

Chapter 0062

Fine, go to him.

I take a deep breath and sigh. Once again their needs are greater than mine. We stand up slowly and walk over to him, rubbing up against his leg. I can feel his whole body shaking in anger. We just continue to circle him and nuzzle his legs. We come around to the front of him and look up into his eyes. He takes a few deep breaths and looks down at us, tears in his eyes. He's trying to hold in the sadness and anger he feels and slowly raises his hand to run it through our fur just behind my ear. My wolf purrs at the contact and she closes her eyes, letting the contact calm us both. I feel his weight shift and we open our eyes to see he has knelt in front of us, both hands on the sides of my wolf's face, looking us directly in the eyes. 1

"I'm so sorry, Sky. I know I can't take anything back or even begin to make it up to you, but I'm going to try. I thought if I just did what dad asked and kept my distance, it would take his focus off of you. I guess that idea backfired. I never knew how bad it was, because I put blinders on and just hoped everything was okay since you never complained about anything. You never got sick or asked for anything. That wasn't

because everything was fine though, was it?" My wolf just shakes her head. His tears are silently falling now. "I don't need details, if you don't want to share, but I need to know the worst Sky. Why do you have scars that never healed properly? Why does it seem like you are a different person at school than on the training field or when you're just with us?"

His intentions are true and real. Let them in a little. I understand why you don't want to give them names. You are right, they do not get to have revenge for what has been done to you. That is for you only. But, let them understand the result of their neglect so they can begin to change their ways. They cannot grow without being taught. You are a teacher, teach them. My wolf advises.

I grumble in her head. This is exactly what I didn't want to do. I don't want to talk about the things in my nightmares. Just the thought hurts.

They need something to work with. You can make it as simple or as detailed as you want. Maybe some graphic descriptions will be good for them. Did she just make a joke out of my torture?

Fine. I said to her, then to the guys, I need some clothes, this will be easier to explain in human form. Sierra deserves to hear this from me directly.

Before I finished, large t-shirts were dangling in front of me. My wolf had to blink a couple times at the fast movement. She grabbed one gently in her teeth. She took a big inhale, Dakota, the scent instantly calming me. We walked behind a tree and shifted, then I pulled on the oversized shirt. I know these guys are significantly bigger than me, but jeez, the shirt sleeves reached past my elbows and the hem almost touched my knees. I had to try really hard to not think about the fact that Dakota was now shirtless, again, and the guys were all quick to literally give me the shirts off their backs.

I walked out and sat on the log across from my friends. I just stared into the fire. I wasn't going to be able to look at them while I told this story.

I don't want to throw blame their way, this isn't about making them feel bad, but they also need to know they are a part of the problem. I took a deep breath, closing my eyes and steeling myself to relive this story out loud for the first time.