

Chapter 211 The Situation Room

Edrick

I watched the police officer take Moana into the interrogation room and shut the door in my face before I could even really protest.

“She’ll be fine,” I whispered to myself. But did I really believe that?

What happened to Moana and Ella was extremely traumatic. At least Ella didn’t have to remember what happened at her young age, but Moana... She would never forget it. I had already seen the way that it was affecting her since it happened. During normal conversations, she would go elsewhere. Whenever the events in the warehouse were brought up, her face would darken and her eyes would gloss over, like she was reliving it. I tried to help snap her out of it whenever I noticed it happening, but I was worried that she would freak out in there and I wouldn’t be around to help her. I highly doubted that the police officer would know what to do, or if he would even care. To them, Moana was just a piece of evidence to collect before Ethan could be convicted. That was it.

For a long time, I just paced back and forth outside of the interrogation room in that little hallway. There was no window on the door, and no matter how many times I asked, they wouldn’t let me into the room next door with them to watch through the one-way mirror. I felt completely cut off from Moana, and it made me sick.

Suddenly, one of the female officers came up to me as I was still pacing in front of the door.

“Mr. Morgan,” she said in a light, friendly voice with a plastic smile spread across her lips, “your fiancée will be fine. Why don’t you come with me, and I’ll get you some coffee?”

“No, thanks,” I replied. “I’ll be staying right here.”

The female officer’s face darkened slightly, but her smile didn’t fade. “I’m afraid you can’t stay here,” she said. “We don’t allow people to pace outside of the interrogation rooms, and it’s a narrow hallway. Come with me; we have a nice room where you can wait and relax.”

I opened my mouth to protest, but before I could, the female officer took me by the arm and led me away. She led me down the hallway and into a small waiting room with a couple of vending machines, a few tables and chairs, and a coffee station. It was anything but comfortable in there, but I knew that it would be useless to try to get back to Moana, so I sat down at one of the chairs and put my head in my hands while I waited.

A few minutes later, the female officer slid a cardboard cup of steaming coffee to me from across the table. “Here,” she said. “It’s good coffee. Cream and sugar?”

I shook my head. “Black is fine, thanks,” I muttered. I took a sip of coffee and it burned my tongue, but I didn’t care. At least the motion of raising the cup to my lips and sipping the bitter coffee was something to keep my hands busy.

After a few minutes, however, the still air in the waiting room and the hum of the vending machines only raised my anxieties.

But it wasn’t just that; suddenly, I felt a pang in my chest. My wolf suddenly appeared, and he seemed panicked.

Something was wrong.

I suddenly stood so abruptly that I knocked my chair backwards onto the floor and toppled my coffee cup over, sending coffee spilling across the white lacquered table. I didn’t care about that, though. While the female

officer still stood there in shock, I took off out of the room and bolted back down the narrow hallway toward where they were keeping Moana.

“Sir? Sir!” the female officer shouted, running after me. Her calls alerted other officers, who came out of adjoining rooms with puzzled looks on their faces. I ran past them, ignoring their demands for me to stop, but was suddenly halted by two officers who stepped into my way.

“Sir, please calm down,” one of the officers said, putting his hands up. “Come on. Let’s get you back to the waiting—”

“Get out of my way,” I growled angrily. “My mate is in distress. I can feel it.”

The officers looked at each other, then back at me. I suddenly shoved past them to get closer to Moana, with only the thought of making sure that she was okay on my mind. I didn’t care that they were yelling at me or threatening arrest for my actions; I just needed to get to Moana.

However, I was quickly stopped by those same two officers tackling me to the ground. I felt my skin scrape against the tiled floor as I went down, but I only growled and writhed beneath the two officers.

“Let me go!” I snarled. “Just let me get to my mate!”

“Mr. Morgan, you really need to calm down,” the female officer from before said. “Ms. Fowler is fine. The interroga— I mean, interview, will be done any minute now. Please just come back to the waiting room and relax, and we won’t need to arrest you.”

The two male officers hauled me to my feet, each one of them holding me by each arm. Realistically, I could have used my strength and abilities as an Alpha to break free and smash through the door to the interrogation room, but I knew that it was a futile effort that would only end in my arrest.

I couldn’t shake the feeling that someone was seriously wrong, though. The aching pain in my chest was too distinct; it was the same pain that I

felt when I realized that Moana and Ella were gone on the night that they were kidnapped, only now that Moana and I had marked each other, it was even stronger and more visceral. Maybe the police officer was grilling her too hard in the interrogation room. Maybe she had a flashback, or maybe something was wrong with the baby...

