeals out in pain, taking an eye watering deep breath in.

I push him away from me, moving past him as I don't hide the disgust I feel as I look down at him.

Pathetic, he was pathetic.

How dare he try it on with me, especially knowing I

have a mate.

Relief washes over me as my fingertips touch onto the door frame, pulling my numb legs for me. I'm almost in the corridor when I shriek out in pain, my hair being pulled back from behind.

I fall back, the back of my head hitting the edge of the work top...my vision blanking out momentarily.

My wolf screams at me in my mind, her raised commands giving me a splitting headache as my vision blurs and my tongue seems to enlarge. I'm so disoriented that her shouts don't make any sense to me. I feel hands pulling at my dress, lifting at my skirt...my wolf continuing to scream in my head.

No!

I kick out, hearing the crack of his nose as I kick upwards with all the energy I have left. "Argh, you bitch!" He roars at me, slapping across my face with the back of his hand. The motion only adding to my already disorientated state.

My legs become heavy, unmovable under his weight and he grips my hands above my head. I can feel my wolf screaming at me to use the mind-link, to call for help but she's fading and words, even unspoken by the tongue, seem to fail me.

I hear the tearing of clothes, pure fear drowning me before an almighty growl erupts nearby. "Josie? What the fuck are you doing?" Someone shouts out, George's weight being lifted off

me.

I can breathe slightly easier now, I hadn't realised his weight was also on my chest until it was gone.

"Josie?" I hear a high pitched frantic shriek before soothing soft hands touch at my face.

"Oh my darling...Josie, can you hear me darling. Get him away from her!" It sounded like Auntie Rosa, it can't be, she sounded possessed.

"Check her pulse." I think I hear Doctor Abel growl out, hands follow to touch my neck.

"I...I have blood on my hands." That frantic voice ear piercingly painful as my head continues to crack open.

"What?"

"Her head....the back of her head..."

"Switch...take him." I don't miss Doctor Abel's aggressive growl.

"No."

"Luna Rosa."

"No, if I touch him, I'll kill him!"

Chapter 417

- Knox ~

"Maybe I should go after him...see what I have done to offend him?" Cleo continues to chew at her fingernails, she had been a nervous wreck since Jace stormed out, Josie following him.

"I keep telling you Cleo, you haven't done anything wrong. It's his problem, not yours. Just leave him to sulk." Jaxon shrugs out as he sips back on a fresh bottle of beer. He didn't seem keen to check on Jace's mental state, unlike Josie.

"I think Josie went after him, in fact they should be back by now." I cast my eyes over the celebrations to the exit, she had been a while and I can sense that she isn't close to me.

She was worried about Jace and she had reason to be, that was completely out of character of him. Especially to take it out on an innocent 17 year old female. Not just any female, a close family friend.

Jaxon..sure, he flies off at anything, but Jace...no he was the calmer one.

Well he used to be, goddess knows what the fuck is going on with him at the moment.

"But I..." Cleo sighs out, her eyes scanning to the exit also. It was clear to see how concerned she was, and Jaxon's blasé attitude towards the situation wasn't doing any good for her growing anxiety.

"Cleo, listen to me. Don't go after him, just leave him be. I'll have a word with him in the morning. He's drunk and grumpy, not even I can be bothered with that right now." He adopts a more gentler approach, his hand landing on her shoulder in a comforting move.



"Promise me you will leave it alone?" He gently requests, her head already nodding in agreement. Whether she wants to or not.

"I promise I'll..." Cleo's eyes take on that glazed look, which is all too familiar amongst us werewolves, as she cuts herself off.

She gasps, gaining mine and Jaxon's attention again, her face paling as he remains in the mind-link.

"Cleo?" Jaxon shakes her slightly, forcing her out of the mind-link.

"It's Mum, something has happened..."

"Your Mum?" Jaxon searches the celebrations, as do I, I see Alpha Orpheus near the band, talking to the guitarist during their break. But not Luna Rosa.

"She's at the hospital...something is wrong."

"A patient?" I ask out, wondering why Luna Rosa not only has left the party but was all the way at the hospital.

"Josie...it's Josie."

A deep deafening growl escapes me, silence descends upon the pack hall, as eyes turn to me.

