

CHAPTER 105

Kai POV

I don't know what's going on with Winter lately. I know she's lost her memories but it's something more than that. I just can't quite put my finger on it. Last night at that date she told me she felt sick but this morning, she disappears for warm milk because she can't sleep. Who can't sleep when they are sick? It doesn't make sense. Or maybe I'm just being paranoid. Who knows.

I meet Langdon. "Training grounds" I mutter to him "I need to work out some of my frustration."

He looks taken aback but does as I ask. There's no sign of Damien and I figure that he's got to be sleeping. I wonder if they were up late last night. Then I stop and halt in my tracks, reaching out a hand to look at Langdon properly. There's a massive smile on my friend's face and there, on his neck, is a mark. They marked each other!

"Congratulations man" I say, patting him on the back. It was awesome news. Langdon more than anyone, deserves to be happy with his second chance mate. Especially after what that bitch Candice put him through.

"Thanks" Langdon says quietly "we did its last night."

I look directly at him "are you happy then?"

His eyes sparkle. "Very."

We start to walk across the grounds, both of us lost in thought. Winter doesn't have my mark anymore and while I would love to claim her again, I'm uncomfortable doing it while she still has amnesia. Storm on the other hand, has no such qualms about it.

She's our mate, she should bear our mark!

Storm we've been over this, we can't just do it without her consent.

Why not, we did it the first time.

Exactly why we can't just do that to her this time. We never should have done it without her consent originally. This time we need to be more respectful of Winter.

I don't like the fact she doesn't have our mark anymore Kai.

I don't either Storm, but we just have to be patient. She'll let us mark her again eventually.

She'd better. She's ours, no one else.

Trust me, she knows that, Storm.

Man, my wolf is more possessive of Winter than I am. He's very protective of her as well. I guess Damien is lucky that Storm hasn't torn him to shreds for what he did to Winter in the past, because my god he wanted to. He really wanted to. If he hadn't had been Langdon's second chance mate. . . . He would have been in serious trouble.

We reach the training grounds. Jeff, the head warrior gives us a wave and jogs over to us. I can see two warriors in the ring sparring, both of them not giving an inch, covered in sweat from head to toe. I wonder how long they have been out here for.

"Alpha Kai, Beta Langdon" Jeff says with a smile "it's nice to see you out here. Is there something you need?"

Oh yeah, there's something I need alright. I need to vent some of my anger and frustration out by fighting. My whole body is tense and even Langdon looks like he could use a fight.

"I came out here to train" I say and Jeff looks at me, completely taken aback.

I'm a little indignant. It's not like I don't come out here, it's just that Langdon and I normally train by ourselves together to save time. But I come out here every so often to see how everyone else is going and to train some of the men and women.

"We'll that's fantastic" beams Jeff. Man, he's so chirpy in the morning. It gives me a headache. "Who are you wanting to train against?"

I turn and eye Langdon who looks resigned. "I'm guessing it's me" he tells Jeff wryly. Jeff just nods. He gestures for the warriors to leave the training ring.

"Wolves or human form?" asks Langdon as we get into the training ring and separate, staring at each other.

"Wolves" I growl and he nods.

Without hesitation, both of us begin to strip off our clothes. Then I spot Damien in the crowd. He's come out here to watch. I consider pointing him out to Langdon but I don't want to distract him from our fight.

I shift, bones cracking loudly in the otherwise quiet air, there's a small crowd gathered around us, something that I'm used to. It's not often they get to see their Alpha fight another in the ring. Langdon shifts into his own wolf as well. I've always liked his wolf. It's a dark grey color all over except for a small patch of white on the nose. He's large, only a few inches smaller than my own black wolf. We glare at each other and begin to circle one another.

I'm looking for an opening, any opening at all that will help. Langdon is the first to race towards me and I meet him halfway, both of us clawing and swiping at each other. I get on top of him and he bucks me off, sending me flying. I shake my head and run towards him, stopping just in time as he dodges to the side. Damn, he's fast, but I'm faster.

We begin to circle each other, snarling, our jaws opening and shutting. This time he leaps towards me and I jump, meeting him in mid-air, my jaws clamping onto him as I land, shaking him and throwing his body into the nearest tree. He hits the tree with a large thud and crashes to the floor. It doesn't stop him though. He's up on his feet within moments. This is going to be a hard fight, just the way I like it.

But then I spot someone's face in the crowd. Someone I hadn't expected to see, considering that I had left her tucked in bed in the room. What on earth was Winter thinking coming out here? Was she insane? She should have stayed inside the pack house if she'd gotten up, instead of coming outside and into the cold air. We were going to have a serious discussion once this was over. Damn it. Now I'm distracted.

