

## Chapter 56

Lily

"I need to talk to you."

I was sitting on our bed, playing Candy Crush when Dimitri slammed into our room. He looked angry, tense. He'd been this way for the last month, thanks to our new prisoner. I prisoner I'd offered to interrogate, many times, but Dimitri wasn't having it. I understood his point of view, but at the same time, he wasn't getting anywhere with Gideon. He couldn't force him to talk and I didn't have to. I simply had to touch him to know everything we wanted to know.

My abilities had grown over the course of these few weeks. I wouldn't say I was close to mastering them, but using them no longer exhausted me to the point of almost fainting. I'd taken to adding extra training during my days, my normal exercise and sparring with Dimitri in the morning and practicing with my gifts in the afternoons or evenings. Clara liked to help out with that; We'd become closer recently, working our ways to becoming friends. I liked Bens mate a lot, and I enjoyed spending time with her and her daughter, Isabelle.

"About?" I focused my attention back to my mate. He was pacing the room, his jaw ticking.

"That bastard won't talk to anyone but you."

Setting my phone down, I sat up and crossed my legs. "By 'that bastard', I'm assuming you mean Gideon?"

He nodded. "I'm out of ideas." He sighed.

"So, let me talk to him. I already said I would."

"I told him to come here tomorrow, at noon."

My eyebrows shot up. "You did?"

"Yes, and I'm having Ned here as well. And some warriors. And myself, Ben and Luke. Clara too." He ground out her name, making me wonder if they'd had a fight.

"Okay, slow down. What happened? Why did you change your mind?" I pat the spot next to me, inviting him to sit.

Ignoring my request, he quickened his steps while he talked. "Clara doesn't think Gideon is a Dark witch. He agreed to take a truth serum, but only if you're there, only if he can talk to you. And I fucking hate that I agreed to this!"

He was making me dizzy, watching him pace like that. I slid off the bed, taking his wrist as he turned to make another round. The sparks from our bond zinged through my hand and up my arm, causing my heart to flutter.

"Dimitri, stop. Breath. You're talking too fast, and not making a lot of sense."

Pulling him to the bed, I pushed him down and climbed into his lap. His face pressed against my neck, over the spot where his mark lay, inhaling deeply. I rubbed his back in soothing circles; After a few minutes I felt his muscles release and relax.

"Better?" I asked him.

"Much. I'm sorry. I'm just so pissed."

"I couldn't tell." I chuckled. "Now, start over for me."

He told me everything that transpired with Gideon, explaining why Clara didn't believe he was a Dark witch, and that he agreed to take the truth serum if he could talk to me. Admittedly, I agreed with Clara; Gideon had

already proven he could come and go as he pleases. He could have taken me anytime he wished.

"But just because he might not be a Dark witch, doesn't mean he's not dangerous. He's already taken two of our people; That's why I'm having Ned and the warriors here tomorrow as well." He finished.

"I don't think that's necessary." I replied.

"Of course it is! I won't let you near him without protection!"

"That's why I have you. And Luke and Ben and Clara."

"I'd feel better having more of my men there."

"Dimitri, Connor plotted against us for who knows how long with Jennine. And he was one of your warriors. I think it's safe to say that we don't know who we can trust right now."

I was right, and he knew it; I could see it in his eyes. Since we found out Jennine was even more psychotic than we thought, murdering an innocent girl in cold blood with the help of Connor, I'd kept to myself and the people I knew beyond a doubt I could trust. I hadn't gone out of my way to make new friends for that reason, though I still attended to my Luna duties. It was hard for me, and I knew for Dimitri too, having the knowledge that people in our pack, our home, might be conspiring to kill us.

The few people that knew exactly what had gone on at the Alpha Ball, and everything since were my friends and mates Hazel and Clint, Dimitri's sister Thara, and of course Ben and Luke and Clara. Of course, all the Alphas and Lunas who were at the Ball knew, and our friend Alpha Killian. Rumors travelled like wildfire, but so far, most of our pack only speculated as to what really happened. The hard truth that everyone knew though, was that I was a Mother Wolf. That information spread faster than wildfire, branching out and taking life.

