

Chapter 61

Lily

I ran, and I didn't stop until I was in my room. I raced to the bathroom, crouching over the toilet and becoming violently sick. My tears never ceased, the sobs breaking from my chest making it a painful experience. Eventually, I had nothing left to bring up. Exhausted and overwhelmed, I sat back, screaming into the empty space. I was dizzy, lightheaded. My body swayed, slumping to the floor.

"Fuck!"

A pair of hands caught me before my head hit the floor.

"Hazel?"

"I'm here Lily. Come on, let's get you to bed."

I let her help me stand, wrapping my arm around her shoulders. I felt so weak, so tired. And, super strangely, hungry. How could I even think of being hungry right now?

"Hazel."

"Yes?"

"I'm hungry." I said sheepishly.

"I will make you something. Lay down."

She arranged the pillows for me, covering me with the blanket. I grabbed Dimitris pillow, bringing it to my nose and inhaling his scent; It did wonders at calming my nerves. Hazel came back with a bowl of Gretas chicken noodle soup. She handed it to me and I eagerly dove in; Hazel sat

beside me and raised her eyebrows. I finished the soup in no time, placing the bowl and spoon on the bedside table.

"You were hungry, weren't you?"

I nodded. "It's weird."

"Probably a symptom of the stress." She patted my hand. "How are you feeling now?"

"I don't know Hazel." I blew out a breath. "Angry. Betrayed. Heartbroken... to name a few."

"I understand."

We sat in silence for a while, lost in our own thoughts.

"I'm pregnant." She suddenly announced.

My eyes widened and I pulled her in for a huge hug. "Really?! Oh my gosh! Congratulations Hazel!"

"Thanks Lily." She returned my smile. Her eyes clouded over, letting me know someone was mind-linking her. When her eyes cleared, she grasped my hand. "You'll want to mind-link Dimitri." Her tone was soft, but commanding. I did what she asked without questioning her.

"Dimitri?"

"Lily! Are you okay?"

"No."

"I'll come find you soon darling. But you need to hear this."

He told me everything that had been discussed since I left. I swore at least a dozen times, and when he finished, I swore again.

"So, I have a crazy grandfather who hated my parents, and an even crazier Uncle who wants to use me? Probably kill me?"

"I'm sorry Lily."

"And he's working with Jennine. Wonderful."

"We'll come up with a plan. Nobody is going to hurt you."

"Come up soon. I need some serious cuddles."

"Whatever you want darling. I love you."

"I love you too."

I cut off the mind-link, seeing Hazels eyes clear as well. Her expression said Clint had also filled her in on what we'd missed.

"Goddess, Jennine is just digging her own grave." Hazel mused.

"I'd rather dig it for her. And put her in it." I snarled. Hazel pursed her lips in agreement.

"The good news is that your mom is still alive. That's a miracle, you must be happy about that."

I was. Truthfully, that information spread warmth throughout me. I had a mother, a mother who loved me. I would do anything to get her back, to bring her home.

"I need to come up with a plan, to get her back." I told Hazel.

"You? Don't you mean 'we'?"

"I don't need Gideons help."

Hazel sighed. "Lily, he did it to protect you. You heard what Dimitri said-Bastian would have found you already if Gideon had taken you away. It wasn't an ideal situation, but I believe he made the right choice."

My jaw dropped. "You can't be serious?! Hazel, the man abandoned me with no memories! He watched me become a human punching bag for an entire pack!" I seethed.

"I know it's hard to understand. And I know I'm not a mom yet... but even now, everything in me is telling me to protect my pup. If I was faced with

a choice like Gideons, I would leave my child too, if it means they'd be safe."

"Then you're as bad a parent as he is!"

The words left me mouth before I could stop them. Instantly, my hand went over my mouth as Hazel's face crumpled in hurt. What the hell was wrong with me?!

My friend stood, making her way to the door.

"Hazel, wait! I didn't mean-"

"I'll come see you later, when you're in a better mood." And she left.

