

## Chapter 21

Violet

Choking back a sob of my own, I leaned back against Jasper, who put his arms around me. This was... unreal. Pathetic, really. This girl, Jennine, was coming after us, all because Dad found his mate? How could one person hold onto so much hatred? Enough that they would kill their wolf, their other half! Hala was a part of me, I felt it. Not just in my mind, but a part of my soul. The thought of getting rid of her... it made my physically sick to my stomach.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry you went through that." I told her solemnly.

"Perhaps... perhaps it is better that I know. I am grateful I do not remember. But at least I know who to target."

She was getting angry now, I could feel it. My hands were shaking, my vision blurry from my tears. Hala anger resonating through me, pulling me in. It was overwhelming.

CRACK

I jumped to my feet as Sophia shrieked. Garrett jumped in front of her in a protective stance. Jasper moved me behind him as well, and Mom and Dad were in immediate Alpha and Luna mode. I looked around for the sound of the noise, my eyes falling on the window behind Dad's desk and chair. My mouth fell open slightly.

The entire window was cracked, delicate webs of lines crossing from one end to the other. All eyes turned to look that direction, and as we watched,

tiny pieces began to fall onto the floor. And then bigger pieces until there was nothing left but a hole where the glass use to be. Dad stepped over them, crunching the glass under his shoes. He glanced out the window, surveying the area.

"There's nobody out there." He frowned.

"Are you sure?" Mom asked.

"I'd hear them, and smell them. What on Earth..." He looked at the glass shards again, completely confused.

"It could have been a sniper." Mom said worriedly. She glanced between Garrett and I.

But Dad shook his head, looking at the floor and the walls. "There's no bullet. And I doubt she would use guns."

"Magic."

Dad nodded.

Nobody said anything for a couple minutes. I opened my mouth, but Garrett spoke first.

"So, when were you going to tell us?" He looked angrily at our parents. "Didn't you think this was something I should have known about? I'm going to be Alpha! Were you just never planning on telling me there was a threat to the pack?"

"We didn't-" Mom started.

"Violet was out all night!" Garrett interrupted. "So was I! We didn't even know we had a target on our backs! How could you be so careless?!"

"You aren't the target!" Mom shouted. "We are!"

"How is that better Mom?"

"You didn't need to know! We will handle Jennine." She said firmly.

"Like you did last time?" He scoffed. Moms' aura radiated around the room powerfully, thickening the air.

"Lily, calm down." Dad said. But Mom ignored him completely. She glared at Garrett a minute more before turning and walking out, slamming the door behind her.

I didn't like my brother talking to Mom like that, but I didn't say anything. I was angry as he was. They should have told us! Everything made more sense to me now- The intense training sessions, the strict curfews. Never being able to leave the pack. Having the warriors with us pretty much everywhere we went. I rounded on Dad, my own glare on my face.

"You should have told us. We didn't deserve to be kept in the dark!"

He sighed. "I wanted to tell you, both. Many times. But your mother..."

"Is totally overprotective! She needs to learn that we aren't helpless kids anymore!"

"It only makes sense that Jennine would go after Violet and Garrett, to hurt you two Alpha." Sophia said quietly.

"I never would have taken Vie out if I'd known some psycho was on the loose." Jasper agreed.

Dad observed all of us, one by one before looking at the floor covered in glass again. His expression transformed into one of anger and determination. Then he was walking past us, his hand on the doorknob.

"I will speak to your mother." He looked at us over his shoulder. "I am sorry we didn't tell you. But I won't let that bitch hurt my family, not anymore." He opened the door, leaving to go after Mom.

I fell back onto the sofa, mentally drained. "What do we do now?" I looked up at Garrett.

"We keep our eyes open, and watch our backs. And each other's backs." He told me firmly. He turned to Jasper, his anger coming back in his tone. "I'm trusting you to watch over my sister."

"You don't need to worry about that. I'll always keep her safe." Jasper replied. Garrett nodded once, turning back to me. "You know they won't let us help. Mom especially will try to keep us out of it."

I smirked. "I'd like to see her try. She's not the only one who has people to protect, people she loves."

"So, who's going to talk to her?"

I pursed my lips. "Best two out of three?"

"Let's go."

Sophia and Jasper both chuckled as we rock, paper, scissored. Sadly, and with a big groan, I ended up losing. Wearing my best grumpy face, I left the room, praying hard that a fight didn't break out between the guys in my absence. When I reached my parents' door, I paused. Crying could be heard through the door, and my heart clenched. Mom was super strict; Sometimes she went overboard. But I knew it came from a place of love, and her wanting to protect us. I admired my mom more than anyone else. She was strong when she had to be, and she was one of the best fighters too thanks to training with my dad for so many years.