I'd known it would happen, but it still hurt a bit that pack members looked at me differently now. They were wary, careful. They acknowledged me as their Luna, but I think it was more out of fear than respect now. I knew my secret couldn't stay hidden forever, but I had been hoping to lessen the blow when it came out. Preferably not attached to the fact that I had been assumed to have killed Alpha Richard's daughter because I was supposed to be a wild, bloody thirsty monster. Nothing I could do about it now though.

"Lily?"

"Huh? Sorry, I zoned out."

Dimitri brushed his fingers across my cheek. "You don't have to do this."

"I do, actually. We need answers. You don't want me to do it, but it's need to happen."

He sighed. "If he hurts you..."

"Then you have my full permission to go big bad Alpha wolf on him." I kissed his nose.

"I don't need your permission for that darling."

Dimitri wrapped his arms around my waist, flipping me onto the bed so I was under him. He kissed me lovingly, leaving me breathless.

"Nothing is going to happen. I trust you to have my back." I said quietly.

"Always." He promised. We kissed again, the tension in his body quickly turning into lust. I was naked before I knew it, my mates head between my legs. I let out a content sigh as he pleased me.

"I have studying to do you know." I said.

"Don't care." His tongue flicked out and I bit back a moan.

"Dimitri, I have my first exam in a week." I gasped.

"Really don't care."

"Dimitri." I'd meant to sound firm, but it came out as more of a plea.

He hummed against me, adding extra pleasure with his fingers. It was a wonder I ever got anything done around here with his seemingly insatiable need for me. Finally, I gave in, giving myself to the feelings only he could ignite within me; We exhausted ourselves together, falling asleep in each other's arms.

I woke sometime later, glancing at the clock on the bedside table. Four in the morning? Goddess. Way too early. Rolling over, I snuggled into Dimitris back. But sleep didn't come; In fact, I was oddly alert. Had Dimitri turned up the heat? I kicked off the blankets, letting the breeze from the open windows cool my body. A minute later though, I was too cold. Frustrated, I sat up. The minute I moved, my stomach rolled violently. Hand covering my mouth, I was off the bed and running to the bathroom as fast as my feet would carry me. Attempting to hold my hair back, I let out my dinner into the toilet, groaning.

"Lily?"

Dimitri entered the bathroom, coming to kneel beside me.

"Are you okay sweetheart?" He put his hand to my forehead as I flushed the toilet.

"I'm fine, now. I don't know what that was." My voice was raspy. "Can you get me some water, please?"

He brought back a large glass and I downed it.

"Maybe I should get Thara up here." Dimitri offered.

"No, don't wake her. I'm fine, really."

"Lily, you just puked."

"I feel better now. Don't bother your sister, I'm sure it was just something I ate."

He looked doubtful, with good reason. Greta had made us dinner, and nobody ever got sick off her cooking. It was next level work.

"Let's just go back to bed. I'm tired." He helped me stand and watched me like a hawk all the way to bed. Pulling the covers over us, Dimitri hugged me close. I fell asleep soon after, wondering why I didn't feel uncomfortable now. I assumed getting sick must have drained me.

When we woke a few hours later, I still felt fine. I made us breakfast; Scrambled eggs, French toast, hashbrowns, muffins and bacon. Lots of bacon. I filled my plate mostly with meat, Dimitri eyeing me as I poured syrup over everything.

"What's gotten into you?" He asked.

"I'm hungry."

"You never put syrup on eggs."

I shrugged, taking a bite. He shook his head at me.

"You're feeling better then, I take it."

"I told you; it was probably weird I ate. I'm fine. Stop worrying."

"It's my job to worry about you. One I take very seriously." He leaned over to kiss me.

I finished my breakfast, my eyes drooping tiredly. Not bothering to take my dishes to the sink, I crawled back into bed.

"We have training." Dimitri said.

I was so tired, I simply waived him off. "Not today."

He paused. "Okay." He kissed my forehead gently. "I'll wake you up in a bit."

He might have said something else, but I was already asleep.