

CHAPTER 111

Kai POV

"No, there hasn't been any sightings of the son of a bitch just yet" I snarl, holding the receiver tight to my ear, and imagining it to be Johnathon's neck as I squeeze it tightly.

"I've sent my best trackers out but too much time has passed to pick up his trail" Johnathon says on the other end of the line, not sounding remotely apologetic. Does he not realize the full magnitude of what he's done? How on edge both Winter and Damien have been since they have heard the news? Does he think this is a game? My anger rises with every word that he speaks.

"I've sent mine out, there's nothing there. Are you sure he's coming for them? Maybe he got smart and decided it wasn't worth dying over" I hiss. Maybe the man possessed some common sense. It was entirely possible.

There's silence on the other end of the phone.

"I don't think he'll give up on them quite as easily as you seem to think he will" Johnathon says quietly.

I glower at the telephone. This was all his fault to begin with. If it wasn't for him and his bloody useless pack, this man would still be in prison. Well, a dungeon at any rate. Instead of heading here and traumatizing my poor Winter all over again.

"How's Winter and Damien going" he has the audacity to ask me. I grit my teeth.

"Damien is on edge, expecting to see his father at any moment. As for Winter, she's holed up in the bedroom and it's bringing back some nasty memories. She's about to have a nervous breakdown" I growl.

"I'm sorry for that. By the way, we forgot to tell you about the rogue. You won't understand but Winter will. The rogue she saved, showed us the way to your pack. That's all she needs to know. It might be enough to cheer her up some."

I frown. What the hell did he mean by the rogue she saved? No one saved a rogue. They would kill you as soon as look at you. Johnathon had to be playing a cruel trick. Was he messing with me?

"Yeah sure" I say dryly. He senses my unease about it.

"It's not a lie, talk to Damien about it. He'll tell you it's the truth" he defends hotly.

I roll my eyes. Sure, I'll get right on that. He's silent for a moment while I fume on the other end, fighting back the urge to hurl the receiver at the closest wall and break it.

"Do you require some assistance?" he asks "because I can come back and help until he's been captured again."

The hell he would. I don't want him anywhere near my pack, let alone near Winter making those googly eyes at her again. Besides, my pack was fine to deal with one lone shifter for heaven's sake. It was laughable that he thought we might need his assistance. I'm one of the strongest packs in the country and one of the strongest Alpha's. In fact, now I was viewing it as an insult.

"Thank you for your concern, but that won't be necessary" I tell him with a sneer.

"Kai" Johnathon says lowly and I have to strain to hear him "take care of Winter, because if she so much as gets a tiny bit injured" he pauses "then I'm coming for you. Take care of her or else" he snaps, slamming the phone down and hanging up on me.

Did that little bastard really hang up on me? I stare at the phone incredulously, but the beeping sounds mean that Johnathon, has indeed, hung up. That little asshole. No one hangs up on me. I slam the receiver down several times, banging it hard, taking out all my anger and frustration on it. I keep banging it until there's a knock on the door.

"What" I growl and Langdon comes walking in, without Damien which is a surprise in itself.

"Not in a good mood, I see" Langdon says with a smile of amusement on his face as I scowl at him.

"What do you want Langdon" I say a bit sulkily, almost pouting like a child. Damn that Johnathon. He's put me in a foul temper. I feel like punching something and if Langdon isn't careful, it's going to be him. I scowl at him.

Langdon flops down in the chair. He looks tense, there's a crease across his forehead and his usual jovial smile feels forced. This isn't like him at all. Maybe I should be listening to what he needs as well. Evidently, he was being as affected by the possible threat of the father like I was. After all Damien was his son. No matter how strong and brave Damien comes across, even I know he must have been terrified to have a father like that as a child.

Langdon puts his head in his hands, looking older than his twenty-three years. His brown hair is shaggy, tied back in a small ponytail. He doesn't look anything like the cool, confident, put together man that I knew.

"Man, I hope this asshole turns up soon" mutters Langdon "I don't know how much longer I can keep Damien calm. He's terrified Kai. A young man, an adult male, is terrified of his father. What kind of monster would this father have to be, to cause that much of a reaction in his own son?"

I sigh. So, Damien wasn't faring too well either. Langdon looks exhausted. "He's not eating properly, he's not sleeping. When he is sleeping, he has nightmares. It's all I can do to get him to hold it together. Then to top it off Winter has stopped speaking to him, which has put him in a depressive mood. I don't know what else to do. I left him sleeping to come see you. If he knew I was gone. . . " Langdon trailed off. I got the hint. Damien needed Langdon to be by his side.

"Winter's not faring much better" I admit, clogged in the throat. "She's sleeping but not well and I know she's having nightmares. All of this has started to bring her memories back. Her childhood trauma is all coming back to her, not to mention Damien's part in it. That's why she's not speaking to him. I can't force her to either. That has to be a decision she makes for herself."