But she was also kind-hearted, warm, and caring. Often, it was difficult to believe the Luna of Blood Moon was anything more than a loving Mother and wife. Enemies had underestimated her before, all to their demise.

"Mom? Dad?" I pushed open the door quietly.

"What, Violet?"

Dad was sitting on their huge bed beside my mom who was curled up on her side, her head on her pillow. Her face was tear-stained, her eyes puffy and red. I felt a rush of guilt, but not enough for me to let this go.

"Can I talk to you?" I looked at Mom.

"Fine." She huffed after a minute. Dad sighed, running his hands through his hair. Giving her a quick kiss, he patted my shoulder on his way out. I took his place next to Mom.

"Mom." I said firmly, but gently. "I know you want to protect us. I know. But do you really think Garrett and I are going to stand by while some bitch hunts down our parents?"

Her eyes narrowed a bit at my language, but she didn't say anything.

"You can't keep us out of it." I continued. "What was the point of training us then? Making sure we knew how to defend ourselves? There was no point if you're going to keep us locked up in the house."

She pursed her lips.

"I kind of understand why you didn't tell us." I sighed. "But at the same time, you also should have told us. And no matter what happens, we're doing this together, as a family. Or, we can do this by ourselves. But one way or another, Garrett and I will step up to protect you, Dad, and Blood Moon."

Mom sat up, wiping her face. Then she took my hands in hers, our eyes meeting. Hers were filled with pain, anger, but most of all fear. Mine, on the other hand, were full of determination. After a long silence, she squeezed my hands and softly smiled.

"You are so like your father." She chuckled lowly. "Always ready to jump into action. Even Garrett, though he's more cautious. I just... I can't stand the thought of someone hurting you. Your Dad made me realize that keeping this from you might have been a mistake all this time. But I should have known that you would never be the ones to hide away while someone was threatening us. No, that's not you. Especially you Violet. You give me such a headache sometimes, but you always stand up to

protect others, and for that, I couldn't be prouder. We will do this together. Even if I'm hesitant about it."

She pulled me in for an unexpected hug, burying her face in my hair. Her words took me by surprise a bit, but they warmed my heart too. I was just happy I wouldn't have to fight her on this anymore. We pulled back, smiling at each other.

"Love you, Mom."

"I love you too Vie. Come on, let's go back. Your Dad is getting Luke and Ben too."

I nodded, pulling her up with me. We made our way back to Dad's office, both lost in our thoughts. Not surprisingly, Uncle Luke and Ben were already there, Ben crouching down near the broken window shards while Luke was glaring at the wall. Everyone looked up when we entered, and I went straight to Jasper. He wrapped his arm around my shoulder, and we resumed our seat on the sofa, Mom sitting next to me.

"So?" Garrett asked.

"We're good." I said.

"Garrett, I'm sorry." Mom said to him.

"Me too." They hugged briefly, Garrett bending down to wrap his arms around her.

"What's the plan?" Uncle Luke asked.

"I have the warriors already searching the area. Border patrol on every side said nobody got in but... I don't know. She could have slipped by with a spell or something. Where's Clara?" Dad looked at Ben who stood up, shaking his head.

"Coming. Should be any minute now."

The door opened as his words ended, Aunt Clara walking in. She surveyed the room, and our serious faces before looking at her mate.

"What's going on?"

"Jennine."

Aunt Clara's face darkened, her eyes sparking. Her fingers twitched, as if just the name of the enemy was making her want to hit something.

"She's back?" She hissed.

"Looks like it." Uncle Ben glared at the glass. Aunt Clara walked over, frowning at the mess.

"Can you use a locator spell?" Dad asked. "There's no way this was done with a gun, and there's no bullet. It had to have been her."

Aunt Clara's head suddenly cocked to the side. She examined the window closely, her heels crunching some of the pieces under her feet. "Ben, stand back."

He did as she asked, backing up to the wall. Aunt Clara stood back as well, muttering under breath and waving her hand over the glass. After a couple seconds, they started to float in the air; I watched in awe as one by one, each of piece of glass flew back up to the window sill and re-assembled itself. Aunt Clara was watching too, her eyes following each shard, her frown becoming more and more pronounced. When the window was finally back in place, only the original spiderweb cracks were left, before it fell.

"It doesn't make any sense..." She said.

"What doesn't?" Uncle Luke asked.

"The window... It was broken from the inside."

"What?" Mom gasped.

"Are you sure?" Uncle Ben asked.

Aunt Clara nodded. "Positive. This was done from inside this room."

"Impossible. Jennine couldn't have gotten into the packhouse, let alone up here, without being seen." Uncle Luke said.

"I don't think Jennine did this." Aunt Clara looked around at us. "No, this was done by someone here. Someone here has magic in their blood."