“Look,” I said, feeling desperate now, “I don’t want to cause any trouble. But please just check on her. I have a really bad feeling.”

The three officers looked at each other. Finally, the female officer sighed and nodded. “I’ll go and check,” she said. “Just stay calm, okay?”

“I will.” I watched as the female officer walked away. Down the hall, I could see her knock on the door and crack it open a moment later. She poked her head in and said something.

But then, she opened the door further, and gasped. I watched in horror as she ran in. Raised voices could be heard coming from the interrogation room, and that was when I’d had enough. I wrenched myself away from the two officers and bolted down the hall to the interrogation room, where I burst in through the open door. My eyes widened as I saw what was in front of me.

Moana was passed out on the floor with her eyes rolled back, in some sort of fugue state. The two officers were bent over her.

“What happened?!” the female officer said.

“I-I don’t know,” the other officer replied. “She just started to panic, and then this happened.”

I felt my heart sink. Growling, I shoved the officers and picked my mate up off of the floor. “Call an ambulance,” I ordered, glaring at them with glowing eyes.

Chapter 212 The Golden Knife

Moana

One moment, I was in the interrogation room with the police officer sitting across from me.

“Ms. Fowler?” he asked, standing from his seat with a worried look on his face. “Are you alright?”

My eyes were wide and my hands were shaking. I was standing with my back against the wall, feeling as though I couldn’t get a full breath into my lungs. The room felt as though it was closing in on me, and I felt trapped inside like an animal caught in a net.

And then, suddenly, I felt my knees buckle under me. I fell to the ground, and then everything went dark with only Edrick being the very last thing on my mind.

...

When I woke up, I was in a dark room. In fact, it was pitch black... But when I held my hands up in front of my face, I found that I could see my own hands perfectly. The room itself was black, like a void.

“Hello?” I called out. My voice felt thick and heavy. There was no echo, and no response.

I called out again. This time, after a few minutes of waiting, there was finally an answer.

“Hello,” a familiar female voice said. I immediately recognized it as my wolf, Mina.

“Mina?” I called out. “What’s happening?” But she didn’t answer. In fact, a long time went by during which I didn’t hear or see anything. It felt like an eternity, but also a split second at the same time. Was I sleeping? Was this just a strange dream? It felt too long and vivid to just be a regular dream... I felt perfectly conscious, not at all like I was in a dreamlike state.

I had to rack my brain to remember what had happened at first, but finally it started to come back to me. I remembered being in the interrogation room. I was answering the police officer’s questions, but it started to get to be too much, and I started having flashbacks when he started asking about the specifics of what happened in the warehouse. No matter how hard I tried to stay focused and keep myself level-headed, I couldn’t stop seeing Ethan’s gun in front of my face. At one point, I started to hyperventilate. Yes; that had to be it. I hyperventilated and lost consciousness. Surely any minute now I would wake up and would be safely in Edrick’s arms once again. I never should have agreed to go down to the police station on a whim like that... I should have waited until I was mentally prepared. But it was okay now. I would be okay once I woke up.

But I didn’t wake up. A long time passed, and I stayed in the black void. I moved around, or at least I felt like I was moving around, but nothing changed. There was nowhere to go, and nothing to do except wait.

Eventually, I started to wonder if I was dead. If this was what it was like to be dead, I thought to myself, then it was awful and lonely. The thought of being conscious with nothing but a void around me for all eternity made me shudder.

At one point, though, I suddenly felt someone else’s presence. A sort of presence, at least. I couldn’t tell if I just made it up in my mind or if it was real, and if someone else was here with me. But when I started to see

Michael's face materializing in front of me, I wished that it was neither of those things. I would have rather been alone.

"Go away," I told Michael, taking a few steps back. But he didn't speak. He just sneered at me, and eventually the rest of his body came into view as though he was loading into this new instance, like a virtual reality. His neck, then his shoulders, his arms and his chest... Then, eventually, his hands. He was holding something in one of them; a knife.

It wasn't just any knife, though. It was golden — even the blade itself was golden — with an ornate handle that had the head of a wolf on the end. He was holding it tightly in his hand, unmoving.

Then, suddenly, the void shifted. It changed from a black void to a rainy cliff with trees on either side. I felt a gasp catch in my throat and I whirled around to see a sheer drop below me with nothing but blackness below.