Langdon sighs.

"How is patrol going?" I ask leaning back against the chair. My temper has soothed itself somewhat and I no longer felt like punching the walls or poor Langdon.

"I've increased it but there's been no sightings. Patrol is on the lookout and I even got several pack members hiding in the trees keeping a lookout over the forest. If this man comes, we will see him before he makes it onto the grounds."

I hurrumph. At least we were well prepared. But when it came to helping our mates, both Langdon and I were feeling helpless.

"All you can do is be there for him Langdon" I tell him "I don't think Winter or Damien are going to rest easy until their father has been caught. Until then, we do our best to comfort them."

Langdon grimaces but gives a small nod. "Maybe Damien will join me at the training ring" he says quietly "it will give him a chance to vent out his anger and frustration and make him exhausted enough to get a proper sleep."

"I think that's a great idea" I tell him, with a small smile. I watch the poor man leave, his shoulders slumped, looking like he was carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

I groan. Winter hasn't come downstairs yet again today. Which can only mean one thing. She's holed up in our room again. This doesn't bode well. It was like she was afraid, so afraid, she couldn't bear to leave the room. Doesn't she understand that I will protect her? That nothing is going to get past me and sink its claws into her?

I walk upstairs and pause outside our bedroom. I can hear the sound of sobbing, crying, and it wrenches my heart. She sounds so broken, so upset. Should I really disturb her? But my hand knocks on the door anyway. If she tells me to leave, then I'll honor her wishes. But instead, to my shock, the bedroom door is wrenched open and she flings herself into my arms. My hands go around her automatically, even as she wraps her legs around me and it feels like I'm carrying a koala. Her head rests on my shoulder and I can feel her tears beginning to soak my shirt. Her whole body is trembling as well.

"Winter" I say cautiously, rubbing her back as I sit on the bed. She refuses to look at me.

"Winter, honey, what's wrong?" I ask, hearing her snuffle. Her small cries are painful to hear.

"I remembered" she whispers "I remember everything."

Hallelujah. She finally got her memories back, just like the doctor had originally said she would. My arms tighten around her. I'm well aware of what painful memories she might have in regards to me and the complete asshole I was to her originally.

"My father is a monster" she whispers "and so is my brother."

Ouch. It didn't look like Winter was about to forgive Damien any time too soon. Still, I remember what Langdon said about Damien being completely miserable and decide to at least try, to make Winter see reason.

"Winter, your brother was just as afraid of your father as you were" I say, hearing her sobbing stop. "He went along with your father, because he was afraid your father would hurt him if he didn't. That doesn't make it right, or any less wrong, but he did go good for you, didn't he? Start to care for you properly? He even travelled all the way here to save you from Thomas."

She was quiet. Like she was digesting his words. Maybe he'd gotten through to her. She took long shuddering breaths. Encouraged, Kai continued to speak to her.

"Langdon says Damien isn't sleeping well. Is barely eating and he's completely miserable because you've stopped talking to him."

She finally pulled back and I could see her face. I hold in my grimace. She has dark circles under her eyes, red puffy eyes, her hair is matted and disheveled and she's ashen, completely pale. Paler than I've ever seen her. Whatever she's been doing up here, it hasn't been to sleep.

"Is Damien really that upset?" she asks, climbing off me and sitting on the bed, her arms folded across her chest.

I give a small nod. "To be honest I think Langdon misses you as well" I say pointedly as she looks away from me for a moment, looking thoughtful.

"Kai" she says "it's just that the memories won't stop coming and I'm afraid. I'm afraid to close my eyes in case it's another nightmare. I've had so many nightmares and they all seem to be so real" she whispers, her body shuddering. My god, I hadn't realized just how badly she was being affected by all this. No wonder Langdon looks so miserable and exhausted. He was keeping as close to his mate as possible, whereas I have been doing all my work and leaving Winter to hole up in the room by herself.

"What if I stay with you while you sleep" I suggest quietly.

She stares at me for a moment, fidgeting with her hands. Then a look of relief covers her face. "You would stay with me?" she asks uncertainly.

"Yes" I say, getting up off the bed and pulling everything off it, pulling the bed covers back. She gets in slowly, lying down on the pillows, her face staring at me as I sit beside the bed. I pull the covers back over her and kiss her forehead. I frown. She feels warm but doesn't seem to be too phased by it. Her eyelids slowly flutter closed as I watch over her intently. Slowly her breathing evens and I push her hair away from her face. There's a small smile on her face and she looks a lot more serene. I settle against the bed. I will stay here as long as she needs me until she wakes up on her own. I hadn't realized how afraid she was. I need to be a better mate.