

CHAPTER 109

Kai POV

Winter's been acting really strangely lately. Even Damien has noticed it and her memories still aren't coming back. At least not completely. Is it possible that's the reason for it all? I still can't get the image of her eating steak for breakfast and then licking the blood. Sure, shifters crave meat, but I don't think even my cravings gone that far. Maybe she's pregnant? Like having weird cravings? But wouldn't she know if she was? Besides I don't think bringing up the possibility is a good idea. She'll most likely start yelling at me. I think it's safer to put that idea by the wayside for now.

I'm sitting in the study, perusing my paperwork. There's so much of it. But that's the life of an Alpha. Everything has to run smoothly in the pack. The phone rings and I frown. Only certain people, mainly other alpha's have the phone number in the study and it's a small amount at that. I pick up the receiver.

"Alpha Kai here" I growl.

"Oh Kai, thank god I got hold of you" the voice says. I stare down at the receiver. The voice is somewhat familiar to me. In fact, I'm almost certain of it. This has to be Johnathon. What the hell does he want?

"Johnathon, this better be an emergency" I say tightly.

There's silence on the other end.

"Well, I wouldn't quite say it's an emergency" his voice says quietly.

"Johnathon, cut the bullshit, what on earth is going on?"

A large exhale. My hands clench into fists. He isn't even here and he's driving me insane. Fuck's sake. What does the moron want now?

"Look, it was an accident" Johnathon begins. Not the best way to start a sentence. "Winter's father was being held at my pack as a prisoner." I roll my eyes. Tell me something I don't know.

"I already know that" I growl "so what about it?"

"Well, while I was gone, at your pack" Johnathon says delicately as I listen intently "her father managed to escape. I am assuming he will make his way to your pack. Apparently, he knows where Winter and Damien are."

"Shit" I swear, slamming my hand onto the desk and placing a large dent in it. I close my eyes. For once, can't we just get a break. Especially Winter. She's had enough to deal with.

"How could you let this happen" I snap irritably "what good is your pack if it lets someone go free."

"I'm just as upset as you are" Johnathon growls back "but what's done is done. I just wanted to give you a heads up. Because he's a piece of work, let me tell you."

"Thanks" I mutter "I'll get my men to keep an eye out. But dammit Johnathon, I'm majorly pissed off at you."

"I can live with that" Johnathon says easily "good luck with everything." Damn it, he's completely ruined my day and I bet he doesn't give a shit about it either.

I slam the phone down and put my head in my hands. Great. Another thing to deal with. Winter's father was abusive to her, her whole childhood. No

doubt she felt safer with him a prisoner. How on earth do I take that sense of safety away. Do I even tell her? Maybe there's a way to keep her out of the loop and deal with this problem at the same time.

I mind link Langdon and Damien Can you both come to the study. It's important so come straight away, don't dawdle I warn them. I hope Winter is sleeping upstairs. She seems to sleep a lot lately.

A knock on the door. "Get in here now" I snap and they walk in, sitting in the chairs opposite the desk, while I hastily close the door behind them.

"We have a bit of a situation" I say with a grimace "Johnathon just rang to inform me that they've had a prisoner escape."

"That shouldn't really be a problem" Langdon says confused "why doesn't he just track the prisoner down." He folds his arms over his chest.

Huh. I should have asked the little bastard that when I had him on the phone.

"I'm guessing because the prisoner's now too far away to track" I say wryly "normally it wouldn't be our problem either, but the prisoner happens to be. . ." I trail off not wanting to finish the sentence.

Damien pipes up, his face completely ashen "mine and Winter's father. Isn't that right" he adds quietly. I give a small nod.

Langdon exhales. "How long do we have?"

"Until he gets here? Could be weeks, could be days, especially if he makes his way here without stopping anywhere else" I say grimly.

"Fuck" whispers Damien. For once the boy doesn't look cocky, in fact, he looks like he's going to be sick. Langdon grabs hold of his hand and gives it a squeeze.

"It's alright Damien, we'll keep a close look out for him. He's just one shifter, and not even a strong one at that" Langdon said trying to soothe his mate who looked distraught.

Christ, if this is the reaction Damien had, then there was no way I was going to even entertain the thought of telling Winter.

"He can't be that bad" I say to Damien "can he?" I ask sounding uncertain.

He looks grim. "He tortured Winter for her entire childhood. I'm also to blame for that, but he enjoyed it" he whispered incredulous "he actually derived pleasure from hurting his daughter."

God, I want to beat the man into a bloody pulp. With luck, I'll get my chance to.

"Is he a strong fighter" I muse and Damien shakes his head, then looks at Langdon, biting his lips.

"He's a lot stronger than me" Damien tells his mate. "I never could stand up against him."

"We still have plenty of time until he gets here" I tell them both "patrol will be on the lookout as well, but honestly I don't really think he poses much of a risk or danger. In all likelihood someone from patrol will round him up and put him in the dungeon. He doesn't sound that strong to me."