"I should have killed you sooner," Michael's condescending voice said. I whipped back around to see that he was closer now. The knife was raised, ready to stab me. When I turned around, the tip of the knife was nothing more than a mere centimeter from my face and I shrieked, stumbling backwards.

I thought for sure that I would fall into the void now. But I didn't. I fell to the ground, and Michael stood over me, laughing. He walked closer, straddling me, and lowered himself. Then, holding the knife with both hands now, he raised it high. I screamed again, but it was no use. No one could hear me. No sound even came out of my mouth. Just air.

A bolt of lightning flashed overhead, illuminating Michael's evil, twisted face and his glowing eyes. He brought the knife down hard just as thunder rolled in the sky. He brought the knife back up... Then down. Up... and down... Until there was nothing left of my chest except for a bloody crater. He laughed the entire time, and when he was finished, he stood and tossed the knife to the ground. He wiped his bloody face with the back of his hand. I was stiff now; I was dead, but I was conscious, and I couldn't

move or scream or even blink against the rain that was beating down on my pale face. With another chuckle, Michael kicked me over the edge of the cliff and I fell limply into the void like a ragdoll.

All around me, all I could hear was the sound of a baby crying.

Suddenly, I awoke with a start, coated in a cold sweat. I woke up for real this time... Not in a void, but in a hospital bed, in a dark room lit only by the dim blue glow of the hospital machines. My body felt sore and weak, but it wasn't stiff; and when I looked down at my chest, all of it was still there. It was no longer a crater created by the knife that Michael wielded.

Thankfully, it really was just a dream. I was asleep the whole time... But why was I in the hospital? Was my panic attack so bad that they had to take me to the hospital?

But part of me didn't think that it was just a dream. I didn't know if I believed it or not, but the dream felt too vivid and too bizarre to just be a machination of my own anxiety. There was something prophetic about it... That knife. I had seen it a thousand times before, throughout a thousand lives. Each time, it had killed me — the Golden Wolf. And now, in this lifetime, someone had it. And that person was Michael. If he didn't have it already, then he would have it soon.

And he would kill me with it.

Chapter 213 Sleeping Beauty

Edrick

When I finally burst into the interrogation room, I found the two officers crouched over Moana as she was lying motionless on the ground with her eyes rolled back in her head. I shoved my way past them and scooped her up off of the floor, then ordered them to call an ambulance immediately, which they did.

The ambulance came quickly, and before I knew it I was sitting in the back of it and holding Moana's limp hand while they drove her to the hospital.

"She went into a state of temporary shock," the doctor said at the hospital, taking his stethoscope out of his ears and hanging it back around his neck with a sigh. "I believe her wolf put her into a minor coma to cope with the stress, in order to protect her and the baby. But there's no knowing exactly how long she'll be asleep."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "You don't know when she'll wake up?"

The doctor shook his head. "No. I'm sorry. The best we can do is monitor her and try to get things like her blood pressure back down to a normal state and see if that does the trick, but unless her wolf decides that it's safe enough for her to wake up, she'll stay asleep. I'm sorry to say this, Mr.

Morgan, but... Some wolves don't decide it's safe for a very long time, if ever."

"Just tell me what you're trying to say," I growled. "Don't beat around the bush."

The doctor swallowed and his face went pale. "I'm saying that you should be prepared to potentially lose both Moana and your baby," he said quietly.

As the doctor spoke, I felt anger bubbling up inside of me. I managed to stay silent and quelled that anger just long enough until the doctor left, but when he did, I lost it and punched the wall. Later, none of the nurses mentioned the hole that was left in the drywall by my fist, although I could see their eyes flickering nervously over to it whenever they came in.

Moana stayed asleep for three days. During that time, I didn't leave her side. I didn't sleep or eat; I only sat and watched her intently, hoping and praying that she would wake up.

I felt like such a jerk for letting her go down to the police station like that. I should have refused for her... I should have put my foot down and told both her and the two officers that no, she would not be going down there out of the blue to be interrogated. I should have gotten her a therapist the day after the incident in the warehouse, and I should have kept her home from work until she was in a better mental state. But I didn't do any of those things, and now I felt as though it was my fault that she was in the hospital like this. If I lost Moana and our baby, I didn't know what I would do. Maybe I would die along with them.

On the afternoon of the third day, my sleep deprivation was really getting to me. My speech was slurred, and I kept catching myself nodding off by Moana's bedside. I hadn't changed my clothes during that entire time, and I desperately needed a shower. Even the nurses took in my haggard appearance and seemed frightened of me.

Finally, the doctor came in and told me that I needed to leave.