"Aaaarrggghhhh!" My head fell into my hands. I was horrible; Was there anything worse I could have said? I wouldn't be surprised if Hazel never talked to me again. I wouldn't if I was her. Tears fell from my eyes, catching in my palms.

I felt ridiculously sad. Not just remorseful, though I was. I cried for half an hour on the bed, until my stomach grumbled. Sniffing, I made my way to the kitchen where I grabbed a package of bacon from the fridge. Throwing into a pan, I turned it on high letting the juicy meat get crispy. I cooked the whole package and grabbed another. Setting my heaping pile on a plate, I brought it back to the bed and snuggled under the covers.

Munching on my odd snack, I put on a movie Dimitri and I had already watched. My thoughts wandered in circles as the characters own dramas played on the screen. Was I supposed to forgive Gideon? Just like that? Nobody here knew the extent of what I'd endured at Snow Moon; Nobody knew how many times I'd contemplated ending my own life. Okay, so that was my doing, I never talked to anybody about it. Not even my mate. But the difference was that Gideon had seen it all and never stepped in.

He killed James because of what he did, but what about the rest? What about everyone else who'd hurt me? How was that right? Part of me wanted to believe that if my mother hadn't been kidnapped, she would

never have agreed to what he did. Mate or not, she would have protected me, wouldn't she?

The memory of my birth played in my head. Gideon holding me for the first time, love and happiness shining on his face. With that image came a string of guilt. I didn't want to believe Hazel, didn't want to see it from his point of view. That would make what he did okay, and it wasn't okay.

At some point, I fell asleep, completely drained. I woke up to the sparks of my mate holding me close.

"Did I wake you?" He whispered.

"No. I have to pee."

He let me go, allowing me to slide off the bed and go do my business. I washed my hands, noticing my plate on the table. I'd only eaten half the bacon I'd made; Hopping back into bed, I picked up the plate and resumed finishing it. Dimitri reached for a piece, pulling his hand back when I slapped it.

"Don't you dare."

He shrugged. "I already had three anyways."

I scowled at him. "What time is it?"

"Almost dinner. You slept most of the afternoon."

I didn't know what to say to that, so I said nothing.

"How are you feeling?"

"Fine."

"Lily."

"Okay, I'm confused and angry and honestly, I'm still tired. And I'm angry. I just want things to go back to normal; No, I want things to be normal. I want to not be some mythic legendary wolf with all these problems. I just want to live my life with you, happily. Is that too much to ask?"

"I get what you're saying, but life isn't always that easy Lily. Everyone has challenges, some more than others. I too wish you didn't have to go through all this, but it is what it is. All we can do now is be prepared."

"Like we were prepared the first time?" I scoffed.

"We have foresight this time around. And we know what our enemy is after. That makes everything a little easier." He brushed my hair behind my ear. I caught his hand, the sparks setting off a different kind of hunger in me.

Dimitri registered my mood a second before my lips were on his, my hands tugging open his shirt. To my surprise, and disappointment, he pulled away.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I asked Greta to bring us dinner tonight so you didn't have to cook. I'd feel pretty awful if I scarred the poor woman this way."

I was seriously thinking about mind-linking Greta to hold off with our food until a knock sounded at the door.

"Come in." Dimitri called and I reluctantly climbed off him.

"Hello dears! I hope you're hungry." Greta wheeled in a trolley loaded with food.

"It looks amazing Greta, thank you so much." Dimitri gave her a side hug.

"Anything for my favorite Alpha and Luna. Enjoy loves." She left with a cheeky grin.

We ate until we couldn't anymore, settling back against the pillows. Dimitri rested his hands behind his head, closing his eyes.

"That woman can make anything out of potatoes, I swear." He sighed happily.

"It was delicious." I agreed.

"Speaking of things that are delicious, are you still in the mood-"

I silenced him with a heated kiss, pulling him to me. He grinned against my lips, his hands coming up to remove my shirt. Together, we worked off any possible calories from our dinner until well after midnight.