

Chapter 45

Violet

"How the hell is that guy a doctor?" Dimitri asked. We were making our way to the next house, all visibly relieved things had sort of worked out.

"He also went to school in the human world. He graduated at the top of his class. When he came back to Silver Moon, he had to adjust a little to treating non-humans, but he is good at what he does." King answered.

"His bed manner isn't as good as his skills." Ashwell added.

"That, I can believe." Dimitri chuckled.

This time, I let Jasper take the lead in the eviction process. The whole ordeal with Kettler stressed me out. And I really wasn't keen on doing it again. As it was, the next people didn't put up as much of a fight, but it was clear they weren't thrilled about their impending move. It took us two hours to get the job done, and by the end of it, I was whipped. These were some colorful people, with some colorful choice of words.

"That was rough." I yawned.

"Thank Goddess it's done." Jasper agreed. "Are you hungry?"

"I could eat."

"I saw some chicken in one of the fridges."

"Could you make it for me? I really want to lie down."

"Of course." Jasper kissed the top of my head and I smiled. When we got back to the packhouse, the guys headed to the kitchen, presumably to further discuss the future of the pack. I steered myself towards bedroom we'd stayed in last night, collapsing on the bed. To be truthful, I really

didn't like this room. The walls were an ugly, dark purple color, with weird black flowery designs. It felt kind of gothic, and dark. Not that I had anything against Goths, but it wasn't my style. However, it had a bed, and that's all I cared about right now.

"Only a few weeks in, and you two are already draining me." I patted my stomach.

"They can hear you."

I shot up so fast, I got a little dizzy. Marian stood just inside the room, looking around sadly. I hadn't even heard her come in.

"Hello Marian. Do you mean the babies?" I asked.

She nodded. "They hear their mothers voice first. It soothes them."

"I guess that makes sense."

I really looked at her, noting how much better she looked already. She was still far too thin, but she was clean, free of dirt and rags, and in clean clothes. "How are you feeling? Are you and Skye settling in well?"

"It pains me to be back here." She said softly.

I bit my lip, unsure if I should ask. But I did anyways. "Why?"

"It reminds me of him."

"Him?"

"The old Alpha."

Our eyes met. Different scenarios started running through my head of why she would be upset about Warrick. Given his reputation with women, I guessed it was nothing positive.

"Did you use to work here?"

"No."

"Oh."

I already knew that, but I thought maybe with her quiet nature, the other former employees maybe just hadn't noticed her. Wishful thinking, on my part. Marian walked to the bed, sitting next to me. Her hands were crossed in her lap, her hair partially covering her face.

"Can I trust you?" She whispered.

"Of course you can Marian. I'm your Luna."

She shook her head. "Can I trust you... as a friend? Not just a Luna?"

Gently, I placed my hand on her shoulder. "Yes."

When she lifted her face to mine, there were unshed tears in her eyes.

"Then I would like to tell you my story."

I didn't think saying no was really an option. I could tell she had thought hard about this decision, and I was ready to listen if she was willing to talk. I nodded, pulling my feet up under me. Marian nodded, taking a deep, shaky breath. Then she began to talk.

"I was not born in Silver Moon. I actually come from a pack far from here. When I was sixteen, we were attacked. Few made it out alive. We regrouped at a safe place, but the damage was done. My pack was destroyed."

She sniffled, remembering her past loved ones.

"Some stayed together, and moved to different packs. I chose to go a separate way, and I was on my own for a while. I didn't want to start over near the place my family had died. I went across the mountains, stayed in a few human cities for a while. But I started to miss the pack life, the feeling of being in that sort of community. I ended up coming out this way. I knew there were a few packs here." She looked at me. "I was headed for Blood Moon. A big pack, lots of security. A place I knew I would feel safe."

"You didn't make it." I said. Obviously, as she was here.

"I didn't. I was outside the border of Silver Moon when patrol spotted me. They thought I was a rogue. Soon, I was surrounded by wolves and men. I begged them to listen to me, I told them I wasn't a rogue. Although I guess I technically was." She shrugged. "They brought me here, to... him." She clasped her hands tighter in her lap. "I told him my story. I told him where I was headed. He offered me sanctuary in Silver Moon, but I was reluctant. It was nice, back then, but my hopes were pinned on Blood Moon. At first, I declined, but the Alpha insisted. Eventually... I agreed."

"I told myself it was only temporary. I would rest here for a few weeks, recoup, and then be on my way. I wasn't an official pack member after all. The Alpha let me stay here, in the packhouse."