"Stay here Cleo." Jaxon orders out as we both push through the crowd, desperation igniting within me.

I search through the mate bond, even though I haven't marked her yet, I can still pick up signals, signs of her emotions...but I can't feel her right now. Fuck, why didn't I think, why didn't I feel that.

I had been downing drink after drink, not even thinking something would go wrong tonight.

We are side by side as we both enter into the hospital rushing straight to the physiotherapy floor,

I knew that's where she would be.

I thought she was with Jace, why was she here.

As I run around the corner towards the ward, I halt to a stop.

Blood I could smell blood.

I will never be prepared for the scene in front of me. I walk towards it, each footstep like walking through thick mud as I continue towards the chaos. Each footstep becoming heavier and heavier.

The bottom of her shoes are hanging out of the door way to her small storage room, a female's frantic voice shouting out to someone.

It's like a movie scene, something I would watch from the comfort of a sofa, not be fully immersed in the story line.

Then I see him, Doctor Abel trying to restrain someone, who is fighting back.

"She needs help."

"If I let him go, he'll flee." Doctor Abel roars at the Luna, turning, his eyes landing upon me. The male in his arms, aggressively fighting against his strong head hold is George.

"Take him, so I can help her!" He orders at me but it is Jaxon that steps into his place.

As soon as the doctor is free he dives down, pulling Luna Rosa away and shouting my own mate's name.

I move towards the doorway, my eyes turning to find my mate unresponsive on the floor, her clothes torned and blood staining the floor by her head. "Josie?" I breathe out, it doesn't even sound like me.

"Move!" My wolf takes control, his voice deep...demonic.

"I need to help her, she has a head injury." Doctor Abel exclaims.

"I said move!" I push him aside, picking her up into my arms, cradling her close to me. What the hell has he done, she was unresponsive in my arms. "To the bed!" Doctor Abel orders at me, as he hastily pushes past me to prepare receiving her.

"What did you do?" I hear Jaxon growl out, his heavy aura able to suppress George's attempt to escape, his command powerful, being the son of the Clear Water's alpha. He wasn't even holding him anymore, George was knelt on the floor before Jaxon, like a subject waiting to be sent to death.

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I'll be that axe that cuts his head off.

I lay Red gently down on the bed, my disbelief at her current state, of not even knowing what had happened.

I turn to look at him, back at her. Her dress had been ripped up to her thighs, her face had an imprint of being backhanded and she had blood across her dress straps, blood that was upon his white shirt.

"Did you touch her?" I roar out, trembling with rage.

"Did you touch what is mine?" My roar vibrates the windows around us. My feet not as heavy now as I walk towards him.

"She needs you, Knox, stop." Luna Rosa steps in front of me, blocking me from him. I was going to rip him to shreds.

He thought he could touch her, force himself upon her.

"He...he tried..." I can't even utter the words.

"I know." She growls out at me, her hands clenching into fists down by her side.

"...did he?"

"No, I pulled him off." Doctor Abel's words answer me.

"Get him out of here before I kill him myself!" Luna Rosa orders at Jaxon, who pulls him up by the scruff of his neck and leaves. But not before casting a concerned look to his sister.

"I'll be back, once I throw this piece of shit in jail." He growls out.

"If he makes it that long." His chest rumbles threateningly.

"Josie...Josie, can you hear me?" Doctor Abel lifts her eyelids open, shining a torch into them only for her hand to reach up and bat them away. "Mmm...yes."

"Red?" My hands cling to her instantly, I needed to touch her...to erase his fingerprints upon her with my own.

"My head." She sits up, clutching at her head.

"I'll get you some pain relief, what happened?" Doctor Abel places his torch down, moving to check her pulse on her wrist.

"I...he yanked me back. I hit my head against the edge of the work top. Where is he?" She seethes out, her eyes landing on me expectantly.

"He's with Jaxon, going to the jail. Do you remember what happened?" My jaw tense, my knuckles whitening.

"Yes, vividly. He wanted to talk but I came here to check the patients. I had followed Jace this way, it felt silly not to at least check the wounded whilst I was this way." She squints her eyes shut as her hand moves gently touching the back of her head.

Then her expression changes, she becomes as pale as a ghost, her eyes widening in horror...she was thinking the worse.