“Go home and get some rest,” he said gently, patting me on the shoulder. I stiffly looked up at him, still clutching Moana’s small hand in mine. Even his form, which was right in front of me, seemed blurry and almost shapeless from my impaired vision due to lack of sleep. “Your driver is waiting outside for you, Mr. Morgan. Come on. I’ll walk you out.”

I didn’t want to go at first, but the doctor insisted. Finally, I agreed to go, although I felt my heart wrench as I let go of Moana’s hand and walked away from her. But the doctor was right; I needed to sleep. I needed to shower and eat, and there was no doubt that Ella was absolutely distraught. I still needed to be there for my daughter, even if everything else was crumbling in around me.

When I finally arrived back at the penthouse, it was just as I expected. Ella, Selina, and the maids were all beside themselves with grief and worry. They all looked just as haggard as I felt; even Ella had dark circles under her eyes and a gaunt appearance to her face.

“Is Moana coming home, daddy?” Ella asked as I crouched down to her level in the foyer and pulled her in for a tight hug.

I sighed and took Ella by both shoulders. She deserved to know the truth.

“Moana is very sick, Princess,” I muttered. “I don’t know if she’ll come home... Only time will tell. But the doctors are working very hard to make sure that she can come home to us.”

As I spoke, Ella’s big eyes filled up with tears. I held her while she cried, and eventually carried her off to my room to let her sleep with me that night. After I showered, I came out of the bathroom to find her fast asleep in my bed with her little yellow stuffed duck that she never let out of her sight.

I only wished that I could sleep like that. But no matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t. And I didn’t have my sleeping pills, either. I couldn’t drink,

because if I needed to be there for Moana, I wanted to be sober. All I could do was lay in my bed, staring at the ceiling as sleep seemed so far out of reach.

Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. Around three o'clock in the morning, I finally gave up on trying to sleep. Taking care so as not to wake Ella, I quietly got out of bed and got dressed, then left Selina a note before I headed downstairs and ordered the driver to take me back to the hospital so I could be near my mate. I didn't care that the nurses and doctors on the night shift whispered about me, or if they made comments about how I wasn't helping the situation by being glued to Moana's side. I needed to be near her... And in a strange way, I felt as though she needed me there, too. Maybe the presence of her fated mate would help her snap out of it, I thought. I tried to be hopeful... But at the same time, a darker, more macabre part of me just wanted to be there because if she died, I didn't want to be away from her while it happened. At the very least, I knew that I needed to be beside her during her last moments. It didn't matter if it happened that night, or a thousand nights from now. I just needed to be with her.

And so, on the third night, I returned to Moana and fell fast asleep with my head on her leg, listening to the steady beat of her heart monitor.

Chapter 214 The Omen

Moana

When I woke up, I found myself in a dimly lit hospital room with Edrick sleeping on my lap. I was no longer floating in a void, nor was Michael above me with a knife. Instead, I was safe and sound with my mate by my side.

But nothing felt right. That dream was too vivid to just be a machination of my own anxiety... It felt like an omen. Was Michael coming for me with that knife, or was it really all just a dream made up in my own mind?

Suddenly, Edrick must have sensed that I was awake because he jerked his head up and opened his eyes wide.

“Moana,” he whispered. He lurched forward suddenly, looking relieved, and kissed me deeply. I was comforted, but also taken aback at the same time, and when we pulled apart I gave him a puzzled look.

“What happened?” I asked quietly. My throat felt dry and cracked.

Edrick shook his head. “You’ve been asleep for three days,” he responded, his own voice shaking. “But you’re okay. You’re okay now.”

I felt my eyes widen as Edrick spoke. “Edrick, I have to tell you something—”

But before I could get a word out to tell him about my prophetic dream, the room suddenly became rushed with nurses and doctors who began

taking my vitals, checking on me, and asking me questions. The room filled with a flurry of activity, and by the time all of the tests were over and they had finished wheeling me around to various rooms to get x-rays and scans, I felt utterly exhausted and disoriented.

When I finally was returned to my original room where Edrick was waiting nervously with dark circles under his eyes, the doctor came in to give me my results.

“It looks like both you and the baby are perfectly healthy,” the doctor said with a smile. “You can thank your wolf for putting you in a dormant state... And you’re lucky that you came out of it as soon as you did.”

“What should she do now?” Edrick asked. I noticed that he was holding my hand tightly, but I didn’t mind one bit.