She stopped talking, seeming reluctant to continue. I waited, letting her gather her thoughts.

"One night," She continued in a hushed tone, "The Alpha came to see me. I was surprised, it was late. He asked if he could come in, and I even though I was unsure, I didn't want to be rude. So, I invited him into my room. He asked how I was liking the pack, if I was doing alright here. I told him I still wanted to try Blood Moon, but I thanked him for taking me in in the meantime." Her bottom lip started to quiver. "He became angry. He asked me why his pack wasn't as good as Blood Moon, why I wanted to leave. He said all packs should have pretty young girls, and Blood Moon already had far too many. I didn't know what to say, so I told him I was tired, and asked him to leave. That only made him angrier... he... he grabbed me. Threw me on the bed. I was scared, confused. I didn't know what he was going to do. Not until... until he... ripped my nightgown off..."

Her unshed tears began to fall silently down her cheeks. Her breathing accelerated, a sob breaking from her lips.

"Marian it's okay. You don't need to tell me anymore." I soothed her. She laid her head on my shoulder, crying desperately. In that moment, I wished more than anything that Warrick had gone straight to Hell and was

suffering the pain of a thousand deaths over and over. He deserved far worse.

"I-I do. Need t-to tell y-you." She sobbed. "S-Skye..."

My stomach dropped while bile rose in my throat. It was an uncomfortable sensation.

"Skye is Wa-His daughter, isn't she?" I asked her.

"Yes! A-Anne never knew! B-but he did."

"Is that why you were out there? Where we found you?"

She nodded. "He didn't want her to know." She whispered.

I wrapped my arm around her, hugging her tightly. "I am so sorry for what happened to you Marian." I wiped away a stray tear, not wanting to upset her more. "But he's gone now, forever. He can never hurt you again. And I would never let anyone hurt you either."

"I need to ask you something."

"Anything."

"I... I want to leave. I want to take my baby, and I want to leave."

My heart lurched but I nodded. I understood why she was asking me this. "I will talk to my dad. You can leave with him, or he can have someone take you and Skye to Blood Moon. I won't tell him everything, though, okay?"

Marian hugged me even tighter. "Thank you! Thank you, Luna!"

We sat like that until Jasper found me. He had a steaming chicken sandwich and some chips on a plate. His face grew worried and confused when he walked in, and he cleared his throat.

"Er, sorry. I'll leave this here." He set the plate on the bed next to me.

"No, I'm sorry Alpha. I should go." Marian stood, wiping her face.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"I left Skye in our room. She should be waking up soon from her nap."

"Alright. Come find me if you need me." I pulled her down for a hug once more, and then she was gone.

"Is she okay?" Jasper took her place on the bed next to me.

"She will be." I grabbed my food, utterly starving.

"Anything I can do to help?"

"Yes, actually." I took a big bite, chewed, and swallowed. "You can release her from the pack, so she can go home with my dad."

He searched my eyes briefly. Whatever he saw only made him nod and not ask any more questions. Perhaps he guessed, or maybe he just trusted me that much. As long he was willing to do it, I didn't care. We were quiet for a while, each lost in our own thoughts.

"I don't want to live here." Jasper suddenly spoke.

I took in the room again. "Me either."

"Not just here, in this room. I mean the packhouse. I feel like it holds too much negativity."

I winced, Marian's story still fresh in my mind. "Yeah, I think it does."

He laid back, placing his hands behind his head. "I was thinking. My Dad has some connections in the human world. He could easily get us materials as a lower cost."

"You want to build a new packhouse?" I asked surprised.

"Yeah, I do. I think... I think it would be good. For us, for the pack. For the people who were here with Warrick, and suffered under him."

"A new start." I mused.

"Yeah." He propped himself on one elbow. "But we don't have to. I know there are tons of other, far important things to do right now. And it does sound selfish."

I looked at the door Marian had walked through. "No, I don't think it is. I think getting rid of this place would be good for a lot of people."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Alright. I'll call my dad, see what he thinks. You sure you're, okay?"

I nodded. "Just tired. I think I'm going to take a nap."

"Okay." Sitting back up, he pulled me in for a kiss. It wasn't exactly a peck on the lips, but I didn't mind. With everything else going on, I'd missed having these private moments with him. But it didn't feel right, right now. Not after knowing what I now knew about what had transpired behind these walls. I pulled back, giving him a soft smile.

"Wake me up in a little." I said.

"Will do." He left, closing the door behind him. And me? I finished my food, and curled up under the blankets, falling into an uneasy sleep.