I dodge to the side just in time as Langdon attempts to tackle me. I turn and swipe him across his midsection and hear him growl in response. I jump and land on top of him, only to get sent flying through the air as he twists and kicks me off. I'd forgotten just how good Langdon was at fighting. Then again, there was a reason I had made him my Beta and it hadn't been just because we were best friends. This time I stalk over to him and tackle him to the ground; my wolf is bigger and more dominant. I clamp my jaws onto him and he wriggles and kicks. Then I go flying again. This is becoming a nuisance I think to myself. We're so evenly matched the fight could go on forever.

I look over at Winter and her face is completely ashen. She's standing next to Damien, a hand to her mouth. She looks worried. Langdon is looking over as well and has just realized Damien is in the crowd. Damien is just

as pale and looks concerned for his mate. I don't think I can continue, not with Winter looking so frightened. Langdon appears to be thinking along the same lines.

I shift. Langdon does the same with a smile on his face.

"Good fight" I tell him as we both bend down and retrieve our clothes. "I just couldn't continue. . . " I say looking over at Winter pointedly.

"I know" Langdon says softly "I understand."

We both get dressed.

Then we make our way over to Damien and Winter. Damien's eyes are shining. "You were awesome" he tells Langdon. "I can't believe how well you fight."

"Thankyou" Langdon says with a chuckle. He takes hold of Damien's hand. "Do you want to do some training while I watch" he offers. Damien looks thoughtful. "I wouldn't mind doing some training. I haven't really had the opportunity to in the last few months" he admits "even at my old pack I tended to skip it."

"Well then there's no reason not to train here" Langdon answers looking at his mate sternly.

I glance over at Winter who is looking and listening to the both of them intently. There' s a smile on her face. She really does love that brother of hers, even with amnesia.

Damien glances at her. "Winter, would you like to stay" he offers "I would love to spend time with you."

She frowns. I guess she still doesn't have much in the way of memories when it comes to Damien. "I don't really enjoy watching the fighting" she says slowly "it makes me feel sick to my stomach."

There's a disappointed look on Damien's face. Winter sees it. "But maybe later, after the fighting, we could talk. Maybe you could tell me about our childhood" she says.

Damien goes even paler. He swallows. "Sure, we can do that" he says faintly. She gives him a beaming smile. Now Damien looks miserable. I guess he's going to have trouble explaining her rough childhood. I don't feel even an ounce of sympathy for him.

Winter looks at me. "I know you probably wanted me to stay in bed" she says quietly as Damien and Langdon move away from the both of us.

"I would have preferred you did" I growl and she looks at me upset.

"I can't spend the rest of my life in bed" she points out "not when I need to get to know you as well, considering that we're mates" she adds with a frown.

She has a point. Doesn't mean I'm any less upset with her. I mind-link Langdon.

I'm taking Winter back to the pack house. Let me know if you need me.

Will do Alpha Kai.

Thanks.

I gently take hold of Winter's hand and give it a kiss, noting how cold it is and frowning. I shrug out of my jacket and drape it over her. "Cold?" I ask and she gives a small nod. No wonder she's so pale. It's a surprise her teeth aren't chattering together.

"Let's go home and have breakfast" I suggest and she walks along with me obediently. I sigh. I don't want Winter to feel like I'm being possessive of her, but I'm afraid to let her out of my sight after what happened with

Thomas. Even though that bastards dead, I feel like I failed her. I'm not going to fail her ever again.

Is it my imagination or is she walking funny? Her body is stiff and her movements are slightly jerky.

"Are you feeling alright?" I ask softly.

She bites her lip. "I don't know. I feel strange" she admits "I don't know how to explain it, but I know that I'm really thirsty" she says "even though I drank plenty of water before coming out here."

"Maybe you're just hungry" I suggest, steering her towards the pack house. I'm concerned but trying not to show it. Something seems off about Winter. But I'm not sure what it is. Her movements are strange. Like she's having trouble walking. She's definitely not alright. Then I see her stumble and although I move fast, she drops to the ground in a dead faint as I stare down at her. I scoop her off the ground quickly. Her lips are blue now. Her hands are clammy.

I change directions and begin to head towards the hospital, Winter securely cradled against my chest. I scold myself for not getting to her sooner and hope she hasn't injured her head. That's the last thing she needs. Hold on Winter, I think to myself as I run, we're almost there. Hopefully the doctors have some idea of what caused her to faint. Because this doesn't just seem like she's sick to me.