"He didn't get that far. Doctor Abel pulled him off." My hands cups at her face, tears start to water in her eyes; I needed her to know that she was safe, that he hadn't managed to abuse her to the lengths he had wanted.

But he has tried, he had touched her...gut wrenching pain stabs at me for what she has been through. What she almost went through.

I'm going to kill him and take pleasure from it. Pluck each nail, each eyeball out before tearing out his own heart like the werewolf mutt that he is. "I'll go get some pain killers, I won't be long."

"Thank you, for everything." I lean over the bed, placing my hand out for him to shake.

He had just rescued my mate from a crime I don't think she would have ever come back from.

"I'm just glad I was here. I won't be long, then at least she will be more comfortable." He nods out to me, taking my hand before walking away. "Just try and rest Josie darling, your parents will be here soon." Luna Rosa moves in around the other side of the hospital bed, her hands clutching Josie's in hers.

"No, no please don't tell them. Not tonight, don't ruin tonight for them. Today was meant to be drama-free."

"Josie, they should know." My eyebrows furrow at what she was asking of us.

"They will, tomorrow, in the morning." She pants out, her breathing slightly shallow.

"Can you get word to Jaxon not to say anything...my mind is still refusing to find the pack link." She moans out as she lays back down, her hand covering her face as she hides from the light above her.

"Then how did you get word?" I ask out, watching her in confusion.

"I did." Luna Rosa confirms, my body turning to face her.

"Not Doctor Abel?" Surely he would have sounded the alarm, he wouldn't have been suffering with consciousness to get a mind-link at least over to warriors, if not the alpha family. Why did Luna Rosa need to mind-link her daughter Cleo...

"No, Doctor Abel isn't a pack member...I thought you knew that?"

Chapter 419

- Josie ~

"What, this isn't his pack?"

"No, best thing Dad did was hire him. That's why he doesn't get involved in the politics here...most of it is powerplay amongst the pack members that also work here. He's here for the patients."

"Why am I just hearing about this?" Kit's voice is low, his eyes watching the door Doctor Abel left through.

"I didn't realise it was a thing, lots of packs do it..." I shrug out, I forget he hadn't been in a pack environment for a long time. That things have changed.

"No Josie, they don't." His eyes hold mine, his eye contact that of a more stern manner than I expected.

"Well he's as good a pack member, he just hasn't made permanent plans yet. But I'm sure he will." I just assumed Doctor Abel would remain here unless he found his mate and moved to her pack. Or they both moved here permanently.

Dad had put his faith in Doctor Abel, why wouldn't the rest of us.

"What pack is he from..."

"Kit, please..." I interrupt him, this wasn't important right now. What was important was getting word to Jaxon and my mind-link was still too hazy. "...can you go find Jaxon and tell him to hold off telling Mum or Dad for tonight..."

"I'm not going anywhere." He grunts out defiantly.

"Please Kit."

"Not a chance." He grunts again, pulling a chair up and sitting down on it, his legs stretching out as they rest up on the edge of my hospital bed. It would seem he was staying put.

"If you are sure Josie, I will go tell Jaxon."

"Thank you Auntie Rosa...and..." My head still feels as if it was piercing into two, the sound of my own voice vibrating like a loud speaker inside of my mind.

If she hadn't of come to the hospital, things could have been very different indeed.

"You have no idea how glad I am that I came looking for you and Jace, try and get some

rest." The back of her hand strokes across my cheek, the inflamed skin now starting to cool down...a sad smile forming onto her lips.

With my forehead furrowing, I place my

hand upon hers, Auntie Rosa was a natural worrier...I didn't like to be the one to add to her worries.

"Right, these should help with that headache of yours." Doctor Abel reappears with a small paper pot, two tablets ready for me to take.

I take them, gratefully...anything for this head pain to go. I didn't want to stay, I didn't want to sleep...there was still a wedding to celebrate.

As I down the pills I sit up, swinging my legs off the bed...only for Kit to pull me back down.

"Where are you going?" His voice has a rumble, like a vibrating groan.

"Back to the celebrations.." I sigh out, I didn't want our absence to be highlighted.

"Back to the celebrations, no.."

"No?" I raise an eyebrow at him.

"No!"

"Kit..." I seethe out.

