

## Chapter 57

Lily

Dimitri woke me up at ten thirty. I was groggy, and starving. I asked him to make me a sandwich with a side of potato salad while I showered. The look he gave me was justified; Wolves ate more than humans in general, but this appetite was unusual for me. Not to mention the fatigue. Perhaps my mate was right, and I should visit Thara. I didn't feel sick, but I didn't feel like myself either.

"I made you a turkey bacon club." Dimitri mind-linked me.

I smiled as I rinsed my hair. "Perfect. Thank you."

Turning off the water, I dried myself hastily, eager to get to the food awaiting me. I haphazardly wrapped my hair and strode out of the washroom completely naked. Dimitri's eyes widened as I sat down and grabbed the sandwich, taking a huge bite.

"This might be the hottest thing you've ever done." He gazed at me.

"Don't even think about it. I'm way too hungry for sex."

He smirked, taking my words the wrong way. I rolled my eyes while I continued to devour my meal.

"I'm going to find the guys. Meet you downstairs?" He pecked my cheek. The little touch sent heat pooling in my stomach. My arousal drifted between us and clearly showed on my face.

"You know, maybe I changed my mind about the sex." I bit my lip.

"Best thing I've heard all morning."

I jumped at him, catching him by surprise. The towel unwrapped from my still wet hair, falling to the ground. My lips met his in a rough heated kiss, which he returned happily. Part of me wondered if I was going into heat; I wasn't usually this horny. But, no, I just had my heat, hadn't I? I shouldn't have another one for six months. Was it different for me, being a Mother Wolf? I stopped pondering when Dimitris hand slipped between my legs. My head fell back with a loud moan.

By the time I was completely satisfied, it was fifteen minutes until twelve. I left my mate breathing hard on the bed to get dressed. I opted for something I could move easily in; in case this meeting went badly. Dimitri joined me in the closet to get new clothes; His were a lost cause, shredded in my need to have his skin on mine. Scraps of the remnants were scattered across the bed and floor. I wasn't even sorry.

"Gideon just arrived. Ben is escorting him inside."

"Where are we meeting?" I asked as I tugged my shirt on.

"The common room. I've made it clear nobody is allowed in there today."

I nodded. "Good. Let's go."

"I need pants Lily."

"But you look so much better without them."

"I think the guys would disagree with you."

I actually pouted when he grabbed a pair of black jeans. Goddess, I needed to get myself under control.

"Later." He promised. My mood instantly brightened.

"I'm holding you to that."

Taking my hand, we went together to the common room. I eyed the artwork that decorated the walls in the packhouse. I'd been here for a while now, and still I couldn't get used to the beauty of this place. Not just the

packhouse, but the pack itself. I was lucky to be able to call Blood Moon my home. Dimitri opened the door for me, allowing me walk in first. My eyes immediately sought out Gideon, standing near one of the many bookshelves. He seemed quite impressed at the collection.

Ben stood near him, watching him closely. Clara was sitting on one of the plush, grey sectionals, and Luke was leaning against the redbrick fireplace set on the far wall. To my surprise, others were here too. Alpha Killian looked up as we entered, a man I didn't know standing next to him. He nodded a greeting at us. Even Hazel and Clint were here, sitting at a small table tucked into the corner.

"Thanks for coming." Dimitri said.

"You said be here at noon." Gideon replied.

"I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to him." He gestured to his Alpha friend. Gideon shrugged, continuing to scan the books.

"Why are you all here?" I asked.

"You didn't want the warriors here, but I still wanted extra protection." He glared across the room. "We trust everyone here, without a doubt. Right?"

"Right."

"With one obvious exception." Killian said.

"It's nice to see you again Alpha." I smiled.

"You can call me Killian Lily. No titles amongst friends."

"Alright. And this is?" I nodded to the man next to him.

"This is my Beta, Julian."

"Pleased to meet you, Luna." Julian offered his hand. I met him halfway, and we shook.

"You as well."

I cast my eyes to the side, having the sensation of being watched. Gideon was staring at me, a strange look on his face. It almost looked like pride.

"It's amazing how well you can ignore the elephant in the room." Killian commented.

"And with that being said, let's get on with this." Dimitri announced. He hadn't left my side since entered the room.

I looked at Gideon for the first time properly. Dimitri had been right; He was freshly clothed, cleaned and shaven. It sparked annoyance in me. He was a prisoner, for the time being. He should act like one. After all, he had surrendered to us

"I was told you would willingly take a truth serum." I didn't phrase it as a question.

Gideon nodded. "I will. Under the condition-"

"We met your condition! You get to talk to Lily; You don't get anything else!" Dimitri snarled.

"As I was saying-," He acted as if my mate hadn't spoken, stirring anger in the air,"- Under the condition that only you, Luna, ask the questions."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because only you will ask the right ones."

He wasn't making any sense, but I didn't push it. I looked at the faces of my friends, and my mate. "Anybody have a problem with that?"

"No."

"Nope."

"No."

Dimitri shook his head mutely. "Okay. Clara?"

She stood, reaching into her pocket and producing a small, thin vial with gold liquid. We'd had the opportunity to test this batch, on Luke. Clara hadn't made a truth serum since before Isabelle was born; She wanted to make sure she got it right. I'd learned many interesting things about my friend, mostly due to Ben and Dimitri asking him embarrassing questions. He could be sure that I would remember everything, and he would never live it down.

Ben shadowed his mate as she walked to Gideon, stopping two feet away. She tossed him the vial, crossing her arms. I was surprised when he popped open the lid and downed it one go. Part of me honestly expected him to screw us over, to take the potion and vanish. It's not like it wouldn't come in handy in the future; The Devil himself would spill his darkest and most intimate secrets. Gideon shuddered slightly, his pupils dilating. Clara had told us it could take up to three minutes for it to take effect, so I counted in my head. When I got to three minutes exactly, I asked my first question.

"What is your name?"

"Gideon Abraham Whitethorn."

His last name rang a dim bell, for Goddess knows what reason. Whitethorn was not a name I'd ever known.

"Are you a Dark Witch?"

"No."

"Told you." I heard Clara mutter to Ben.

"If you're not a Dark witch, why did you take James and Jennine?"

"I only took James. I did not take Jennine, though I meant to."

My forehead creased in confusion.

"Where is James?"

"Dead."

My mouth dropped open. That was the last thing I expected to hear.

"But... Margie told me that you'd offered him a deal, something about getting revenge on Dimitri and I? That the Alpha and Luna would pay?"

"I did offer him revenge, but it was only a pretense. I am powerful, but because I do not practice the Dark Arts, James had to agree to be transported to me."

"You... You don't want to hurt us? Me? Or Dimitri?"

"No."

"Then why did you kill James?!" I demanded. I couldn't honestly say I was sad over his death, but coming from a man who just claimed he had no ill will towards us, it was a little strange.

"Because he hurt you." Gideon said nonchalantly. I was taken aback by his confession.

"Why does that matter to you? You don't even know me."

"I do know you. I've always known you, Lily. I've been keeping watch over you your whole life."

My heart started to race. Suddenly, I wanted to leave the room, to be done with this. Yet, despite my inner turmoil, my mouth opened and asked the question I wasn't sure I wanted the answer to. But it seemed inevitable; If not here, now, I would find out some other way. Unavoidable.

"Why?"

Gideon's eyes looked shinier, as if he was fighting back tears. But he answered in a calm, confident tone.

"How could I not watch over my own daughter?"