"I agree" Langdon says firmly, looking directly at Damien who doesn't look convinced. "You have nothing to be afraid of, not when I and Alpha Kai will protect you and Winter."

Damien looks slightly calmer. "What are you going to tell Winter?" he asks "she thinks she's safe and that he's a prisoner in Johnathon's pack. Well, she did" he mutters "with her amnesia I'm not sure if she even remembers that."

I shrug, trying to look carefree. "I'm not going to tell her anything" I say lightly "I don't want anything to stress her out any more than she already is."

"You can't just keep the truth from her" Damien protests "she needs to know so that she can keep herself safe. You'll only make her angry by not telling her."

"I'm trying to protect her" I thunder "she doesn't need to know. What good would it do? She would just be constantly looking over her shoulder and jumping at every little noise."

"She's stronger than that" Damien counters. Langdon stays silent in the background. I scowl at him. His mate is challenging my decisions and it's pissing me off.

"I won't let this harm her or put her back from her recovery" I shout, getting to my feet and sending several things flying off the desk. The door swings open. Winter stands there, her arms folded, an angry expression on her face. Damien gulps. Langdon looks nervous and I give her a small smile. How long has she been standing there and listening?

She strides forward and puts her hands on the desk, her body leaning forward, her eyes staring directly into mine. Fuck. This isn't good.

"What is it that you don't want to tell me?" she says very quietly, but the tone of her voice is ominous and enough to make even Langdon cringe. It's blatantly clear that she's furious.

"Listen Winter" I say hastily "it's not that big a deal. . ." I trail off, her eyes narrowing as she glares at me. She's not buying it at all.

"She has a right to know" Damien hisses "after all it concerns her. "

"Fine" I bark at him "the both of you get the hell out of here" I thunder.

Damien peels himself off the chair and tugs Langdon to the doorway. Langdon gives me an apologetic glance over his shoulder, before he leaves the room with his mate.

Winter folds her arms across her chest and stamps her foot impatiently. "Well," she says snarkily "what is it you're hiding from me Kai? Don't lie to me" she warns.

I sigh. "Fine, your father, has escaped from Johnathon's prison. Apparently, he's on the way here."

Silence. Awkward silence.

She falls back into a chair, a hand to her mouth in shock. Tears form at the corner of her eyes. She clearly remembers her father then. Shame. I would have preferred she never remembered him ever again.

"You're sure?" she asks me, almost desperately "you're sure he's coming here and not somewhere else?"

"I'm not sure, but Johnathon says he knows where you and Damien are, and I need to act accordingly."

"You were going to keep this secret from me" she says scandalized "how could you Kai? I have a right to know that he's coming for me. Even if it means that I have to stay inside to be safe, you should have told me immediately."

"I only just found out" I explain heavily "Damien and Langdon were my first priority. I just didn't want to stress you out" I say, flinching at the look on her face.

"You have no right to make decisions for me without my consent" she says, throwing her hands up "you wouldn't like it if I did that to you."

No, I wouldn't, I have to admit. "I was trying to do the right thing" I argue back.

"Well stop making decisions for me," she cries "I'm an adult Kai, I can make my own. Please, promise me, you won't try and hide anything from me ever again."

Her voice is soft, pleading with me. Her eyes are beseeching me. I can't resist the tears that are forming in the corner of her eyes. She's more upset than I imagined she would be.

"I promise I won't hide anything else from you" I say sternly "but you have to listen to me and keep yourself safe. Is that fair?"

She gives a nod, a small smile on her face.

"Kai" she says gently "I will try and keep myself safe, but I won't lock myself in a room while everyone else goes about their lives. I might not be prepared to fight my father, but I also won't let him take over my life and living."

"Good" I say with a smile "because I don't want that for you either. Winter, how would you feel about visiting the training ring over the next few days? Get some training in? I'm sure Sabriel is missing it."

For some reason she looks inexplicably sad. Have I said something wrong?

"I um" she hedges "haven't been feeling well lately, so it might not be a good idea to visit the training ring, until I'm fully well again."

Now I'm concerned. She hasn't been feeling well for a while now. "Do you think you need to see a doctor?" I ask "maybe just for a checkup?"

She shakes her head. "No, I think I'm just a bit under the weather" she admits "I'm sure that with plenty of rest and fluids, that I'll start to feel a lot better soon."

I'm not so sure about that. But she reaches over and takes my hand, squeezing it gently. "I remembered a little bit more today" she tells me eagerly. Her memories have started to come back in dribs and drabs, which is a good sign. Even if it's slightly frustrating, because there seems to be no order for when they come, it's completely sporadic and random.

"What did you remember?" I ask and she gives me a grin. Then I notice that she's blushing, her cheeks a bright red color. Whatever she's remembered it is obviously something good. I bet I know what it is too.

"I remembered, our first night together" she breathes, kissing my hand "and how special you made me feel."

I bend down and kiss her, tenderly, Winter melting in my arms. "I love you" I tell her and my heart skips a beat when she repeats it back to me.

"I love you too Kai."