"I am not going to let that scumbag ruin my night. I want to forget it ever happened and I

want to get out of these clothes." My silver dress was ruined, it was torn beyond repair plus even if I was able to save it through careful stitching, the blood stains would be impossible to wash off.

I just wanted it off me, wanted any reminder of what had happened gone.

"Perhaps..." Doctor Abel starts but he turns as the alert light in the corridor starts to flash.

That's odd, it only flashes red when we are on a drill. Or activated in the event of being under attack.

But the alarm would sound out as well, so why had a drill be scheduled for now when the pack was in celebration mode.

I hold my breath as the red flashing lights continue, Kit moving to a window just as the deafening ringing of the pack-wide warning alarm sounds out. No not now...we were under attack.



- Josie -

"Kit?" I call out as he remains by the window, complete dread washing over me, his back has tensed and his hands were balling into fists. I could feel the invasion, like a virus trying to take over my senses. Severe nausea warning my body that the pack was in danger.

I could feel the panic through the pack bond as Dad's voice growls through the pack-link.

It's come too late, they've picked the perfect timing to attack.

I move towards Kit, my legs a little shaky still as I join him at the window.

I gasp at the sight before me. There are hundreds of them...hunters, an entire army. Sent to destroy.

It's like a tidal wave of black suits as they run towards the pack hall, destroying whoever plans to get in their way.

They've returned, not only with more weapons but with more attackers.

I watch in horror as they head directly to where everyone is celebrating.

"We need to leave. This pack isn't safe for you anymore." Kit's hands grip me to him, his possessiveness taking over.

"This is my home, Kit." My eyes widen at the view below, bullets fired as pack members are taken down.

"I need to get you out of here." His voice was removed, it was cold...distant.

"I'm not running, I'm not a coward." I stand my ground, I have no intention of evacuating. I'm not turning my back on my family and pack. We fight as

one.

"This isn't about being brave, this is about life and death Josie and as long as you remain here...they will just keep on coming."

"Then we end it, I'll end it." If they were going to just keep coming then something had to changed. They had to die.

I start to walk away but he grabs me back by my upper arms and manoeuvres me against the window. Locking me safely in his hold, trying to talk sense into me.

"You aren't fighting." The window pane is cold against my back as he holds me still, his thumbs stroking my upper arms as he continues to hold me still.

I can feel how torn he is. He wants to fight, he was born to fight and now knowing what his own pack went through...why he works hard to prevent other packs having the same fate. Of young alphas living with the same memories as him.

He doesn't want to hurt me, he wants to get me out of here....and if I don't act soon against his demands he'll take my choice away from me. I guess if the tables were turned, I would do the same.

He's torn between fighting and not losing me.

But I didn't have time for this, the pack didn't have time...my family were out of time.

He doesn't have to like it, but I know I can't walk away from this. I'll never forgive myself and how can he love me still if I become a shadow of myself. My family were everything to me, as was he.

"That's my family down there Kit, I have to fight."

"And I am not losing you." He isn't backing down, and neither am I.

"They won't attack the hospital, she will be safe here. Just stay here." Doctor Abel frantically shouts out as he starts to barricade the double doors that lead out of the ward.

"What, no...I'm fighting." If I had my gun or the sniper gun I could take them out from the top window here.

"If I can get to the armoury I can get a sniper gun..."

"No guns, we are staying here."

"Kit." This was absurd, I was trained to fight, I can fight. As can he. I'm not hiding away whilst my family fight.

"Josie, they've come for you. The pack is buying us time..."

"With their lives!" I scream out at him as I push on his chest, gaining some space out of his hold. I'm able to move away from him, back towards the bed.

"You can't be serious Kit?"

"Knox, help me barricade the door!" Doctor Abel shouts out as my hands run through my hair in disbelief. This can't be happening.

Kit, with ease, moves a bed towards the doors before pushing up against the barricade...then fetching another.

"Hospitals are neutral grounds, they wouldn't dare." I hear Doctor Abel murmur but his expectations in the enemy are unjust. This isn't a werewolf enemy, these were human enemies.

The unmistakable sounds of gunfire enter into the hospital below, screams ensuing. They were inside...Kit and Doctor Abel pushing up against the barricade. We were out of time, the battle has come to us.