“I would like you to stay on bed rest for the next week,” the doctor said as he scribbled furiously on his clipboard. “I’m going to send in a prescription for you for some special vitamins and some medicine to help you sleep if you need it, and I’d like you to come back when the week is over for a follow-up appointment.”

“A week?” I asked. I couldn’t stay in bed for a week! I had a job to do, and I had already taken enough time off because of the whole warehouse ordeal!

“It’ll be okay,” Edrick said gently, rubbing my shoulder with a worried yet relieved look in his gray eyes. “It’s just a week.”

“And it’s necessary,” the doctor continued. He gave me a stern look as he ripped the page off of his clipboard and handed it to Edrick. “You’ve been through a lot of stress for someone who is still relatively early on in her pregnancy. At this point, if you don’t dial things back and stop biting off more than you can chew, you’ll jeopardize both yourself and your baby. And I know that you won’t want to do that.”

I nodded slowly and stared down at my hands in my lap. The doctor was right, of course; I didn't want to put my baby in harm's way. I would just need to get through the next week and hope that the headmistress wouldn't fire me for being out of work so much, and then hopefully it would be smooth sailing.

The doctor cleared his throat then and let out a sigh. "Now, this next part isn't so much an order as it is a strong recommendation," he said, leaning on the end of my bed with his hands as he looked at me over the rim of his glasses. "But I sincerely think that you should find a therapist. I don't know exactly what happened a few weeks ago, although I've heard bits and pieces. And I don't know if that's the only thing that has happened to you. But it's a lot for one person to process. Combined with the pregnancy hormones, you're setting yourself up for some severe postpartum depression or even postpartum... psychosis."

My eyes went wide. I had heard stories about women going through postpartum depression, and those stories were bad enough. Postpartum psychosis, on the other hand, turned out to be fatal more often than not without proper treatment. The things I had heard were troubling to say the very least.

"Rest assured, doctor," Edrick suddenly said, standing. "I have a few therapists in mind already." He looked at me for a moment with pain in his eyes, but there was something else there, too. Fear. Was he afraid that I would kill our baby? Did he view me as a dangerous person because of what I went through in the warehouse, or was I just being paranoid now?

The doctor, seemingly satisfied now by Edrick's promise, nodded and shot me a smile. "I'm going to have you stay the rest of the night to keep an eye on your vitals, but you can leave after that," he said, patting my ankle. "If you need anything, just call one of the nurses."

Edrick and I watched the doctor leave. Once we were alone again, Edrick sighed and ran a hand through his disheveled hair before he turned back to face me and offered me a weak smile.

“Are you afraid of me?” I suddenly whispered, unable to contain myself.

Edrick’s eyes widened. “What?” he asked, rushing over to my side. “No. Of course not, Moana. I just want to make sure that you get the help you deserve.”

I nodded slowly and stared down at my lap. It was comforting to know that Edrick was worried about me, but at the same time it was frightening. I felt like a crazy person, someone who needed to be watched and monitored in case I had a sudden episode. But maybe Edrick and the doctor were right... Maybe some therapy would be helpful in the long run.

“Earlier, you said that you needed to tell me something,” Edrick said gently. “What was it?”

I was suddenly reminded of my horrible dream. At the time, I thought that it was an omen. But now, after being awake for a few hours, it didn’t feel so scary at all. It really was just a dream, and nothing more; and I didn’t want to worry Edrick any further by mentioning it, so I shook my head and smiled.

“It was nothing,” I said quietly. “Just a dream. I hardly even remember it now.”

“Oh.” Edrick furrowed his brow and sat down beside me. He seemed a bit disbelieving, but he didn’t push it further, and for the rest of the morning we dozed off together while the nurses floated in and out of the room.

Hopefully, it really was just a dream that would soon fade out of my memory completely.

Chapter 215 Home Sweet Home

Moana

Just as the doctor promised, I was prescribed some medicine for the baby and for sleep and then I was sent home later that day once my bloodwork and vitals all came back within a normal range. The entire way home, Edrick didn't let go of my hand. Every time I glanced over at him, it seemed as though he was looking at me, and that was comforting to me. The memory of our time spent together in my bed before I was taken to the police station stayed in my mind, which was a welcome distraction from everything else. It felt as though there was no longer a wall between us, and I hoped that everything would smooth itself out from there.

When we arrived back at the penthouse, Ella came running as soon as the elevator doors opened and practically flew into my arms.

“Moana!” she cried, sobbing into my chest. “I thought you were never gonna come home!”

