

Chapter 694

His expression turned serious once more and he placed his hand over hers and held it to his cheek. "We have both walked different roads, Thereasa. Each of us has been damaged in our own different ways, but we have found something amazing along the way. We have found Cassia and Liam, and we have found a new home where we are welcomed and loved. We have both fallen, but we have risen back up. It's time to put the past behind us and concentrate on the glorious futures we have ahead of us. I am willing to do this. Are you?"

"Yes, oh yes, Pietro, I am so ready for that." On impulse she threw herself into his arms, hugging him tightly when he enveloped her in his embrace and held her close. "To new beginnings, Reasa."

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"To new beginnings, Pietro."

"Do you think I should go up there?" Liam's gaze slid to the kitchen door earning him a snort from his friend.

"I told you, they're fine...for now." Cassia laughed as his head spun around, his expression startled.

"Well there's no telling what Rafe is going to have to say to them both about why they managed to land themselves into their predicament in the first place," she pointed out, though something told her their Alpha was preoccupied elsewhere at the moment. "Seriously, Liam...what Reasa did for Pietro last night, it changed everything."

As if on cue, the dark-haired vampire appeared in the kitchen, smiling as he crossed to Cassia and gave her a resounding kiss. All the tension had left his body and even Liam could see that he was at peace with his soul. If he hadn't seen it he had felt it the instant the other male had entered the kitchen.

Reasa followed him in a few seconds later, sliding into Liam's embrace as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The smile she gave him was beatific and he kissed her, holding her tightly as she laughed at his anxiety.

"Do males ever grow up?" She asked Cassia who was also smiling.

"I'll let you know if mine ever does," the blond wolf quipped back, earning her a harrumph from her mate.

"Did anyone see Kothari last night?" Liam suddenly asked, his brow drawing down in a frown. In all the chaos that had happened, he didn't recall seeing the reticent Vârcolac, and for some reason that made him feel uneasy.

"I don't think so, but then I was more interested in the fact my mate was lying in pieces and you were with Reasa. He had to have been there though; a full pack alert had gone out." Even as Cassia spoke, whatever unease had been trickling down Liam's spine was transmitting to her.

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"He feels so calm," Liam whispered, his frown deepening. "Too calm..."

"Dara's agitated," Cassia exclaimed, her gaze turning to Pietro. "Something's very wrong...we need to find Dara right now..."

Dara was pissed with a capital P. She couldn't believe she had allowed Kothari to manipulate her as he had the day before. He had deliberately pushed her buttons, being a complete pig and calling her names to get rid of her. She'd fallen for it too, and that was why she was so mad. She was angry at herself and furious at Kothi. He hadn't shown up for the pack alert and when she got her hands on him she was going to give him a piece of her mind.

Stomping up to his house, she was pissed that she'd had to walk half a mile too. Why the hell couldn't he live closer to the main compound? That was something else she would give him a piece of her mind about and to hell if it wasn't really his fault. He was a grown man for God's sake. He didn't have to live with his parents. The fact that she still lived with hers was a moot point.

"Kothari, get your ass out here now!" she yelled, standing with her hands on her hips outside his front door. All the lights were on in the house so she knew he was awake. "Kothari, I mean it! If I have to come in there!"

Silence greeted her, an eerie silence that sent a shiver down her spine. Why were all the lights on? That didn't make sense. Neither, did Kothi ignoring a pack alert. Had something happened to him? What if some of the vampires had doubled back and attacked him while the rest of them were concentrated elsewhere?

"Kothi?" Dara walked up the three steps to the door, her breath catching when she saw it was open a fraction. With a hesitant hand she let it swing open, fear clogging her throat as the main living area came into view. Everything was in complete disarray, every piece of furniture smashed into pieces. The curtains were ripped from the windows, jagged holes in the glass on the back wall.

"Kothi? Answer me!" Panic laced her voice as she entered the wrecked room. There was no sign of any blood or body parts, the house just appeared as if a cyclone had taken place inside it.

Dara ran into the kitchen to find it wrecked, fear clogging her throat at the destruction. She didn't stop there, she turned and took the stairs two at a time, the same chaos echoed in every room she checked. There was only one exception, and it appeared odd that it remained so pristine. Gard and Rayne's bedroom remained untouched, the only evidence that someone had been there, a leather bound journal resting on the middle of the bed. (w)Ww.ñ©V££wórm.c©M

"What did you do, Kothi? What did you do?" Dara whispered the words, as she reached for the journal, opening it up to the first page...

July 8th

Dear Journal,

Mommy told me to write what's wrong with me. That letting it out in some way was better then not at all. Something is wrong with me. I hear mommy & daddy whispering at night when they think I'm sleeping, even with Antie Annie and Uncle Kaleb.

What's wrong with me?

Dara's heart clenched as she read the first entry, the lost cry of a little boy who knew that he was different even when he was so young. It was hard not to feel empathy for that little boy despite the wanton destruction in the house. Something had happened to push Kothi over the edge. Maybe there was some clue to what it was in his journal. She turned more pages trying to find some evidence of what had set him off. Her breath caught as she read, her heart pounding as she stopped at an entry...

DEAR AGONY

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YOUR HURT HER, YOU HURT OUR ANGEL!! HOW COULD YOU HURT HER.

YOU HURT HER

YOU HURT HER

WE HURT HER

WE HURT HER...

Dear God, he was talking of himself as two separate entities! He'd even named the other part of himself...Agony. Who had Agony hurt? Why had it distressed Kothari so much? There were no reports about any pack member being hurt. In fact, the only thing that came to mind was when she'd been with Kothi and he'd lost control. Was he talking about her? She leafed back a couple of pages, re-reading some entries about Kothi's Angel. Did he mean her? It appeared to tie together but maybe she was imagining it.

She paged forward to the end of the journal, and promptly ran out of the room and threw up in the hallway. The last two entries...oh sweet Jesus...if he wrote them after destroying the house...