“It's okay, baby,” I cooed as I stroked her hair and held her tightly and blinked back my own tears. “I'm home now.” I could only imagine the sort of distress that Ella was under the entire time I was at the hospital. After learning about what happened at the warehouse, I imagined that the poor little girl feared the worst. Although Edrick planned to find me a therapist, I just hoped more than anything that Ella could get some counseling, too. Hopefully, at the very least, I thought that this ordeal was

the last bit of stress we would need to deal with as a little family. Although with my dream about Michael still lingering at the back of my mind, I wasn't so sure that that would be the case.

As I held the crying Ella in my arms and Edrick silently rubbed my back, I suddenly looked up to see Selina standing in the doorway with tears in her eyes. Her face looked puffy, like she had been crying nonstop for days. Even just seeing her like that made me want to cry.

Without a word, she walked up to me and pulled me in for a tight hug. The feeling of the old housekeeper's arms around me was a much needed comfort, like an embrace from a mother. When we finally pulled away, I couldn't help but smile.

"Let's get you to bed," Selina said, guiding me to my room before I could protest. I glanced over my shoulder at Edrick one last time, who just watched me with a worried expression on his face before he was out of sight. Selina led me to my room and laid me down, although I wasn't all that tired.

"If you need anything, just let me know," she said, patting my hand gently with a weak smile. "I'll be here for you all day."

Knowing that the old housekeeper would take good care of me made me smile. I was just glad to be home, in a safe environment. Maybe now I would feel better about everything and wouldn't have another flashback.

That afternoon, Edrick had to leave to go to work since he had apparently spent all of his time at the hospital. I thought that he should stay home and rest along with me, but he insisted on leaving; and part of me felt as though he secretly felt like he needed to work in order to regain a sense of normalcy. I just hoped that his exhaustion wouldn't hit him too hard, and I gave the Alpha billionaire stern orders to have the driver take him to and from work, which he thankfully obliged.

Ella, the two maids, and Selina floated in and out of my room for a while to check on me or keep me company, but for the most part I was left alone so that I could rest. I wasn't tired, though, so I spent my afternoon drawing in my sketchbook and reading while wistfully glancing out the window and wishing that I could be in my classroom instead. At the very least, I did have my wolf to keep me company, although she was exhausted from protecting me during those few days and was not a constant source of conversation.

It must have been around two or three o'clock in the afternoon when I was drawing in my sketchbook. I was working on a nature sketch and listening to classical music, and everything felt fine. That was why whatever happened next came as so much of a surprise.

One moment, I was smiling to myself as I drew. I was comfortably propped up in bed with the promise of a cup of tea and a sandwich for lunch on its way from Selina. My window was wide open, allowing the cool autumn breeze and the sounds of the city to float in. Everything felt comfortable, warm, and safe.

The next moment, however, everything changed. It didn't feel as though any time passed at all; it was as though I was just sitting there, then I blinked and everything was different.

I was no longer in my bed. I opened my eyes to find that I was standing in the middle of my room, although that wasn't the most alarming thing. What was most unsettling, and what made me clap my hand over my mouth in shock, was the fact that I had somehow scribbled dozens upon dozens of pictures that were now scattered all around my bedroom. The floor was covered in pieces of paper ripped from my sketchbook. The lines on the pages were dark and heavy, and I had pushed down so hard on some of them that I had bored holes straight through the paper.

All of the images depicted the most vile, violent scenes that I could have possibly imagined. Blood, gore, death... It was like a battle had been

fought in my bedroom, and the evidence was on paper. I gasped as I looked around, but that gasp turned into an outright sob when I padded across my room to find that a particular sketch of Edrick and Ella at the theme park on the ferris wheel had been completely scribbled over and destroyed. I fell to my knees and sobbed again as I picked up the paper with shaking hands. I nearly shrieked when I saw that what I had covered my original sketch with was a dark, heavy, scribbled image of the knife from my dream about Michael.

What had happened? I didn't remember doing any of this... I just blinked; one moment I was in my bed and comfortable, and then the next moment I was here with this horrific mess all around me. I didn't have a flashback or anything of the sort; at least, I didn't remember having one.

Suddenly, I heard the door creak. I jumped to my feet in an attempt to slam it shut so no one would see, but it was too late. Selian was already standing in the doorway with a tray of food in her hands.

“We didn't have mayonnaise, so I hope you don't mind—” she began, but her voice faltered as she saw the mess in my room. The old housekeeper froze, her eyes widening as she looked around. “Moana... What happened?”

I didn't know what to say. All either of us could do was stand there, frozen to our spots, and stare at each other in complete and utter shock.